MF, MM, MMF, FMF, Fetishes: sexual role-playing, cross-dressing, domination and submission, and pain.

4playd@comcast.net has given me permission to make minor modifications and additions to his story “Date Night.” His original story can be found at <http://www.asstr.org/files/Authors/4play/>.

I changed the title to “Fantasy Weekend.” I also added the first paragraph to chapter 1, deleted chapter 5, and made a few other minor changes to the original story. Chapters 7 through 10 are added chapters.

**Fantasy Weekend—Chapter 1**

Originally written by 4Play and modified

My name is Donald Smyth, age 28. I have an MBA from Princeton and would be considered a geek at 5”10” and 145 lbs. My wife, Chris, is also age 28. She is very pretty, 5’5” 122 lbs and has a degree from Wesleyan. We have been married five years and she still works because she enjoys her work. I have an income of $120,000 per annum and I love Chris very much. So, as far as I am concerned, her working is not necessary.

Tonight was the start of what I hoped would be the new and improved “Fantasy Weekend” and I’d spent the day in a high state of anticipation. Chris and I had created the “Fantasy Weekends” several years ago to merge our divergent sexual desires into a mutually satisfying relationship.

My sexual tastes ran to the more exotic side of the spectrum bondage, forced oral sex, prolonged sessions, feminization and role reversal were exciting fantasies for me. Chris playing the dominant role was a common theme in all of these schemes.

Chris, on the other hand, much preferred warm, tender romantic loving. Kissing, caressing and cuddling were turn-ons for her. She claimed to have no fantasies of her own and therefore found it difficult to act out mine. While admitting that she could probably play the dominant role with someone else, she was reluctant to do it with me. She was afraid that playing games with me in the submissive role would turn me into a wimp. Yet, she loved me and wanted to please me.

Our compromise solution was our planned Fantasy Weekend scheduled every other weekend. On these weekends we would engage in some of the wilder sexual practices, while the rest of the time would remain normal. With my special desires mostly satisfied on a scheduled basis, I was content. Chris found that she was able to play “games” occasionally as the rest of our live together was exceptional. Needless to say, I look forward to these Fantasy Weekends. Chris found herself enjoying most of these nights despite a certain reluctance to let herself go. She still felt uncomfortable in the dominant role since she had never been an aggressive person, but she tried to keep me happy. When I was happy, our lives went smoothly. This plan had worked, but not well as I wished. I was always encouraging her to become more dominate; however Chris would always hold back and, in spite of my assurances, she was afraid that she might go further than I wished.

Then one day Chris told me that she was going to give it her best effort; however, for the next three months I would have to agree to do whatever she decided and allow her total control. Then she said, “After the three months we would talk about it and discuss if we needed to make changes.” Not knowing what I was getting myself into, I readily agreed.

Tonight things would not be routine. I sensed a new, more determined attitude the moment Chris walked in the door from work. Without our usual casual conversation about the happenings of the day, she ordered me to go into the bedroom and take off my clothes. As I left to comply, she poured herself a glass of wine. She mentally reviewed her plan and became resolutely determined to carry it out.

When she walked in the bedroom and saw me standing naked, a smile came to her face. “Very good”, she praised. “You mind well.” She had me put leather cuffs on each wrist as she passed the strap around the vertical posts of the poster bed. After snapping one wrist to one end of the strap, she stretched my arms so she could secure the other cuff to the other end. I now stood naked in helpless bondage and totally at her mercy. Her sweet smile disappeared as she informed me “I had to tie you up since I have a plan and there are parts of it you won’t like! Now, it doesn’t matter whether you like it or not! I am in total control!” She was so right! Straining against the bonds was futile. They were unbreakable. It suddenly dawned on me that this was a game that would not be over in an hour or so.

Chris went into the small bathroom and returned with my shaving mug, brush and razor. As she worked up the lather in the cup, she said “You’ve been hinting that you wanted me to turn you into a woman for some time, well tonight’s the night!” Shaking her head sadly, she said “I am going to transform you into my slave girl and you will get the full treatment! Poor dear, I am afraid you have no idea what you are getting into, but it is too late to back out now! You wanted this and you’re going to go through with it all the way!”

Using the brush, she soaped each of my armpits, and then took the razor to shave them clean. “Mmmm nice and smooth,” she remarked running her hands over the newly bald areas. “This is how a lady keeps her arms,” she informed me. Next she knelt in front of me and soaped up one leg, then carefully shaved it from my toes to my crotch. This process was repeated with the other leg before moving to my genitals. After applying a generous coat of lather, she carefully shaved my scrotum warning; “Hold very still, or you’ll become a real woman!” I didn’t move a muscle until she was finished.

The hairs between my legs and around my ass received the same close shave treatment. My pubic region was shaved to form a small triangle before she stood up to lather my face. When I realized that she intended to shave off my beard and moustache, I finally protested. It had taken a long time to grow that foliage, and I didn’t want to lose it. As my mouth opened, Chris shoved the soapy shaving brush into it demanding,” Keep your mouth shut bitch! YOU wanted this game, NOW you are going to get it!”

She shaved my face and neck, completely removing all traces of hair while I stood in meek silence. Playing the dominant role she was determined to show me that my wishes were inconsequential.

The shaving gear was put away before Chris rubbed my body with a sweet smelling lotion. “A lady has to keep her skin nice and soft,” she cooed sweetly as she rubbed it in. When finished with the lotion, she brought out the bright red nail polish and painted my toenails. “Very pretty dearie,” she exclaimed admiring her handiwork. As my fingernails were being painted she remarked casually, “Some of those long fake fingernails would look wonderful on you, we’ll have to get some when I take you shopping with me.” My eyes widened in surprise, she was serious about this!

A roll of duct tape was brought out and strips of it were used to form my chest meat into female breasts. “I thought about buying you a set of falsies, but decided that this would be better. Now I can get at your nipples to control your movements, and so on. “She explained. Once satisfied that my “titties” were to her liking and held firmly in place, she moved down to my crotch. My cock was pulled between my legs and secured there with more duct tape so that while being able to walk, it would remain immobile. “We won’t be using that for sex.” She announced, and then she continued, “As my woman you’ll just have to sit down to pee as any girl must. Now the experience will be much more realistic, since it’s the only way you’ll be able to go.” She chuckled at her diabolical way of turning even routine urination into a part of my training as her submissive. I was to find it necessary to wash my bottom after each time I urinated. Only one of many new difficulties I was to encounter.

A pair of pantyhose were put on my feet, and then slowly pulled up my hairless legs to my waist. High-heeled shoes were placed on my feet making it difficult to maintain my balance as I awaited her next whimsical idea.

Chris stood squarely in front of me, and pinching one of my nipples in each hand, kissed me forcefully. My cock throbbed trying to become erect, but unable due to its confinement. “Don’t go away.” She said with a grin as she left the room. Ha! Some joke. I was still secured by my arms and standing in high heels. Looking down at my body was a disconcerting experience. My breasts were small, but real and my legs encased in panty hose with no protruding cock, looked very feminine indeed. Especially so with the painted toenails and high heeled shoes. A dramatic change in such a short time!

Chris walked back carrying her make-up case, her refilled wine glass, and a mirror. The mirror was propped up on the dresser so I could see my helpless state for a few minutes while Chris sipped her wine. When SHE was ready, she warned me,” Watch very carefully as I demonstrate how to apply makeup. I’ll show you this time, but from now on whenever I want you as my slave girl, you’ll do it yourself.” As she rubbed a base coat on my face, I watched in stunned silence realizing that she’d already planned on making this a regular occurrence.

Chris smiled to herself saying, “You know it’s going to be fun to call you from work, tell you to get ready and KNOW that you’ll do all of this preparation before I get home. YOU can meet ME at the door in a negligee with a drink.” She laughed, “As you get trained in your slave girl duties, my life is going to get a LOT easier. After all, that’s the whole idea of having a slave in the first place.”

Applying blue eyeshade on my eyelids she noted, “This will make you look like the trampy slut you are.” Long fake eyelashes were added and a heavy coat of mascara applied, followed with the eyeliner. My eyebrows were darkened and lengthened. She softly muttered to herself, “Maybe I should shave these off too, so the bitch would have to draw them on every morning.” Fortunately she didn’t carry through with that notion. Rouge was put on my cheeks and bright red lipstick on my lips as I stood helplessly watching this transformation proceed.

Chris placed her blonde wig on my head saying, “This old wig doesn’t do you justice; we’ll need to get you a new one.” Obviously she planned for this game to continue into the future, as spending money on sex toys wasn’t something she usually even considered. After fastening a pair of her old clamp on earrings on my earlobes, she stepped back to admire her creation. “You make a fine looking woman,” she praised, and then added, “Now you need to learn to act like one.”

She strapped on a dildo stating, “I am going to play the male role whenever I wear this. You will be my slave girl, and as such you WILL perform all of my normal tasks and still be constantly available for MY sexual pleasure.” The cuffs were removed from my wrists as she said,” We won’t need these restraints now that you know your place. In your condition you’ll make a better woman than a man anyway.” Looking at myself in the mirror, I had to agree with that assessment.

“It’s too bad, but I’m afraid you won’t be doing any swinging for quite a while,” she said with mock pity, adding, “None of our friends would swing with something that looks like you, would they?” I answered meekly, “No Mistress.” Upon hearing this she gave me slap on the rear demanding, “When I am wearing this, YOU WILL call me SIR!” I was shocked by her forcefulness, but managed to reply, “Yes sir.”

She had me put on a lacy, black nightie that barely covered my buns. In the mirror I could see that with the tape now concealed and only the cute little bulges of my breasts showing, the image was complete! I did look like a woman! Chris had put on a pair of men’s shorts with the dildo protruding from the fly, and one of my long-sleeved shirts. In appearance, we had already reversed roles.

Chris kissed me firmly, and then forced me to kneel in front of her. She pressed the dildo to my lips ordering, “Kiss my cock slut.” She added,” All of us men love oral sex.” I lightly kissed the head of the dildo feeling very humiliated by the homosexual implications of this action. “Take it in your mouth slut.” She commanded. My lipstick covered lips parted and she quickly thrust the dildo into my mouth. I gagged at the intrusion and Chris with feigned concern said, “She doesn’t like sucking cock?” Then she ordered, “Suck it good slut.” She asked, “You do want to be a good slave, don’t you?” Now really into her dominant role, her hips kept thrusting that dildo in and out of my mouth so I was unable to answer.

“Don’t displease me slave or I’ll tie you up and whip your ass bloody.” I knew that she was serious about playing this dominant role and determined that I behave in the manner befitting the slave girl role she’d assigned me. “By God,” she declared,” If you want to play kinky games, we’ll see how you like being totally submissive!” She kept me at my chore until the sensations of the dildo on her body combined with the feeling of power brought her to orgasm. Her thrusting slowed and at last, she withdrew that horrible instrument from my mouth. “Not too bad slut, you make a pretty good cocksucker.” She continued by saying, “With enough practice, you’ll be a great cocksucker!”

Chris walked behind me handing me a jar of Vaseline and said, “Pull down your pantyhose and you’d better smear this on your *pussy* to save yourself a lot of pain. I’m going to fuck that virgin pussy and you’re so nervous that it’ll probably not get wet.” I pulled my pantyhose down to my ankles and liberally smeared my ass, both inside and out. “That’s a good girl, get yourself ready for your big stud.” she cooed.

Kneeling behind me, forcing my legs apart she used pressure on my back until my face was on the floor. I was wide open and ready for HER pleasure. Pressing the head of the dildo to my asshole she cautioned, “This may hurt at first, but you’ll get used to it, and in time get to love it.” As the head was forced inside me, I moaned, “It’s too big SIR!” Chris just chuckled, “It’s just your bad luck that your master is so well hung. Don’t worry, bitch, you will learn to take it all inside. I am going to give you plenty of practice!”

The dildo was slowly forced in until I could feel the attached balls against my body, then eased back out part way and these strokes repeated at an ever increasing pace. Her hands reached under my nightie and pinched my nipples. Thus impaled on her cock, the hands on my teats were controlling my movements, causing my rear to rise to receive each thrust. With ever increasing vigor, she was fucking me. The portion of the dildo inside of her was stimulating her nearly as much as the pressure on her clit. Her passion rose in direct proportion to her speed and the force applied. I was helplessly being raped and my moans of pain only served to enhance her feeling of power.

Finally, she achieved organism and slumped across my back, kissed me on the neck and pulled out of me. I was weak from the assault. Chris got up and I lay there for a few minutes. My mouth ached, my nipples ached and my poor ass throbbed from its violation. At last I got up and hobbled to the bathroom where I sat on the toilet and urinated. Due to the position of my taped up cock, some urine sprayed on my ass cheeks. After carefully wiping the remains of the urine and the slime oozing from my asshole, I took a washcloth to wash carefully my *private parts*. I pulled up my pantyhose, arranged my wig that had moved during the vigorous rape, straightened the negligee and went back to the bedroom. The high-heeled shoes made walking difficult which Chris noted by saying, “You walk like a clod. “She suggested, “When you walk in heels, take small steps. Put one foot in front of the other. It’ll give your ass a cute little wiggle.” She had me walk up and down the hall several times until she was satisfied, then ordered “Remember to walk like that all the while you are the slave girl even while doing domestic chores.” Chris walked to the family room to work her crossword puzzle and told me to fix her supper. “I’m in the mood for a T.V. dinner; you’d better just have a salad. You have to watch that figure, babe.”

I fixed her a T.V. dinner and made myself a salad. We ate supper quietly before I cleared the table. Chris had me empty the dishwasher and set up the coffee for morning. She said, “Turning into my slave girl took some of my precious time, but as you learn your duties, it may turn out to be worth it. It’s nice to sit here watching YOU work while I relax.”

“Take one of our movies and put it in the Blu-ray player, make it a love story”, she ordered. I thought for a moment and put the movie ‘Love Story’ in the machine. She motioned for me to sit beside her on the couch. During the movie, Chris necked with me. She kissed and caressed my body, played with my breasts and even slid her hand inside my pantyhose to play with my pussy. By the end of the movie, she said, “You really have got me turned on now, let’s make love.” She had me lay on my back in front of the fireplace, placed a big pillow under my behind and got on top of me. She slid my nightie up, pulled off my shoes and pantyhose. Spreading my legs she forced the dildo inside of me and once again fucked my still aching ass. “You love this, you little slut, don’t you?” She asked. When my answer wasn’t immediately forthcoming she slapped my ass and repeated, “Don’t you?” I gasped out, “Yes Sir!” “Then tell me how much you love it slut, a man’s ego feeds on praise,” she ordered. “Oh sir, it feels so good.” I lied, since it felt like that dildo was tearing my insides wide open. “Your big cock fills my pussy so full, I love it.”

She smiled and without missing a stroke said. “You’d better work on that voice. You need to speak in a higher tone, one more suitable to your current status. When I take you to public places, I want people to think you’re my girlfriend and not some wimp in drag.” The thought of being in public dressed as a woman was so utterly humiliating. Nevertheless, it was so exciting that it triggered my orgasm and I came all over my stomach. Chris’s sneer clearly showed her disgust, but she continued ravaging my poor ass until she again reached her climax. “Look at this disgusting mess you made on MY property!” she exclaimed. Using her hand she scooped my come from my stomach and forced it into my mouth saying, “That’s a good slave, swallow every bit of that slime.” She had me lick her hand clean before sending me to the bathroom to clean myself.

Upon emerging from the bathroom, Chris took me by the hand and put me to bed. She crawled in beside me, caressed my body lightly, kissed me and cautioned me, “You’d better get some sleep dearie, you’ve got a busy day tomorrow.” Then she rolled over and went to sleep. It was a long time before I could get to sleep. SHE’D had several orgasms during the course of the evening, while the only one I had was even turned into a source of my humiliation. In my fantasies serving Chris, as my dominant Mistress had been a big turn on, but the actual experience had been only pain and humiliation. I already regretted getting into this, but had promised in my eagerness to go along with ANYTHING SHE WANTED, and now was stuck with living up to my word. Finally I drifted off to sleep.

SATURDAY, I was awakened by Chris playing with my titties. From a deep sleep to my function as a sexual servant was a swift transition! As she rolled over and moved behind me, I saw myself in the mirror and was instantly reminded of my slave girl role. The head of the dildo was again forced inside my ass with difficulty and Chris snarled, “You are such a tight little bitch. If your pussy grows shut this fast, I’m going to have to think of some way to keep it opened up!” She fucked me vigorously until achieving her orgasm, all the while making me moan with feigned pleasure. Though less painful than the first experience, it was nonetheless humiliating to be so used. With a light slap on my fanny, she told me to clean myself up there was WORK to be done. Meekly I complied, already dreading this day.

About the time I had cleaned up, Chris walked in holding a butt plug and ordered,” Insert this in your vagina; pretend that it’s a tampex and you’re on your period.” I stared at her in disbelief a moment before she snarled, “NOW BITCH!” I took the proffered plug and slowly forced it up my ass. Chris said with sarcastic sweetness,” A girl has to function despite her discomfort, so get dressed and fix my breakfast.” Chris went to read her paper. I pulled on my pantyhose, put on the high heels, slipped my nightie over my head and walked my female walk to the kitchen. I made a big breakfast of bacon, eggs, toast and orange juice. Then setting the table, I served my MASTER. She didn’t bother to thank me for all of my efforts, just told me to clean up the mess while she read the paper.

“Change the linens on the bed.” She ordered without even looking up from her newspaper. I went to the bedroom, pulled the sheets from the bed and along with the pillowcases put them in the laundry basket. I found the clean sheets and remade the bed.

Chris had finished reading the paper by the time I returned to the family room, and she told me,” Go wash the make-up off your face and you’d better shave real close today. We’re going shopping. You may wear your own shoes and pants, but leave the rest as it is.” She smiled smugly and said, “We’ll play some more after we’ve done our shopping.”

Chris was ready about the same time I was today. Getting off the make-up took longer than I had imagined. When I asked if I might remove the fingernail polish, Chris shook her head saying, “You can keep your gloves on dearie; in fact you’d better. We don’t want everyone to know that you’re really a girl.”

We got into the car and I was relieved to see that my tits didn’t show as prominently under my jacket as they did under just the nightie. Chris drove us clear across the city before she pulled into a Wal-Mart parking lot. I found the walk to the store quite uncomfortable due to the plug wiggling inside my ass, but didn’t bother complaining as that would have been fruitless.

In the cosmetics department she picked out some fake eyelashes, a set of fake fingernails and some new cosmetics in shades of red so garish that she’d never wear. We moved on to the ladies department where she picked up a pair of black lacy panties and held them up in front of my crotch saying, “These will look so sexy on you.” I blushed in humiliation as other women shoppers and clerks turned to stare at me. She selected matching bra, garter belt and several pairs of black mesh hose.

When we got to the wigs, she looked them over for a while having me try on a couple before deciding on a shoulder length model whose color closely matched my own. By now quite a few people were watching my degrading experience. “This one will do,” Chris said, “Until your own hair grows long enough to do something with it.” We took all of these items to the checkout stand and paid for them with Chris chatting nonchalantly all the while about how pretty I was going to look. It was with great relief that I finally regained the relative safety of the car.

We next drove to a thrift shop where Chris had me follow her down the aisles while she selected several outfits for me. She’d hold each up in front of me before accepting or rejecting each one. When a middle-aged saleswoman came up and asked if she could help us, Chris said, “My slave needs some different clothes, and is not worthy of new ones.” The lady looked at me very strangely and then proceeded to show us some of the sluttiest outfits she had in the store. Fortunately Chris didn’t make me try them on and model them for her! We again paid for our selections while the clerks and other customers snickered at our performance.

Back in the car Chris told me, “You did well slave, it’s an important part of being submissive to bear humiliation when it pleases me to inflict it upon you.” On the drive home she explained, “Since you’re going to be my slave girl, I want you to look good. I won’t have an ugly slave! You needed some things of your own and when we get home we’ll get you fixed up real pretty so that you’ll be more attractive while you work. You do want to look attractive for me don’t you slut?” “Yes SIR.” I murmured in reply. This was getting completely out of hand! Normally my sweet wife thought that spending money for sex “toys” was foolish, but today she seemed to enjoy it. In fact she was smiling in anticipation of the fun yet to come.

As soon as we walked into our house Chris said, “Get those men’s clothes off and we’ll see how your new stuff looks on you.” I stripped off my clothes and when I was naked she handed my new panties. I put them on and then the matching bra. The garter belt was next. I pulled each of the mesh hose onto my hairless legs and fastened them to the garter belt. “You have nice legs slut.” Chris praised me.

We went to the main bathroom where Chris supervised as I applied my makeup in the manner I’d been shown the night before. The new lashes were tricky since I’ve always been sensitive about my eyes. The eyeliner and eye shadow were also difficult, but I finally managed. The rest was relatively easy except for the false fingernails. After my new wig was on and brushed out a bit, I really looked like a woman! Finally I put on the little French Maid outfit she’d purchased including the little white cap.

Chris looked me over, and then said. “You look like a perfect maid my sissy cunt. Now all of this effort transforming you will be worth it as you learn your domestic duties.” Handing me the frilly apron she advised, “You’d better get started; you’ve got a lot of work to do.”

The rest of the day I followed her orders, vacuuming the house, cleaning the bathrooms, doing the laundry, dusting, etc. Chris sat playing computer games and reading a book about female dominance. She’d come around occasionally to check my work and of course, to fondle my body a little. The little prissy steps I was forced to use in the high-heeled shoes made it hard to do my work very fast.

When at last all of the assigned tasks were completed I went to the family room where Chris sat reading. She looked at me with a wry smile saying,” According to what I’ve been reading, it seems like I should get another lady or two to assist me in training you more thoroughly.” I gasped! Having her alone in the dominant role was bad enough, but to be a slave girl in front of other women would be too humiliating for words. Chris stated firmly, “I sense that you wouldn’t like that...too bad! What you want doesn’t count during these sessions. You are my slave and I will decide what happens, you will do as you’re told.

“Watching my maid work has made me horny.” Chris announced. She stood up stroking the dildo she wore and ordered, “Pull down your panties and remove your tampex, it’s time to fuck!”

I slid down my panties and stepped out of them. There was a brief moment of relief when I removed that fiendish plug from my ass, but it was not to last for long as she forced me to my hands and knees. The dildo was again forced inside me. Fortunately the pain was not nearly as severe this time, since the tampex had done its job of loosening me up.

She vigorously fucked my ass until she reached her orgasm. I collapsed on the floor feeling very used, but she lay down beside me and caressed my body. She made me tell her how wonderful it felt, how nice she’d been to fuck me and other such lies. She in turn told me how nice it was to possess a slave.

She said, “You’ve had a busy day slut. You haven’t even started supper yet, but that’s ok, I’m in the mood for pizza tonight.” She went to the phone and called Domino’s. She ordered a pizza with everything on it. Playing her role to the hilt, she didn’t care what I wanted.

Turning to me she said, “You’d better fix your face dearie, and straighten your dress.... You look a mess.” I complied with a wondering look on my face. Chris said, “You want to look respectable when the pizza man comes.” Nervously I waited until the doorbell rang. I didn’t dare speak, so I just handed him the check and tip, took the pizza and closed the door. I don’t think he noticed anything strange about it, but I felt demeaned by appearing even briefly in front of a man dressed as I was.

We sat at the table to eat and Chris proposed a toast, “To our new Fantasy Weekend game.” As we clinked glasses, I was struck by the look of those long painted fingernails holding my wine glass. She insisted that I eat the meal without picking off the ingredients I disliked. She commented, “It’s not ladylike to pick at your food.” I tried to eat as daintily as I could manage with those long fingernails.

After supper she led me to the bedroom where she removed the dildo. “Tonight we are going to make love as lesbians. “ She announced. We stood kissing and caressing while she slowly undressed me. When we were both naked, we crawled into bed. Under her direction I caressed her breasts, licked her nipples, kissed her body all over and performed oral sex to bring her to orgasm. This slow, unhurried, prolonged lovemaking was especially satisfying to her as she needn’t worry about turning me on. She did fondle my tits a bit, but only because she wanted to.

When at last she was satiated, we lay cuddled closely while she said, “Well Babe, this game was what you wanted and I really enjoyed it too. I hope that it was okay for you, but that’s not critical I’ve discovered that having a slave is great! While you didn’t do as good a job of cleaning as I would have, you’ll improve in time. It took a sex game to get you to help with the housework, but it’s nice to know that twice a month you’ll be domestic.” Are you sure you want to continue this?” Chris asked. “I am going to give you this one chance back out. Otherwise, I will expect you to fulfill our three month agreement.”

I thought it was a little rougher than I wished. Still I found it to be sexually exciting so in my submissive role, I cooed a falsetto, “Yes Mistress.”

“Okay, then this is how it will be. From now on, when it’s the day for Fantasy Weekend,” she continued, “I will have you go grocery shopping. I’ll make you a list; you will buy the stuff and put it all away in the morning. Then you will shave your body, bathe and get into your slave girl getup. You will be ready when I get home so I won’t need to waste time getting you fixed up.” She was speaking softly, but letting me know that she had taken control of the Fantasy Weekend agenda.

“You asked me to be dominant,” Chris reminded me. “I gave it a good try and discovered that I LOVE it!” she said with a smile. “Many people would think it looks stupid to see you as a feminized submissive. But I enjoyed the power trip and got a lot of work done for me. If we’re going to play kinky games, I might as well unload some of my chores onto you.”

She kissed me and said, “Get out of that getup now baby, get cleaned up and come back to bed. The game is over for THIS time.” I arose, went to the bathroom and ripped off the tape letting my cock spring free. It felt great to stand up and pee again! My wig, fake eyelashes and fingernails were removed and carefully stored before scrubbing off the makeup. I used polish remover to clean the paint from my toenails. Stepping into the shower I let the warm water flow over my aching body. My feet were sore from the many hours spent in heels. I was weary from all my chores. My poor ass ached from the repeated anal rapes and of course, the tampex. My cock untouched for so long now stood erect, appearing strange without its normal hairy surroundings. My legs were smooth as silk. It had been some weekend!

It was nearly midnight before I crawled back into bed. Chris was still awake and I pulled her close to kiss her firmly. We made passionate love as husband and wife in our normal roles. For the first time since the beginning of our game I had a normal orgasm without having to eat my own come. We fell asleep in each other’s arms.

Sunday all was normal. Neither of us mentioned anything about the previous events. Several times during the day I noticed Chris staring at me with a mysterious smile. I sensed that she was thinking about our next Fantasy Weekend. I thought about the experience all day, realizing that in creating this dominant persona I’d made a lot of work for myself. “Give a man what he thinks he wants and he won’t like it.” Chris had once remarked. She had been so right! It was too late now, I knew. She had learned to love being in total control and unless we eliminated Fantasy Weekend altogether; I was going to be her slave twice a month!

**Fantasy Weekend—Chapter 2**

Originally written by 4Play and modified

IT WAS FINALLY FRIDAY. It was to be our scheduled Fantasy Weekend! For several years in order to keep our sex life exciting, we had decided that twice a month we would engage in some of the kinkier aspects of sex. These nights turned me on far more than they did Chris, but she was willing to participate in order to keep me happy.

I really like to play a very submissive role on Fantasy Weekend, and Chris, God bless her, found it difficult to really get into the spirit of things. Until our last Fantasy Weekend, being a dominant bitch was just not HER. Tonight, however, things would be even kinkier than last time. Chris decided to take it to a new level. She had made contact with a guy on the computer bulletin board, named Bryan that wanted to play the role of Master to both Chris and I. When Chris explained that she was not into playing submissive roles, he offered to come over and make love to her, while I was bound and helplessly forced to watch. That idea intrigued her. I had never seen her actually making it with another man.

Tonight she came home from work, and without even pausing to chat about her day, she ORDERED me to go to the bedroom and strip naked. Sensing that something was different about her attitude, I hurriedly complied. She turned the music into our bedroom far louder than normal. By the time she came into the bedroom, I was naked. She smiled oddly and said, “That’s a good slave”.

Reaching behind the bed, she pulled out the restraints I had made several years ago, consisting of leather cuffs connected by seat belt material. Humming softly, she fastened me to the bedposts so I stood facing the bed with my arms spread-eagled. Next she got a roll of duct tape and taped my ankles together. She then took some strips of that duct tape and taped my chest meat into small, but very real breasts. She had done this before, and it was one of my favorite games. I suspected that she would soon dress me in one of her nighties.

Instead, she left the room saying, “Don’t go away”. She chuckled softly as she left. Unbeknown to me she went down to our “toy” chest and brought a bunch of our adult toys upstairs. With the music up so loud, I couldn’t hear anything else. While I stood firmly secured, she sat down to play computer games. I waited patiently, having no other choice.

After what seemed like a very long time, she walked into the bedroom, with Bryan. She had called him up and told him to come over. Tonight was certainly going to be a new experience!

Bryan walked over and checked how securely I was fastened. “You did a beautiful job Mistress Chris.” He said as he pulled her into his arms and kissed her deeply. They lay down on the bed and kissed and caressed each other for a while, before Bryan suggested that perhaps they ought to get me into a more slave-like state. Chris asked, “What do you mean Master Bryan?” He replied, “I always keep my slaves shaved, do you have a razor?” “Certainly my dear” Pat replied, and retrieved it from main bathroom.

Bryan wasted no time as he proceeded to shave my body totally from the neck down. When I started to protest, he shoved a dildo gag into my mouth, and strapped it in place. “A good slave should be seen and not heard.” He said giving me a slap on the ass for emphasis. Bryan remarked when the shaving was complete, “The slave looks like a little boy now, except for those cute little titties you made. I think that I would rather have a slut slave tonight, let’s play dress-up with our toy.”

“Great idea Master Bryan”, Chris replied. For the next 1/2-hour they put make-up, a wig, high-heels, bra, pantyhose, etc. on me. They even painted my fingernails and toenails! I could see myself in the mirror, and was stunned.

Chris got them each a glass of wine, which they sipped as they sat chatting as if I wasn’t even there. Soon, Bryan was helping Chris get undressed. Bryan asked Chris, “Shall we blindfold HER?”

Chris said, “Hell No! Make the poor worthless slut watch while a Real Man makes love to me.”

They began with caressing each other’s nude bodies and soon moved on to oral sex. Bryan slipped down to her crotch and soon she was moaning with pleasure. She never got worked up that fast with me! When Chris took his magnificent, hard young cock into her mouth, I felt the tears running down my cheeks. In my fantasies it never was like this! I could only watch in pained silence.

For a couple of hours they made love until they had mutual orgasms. While they cuddled in the warm afterglow, Bryan suggested, “It’s time to put our slave to work”. He picked up my feet and laid me on the bed with my head hanging over the edge. He then guided Chris until she straddled my face. “Make the little slut lick you clean.” He undid my gag.

Chris pulled my face to her crotch and ordered, “Lick me bitch!” I had never tasted another man’s come, very rarely my own. Now I was powerless to prevent doing so. I licked and slurped at her steaming lips until she had another orgasm. She finally said, “That’s all I can handle for now.” Then she added, “Bryan, I know that you said you were straight, but I think you should make the sissy slave lick you clean also; SHE does such a good job.”

She took his cock in her hand and pressed it to my lips, saying, “That’s a good girl, lick all my juices off of this Wonderful cock.” In my bondage state, I was forced to lick his cock and balls while the strong smell of recent sex filled my nostrils. Chris said, “Open your lips bitch and take it in your mouth. I want to turn you into a cocksucker.” Bryan slid his limp dick into my mouth and forced me to suck and slurp until he was once again fully erect. Then he grabbed my head and began fucking my mouth, completely oblivious to my gagging. As a Master he was unconcerned with my discomfort, and concentrated on his pleasure! The roughness used in this oral rape was unexpected and made me realize that I really was under their control. The “game” had gone too far, but now I could do nothing to stop it.

He finally came in my mouth and told me, “Swallow it all slut, spill one precious drop, and I will beat the shit out of you.” I obeyed, despite my revulsion.

Chris applauded crying, “Magnificent, Master Bryan. It would be fun to watch you fuck the slut’s tight cunt, but I want to save your next orgasm for myself.” She got the strap on dildo and as she put it on said, “So I guess I’ll have to do it. She wanted to be a slave, and slaves don’t fuck, they get fucked.”

Bryan undid my hands and forced me to my hands and knees ordering me, “Okay slave, beg Mistress Chris to fuck your poor worthless pussy.”

“Please Mistress Chris, fuck me for your pleasure,” I begged.

I received a resounding slap on both cheeks of my ass. Master Bryan said, “You have much to learn slut! That’s not what you were told to do. You must obey ALL orders exactly and instantly! Now try again.”

My mind raced to try to remember his original order. “Please Mistress Chris, please fuck my poor worthless pussy,” I pleaded.

Chris now knelt behind me and smeared a large gob of Vaseline on my asshole and using one, then two fingers, she forced it inside of me. “Purr for me bitch, show how much you appreciate all that I’m doing to you.” Chris snarled with a new forcefulness in her voice.

So I did cooing like a little girl. “Oh Mistress, that feels so wonderful.”

Bryan grabbed one of my nipples with each hand and pinched them quite hard. “You must always address her as Mistress Chris; you have no right to use less than her full title.” Bryan sat holding my nipples so my face was scant inches from the cock that had so recently ravished my mouth, while Chris forced the dildo inside me. “Go ahead Mistress Chris,” he said, “Fuck the slut.”

Chris grabbed my hips and began savagely fucking my ass. She had used the dildo on me before, but never so roughly. All of her natural tenderness had vanished and been replaced by a new sense of her power. This was not lovemaking; this was rape!

With Chris ramming the dildo up my ass and Bryan controlling my movements by his fingers pinching my nipples, I was trapped on a hideous ride that I knew would end only when they decided. The pain in my nipples was intense and almost overcame the pain in my ass. My urge to be submissive had long since dissolved into real fear. Chris alone would have quit long ago, but with Bryan’s support she was actually enjoying herself. At last they tired of this and with a little pat on the fanny, Chris pulled out the dildo. “Not too bad slut, you’ll improve with practice. Don’t worry, you’ll get lots more practice,” she promised. I was allowed to collapse onto my side; my hands went up to my throbbing, painful nipples.

Bryan told Chris, “This slave is easily controlled through her nipples; we should get them pierced. With some rings permanently installed through them, she could be easily dominated even when I’m not around.”

Chris smiled, “Hmmm, it would be a constant reminder of her new status. Let me think about it.”

“It would be simple, we could take her right now to a friend of mine who’d be glad to do it. He’d do the job for a blow job.”

Chris said, “The blow job is no problem, now that our slave is a cocksucker.” She laughed and kissed him lustily. A shiver ran through me as I realized they were discussing me like a piece of meat.

“Let’s save that for another time,” Chris said, “Right now I’m hungry and need another drink.” They got off the bed and ordered me to get my lazy slut ass up and busy. While they sat on the couch necking, I fixed their drinks. When I delivered them Pat tweaked my sore nipples saying, “Yes some rings might be just the thing, they’ll look sooo cute.” She sounded so serious; I was scared.

I returned to the kitchen and fixed them TV dinners and soup. When I set their meals on the table, I noticed he was licking her nipples and she was loving it. They ate ignoring me completely. Bryan commented, “Your slave is going to have to learn to cook better than this, after all WE are going to need to keep up our strength for all of the great sex we are going to have.”

Chris replied, “Don’t worry; she is going to learn MANY new things. The bitch wanted this scene, well now she’s just going to have to live with it.”

Bryan said, “From now until the next Fantasy Weekend you should continue her training. Do not have intercourse with her, you may use her tongue for your pleasure, of course, and I would recommend that you fuck her pussy several times a day. It’s very important when training a new slave to remain dominant at all times.”

Chris answered, “Oh yes, you masterful hunk! Of course you are right Master Bryan.”

After they finished eating they went to the bedroom for more sex while I cleaned up. Soon they called for me to join them. I was made to kneel on the floor beside the bed and watch while Chris rode his cock to another orgasm. Again, they made me use my tongue to clean their genitals when they were finished.

Master Bryan had me dress him in his clothes when he was finally ready to leave. When he was fully dressed, he stripped me naked. “One last chore slave, I want you to display your hairless body to me and Mistress Chris, while you masturbate.” This was the final humiliation; I stroked myself to orgasm catching my own come in my left hand. “Poor slave didn’t get any supper; you may eat your come.” I hesitated for a moment, then seeing the looks they were exchanging, lapped up my own come. Bryan announced. “Well you are now a cocksucking, come gobbling, little slut slave.”

He then tied me hand and foot on the floor, replaced the gag and passionately kissed my naked wife. As he left I heard him tell Chris thanks for a great time and to call him anytime. She told him that she certainly would.

Chris returned to the bedroom, looked down at my helpless body and said, “This was a GREAT IDEA you had. I really enjoyed myself. He was a REAL STUD and wore me out.” She crawled into bed and turned off the light. She said,” I can hardly wait to continue your training, goodnight slave.” I could only lay there in stunned silence, with my nipples aching, my tortured ass in pain, reeking of sex and dreading the morning.

**Fantasy Weekend—Chapter 3**

Originally written by 4Play and modified

My wife, Chris, and I had been having our Fantasy Weekends twice a month for several years. On these special nights we would put aside all other matters and indulge in playing kinky sex games. While originally she had come up with the idea as a means of keeping me happy, she had been really getting into them lately. The rest of our lives together were very happy. We loved each other dearly and were best friends as well as lovers.

Most Fantasy Weekends our role-playing involved Chris in the dominant part, with me playing the submissive. These were my favorite games. She had come a long way in acting her, but still she was looking for new ideas. While chatting on an adult Bulletin Board System (BBS), Chris made contact with a woman who loved being dominant. She even called her husband Slave! Chris told me, and wow, would I ever like to meet her. If we could expand the cast of players on Fantasy Weekend, the possibilities would expand geometrically. Chris always enjoyed meeting new couples; however, with the exception of last Fantasy Weekend with Bryan, I thought of our secret games as a very personal matter. After much thought and discussion, she agreed to meet them to see if the chemistry seemed right. She would invite them over for drinks with the prior understanding that there would be NO SEX that night. They were to arrive at around 7:30 pm. At exactly 7:30 the doorbell rang.

I opened the door and welcomed them into our home. I took Rachel’s hand and gave it a gentlemanly kiss. She glared at me haughtily and hissed, “You’ll pay for this effrontery slave. No one touches me without my permission.”

I mumbled, “I’m sorry Mistress.” Jerry removed Rachel’s coat and carefully laid it on the couch before shaking my hand. Rachel looked stunning in her black leather halter-top, mini-skirt and thigh length spiked heeled boots. She went to Chris and gave her a big hug by way of greeting.

We retired to the family room and I took the drink orders. While they began a conversation I mixed the drinks and served them. Jerry thanked me but Rachel stopped Chris as she started to say thanks by holding up her hand and saying, “You should never thank a slave for serving you dear; it is their privilege to do so.” Jerry nodded his affirmation of her statement. Jerry was quite a bit bigger than I was and could be easily described as what Chris would call a hunk. I could see there was a physical attraction there, which did not escape Rachel’s discerning eye. She asked Chris if she would like to inspect Slave more closely.

Chris casually said, “Why yes Mistress Rachel, if it’s not too much trouble.”

Rachel replied, “No trouble at all, STRIP Slave.” Jerry stood up and removed all of his clothing without hesitation. When his trousers were removed we could see that he was wearing lacy pink panties. Chris raised her eyebrows in surprise upon seeing them. She knew that I loved it when she made me wear panties, but wouldn’t have suspected such a thing about a hunk like Jerry.

When the panties were removed his huge cock was nearly fully erect. Chris reached out and took it in her hand. It was more than 7” long and thick as well. He stood stoically still despite Chris’s tender stroking. Chris exclaimed, “Mistress Rachel your slave is magnificent! And so well trained!”

Rachel replied, “Thank you Mistress Chris. Your slave could be easily trained as well. I could help you with that process if you like.” She continued, “It would be no bother at all; I enjoy breaking a man’s spirit and bending him to our will.”

Chris’s enthusiasm for this game had increased dramatically since seeing Slave’s nude body. “Why not,” she said. “My slut is always talking about wanting to be my submissive toy; it would serve the little bitch right to give him what he thinks he wants.” She turned to me and ordered, “Strip slut. Let’s show Mistress Rachel what she has to work with.” Emulating Jerry’s unhesitating obedience I stood up and took off my clothes.

Mistress Rachel came over to me and looked me over carefully. My body hair, so carefully shaved a couple of weeks ago, was growing back and the stubbly look displeased her. My dick hung submissively limp and she snorted,” Poor Mistress Chris, how in the world could you ever be sexually satisfied with such a worthless cock?” Chris just shrugged her shoulders.

Chris had clearly changed her mind about the NO SEX tonight rule as she turned to me and ordered, “Slut, go shave your body and get into your slut outfit. Be quick about it! We’ll be waiting right here.”

A while back, Chris on one of our Fantasy Weekend weekends had taken me on a humiliating shopping trip where she bought my slave girl outfit. A little French maid outfit with a very short skirt, wig, a matching bra, panties and garter belt set, high heeled shoes and black mesh stockings, and a complete make-up kit composed what Chris called my slut outfit. I hurried off to obey her command while Chris and Rachel continued chatting about what they might like to do tonight. Jerry was still standing silent like some naked decoration when I left.

Stepping into the shower with the razor and soap, I carefully shaved my body, legs, armpits, the few hairs around my nipples, and my pubic area very closely. I was always struck by the smooth look and feel of my body after a clean shave. It helped me to get more easily into the submissive mode, since my masculinity seemed to disappear along with the body hair. I painted my toenails with the garish red polish Chris insisted I use. While they dried, I applied my make-up as Chris had previously instructed me. She had me use blue eye shadow to enhance my slutty look. The long fake eyelashes went on much easier now that I had practiced. The mascara and eyeliner were also getting much easier to apply.

When the make-up was completed, I pulled the black mesh hose up my smooth, hairless legs and I hooked them to the garter belt. Using strips of duct tape I taped my chest flesh to form the petite but real feminine breasts that Chris loved to play with. After I put on my bra the tape was invisible and my nipples protruded from the holes in the peek-a-boo bra. The matching lacy panties were next pulled on with my cock and balls tucked neatly between my legs. These black-matching items always made me feel so feminine. I stepped into my short French maid skirt and put on my puffy sleeved, low-necked blouse. My wig was next put on and brushed out a bit. I put on a pair of hooped earrings and the choker necklace. My high-heeled toeless shoes always felt awkward when I first put them on, but I was able to walk in them quite nicely by now.

Taking the case with the fake fingernails from the cabinet, I glued them on. I always saved them for last as it made the rest of the transformation too difficult if I was wearing them. Those fake nails were already painted to match my toenails. Looking in the mirror I could see that I had done a good job. I looked every bit the slut Chris wanted to serve her. The degrading prospect of appearing like this in front of Mistress Rachel and Jerry still made me nervous, but to please Mistress Chris I would do anything! Or at least that’s what I’d been saying; now that would be tested severely. I wasn’t sure that I was ready for whatever might happen. But, this had been all my idea to start with and I felt compelled to go through with it.

When I walked back into the family room, I was surprised to see Slave’s head under Chris’s skirt! He was performing oral sex on her while she and Mistress Rachel continued chatting nonchalantly about their plans. Chris looked up to notice me and praised, “Well done Slut, you look very pretty tonight.” Mistress Rachel put her hands on the hem of my short skirt, lifted it up and examined my panty-clad bottom. “Nice ass Slut, we’ll have to find a use for that,” she said menacingly.

Chris was becoming very aroused by Slave’s ministrations now so Rachel asked her, “Why don’t you take Slave into your bedroom and enjoy him for a bit Mistress Chris?” Chris replied, “Thank you Mistress Rachel, I think I will.” She stood up and ordered, “Stand Slave.” When Slave immediately stood up, Chris took his cock in her hand and led him by it down the hall to the bedroom.

Mistress Rachel smirked at me and ordered, “Slut go to our car and bring me the travel bag in the back seat.” I looked at her in disbelief; I just couldn’t go out of the house dressed like this! Her dominant glare won out over my reservations quickly and I swished out to the car parked in our driveway. Retrieving the bag as rapidly as possible, I hurried back into the house. Mistress Rachel said softly, “That’s a good slave. You have real possibilities Slut. I know that the plan was for No Sex tonight, but a Mistress always brings a few toys along, just in case.”

She opened up her bag and pulled out a riding crop. “Bend over Slut, and grab your ankles.” she ordered. I wasn’t expecting this at all, as Chris made it quite clear that I wasn’t into pain. Obviously she had her own agenda! She pulled down my panties and lightly whipped my ass cheeks, gradually increasing the force applied until my ass was sore and quite red. “A Slave, even a Slut like you, should walk around with a pretty, red ass.”

I had never agreed to whippings and since Chris hadn’t ordered me to comply, I was about to put a stop to it when she quit the whipping and let me stand up to remove my blouse and bra. Mistress Rachel caressed my titties and licked and sucked on my nipples. My cock became erect as she told me how nice it was to have such a pretty little sissy for a slave. “Get down on your hands and knees bitch,” she commanded.

I got down on all fours as she reached into her bag and produced a jar of KY jelly. Greasing my asshole she worked one finger inside me. As it wiggled around I writhed and moaned. “The only sounds you are allowed to make are those of pleasure, and you had better make lots of those to show your Mistress how much you appreciate all of the trouble I’m going through.” she warned me as she shoved in the second finger.

“Oh yes Mistress, it feels so good.” I lied and moaned with feigned pleasure as her third finger was squeezed into my tight asshole.

Rachel commented, “Your cunt is too tight. Oh well, a series of butt plugs will soon loosen you up.”

My cock was screaming for the relief of orgasm as she continued forcing that lubricant into my “cunt”, but Rachel just laughed asking with mock concern, “You’d like to fuck me right now, wouldn’t you Slut?”

I pleaded, “Oh yes Mistress Rachel, Very Much so.”

She laughed out loud and said, “You fool, you are the Slut and you GET fucked! Besides,” she continued, “How dare you think your pitiful little cock could please ME? I can have Slave fuck me whenever I want, listen to the sounds coming from the bedroom.”

Chris was obviously deep in the throes of passion, judging from the moans of, “Oh yes Slave, More Slave,” etc. coming from the bedroom. She never got that loud with me. This was not working out as it had in my fantasies! Chris had gone wild with pleasure! So far I had only suffered pain and humiliation.

Mistress Rachel now strapped on a dildo and knelt behind me. “You wanted some fucking, I’m going to give you some fucking,” she promised. The dildo was slowly forced into my well-greased asshole filling my insides with its bulk. She reached around and grabbed my nipples, pinching them forcefully. With her using my nipples to control my movements, I was forced to hump my ass to receive her vigorous thrusts. The pain from my nipples overcame the painful thrusts in my ass. I was horribly trapped into submitting to this rape, which would only end with Mistress’s orgasm. When at last, she came, the dildo was removed.

When I collapsed with exhaustion on the floor, my hands went up to my throbbing nipples. They were too sore to touch! Mistress Rachel put the dildo to my lips as she straddled my chest. “Go ahead Slut, lick it clean. You got it dirty, now you clean it!” she ordered. “You stupid little bitch, you forgot to douche before you had sex. Don’t worry dearie, as my slave I will give you a nice warm enema before I fuck you in the future.” An ENEMA! I had really let myself in for more than I had bargained for. My tongue tentatively licked the dildo. “Must I bring out the cat-o-nine tails to enforce my will?” She asked sweetly.

I answered, “No Mistress” and grabbed some tissue and wiped it clean. She started to chastise me for not using my tongue but the warning look I gave told her, at least for now, she should back off.

Saying, “Come Slut!” she led me into the bedroom where my wife was still enjoying a marathon, multi-orgasmic fuck with Slave. She looked so sexy all flushed, sweaty and thrusting her hips wildly upward to meet Slave’s vigorous thrusts. She was truly beautiful! Mistress Rachel said, “You may climax now Slave.” And he DID! It was amazing! Mistress even controlled his orgasms with her power.

He bent down to kiss Chris deeply as she shuddered with another of countless orgasms she’d enjoyed. “That was excellent Slave!” she praised him for all of the pleasures he’d given her.

Mistress Rachel beamed with pride over her demonstration of power, then ordered, “Kneel by the side of the bed Slut. Slave assisted Mistress Chris to get into position to be cleaned.” Slave helped Chris to the side of the bed and draped her legs over my shoulders. Mistress Rachel now told me, “Now lick her clean Slut.” Slave’s come was oozing out of the vagina now scant inches from my face. This was revolting; to lick another man’s come from my wife was too degrading for words. Slave shoved my face right into it, and realizing the total futility of resisting, I began to lick her clean. The smell of the sweat mixed in with Chris’s natural juices and Slaves musky male odors made my mind reel, but I licked her clean bringing her to another orgasm. Finally she said that she’s had enough and needed to rest for a bit.

Mistress Rachel now brought Slave’s cock to my lips saying,” Go ahead Slut, finish the clean up. Lick Mistress Chris’s juices off this magnificent cock.”

Chris sat up and said, “Yes you little sissy cunt, I want to watch you lick his cock clean, He has earned that much. What a magnificent stallion he is! Now lick him good Slut.” I used my tongue to lick the mixture of her juices and his come from his dick feeling totally degraded by my situation. Still half dressed as a girl, wearing a wig and in heels, my nipples painfully throbbing, and my ravished ass oozing the melted KY jelly, I was licking another man’s cock! How had things gone this far so fast?

When the girls were satisfied that his cock was clean, they decided it would be fun to watch me suck it! Chris put it to my lipstick covered lips and cooed, “Come on Slut, suck on his cock for me. You’ve already eaten his come from my pussy and I want you now to go the final step. My little Slut is going to become a cocksucker!”

Mistress Rachel added, “Since you are obviously not capable of fucking like a man, you need to learn some other skills in order to be useful.”

Chris pushed Slave’s cock into my mouth. Even in its semi-flaccid state, it filled my mouth. Rachel sat on the bed and started caressing Chris, while both of them encouraged my efforts. As I sucked and slurped his cock, it grew to full erection. This seemed impossible, as he had come so recently; this guy was a fucking machine! He grabbed my head and began thrusting into my mouth, choking me with its sheer bulk. I was gagging as his cock hit the back of my throat, but his grip was very firm and I was powerless to escape his fucking my face. His brutal oral rape continued until I felt him come in my mouth. Although it was probably no more than a teaspoon, it seemed that pulsing spurts would never stop filling my mouth.

Finally he pulled his spent cock out of my mouth and Mistress Rachel ordered, “Swallow every bit of it Slut, Slave has worked very hard to give you that gift and it would be so ungrateful to waste a single drop.” So despite my revulsion, I swallowed it. “That’s a good girl.” she praised me. When the tears cleared from my eyes, I could see Chris licking Rachel’s pussy. She had never done that before, but was now so turned on that it seemed perfectly natural.

As I lay on the floor trying to recover from my oral ravishment, Chris looked up from her work and commanded, “Cocksucker fetch us some more drinks.” I got to my feet and wobbled on the high-heeled shoes to make another round of drinks. I really NEEDED a drink to get the taste of come out of my mouth!

Returning to the bedroom I saw both Chris and Slave bringing Rachel to orgasm. They took their drinks without even a word of thanks and sat chatting as if I wasn’t even there. Mistress Rachel pulled my face to her crotch and had me lick her pussy while the conversation continued unabated. In my fantasies about being a submissive, sex slave it was never like this. In them I received some sexual satisfaction. Now I was being used for everyone else’s pleasure with no regard for mine.

After several more rounds of drinks and a couple of hours of recovery time Mistress Rachel Asked, “Mistress Chris don’t you think it’s about time that Slut got to come?”

Chris pondered the question a moment before answering, “Yes, I guess she has earned that privilege.” Mistress had Slave lift me up and lay me on my back on the bed with a pillow under my ass. He picked me up so easily that I was made aware of his great strength. To resist would be futile. He could overpower me with very little effort.

Mistress Rachel began fondling my cock and Mistress Chris playing with my very tender nipples while Slave put his cock to my mouth. The girls told me to suck it to make him hard again. “Go ahead Slut, Do it!” Chris commanded. “You’re already officially a cocksucker now, so it’s only a matter of more practice.” she added. By now I was beyond offering any resistance and totally submissive. Like a true slut I took his cock in my hand and placed it in my mouth. Once again I slurped, licked and sucked him to full erection; only this time he didn’t start that violent thrusting. Instead he withdrew from my mouth and moved down between my legs. He raised and spread my legs. I was about to get anally raped!

The girls kept working on my cock and nipples. Chris moved to straddle my face, facing Slave. I was forced to lick her pussy while Slave forced his cock up my ass. The pain of this intrusion would have been much worse if the earlier dildo rape hadn’t already loosened me up some. Chris got off my face and said, “That’s it Slut, enjoy being fucked by a real man. You’ll be getting a lot of this in the future, so you might well learn to like it.” Chris advised adding, “You wanted to be treated like a woman; well this is how a REAL MAN treats a woman. You’d better enjoy it.”

Slave was thrusting inside me with increasingly powerful strokes toward his climax when, due to Mistress Rachel’s stroking my cock, I came all over my stomach. “How cute!” Mistress Rachel exclaimed. She scooped up my come with her hand and forced it into my mouth encouraging, “You’ve gobbled enough of Slaves come; you might as well eat your own.” I swallowed my own come and licked her hand clean despite the violent thrusting, which caused my body to bounce with his tempo.

Mistress Rachel at last said, “You may come Slave.” In seconds I could feel the warm spurts filling my ass. He slumped forward and gave me a long, deep French kiss. He pulled out of me, leaving me too weary and sore to move. The three of them sat drinking wine while I tried to regain my composure. When I was able to move I hobbled to the bathroom to clean my poor leaking ass.

By this time it was quite late, and Chris invited her new friends to stay the night. She leaned over and gave Rachel a big hug and kissed her warmly. She lay back in the bed and announced, “Mistress Rachel and I will sleep here, and Slave and Slut can sleep in the other room.” As she turned off the light she reminded me, “Take off your pretty clothes carefully sweetie, and wear your pink nightie to bed.” sarcastically adding, “You want to look pretty for Slave don’t you?”

That night was long and sleepless for me despite it being short by the clock. Slave cuddled up to me and caressed me like I was his woman...I guess in some ways, I WAS. What a night this had been! I finally drifted off to sleep.

I was awakened by Slave putting his cock in my mouth. “Now Baby, suck my cock not to please the Mistresses, but because you want to.” he said. I shook my head no. He squeezed my balls just hard enough to try to make the point that I really had no choice.

To my surprise, I said forcefully, “If Chris tells me to, I will do it but not for you. You may be able to force me but I told you NO and I will charge you with assault. You will go to jail. I am not going to put up with this shit.” Although I am kinky and have fetishes for sexual role-playing, cross-dressing, domination and submission, and pain, especially the sexual stimulation I receive from spanking and anal rape, the excessive abuse triggered my suppressed desire to be giving a little respect.

“Okay, never mind. I’m sorry,” he said.

I went to the bathroom to pee and while there reapplied my makeup before presenting myself to the Mistresses.

Chris was licking Rachel’s pussy while Slave was fucking her from behind. Mistress Rachel looked at me and ordered, “Fix us some breakfast Slut, and leave that nightie on...I like to look at your cute little ass.” I left them heavily involved in their three-way action and went to the kitchen.

By the time I had finished cooking a beautiful breakfast of bacon, eggs and toast; they came straggling out and sat at the table. They chatted happily about what a great time they’d had while I served them their food. They completely ignored me except for patting my fanny whenever it came within their reach.

Slave pulled me onto his lap, and kissed me full on the mouth. I struggled to get free; this was too humiliating...he was treating me as if I were a REAL woman who belonged to him. They all laughed at my embarrassment and Mistress Chris said, “It’s too late to be shy now Slut! He’s already fucked you at both ends and filled you with his come. Besides, you stupid sissy cunt, I’ve told him that he can use you for his pleasure whenever he wants. You had better cooperate or we will need to really hurt you.”

I knew that Slave told Chris what I had said and because she ordered it, I would comply. Also, I realized that Chris was serious so I relaxed and submitted to his caresses. He was sucking my nipples and I was getting turned on. The girls moved to the couch to watch us perform and were caressing each other while giving encouraging advice.

Slave had me kneel in front of him and beg to suck his cock. Mistress Rachel urged, “Come on you little cocksucker, you know you want to put on a show for us.”

I begged quite realistically, “Please Slave let me suck your beautiful cock. I crave your come.”

Slave pulled down his panties and held his cock to my mouth. I opened my mouth and took it inside. Mistress Chris said, “Slut looks so pretty with a cock in her mouth, doesn’t she?”

Mistress Rachel replied, “Yes she does. It’s so nice to watch our slaves playing with each other, as we direct the action.”

This morning Slave was more gentle with me. He stood holding my head in position, but didn’t violently rape my mouth. He was content to let me stroke and suck him to orgasm. Now it seemed more like making love than rape. After all, this was mostly a show for our Mistresses. They seemed to be enjoying our performance and it felt like it was a long time before Mistress Rachel finally said, “You may climax now Slave.” As on previous occasions Slave came on cue filling my mouth with his spurts of semen.

No sooner had he climaxed when Mistress Rachel ordered me to crawl over to the couch and open my mouth to show them Slave’s come still held in my mouth. Mistress Chris said, “That’s a good cocksucker Slut! You have learned a lot in such a short time.” Mistress Rachel told me, “You may now swallow it Slut.” I swallowed it all without gagging. Maybe they were right, I could adapt to new tasks!

“Slave, it’s your turn now. We want to watch while you suck Slut’s cock.” Mistress Rachel commanded! When I stood up Slave knelt in front of me.

“Hold up your nightie Slut, so we can get a better view.” Mistress Chris told me. There I stood holding the hem of my nightie with both hands while Slave sucked me to orgasm. It didn’t take very long as I had been allowed very little sexual relief during this game. The girls inspected his mouthful of come before having him swallow it. Mistress Chris said,” Slave give Slut a big kiss.” Slave took me into his arms and we kissed like lovers. The taste of my come in his mouth was mingled with the taste of his in my mouth. Strange, but somehow now after all the degrading things I’d been forced to endure, it didn’t seem so bad.

Mistress Rachel ordered Slave to fetch her strap-on dildo, and Mistress Chris told me to get hers for her. Slave and I looked at each other, but did as we’d been ordered. The girls strapped on the dildos and greased them up while Slave and I got into the positions demanded. I lay on my back and Slave was on his hands and knees with our mouths locked in a kiss. Mistress Chris began fucking me with her dildo while Mistress Rachel was fucking Slave with her dildo. Despite the vigorous thrusting the Mistresses were using in their simultaneous dildo rape of their slaves, we were ordered to maintain the kiss throughout the ordeal. Our moans were stifled by each other’s mouth and tongue.

By the time the Mistresses were done, it was past noon. Mistress Rachel told Slave to get dressed and gather up their belongings. It was time to leave. When all was ready they walked to the front door and Rachel gave Chris a big kiss. Jerry and I shook hands and they left.

Chris told me to shower and get out of my slut outfit. She said, “You smell like a whorehouse!” I put all of my slut stuff away and got cleaned up. Chris was sitting at the computer playing games when I came back out. “Well dear, I hope you enjoyed this *game*; I know I did.” She said without looking up from her game. She went on, “When you first suggested these weird ideas I thought you must be sick, but I haven’t enjoyed sex so much ever before. You really looked cute sucking his cock, and I’m so proud of how well you obeyed our orders. Besides, that Jerry is a wonderful lover.”

I mumbled something about how I was happy that she had such a good time, failing to mention that I had experienced mostly pain and humiliation. As I turned to leave the room Chris said, “By the way, Rachel invited us to a big party at their house in two weeks. There will be lots of Masters and Mistresses there to help in your training. I need to buy a new Mistress outfit for the event, but you will go already dressed as Slut. I told her that we would be there.”

Stunned by her lack of consultation with me first, I nodded saying, “Yes dear.” I had created a monster by unleashing her feminine power.

**Fantasy Weekend—Chapter 4**

Originally written by 4Play and modified

It had been two weeks since our wild weekend with Rachel and Jerry. They and my wife Chris had turned me into a total sex slave, using me for their sexual pleasure. I was made to dress like a woman and be sexually used as a woman. My ass had been dildo raped by both women as well as Jerry’s actual near rape. They made me lick pussy for hours, often while filled with semen. I lost track of how many times I’d been forced to suck Jerry’s cock; sometimes until he came in my mouth, other times just to get him hard for the ladies pleasure. One way or another, I’d been coerced into swallowing most of semen expended that weekend, even my own.

All My life “cocksucker” had been a terrible insult; now I was one! The girls were referred to as Mistress Chris and Mistress Rachel the entire weekend. Jerry had been called ‘Slave’ and they had given me a slave name of ‘Slut’. They had used me as a slave with no regard for my pleasure, being forced to satisfy their every whim. While serving two Mistresses had been one of my fantasies, things had gone way past my vision of such a scene. Even Slave had used me as his sex toy! I had certainly been made to live up to the name of Slut!

At the end of my degrading ordeal, Mistress Rachel had invited us to a party at their house in two weeks. Chris had accepted without consulting me, considering that a frivolous act for a Mistress. I had wished she had consulted me; I would have declined that invitation. One weekend of total humiliation was quite enough! While it been a total turn-on for Chris being a powerful Mistress served by two slaves, I had experienced only pain and degradation. I was hoping to never see Rachel and Jerry again. They had been instrumental in my degradation causing me to fear having to repeat what had been a miserable experience. Besides, I was ashamed to face them after what they’d seen me do.

Several years ago I told Chris that I wanted to be her slave twice a month. Since I had some submissive fantasies I wanted to explore, it was an easy enough thing to pledge. I had eagerly awaited our Fantasy Weekends, when we would play our kinky sex games. Chris had been a very reluctant participant at first, but had found that she loved having a slave to use for household chores and as her personal sex toy. Now she looked forward to *Fantasy Weekends* and I had come to dread them. There was no way she would let me weasel out of my rash vow. On *Fantasy Weekend* I was her slave, but the rest of the time our relationship was normal. A weird arrangement, but I was stuck with it for the next month and a half!

Chris and I hadn’t spoken a word about our wild weekend since it happened. Our lives returned to normal on the surface, but I was having a hard time dealing with my feelings. The bisexual aspects bothered me a lot since I had always been straight. Only the fact that I had been forced into acts personally repugnant to me, made my memories somewhat bearable. Since Chris had enjoyed herself so much, I knew I’d need to work on adopting a slave’s accepting attitude to survive any future games. There certainly were more to come in my future.

Any faint hopes that Chris had forgotten about the party disappeared when she phoned me from work saying, “I’ll be leaving work shortly; you’d better get ready. Remember we have a party to go to tonight.”

The sweetness in her voice was meant for anyone in her office who might overhear her side of the conversation. Realizing she was unable to speak freely, I asked, “Do you mean for me to get ready as Slut?”

She replied sweetly, “Yes dear, that’s what I mean; see you soon.” and hung up on me.

Damn, I’d really need to hustle to get ready before she came home! I stripped off my regular clothes and got into the shower to begin shaving my body. Slut was required to be completely hairless from the neck down. Chris felt it kept me feeling submissive, and she was right. Anybody seeing my body would immediately know that I was owned by some Mistress, as a man would normally be hairy. Fortunately the shaving went quickly as I had completely shaved only two weeks before, and I normally wasn’t very hairy to begin with.

After washing carefully and toweling myself dry, I rubbed the sweet smelling lotion all over my skin. Chris had told me that a lady should have nice soft skin, and insisted that Slut use this particular lotion. Normally I don’t even put on suntan lotion as I despise the oily feel of it, but orders are orders so I rubbed the lotion into my skin.

I painted my toenails with the garish red polish Chris had selected for me and while they dried applied my makeup. The long fake eyelashes were glued in place and a heavy coat of mascara used to enhance their appearance. The eyeliner and blue eye shadow went on much easier these days. At first I could hardly manage to get it on as I am very sensitive around my eyes, but after doing it several times, I was getting quite good at it! The eyebrow pencil was used to darken and lengthen my eyebrows.

Once the eyes were done I put on a base coat and then some rouge to emphasize my cheekbones. Red lipstick was put on my lips in a heavy coat. Chris had chosen my makeup to stress the sluttiness of my appearance, and it surely did that. When I was fully made up I looked like some cheap hooker! She’d told me, “Since you are going to be used as my slutty bitch, you might as well look the part.” While I disliked looking like this, it did help me get into my Slut role and Mistress had ordered it.

Using strips of duct tape I formed my chest meat into those petite feminine breasts that Chris loved to play with. I seemed that I was totally dependent on her for my sexual release. With such complete control, Chris seldom needed to use the ropes or chains anymore.

I got out my frilly white nipple less bra and put it on concealing the tape, but leaving my nipples exposed. They were already erect and protruded sexily through the holes in the fabric. The matching Panties and garter belt went on next. I opened a new pair of white mesh stockings and carefully rolled each one up my smooth legs, and hooked them to the garter belt. After stepping into my black, toeless, 4” high-heeled shoes, I looked at myself in the full-length mirror. I did have nice legs and a cute ass!

Taking my long wig from its form, I put it on and brushed it a bit. Smiling I thought, “It wouldn’t be too much longer and I won’t need to wear this hot wig.” The girls had decided that my hair should be allowed to grow long enough to be styled in a feminine fashion. The very idea of both Mistresses giving me a permanent sent a wave of submissive pleasure over me.

My frilly French Maid dress was the next thing I donned. It was very short and barely covered my buns. Any time I bent over my panties would show. I put on a dainty pair of earrings and the black velvet choker necklace with the white bow. The little French maid cap completed my Slut outfit. I had been transformed from a normal man into the sissy sex slave Slut!

The final step was to put on the long fake fingernails. I always saved them for last, since wearing them made the rest of the transformation process too difficult. My own fingernails were long enough to polish, but Chris insisted that I wear these extra long fake ones to increase my helplessness. They made even simple tasks more difficult. Besides she liked the way they looked on me. Once they were glued on, I painted them to match my toenails and I was ready. Mistress would be pleased!

Just then I heard Chris walk into the house from the garage. Damn, if I’d only had a few more minutes more I could have greeted her at the door presenting her a glass of wine. Mistress always loved that demonstration of servitude so much, and I knew she was displeased when it wasn’t there. It wasn’t my fault; she should have given me more time. The transformation to Slut took quite a bit of time and she should know that.

Chris was carrying some bags that I took from her and set them on the counter. She smiled at me and said, “You look very pretty Slut, good job.” I helped her off with her coat and hung it up before serving her a glass of wine. She took it and told me, “Take my bags into the bedroom, but don’t look in them...I have a surprise for you.”

“Yes Mistress.” I replied and started to obey when she added, “Stay in there until I get through with my call to Mistress Rachel.”

I muttered another, “Yes Mistress.” I picked up the sacks and carried them to the bedroom. It wasn’t fair to be treated like a child, after all the trouble I’d gone through getting ready, but as her slave I wasn’t entitled to fairness.

After about a half an hour of conversation, Chris finally came to the bedroom and asked, “Did you douche Slut?”

I was puzzled by her question, but replied, “No Mistress, I never douche.”

She looked at me in a condescending manner asking, “Oh Slut, do I have to show you everything a girl should know?” She reached into one of her sacks and pulled out an enema bag. Ordering, “Take off your panties dearie; your Mistress will show you this time.” She went to fill the bag. THIS TIME? That meant that she was planning to add another chore to the *get ready* process. I pulled down my panties and stepped out of them.

Chris returned holding the full enema bag and told me, “Bend over and grab your ankles slave, you do want to be clean for tonight’s party, don’t you?”

I muttered, “Yes Mistress.” and complied. She inserted the nozzle in my anus and released the clip flooding my insides with warm soapy water. I felt an instant need for relief, but she kept me standing there for a couple of minutes before allowing me to hobble into the bathroom.

The embarrassing noises made as my burden was released, caused Chris to laugh at my discomfort, which only increased my humiliation. The cramps soon subsided, but it seemed to take forever before there was nothing left to expel. I washed my bottom and returned to the bedroom to find Mistress already dressed.

Mistress Chris was wearing a black leather halter-top, which pushed her magnificent breasts up very alluringly. Her black leather skirt came to mid-thigh. She had high black leather spike- heeled boots that went up beneath her skirt. I was stunned by her beauty! She looked every bit the dominatrix I wanted to serve. I was so lucky to have such a wonderful mistress! For years I had wanted her to buy such garments, but she always thought spending money on clothes she couldn’t wear to work a foolish waste. After one weekend with Mistress Rachel, she had thrown caution to the winds and bought this wonderful outfit.

She motioned for me to kneel in front of her and lifted her skirt. She wore no panties! I kissed her wonderful pussy and Mistress Chris was pleased by this sign of my submission. “You are such a good slave Slut; I have a present for you.” She said reaching into her bag. She pulled out a lace-up corset ordering me, “Take off your dress and I’ll help you into this.” I quickly obeyed and soon was laced very tightly into the corset. Breathing was difficult and I wondered how I would be able to move while wearing it. Mistress Chris praised, “Darling, it does wonders for your figure!” I looked in the full-length mirror and saw that she was right. It did improve my figure, and if it pleased Mistress I would manage somehow. I put my dress back on. Mistress now handed me a butt plug and a jar of KY jelly saying, “Put this in your cunt Slut; it’ll loosen you up for later.” I greased up the plug and forced it inside me embarrassed that she was watching this process. She smiled pleasantly saying, “Isn’t it nice of me to be so considerate that I allow you to prepare yourself and thereby avoid some of the pain associated with anal rape?” I replied, “Yes Mistress, that’s very kind of you.” and meant it. If my ass was going to be raped, it would help to have it pre-lubricated and loosened.

As I reached for my panties, Mistress commanded, “Leave them off tonight, I want to have your cute slave ass totally accessible to me and my friends.” I shuddered to think of countless hands fondling my bare bottom, and worse; but merely dropped the panties on the bed. Mistress motioned for me to follow her, so of course, I did.

We went to the hall closet where Mistress donned her long leather coat and handed me a short cape to wear. She looked wonderful, I looked very skimpily clad. Indeed I was! With my bare bottom barely covered, I knew that every little breeze would immediately be felt. I prayed that we wouldn’t have to walk very far from where we parked to get to the party. Bad enough to be dressed like this without freezing or having to meet strangers on the street.

Mistress pointed to the overnight bag on the floor of the closet and ordered, “Bring that slave. Mistress Rachel told me a Mistress always has a few toys along with her, so I packed a few things.” I picked up the bag and followed her into the garage. Naturally she was going to drive, so I got in on the passenger side. The seat was cold on my bare bottom, but my shivers were mostly due to nervous apprehension of what lie ahead. I didn’t know what would happen, but was sure that it would not be pleasant for me.

Mistress drove expertly the few miles to the party, following Mistress Rachel’s directions like a born navigator. I was very nervous about being outside our house for the first time dressed as Slut. What if we got into an accident, or had a flat tire, or any number of unforeseen things which would expose my humiliating condition?

Mistress fondled my genitals with one hand as she drove asking, “You are going to be a good slave tonight, aren’t you Slut?” I answered, “Yes Mistress.” She continued. “I want you to obey without question any order you are given. Don’t embarrass me in front of the other Mistresses or Masters who will be there or you will be very severely punished.” This threat surprised me, as our game didn’t include a lot of pain. Some of Mistress Rachel’s ways were clearly rubbing off on her.

I pledged, “Mistress I will be very obedient. You will be proud to show off how well trained your slave is.” And I meant it! My Mistress would not look foolish in front of the others by having an errant slave. I would do my best to make her proud!

We arrived at the party location without incident, and found a place to park only a few doors down the block. Mistress told me, “Bring the bag slave, it’s party time.” I grabbed the bag and followed her closely up to the house, where Mistress rang the bell. Jerry answered the door and ushered us in. He was dressed in an outfit almost the twin to mine, and obviously in his Slave role. He curtsied to Mistress saying, “Welcome to Mistress Rachel’s domain Mistress Chris.” He helped her off with her coat and hung it in the closet as Mistress Rachel appeared. She immediately gave Chris a big hug and kissed her warmly.

After a few minutes of caressing and greeting they parted and Mistress Rachel told Slave, “Take Slut’s cape and hang it up.” He stepped behind me and removed my cape, taking the liberty of reaching one hand under my dress to fondle my bare buns before hanging it up. It was apparent that he still thought I was his *girlfriend* and open to his full use. I had been hoping that was a onetime thing.

Mistress Rachel looked at me critically for a few moments before saying, “It’s nice to see you again Slut. Mistress Chris has done a good job of making such a worthless slave look presentable.” Mistress Chris indeed; I had gotten ready all by myself and it angered me not to get credit for it.

I didn’t show my anger, but merely said, “Yes Mistress Rachel.” I noticed Mistress Chris smile discretely, and knew she was pleased with my answer. Mistress Rachel took Chris’s hand in hers and led her into the living room while Slave and I followed obediently.

The living room was one of those large rooms associated with mansions of the late nineteenth century. Sitting on the couches and fine leather chairs were two Masters and two more Mistresses. Their status was instantly apparent since they were all dressed in black leather outfits and comfortably seated. Their slaves either knelt at their feet or stood respectfully behind them. The slaves wore mostly frilly, skimpy outfits except for one girl who was naked wearing only painful looking nipple clamps. Her pussy was shaved adding to her naked, helpless appearance; and her petite body had several welts as evidence of her Master’s displeasure.

Mistress Rachel started the introductions saying, “Let me present Mistress Chris to you Masters and my fellow Mistresses, she has only one incompletely trained slave, but she has great potential and is a fantastic partner in bed!”

Mistress Chris announced, “This is Slut, it is a pretty good slave and I hereby give my permission for you to use it for any purpose you might desire.” I cringed inwardly since I had trusted Mistress to protect me from the others possible excessive mistreatment and she had so nonchalantly given me over to them. As previously instructed I smiled sweetly and gave a little curtsy to the Dominant ones.

Master Jack arose, kissed Chris’s hand gallantly and said, “Pleased to meet you Chris, I’m sure we’ll get to be very good friends.” He was a big man and with his imposing presence augmented by his leather outfit seemed to personify the title Master. He gave a quick wave to the naked girl and she moved to kneel before Chris kissing her feet. Master Jack told Chris, “This is slave M, and she is of course at your service. You may beat her, or order her to do anything you choose.”

Chris said,” Thank you Jack, that’s very nice of you” and kissed him warmly on the mouth.

Sir William was next to greet Chris. He was no bigger than I, but exuded that quiet confidence of someone who knew that any commands he gave would be obeyed. Standing in my Slut outfit, I envied this man who took whatever he wanted from any slave. He presented his slave *Cunt* to Chris. “This is slave Cunt, Chris and I offer her for your use any way you see fit,” he said and followed that with, “She is quite well trained and has served me well; I’m sure that you will be pleased with her performance.” Slave Cunt was a larger woman, a bit on the heavy side. She wore a very short skirt, that didn’t even cover her shaved pussy, and a push-up bra that left her pierced nipples exposed. She also knelt and kissed Chris’s feet to demonstrate her submission to a Mistress. Chris thanked Sir William and kissed him as a sign of solidarity amongst Dominants.

Mistress Goddess now came up to embrace and kiss Chris as a warm welcome to their group. She said, “Rachel has raved about how wonderful you are; we’ll have to get together a little later.” She then presented her slave Twink. He was a middle-aged man, with a bit of a paunch, dressed as a harem slave wearing baggy red silk pants, a matching vest with no shirt underneath, and purple slippers that curled up at the toes. Like all of us slaves; he looked ridiculous. It must have been some understanding among the Dominants that a slave be dressed in such a degrading fashion to keep them subservient. Along with the slave name it seemed to be very effective; I know how submissive I felt in my role as Slut! As Twink knelt to kiss Chris’s feet, his vest opened and I noticed that his nipples were also pierced with rings in them.

The final Mistress to welcome Chris was Mistress Zelda, a very tall, large framed, well built woman. She must be a weight lifter, I decided by looking at her muscles. I knew that I would have been no match for her in a struggle; she could have easily overpowered me. She had a cruel look about her, and the whip she carried coiled over her shoulder made me fear her all the more. If this powerful woman ever unleashed her fury the consequences would be severe indeed! I vowed not to displease her.

Zelda hugged Chris and presented her slave Becky for Chris’s use. Becky was a short young man, made to look like a girl. He wore a ballerina’s tutu with no panties. Like me, his body was totally shaved; a status that seemed to be the norm for slaves. When he knelt to kiss Chris’s feet, I was startled to see tattooed on his bare bottom; *Zelda’s Slave*! These people weren’t playing a game; they were very serious about their lifestyle! I had gotten myself into a situation where my fantasies seemed very tame by comparison to what was likely to occur. Every instinct cried out for me to run, but I realized the folly of that course of action. They could have easily caught me and administered severe punishment. Besides, where would I go dressed like this? With no money or car keys in a bad neighborhood; I was probably better off staying here and hoping for the best. Logically, I knew this was a game that I would not really be seriously injured, and I could put a stop to it at any time. No one was going to kill me nor would they continue if I said I was going to the police and file criminal charges. However, I had made an agreement with Chris so that was not an option I was willing to exploit.

With the introductions complete, Mistress Rachel announced that supper was nearly ready and that the Dominants, could go into the dining room to be served. She said Slave and slave M have been working all day to prepare a feast worthy of them. She asked, “Jack and Zelda would you mind taking Slut to the Playroom so she will be ready for her initiation ceremony?”

They replied in unison, “We’d be glad to Rachel, we’ll be right back up to eat.”

Master Jack and Mistress Zelda moved to either side of me and escorted me down the basement to the Playroom. I should have known; the Playroom was a fully equipped dungeon! Mistress Zelda told me, “Take off your pretty dress Slut and hang it up over there on one of those hooks.” With both of those large menacing Doms glaring at me I didn’t hesitate to obey. When I had hung my dress up I quickly returned to their sides. They took me by the hands and led me to a table with bright lights overhead, where I was made to lie down on my back. They efficiently strapped my hands with leather straps affixed to the base of the table. Several leather straps secured my body to the table. My feet were placed in stirrups like those in a doctor’s office and strapped in place. A leather hood was pulled over my head and strapped firmly in place.

Master Jack said, “Make yourself comfortable Slut; your initiation will begin after we have eaten. This hood will keep the bright lights from bothering your eyes.”

Mistress Zelda whispered huskily in my ear,” I’ll be back to see you later Slut; this is going to be a night you will never forget.” With these remarks they left me in helpless bondage and went off to enjoy their meal.

I had thought myself ready for anything after the weekend with Rachel and Jerry, but now seriously worried what kind of things my initiation would involve that would require such strict bondage. I could faintly hear their cheerful voices coming from their feast; they seemed to be having a good time up there. My fears magnified during the two hours or so that I lay helplessly awaiting my fate, until I was in a near panic by the time I heard someone enter the room.

Wordlessly someone straddled my face and forced me to lick her pussy. It had to be Mistress Goddess, I reasoned; there was pubic hair, so it couldn’t be either of the slave girls. I already knew the taste of Mistress Chris and Mistress Rachel, and it was neither of them. The person wasn’t large enough to be Mistress Zelda; leaving Mistress Goddess to be the owner of the pussy I was slurping. My freedom might be gone, but I could still think!

While I was so engaged, I felt some hands remove my butt plug which I was thankful for; until it was replaced with a real cock. Suddenly I realized my initiation would be to service every one of the Doms. Well I would show them that I could handle that! After the way I had been used two weeks before, I knew I could. The thrusting strokes of the cock in my ass were matched by the hip thrusts of Mistress Goddess riding my face, so I adjusted my tongue’s tempo accordingly. The two Dominants reached orgasm simultaneously; a clear demonstration that they had practiced this routine on other occasions.

The pussy lifted from my face and was shortly replaced with a slimy cock put to my lips for cleaning. I dutifully licked it clean, thankful now for the enema that had cleaned me out. At least there was no shit on it! Mistress had been right to administer it!

Even before I had finished cleaning one cock, I felt the intrusion of another entering my ass. Strapped immobile as I was, I could do nothing to avoid being ravished again. Another pussy was soon astride my face, Mistress Rachel. I recognized the taste of her pussy when it was filled with Slave’s semen, as it was now. She must have been serviced by him already. Once more my mouth and ass were both engaged to make me an unwilling middleman in a perverse three way encounter.

The rampaging cock now raping my ass was significantly larger than the previous one, so I assumed it belonged to Master Jack. Despite the larger size it moved inside my well lubricated ass fairly easily. Although this dual ravishment, following so soon after the other, was stretching my endurance to the limit; I kept thinking that this was four down and only two left to go. One to go really, since I figured that Mistress Chris would be gentle with me. At last they were finished with their tandem ride and after the usual cleanup they left. I lay there still secured to the table, a horrible taste in my mouth, my ass sore and oozing slime, exhausted but happy that my initiation was nearly completed.

My sense of time had deserted me, but it seemed like a long time until I again heard a sound. In my weariness, I had nearly drifted off to sleep when I heard Mistress Zelda’s Husky voice saying, “Well Slut, you sure are a mess!” Someone removed my blindfold and I blinked under the bright lights. I had been hooded for some hours by now and it took me a while to get used to the light once more.

When my eyes adjusted, I saw Mistress Zelda was accompanied by slaves M, Cunt, and Twink. “Clean this bitch up, she’s not fit for my use in this condition.” Mistress Zelda ordered. The slaves scurried to do her bidding and were soon washing my sweaty body and my come oozing ass with nice warm water. It felt wonderfully soothing to be so pampered as they softly wiped me dry with luxurious towels.

I said, “Thank you Mistress Zelda,” thinking that perhaps I had misjudged her.

She snorted scornfully, “I’m not doing this for you; I don’t give a shit for your feelings slave! I just refuse to work with a filthy slave.” When she took the whip from her shoulder, I trembled in fear, but relaxed a bit as she handed it to Cunt. “M sit on Slut’s mouth to keep her quiet.” Mistress Zelda ordered. Without the hood now I could watch as the smooth hairless pussy was lowered onto my face. It was a very attractive sight, which seemed remarkable considering I had been forced to pleasure two pussies already this evening.

“Twink suck that pitiful clit of Slut’s” was Mistress’s next command. My cock was quickly sucked into Twink’s nice warm mouth. Was I to get some pleasure and relief at last? “Cunt strap on the black dildo and fuck Slut.” Mistress ordered, and soon I felt my weary ass being filled to bursting once more. At least this time I hoped to have an orgasm myself! This prospect overcame my disgust at having to service other slaves.

While I was fully involved with three slaves working on me, Mistress Zelda pulled one of my nipples very hard with what felt like a pair of pliers. My shock at this was almost immediately replaced with searing pain as a large needle was shoved through my nipple! My scream was muffled by M’s Pussy covering my face. In horror, I realized that my nipples were being pierced! Of course, all the slaves had their nipples pierced! Why had I thought I would be treated differently? However, this was mutilation and pain. Something, I would have never agreed to. For a moment, I was blazing hot. I considered filing criminal charges and a lawsuit against Zelda. However, I decided it was done with Chris’s consent and besides my agreement would be over in another month and at that time I would demand reasonable limits.

The dildo thrusting continued unchanging in tempo as if nothing had happened. The sucking on my cock and the grinding of the pussy on my face also went on unabated. The large needle passed completely through the nipple and was quickly followed by a ring being installed in the resulting hole. My other nipple was even worse, since I knew it was coming. Just at the moment the needle was shoved through my second nipple, I came in Twink’s mouth! The relief of orgasm somewhat abated the intense pain from my violated nipple. My second nipple ring was now in place. All activity now ceased. They had not been after sexual pleasure; it had all been to divert my attention while Mistress Zelda accomplished her fiendish designs.

Slave M lifted off my face allowing me to look at my new jewelry. One gold ring was now permanently installed in each nipple. My poor nipples throbbed from their painful desecration. The rings looked strangely pretty on my chest, but I could imagine the new levels of control Chris would be able to achieve using them. Twink came to my face and kissed me transferring his mouthful of come to me. I swallowed it easily; my own come being now very familiar. Mistress Zelda laughed at the tears running down my cheeks saying, “Poor baby, the pain from that is nothing compared to what I could inflict with my whip, or by branding.” Turning to the other slaves she ordered, “Release the bitch, get her cleaned up and bring her upstairs.” Then she abruptly left the room.

The straps were released and they helped me to stand. While Cunt washed me, Twink freshened my makeup and M wiped my bleeding nipples gently with alcohol. M instructed me in the precautions needed to prevent infection and facilitate the healing of my wounded nipples. They all seemed to be genuinely concerned for my welfare; having been through a very similar ordeal themselves at one time or another. I would have been content to stay here with them, but as soon as they had me presentable we all went upstairs. The rings jiggled with each step I took; making me acutely aware of my throbbing nipples. I wondered if I might allow it to always be this way from now on.

Walking back into the living room I felt very self-conscious with my naked bottom no longer even covered with my maid dress. My shaved cock felt even more exposed than usual and my nipple rings dangled outside my bra. Mistress Rachel called me over to where she was chatting with Sir William and Mistress Goddess. Slave Becky was on her knees sucking on Sir William’s cock. She said, “Your new jewelry looks very pretty Slut,” and kissed each of my nipples.

I murmured, “Thank you Mistress.” bowing in submission.

Mistress Goddess caressed my bare bottom and gave my cock a few strokes bringing it to erection. “Look at how cute her little thing stands up; I think Slut wants to come again.” she said. “Do you want to come Slut?” She asked sweetly.

With the stroking arousing me even in my battered condition, I answered, “Yes Mistress Goddess.”

She released my cock and ordered, “Go ahead then, jack yourself off for us.” In complete humiliation I began stroking myself. As my orgasm approached she told M to kneel in front of me and take my load in her mouth. With no outward sign of surprise M knelt and opened her mouth. I shot my come into her mouth, nearly collapsing from a combination of exhaustion and sexual relief. “That’s a good girl Slut; now kiss M to thank her.” Mistress demanded. I kissed M on the mouth tasting my un-swallowed come still there.

Sir William nodded his approval of my obedience, and then said, “Slut, you’d better see if Mistress Chris desires your services. You’ll find her in the large bedroom at the end of the hall.”

I replied, “Yes, Sir William.” and went down the hall. I hadn’t seen Chris since our arrival and badly needed her company after all I had endured for her!

The bedroom door was open and as I entered, I saw Chris on the bed with the others. She was on her back being fucked by Master Jack while Mistress Zelda was kissing her and caressing her breasts. Slave stood by the bed, holding their clothes. Mistress Zelda was wearing a strap-on dildo. I stood quietly watching Chris having orgasm after orgasm until Jack finally came. How had it come to this? I was pitifully watching somebody else fuck my wife while I merely stood there waiting to display my new nipple rings.

When they had recovered from the throes of orgasm, Jack motioned to Slave to clean his cock. Chris looked up to see me standing there and waved me over to her. “Oh Slut, they look so nice on you and they truly mark you as my slave.” She hooked a finger in each ring and gave a slight tug causing me to lurch forward to avoid the pain. “These will be very useful as well as decorative.” she remarked. She could envision the added power so easily gained by the mere manipulation of these rings. She smiled and kissed me lightly on the cheek as she would a child.

Mistress Zelda asked, “Chris may I borrow Slut for a bit?”

Chris had spread her legs for Slave to clean her bottom and casually answered “Of course Zelda, just bring it back to me when you’re finished.” How could she be so callous about turning me over to this Amazon after all I had been through? I felt betrayed, but when Mistress Zelda grabbed me by the balls I followed her into another bedroom.

Upon entering the room Mistress Zelda ordered me to kneel on the bed with my ass in the air and said, “Slut you’ve been a good slave tonight, so I’m not going to punish you.” I felt a surge of relief; her whip still terrified me. Then she added, “But, I am going to give you three strokes on each cheek with my whip just to leave my mark on you.” She swung the whip and it landed with a loud crack on my ass. The pain brought tears to my eyes, but I didn’t dare move. Two more strokes quickly landed on my left cheek and were followed by three more on my right cheek. I was sobbing openly now with tears streaming down my cheeks. Mistress Zelda had me look at my ass in the mirror; the welts formed a perfect Z on each cheek! The woman was better than Zorro!

Mistress Zelda removed her top and nestled my head to her bosom consoling me with, “If I were punishing you, it would have been fifty strokes. I wanted you to wear my mark for a few days and you are willing to endure a little pain for me, aren’t you Slut?”

I sobbed out, “Yes Mistress.” as she gently laid me on the bed. For a woman so big and strong she was surprisingly gentle as she had me suckle her nipples. I felt almost like a child nursing, with her strong arms holding me close. When she guided my face to her crotch, it was done almost lovingly and I willingly licked her pussy. It was the first time tonight that it didn’t feel as if I was forced to perform this task. Even when she put the strap-on dildo back on and fucked my ass, it was more like lovemaking than rape. I felt loved and in returned knew that I would gladly serve this Mistress, even though it took my receiving pain to excite her. When she was satisfied, we fell asleep with me wrapped in her arms, feeling protected and secure.

I was awakened to find full daylight when Mistress Zelda got out of bed. Slave Becky was helping her dress and I lay quietly watching her prepare to resume her stern Mistress role. When she was fully dressed with her makeup applied she turned to me and snapped, “Get your lazy ass out of bed Slut, get dressed and report back to Mistress Chris!” I hastened to obey, both from fear of punishment and a genuine desire to see my own Mistress. As I moved both the welts on my ass and the pain in my nipples reminded me of all that had transpired last night. I put my high-heeled shoes back on and went down to the Playroom to retrieve my dress.

Even empty this dungeon was a sinister place. All of the instruments of pain were neatly arrayed, either hanging from pegs or laying on shelves. The shackles, chains and straps hung empty now, but ominously available for use. I quickly found my dress, put it on gingerly trying to avoid snagging my nipple rings; and hurried from this place of pain.

Walking up the stairs, I met M on her way down. She took my hand and said, “Come with me honey, you look a mess.” Leading me to a bathroom, she redid my makeup, brushed my wig, and sprayed squirts of perfume on me. She warned me of the folly of appearing before the Doms in disarray. “They feel insulted if you look unkempt and they WILL punish you.” When she felt I looked ready, she kissed me and led the way to Mistress Chris. Following her I noticed a Z on each of her ass cheeks also. Mistress Zelda had used her too.

The Masters and Mistresses were in the dining room finishing their breakfasts. Slave and Cunt wearing only lacy aprons were serving them as waiters. Twink and Becky were on all fours eating from dog dishes without using their hands. They also sported fresh Z’s on their behinds. Quite a contrast, emphasizing the gap between Master and slave. The Masters and Mistresses ate in luxury while the slaves endured humiliation.

When I went to Mistress Chris to report in, she gave me a pat on my ass, causing me to wince in pain. She noticed this reaction and had me lift my dress. Seeing the welts she broke out laughing and said, “Zelda baby, you are a trip! You got them all!” All of the Doms laughed at this except Zelda, who modestly nodded her head accepting this praise. Their glee was not shared by the slaves whose pain had paid for this enjoyment.

Mistress announced, “Well thank you Rachel for a wonderful party. I enjoyed meeting your friends and had a WONDERFUL time!” She was grinning from ear to ear. She really had enjoyed herself. “Fetch my coat Slut, we have to go now.” She commanded.

Mistress Rachel asked her, “Do you have to leave so soon? Slut hasn’t eaten yet and Slave can easily fix her up a bowl in a minute.” I was impressed that Mistress Rachel had even bothered to remember that I hadn’t eaten. Mistress Chris replied, “No thanks Rachel, Slut still has a lot of work to do when I get her home; besides I didn’t get a bit of sleep last night. I need a nap.” Eager to leave this place of torment, I rapidly retrieved our wraps.

Returning with Mistress Chris’s coat, wearing my cape I watched Mistress embrace and caresses each of the other Doms goodbye. It was obvious that she had been intimate with each of them at some time last night. She was really getting into the bi stuff it seemed. She always had loved men. I was forced to go to each Dom and demonstrate my submission by kissing their feet. A small matter I thought, since I had already kissed much worse places on each of them.

Once our goodbyes were completed, we left and went to our car. It seemed that a lifetime had passed since we had been in the car instead of only eighteen hours. In the familiar environment of our car, the previous experience became more like a bad dream than reality. I wished it had all been merely a nightmare, but my sore ass and new nipple rings would not allow me the mercy of such pretense. The welts would fade in a few days or weeks, but those rings were now a permanent reminder of my slave status.

Mistress Chris drove home babbling like a happy child about all the fun she’d had with each of the Doms and describing in detail what she’d done with each of them. I rode silently, listening with dismay as she boasted of the humiliations she’d heaped on the other slaves. Under the guidance of the Masters and Mistresses she had gone far beyond anything she would have thought of on her own. All the worse for me, she had loved it! The excitement in her voice, as she related her exploits, left little doubt in my mind that she was ready to push even further. There was no turning back now!

Home never looked so good to me as we walked into our house, I was anxious to return to our normal relationship. Chris hugged and kissed me and told me, “I’m so proud of you Slut. You behaved like a perfect slave last night!” She fondled my bare privates saying, “I love you so much, and know that you must love me very much to endure all you have, just to please me.” Just as my cock got fully hard, she whirled around and headed for the bedroom. Thinking I was going to be allowed to fuck her at last I started to follow her. She turned back to me and said, “Not now slave, get out of that outfit and get cleaned up. Don’t forget to tend to your nipple ring rotation and cleaning.” With that she went to take a nap, leaving me standing there with an unsatisfied erection added to my other discomforts.

Later, as I soaked in a warm bath tending to my aching body, I realized that my life had changed. To continued having Fantasy Weekend twice a month, now seemed dubious. In the meantime, I would be reminded constantly by my rings of how easily Chris could turn me over to anybody else’s abuse. She had always loved me, but now I felt she loved Slut even more. It was a problem with no ready solution. I knew that I couldn’t live without her, but was afraid of what life with her would become. While idly toying with my rings, I decided to continue on. At least for a while....

**Fantasy Weekend—Chapter 5**

Originally written by 4Play and modified

Tonight was one of our regularly scheduled Fantasy Weekends and, as usual on these occasions, I was both excited and nervous. We had originally set up these “special” nights to fulfill my desires for some of the wilder aspects of sex. Ever since she had brought other people into our private game, she had increasingly grown more perverse in her scenarios. I thought dressing me as Slut had been a onetime thing; now it was required every Fantasy Weekend. Watching Masters and other Mistresses in action had seemed to validate her treatment of me, as well as providing her with a host of new ideas.

My wife Chris had quickly discovered that she enjoyed the power of being totally in charge, and our sex play had become her exercise of power. She used me as her sissy sex slave to satisfy her every whim. While I had some fantasies of being submissive to her, I hadn’t realized that once she experienced being Dominant, she would turn that into a permanent part of our lives.

In the two weeks that had elapsed since the Mistress Rachel’s wild party, my wife Chris had not mentioned a word about the events which had transpired there. While she had obviously had a very exciting time, I had spent much of the party bound and hooded in what was called the Playroom, but was really a dungeon. My mouth and ass had been freely utilized by anybody and everybody who cared to take advantage of my helpless condition. All of the Dom’s at the party had. Even several of the other slaves, following their Master’s or Mistress’s directions had used me.

Mistress Zelda had left her mark, a Z formed on each cheek of my ass by welts from her whip, on me. The most drastic thing was having my nipples pierced! The pain had been intense, but fortunately short lived. My nipple rings were in place, and I was constantly aware of their presence. The pain was gone, but I felt them every time I moved and my nipples were kept constantly erect.

The welts on my ass were fading and I could now sit without wincing in pain. My nipples were not completely healed, but with the care I was giving them, they soon would be. Curiously enough, Chris had ignored my rings; acting as if they didn’t exist. That was a big relief to me, since I would have died if she had been using them as a dominance tool during the healing process. That practice would begin soon enough I assumed, a prospect which both frightened and excited me.

My thoughts had become very confused lately and I found it difficult to decide upon a course of action regarding our marriage. The submissive fantasies I wanted to act out, which resulted in my pledge of Fantasy Weekend slavery, now seemed very tame indeed. Once Chris had discovered the exhilaration of having unlimited power, she could not seem to get enough of it. She had constantly pushed me far beyond any limits I would have established beforehand; had I even thought to set restrictions on her power. With the benefit of 20/20 hindsight, I certainly should have!

One part of me resented the degrading things I’d been forced to do and wear. Being a sissy sex slave was one thing as a harmless fantasy; but quite another to endure on a regular basis. The pain which had seemed so sensuous in my mind; really hurt in actual practice. Bisexual experiences had never been a part of even my wildest flights of imagination and, more than anything else, being used sexually by other men had sapped me of my last vestige of manhood.

I suppose most men would have revolted, and refused to continue in such a state; but another part of me felt enormously proud of being a good slave to my beautiful Mistress. I had never seen her as happy as she was in her role as Mistress Chris. Her pleasure was worth a lot to me, and made the unbelievably perverse things required of me to evoke such joy seem worthwhile. The scariest part was that I was starting to get turned on by submissively obeying her commands. Somehow it seemed, the more debasing her demands became; the more excitement I felt carrying them out. Obedience seemed more crucial than sexual satisfaction, a situation which made rebellion a possibility that grew fainter as each day passed.

Chris and I had always been quite open with each other, freely discussing everything; but we never talked about the Fantasy Weekend experiences. She must have felt that as Mistress Chris she was entitled to unquestioning obedience, and no explanation was needed. I was reluctant to bring up the humiliating things I’d been forced into; feeling that Fantasy Weekend was better kept separate from the rest of our life. Strange as it might seem, this unspoken understanding had enabled us to maintain a normal, loving relationship except for our bi-monthly wild excursions into kink.

My curiosity about what Chris had planned was mixed with a sense of dread. I was hoping we would spend this weekend alone; since when Chris and I played together things didn’t get so extreme.

Chris had come home from work, and immediately went into her Domme role ordering me to go take a shower and get cleaned up. “I am having company tonight, and I don’t want to have an unkempt slave hanging around!” she announced. She noticed my dejected look and added, “You wouldn’t want to mess up and displease me, would you?”

I humbly replied, “No Mistress” and hurried off to get cleaned up.

While showering and getting all cleaned up and ready, I wondered who she had invited this time. Once before she had invited a guy from a BBS named Brian to come over and they used and abused me, humiliating me while they had great sex. I suspected that this would be another such evening, a prospect I dreaded. By the time I finished getting cleaned up, I realized that Chris had not given me any directions as what to wear and decided to go ask her. Wrapping a towel around me, I went back to the area where Chris was playing computer games. Just as I got there, the door bell rang. Without even turning around to see how I was dressed, Chris ordered, “Answer the door slave”.

I went to the door embarrassed to be wearing only a towel, but not wanting to anger Chris. Upon opening the door I recognized Pat, a lady we had met last week at a party. She and Chris had chatted privately for some time and Chris had told me on the way home that she really liked Pat. It was obvious that they had discussed our Fantasy Weekends and that Chris had invited her over to share an evening dominating me. Maintaining my composure, I welcomed Pat and escorted her to Chris.

Chris got up and they hugged each other. Pat seemed a bit nervous, telling Chris that she had never had a chance to play a Dominant role before. Chris reassured her saying, “Don’t worry about it a bit dear, you can’t do anything wrong tonight. Whatever you want, my slave will do.” Pat, looking somewhat dubious, said; “Really? Anything??” Chris nodded yes.

Pat turned to me and said, “Drop that towel slave; let me see you naked.” This surprised me, coming so suddenly with no working up to it; but I immediately dropped the towel from my body and stood naked before the ladies. Pat grinned at my obedience. She was going to enjoy being a mistress!

Chris told me to get them some wine and went into the family room to sit and chat. I filled two wine goblets with a nice white wine and delivered them to the ladies. Pat said, “Chris you have a nice servant here”. Chris replied, “It’s not too bad as a maid either!” and laughed. “Can we do that? Dress him as a maid?” Pat asked. Chris assuredly said, “Certainly my dear. Tonight we can do anything we want!” Chris looked at me standing naked awaiting their pleasure and asked me, “Isn’t that right slave?” I bowed my head and answered, “Yes Mistress”.

Pat reached her hand out and fondled my clean shaven balls. “I’ve never seen a man’s privates shaved before, they look kind cute that way!” She said. “Much less menacing than those hairy things men are so proud of.” She added.

Chris nodded her agreement remarking, “Yes indeed, my slave keeps his body bald at my insistence. It takes him time to shave it and serves as a constant reminder of his slave status. That hairless body is very easily feminized.”

Pat seemed very impressed by Chris’s confident attitude and my submissiveness. “This is very interesting, I’d like to find out more about what your slave will do, how you got such control and many other things.” Pat said. She then asked, “Can we talk in private for a bit?”

Chris said, “Of course dear, perhaps the hot tub would be a comfortable place.” Chris told me to fetch them some towels. I quickly got the towels and when I delivered them was told, “We are going to be alone for a bit, meanwhile get into your ‘slut’ outfit and start fixing supper.”

I murmured, “Yes Mistress.” and left to obey my orders.

“Damn!” I thought to myself, “I’d hoped for a quiet evening at home tonight serving my Mistress.” It was now obvious that I was going to be put through the hoops by two ladies tonight. As I got into my ‘slut’ apparel, I knew the Ladies were planning my ordeal. What they had in mind I didn’t know, but felt safe in assuming that my pleasure was in no way involved in their considerations.

Since I had shaved my body during my shower, getting into my ‘slut’ outfit went rather quickly. I painted my toenails first then began applying my makeup. Chris preferred a wanton, whorish appearance in her sissy slave; so I used the blue eye shadow, lots of rouge, gaudy red lipstick and the long fake eyelashes to achieve the desired effect. When the mascara was liberally brushed on the long lashes my face looked very slutty indeed. I put on some big hoop earrings and then the wig. It was a blonde wig styled to give me the look of a bimbo.

I rolled the black mesh nylons onto my hairless legs and secured them to my garter belt. Next I put on the black, padded bra and slipped into the white blouse with the puffy sleeves. Its low cut neckline would make my nipples easily accessible. If past experience was any indication, I expected that they would be getting quite a workout this evening. Deciding to leave the black lacy panties off, I stepped into my black mini-skirt. It barely covered my privates, coming only to mid-thigh. I knew that with any bending I would be exposed unless I moved very primly.

My transformation was nearly complete now, so I stepped into my high heeled shoes. They had 4” heels and had taken me some time to learn to walk in. Chris had me wearing them every Fantasy Weekend though, and now I could manage quite well in them. A quick spray of cheap perfume, and I was ready for the final step. I always waited until last to glue on the fake fingernails. Their length made the other transformation steps too difficult. Once they were in place, I painted them the same garish red as my toenails. While they dried, I studied myself in the full-length mirror. The image was perfect, I looked like a blonde floozy … just the way Chris liked her sissy slave!

Figuring that the ladies would be ready for a refill of their wine glasses, I put on my lacy white apron and went out to the Hot Tub to get their glasses. “Oooh, how nicely slutty your maid looks now!” said Pat.

Chris just smiled and responded, “Thanks, She is a tramp, but serves me well.” They both laughed making me feel even more embarrassed. Chris’s penchant for having me dressed this way when in my slave role was bad enough in front of her alone, but was more than doubly humiliating in the presence of Pat.

Executing a dainty curtsy I asked, “Would the Ladies care to have their drinks refilled?” They both held up their empty glasses, which I took and went to refill them. As I left their snickering sent a shiver up my spine. This evening seemed to be dedicated to my humiliation.

When I returned with the refills, I had to squat demurely keeping my knees together to hand them to the ladies. Pat reached under my skirt and fondled my cock. “Her clitty is excited,” she remarked to Chris. She stroked me to full erection and then just as I felt near to orgasm, sent me away with a tent-like bulge in my skirt.

“I laid out two nice steaks for tonight, fix a couple of potatoes and a nice salad to go along with them Slut,” Chris told me.

“Yes Mistress,” I replied.

The first thing I did was to light the gas grill to let it heat up while I prepared the rest of the meal. Once the potatoes were in the microwave oven, I made a large bowl of salad adding all of Chris’s favorite ingredients. When the salad was finished, I took the two nice T-bone steaks and placed them on the grill. Leaving them to start cooking, I scurried back in the house to set the table. I used the good dishes, crystal goblets, best silverware and even linen napkins to make the table suitably attractive for the ladies. I even lit two candles to make it seem more luxurious before dashing back out to flip the steaks.

“Mistress, your supper will be ready in a few minutes,” I respectfully announced. Chris got out of the hot tub and had me to towel off her body. Pat also wanted the same service, which I of course supplied. Being so close to two such delightful naked women caused my erection to return.

Pat laughed as she noticed my reaction saying, “The poor slave is probably aching for some relief.”

Chris responded, “Don’t worry about Slut, that bitch will get more sex than she wants later.” They both laughed as they went into the house. Retrieving the steaks from the grill, I followed them inside.

Chris asked, “What is this third place setting for Slut? Did you presume that you were to dine with us?”

Realizing that I had messed up, I answered, “I had hoped so Mistress, but I will remove the extra stuff immediately.” As rapidly as possible I removed the setting for my place at the table and stood by the table waiting to be of service if needed. Chris and Pat chatted casually as they ate, although there seemed to be a suppressed level of excitement underlying everything. The wine they’d already consumed had loosened up their inhibitions and they giggled frequently. My only task was to refill their goblets once during the meal.

When they were finished eating, Chris pushed back her chair and motioned for me to kneel. “That was a good meal Slut, now I need to relax a bit...lick me.” She ordered. As she leaned back and spread her legs, I began to lick gently at her vaginal lips. Slowly I worked my way to her clit licking and sucking until she became aroused.

Pat watching from behind remarked, “Slut does have a nice ass.”

Chris said, “Yes She does, and I would be honored if you would like to fuck it.”

Pat responded with undisguised delight, “Wow! That would be something that I’ve never done before! Lots of guys have tried to do anal sex on me and I hate it! This is an unexpected pleasure to be able to shove something up one of them. Could I really do that?”

Chris said, “Of course Dear, I told you that tonight you can do whatever you want with my slave.” Reaching over to hold Pat’s hand she added, “You are my guest tonight.”

Chris pulled my head away from her crotch and pointed towards Pat. “Do her for a bit to warm her up.” she commanded.

I crawled over to Pat and immediately began lapping at her bottom. Pat responded rapidly, and actually reached orgasm before Chris returned with the toys. Chris had inserted one end of a double dildo into herself and was holding out the strap-on dildo to Pat. “Come over here and suck my cock Slut” Chris demanded. With me on my hands and knees in front of her, she shoved the fake cock past my lipstick covered lips into my mouth. “That’s my good little cocksucking bitch.” she praised as I sucked.

Pat meanwhile had strapped on the dildo harness and knelt behind me. Chris told her, “Slut’s sissy pussy is awfully tight, you’d better use some of that Vaseline.” Pat took the jar of Vaseline, and smeared my anus with it liberally. She pushed one, then two greasy fingers inside of me forcing the lubricant inside of me. The pain of the intrusion soon was overcome with erotic sensations and I began to squirm. Chris held my face in her hands, keeping my sucking going as Pat entered my behind with her dildo. Pat relentlessly pushed the dildo further in until it was up to the hilt. I was impaled both front and rear!

Chris told Pat, “This bitch is easily controlled by her nipples If you pinch them you can regulate her movements to suit you.” Pat pulled my blouse out from where it was tucked into my skirt, unhooked my bra and pinched my nipples between her thumbs and forefingers. Slowly she began thrusting and withdrawing, pulling my rear to meet her thrusts by yanking on my nipples. This scene was unbelievable! My mouth was being fucked by Chris while Pat was fucking my ass and savaging my nipples. I was a helpless toy being used for the ladies lustful pleasure.

It seemed to take forever before both Pat and Chris reached orgasm and they released me to collapse on the floor. I had a throbbing erection and still had not climaxed. The ladies hugged each other and Pat said,” That was great! I don’t know when I’ve had so much fun!”

Chris smiled and said. “The night is still young my dear, you may feel like doing it again. Remember anything you desire Slut will do.” They clinked their wine glasses together and toasted to their night of pleasure.

Chris told me, “Get this table cleaned off, and clean yourself too. You look like a freshly fucked Slut!” They both giggled at the obvious irony of that statement and walked out of the room. I struggled to my feet, re-hooked my bra, tucked in my blouse and straightened the mini-skirt. It was bad enough being dressed like this without being a disheveled mess. As soon as I had cleared the table and loaded the dishwasher, I went into the small bathroom to freshen my makeup. I washed my aching bottom to remove the slimy stuff oozing out. While still feeling very humiliated, weary and sore at both ends; at least I looked presentable again.

Knowing that I shouldn’t stay gone too long, I returned to the Family room to find Chris and Pat sitting on the couch conversing as if the recent events had never happened. They had both freshened up their makeup and changed into something sexy. This seemed strange to me, they surely weren’t trying to impress me with their appearance! It seemed to be a waste of energy if, as they suggested earlier that there might be a repeat performance later. While I was still puzzling over this strange behavior, the door bell rang.

Chris said sweetly, “Answer the door, will you Slut dear?” Looking at the ladies expressions I knew that this had been planned all along. They were expecting company, someone else to enjoy degrading me! I dutifully went to the door and opened it. There stood Brian with two other guys. They pushed their way past me as Brian led them into the Family room to meet the ladies. I closed the door and followed them.

Brian was kissing Chris’s hand and saying, “I’m so pleased you called Chris. I see that Slut has responded well to your training.”

Chris nodded her head in acknowledgement of his praise and introduced Pat. “She is my friend and has been invited over for a bit of play, we started without you.” Both Chris and Pat chuckled at this comment.

Brian introduced his friends to the ladies. “The smaller guy here is Wayne; I brought him as a date for Pat. This big fellow is Jake; he is mostly gay and can be brutal so I figured that he would be a perfect date for Slut.” I gasped at this last statement; I wasn’t gay, or even bisexual. Jake’s sheer size was quickly turning this from a role playing game into a nightmare!

Chris ordered, “Get our dates some drinks Slut.” Our dates! Those words cut like a knife. It wasn’t kinky enough for her to use me as her sissy slave, now she had fixed me up as a date for a man. I obediently took the drink orders and filled them, handing each his drink with a dainty curtsy. Jake took his straight shot of bourbon and downed it in a gulp, chasing it with a big swig of beer. He let out with a loud belch, reached out his massive arm and pulled me to him. He planted a big wet kiss on my mouth, forcing his tongue inside me. I wanted to gag, and tried to pull away which enraged him.

“This bitch needs her spirit broken a bit.” he snarled, pulling me across his lap as he sat on a chair. Lifting my skirt he began spanking my bare bottom. No pretend swats, these were resounding whacks that stung and really hurt. I wriggled trying to escape the blows, but his powerful arm pinned me in place. After a half dozen blows to each cheek, he let me up and asked, “You gonna play nice now babe? Or do you want some more?”

With tears streaming down my cheeks and sobbing, I muttered, “Yes Sir, I’ll do what you want.” I glanced through teary eyes at Chris who was sitting necking with Brian and saw her smile. It had been at my insistence that she tried being dominant and now she had given me far more kinkiness than I ever dreamed possible. She felt entitled to gloat a bit over the obvious regrets I now felt.

Brian suggested, “Perhaps we should leave these two lovebirds to get acquainted.”

Chris replied, “I can hardly wait to get in bed with you too Brian dear, but I’d kinda like to watch Slut please Jake for awhile first. My dear husband wanted to be a woman, now I want to see her perform like one!”

Pat added, “I want to watch this too, please.” Wayne who was fingering Pat’s pussy nodded his agreement. God! Not only was I going to be Jake’s ‘woman’ tonight but I was going to be forced to do it in front of Chris and the others. There could be no greater humiliation imaginable!

Jake stood up and gave me a deep kiss, fondling my sore bottom with his rough hands. His body pressed against mine allowing me to feel his erection. He knew that I was a man, but he wanted to have sex with me while I was dressed as a woman. We kissed for a couple of minutes before he ordered, “Undress me bitch, I’m going to give more than you ever had before!” My long painted fingernails fumbled with his shirt buttons until I was able to slip it off exposing his very hairy body. The revulsion I felt at having to undo his belt and unzip his fly was overcome by the fear of what would happen if I refused, so his pants were soon removed also. He looked more like a hairy beast than a man, but the ladies applauded his large erect cock. He gave a bow of mock modesty and then roughly pulled off my blouse. His big hands were able to unhook and remove my bra with surprising ease.

Jake pushed gently down on my shoulders forcing me to kneel in front of him. “Suck my dick Bitch” he ordered waving it in front of my face. When I parted my lips and took the head into my mouth Chris and Pat both applauded again. Jake held my head with his hands as I tentatively began to suck on him. There was no escaping my fate!

Chris kept encouraging me by chanting, “Suck Slut, suck.” When Jake began thrusting his huge cock it made me choke and gag. That seemed not to matter to anyone, Jake was having his way and Chris loved seeing me as a sissy cocksucker. Pat had never seen two men together and was getting quite turned on also. Brian and Wayne liked seeing me humiliated and were happy feeling up the girls until they were ready to have sex with them.

When Jake was about to come in my mouth he pushed me roughly away causing me to fall backwards. Moving rapidly for a big man, he picked me up and placed me on my hands and knees facing Chris. “Beg me to fuck you Bitch” He ordered. Before I could even bring myself to utter such disgusting words, he smacked my ass a few quick swats.

“Oh please Sir, Please fuck my pussy.” I pleaded in earnest. Anything to avoid those brutal spankings! Everybody seemed to find my total surrender amusing as a snicker ran through the gathered crowd. Jake forced himself inside of me firmly with a quick thrust. It hurt terribly, but I was thankful for the copious lubrication Pat had used on me earlier. But for the remaining ooze, I would have been ripped open by Jake’s oversized equipment. He grabbed my hips and began thrusting in earnest until he came deep inside of me.

Jake rolled over on his side then onto his back, pulling me along with him so that I wound up on my back with his cock still buried in my ass. Chris came from the couch and began to suck on my right nipple. Pat soon joined in suckling on my left nipple. Chris kissed me lightly on my sweaty forehead whispering that she was proud of her slave. She then gave my erect cock a few strokes and brought me to orgasm, at last! When I came all over my stomach she and Pat scooped it up and fed it to me. After I had finished licking their fingers clean, they took the hands of Brian and Wayne and left for the bedroom leaving me laying there with Jake still imbedded inside me.

Finally he slipped out of my violated ass and rolled onto his side. He easily rolled me over to face him, kissed me gently while fondling my nipples. “You are a sweet piece of ass Bitch.” he said sincerely. “Now that I’ve made love to you as my woman, you will be mine to use whenever Chris allows it.” He pinched my nipples firmly and asked, “You will love that won’t you?” Made love? He called that brutal rape making love?

The pain in my nipples forced me to smile sweetly and answer, “Yes Jake honey, I’ll be yours.” He released me and sent me to wash up. I figured that it was best to humor him and brought back a warm wet washcloth to clean his privates with. I even gave his cock a friendly kiss after cleaning it, which pleased him immensely.

I started to dress myself again, but Jake said, “Just keep the heels, hose and garter belt on, leave the rest off.”

I replied, “Yes sir.” At his command I brought him another shot and beer to *rebuild his strength*. As he swilled it down I heard Chris call, “Slut, get in here.” from the bedroom. My Mistress’s demands came first, so I left Jake and went to the bedroom.

Chris, Brian, Pat and Wayne were all in our king-sized bed. Chris and Brian had obviously just finished making love, while Pat and Wayne were still going at it. Chris smiled at me, spread her legs and said, “Lick me clean Slut.” I sank to my knees and saw Brian’s come leaking from her vagina. While he was still kissing her and fondling her breasts, I lapped up the residue of his passion. He chuckled at the sight of me performing this degrading task.

The musky smell of fresh sex assailed my nose and the taste was horrible, but soon my chore was finished. Chris praised me saying, “That’s a good Slut, now lick my juices off Brian’s wonderful cock.” Even though I done this before, the idea of licking another man’s cock was still revolting to me. My revulsion didn’t count for much tonight though, so knowing that I had no choice, I took his cock in my hands and licked it from one end to the other. Damned thing started getting hard again from my tongue and I wondered if Brian was as straight as he let on.

Chris took Brian by the hand saying, “Let’s go to the hot tub for a bit Darling.” She looked at me and ordered, “Bring us fresh drinks.” They left the bedroom for the tub and I went to fix their drinks. I delivered them to the hot tub where they were relaxing, but still fondling each other. That Brian could turn Chris on like no other man! Chris took her drink, fondled briefly my still smarting ass and told me,” Go back to the bedroom and perform your clean-up service for Pat and Wayne, they should be finished by now.” With tears of humiliation filling my eyes, I replied humbly, “Yes Mistress.” and left them.

Passing through the family room, Jake grabbed me and kissed me. “Where are you going Babe?” He asked.

“Mistress sent me on an errand Sir.” I answered truthfully.

“In that case, I won’t keep you.” he said releasing me. He did, however, follow me down the hall to the bedroom.

Pat and Wayne had indeed completed their lovemaking and looked surprised to see me standing there. “What do you want?” she asked.

“Mistress Chris sent me to clean you up too, if that is your desire.” I uttered shyly.

“That would be very nice indeed Slut.” She patted the bed and told me, “Lay on your back here dear slave.” When I was in position, Pat straddled my face and pulled my mouth to her crotch. “Lick it all up, be sure that you suck out all of the stuff inside me too.” She demanded. Pat thought that this having a slave was a great treat, and was really enjoying herself.

Jake seeing my bare ass lying there, decided to take advantage of this opportunity and climbed onto the bed between my legs. He lifted my legs, spreading them with his shoulders. I was unable to even beg him not to do that, as my mouth was muffled by Pat’s sopping pussy. My licking was getting Pat close to orgasm again as her thrusting hips indicated. With my mouth held firmly in place, Jake was free to enter me again. This time he was fucking me more slowly, almost lovingly. Wayne found the sight of me being used at both ends arousing and he placed his dick in my hand for me to stroke. Hopelessly trapped, I began to stroke him. What a wild picture this made I thought.

“That Slut is one hot bitch!” I heard Brian say.

Chris said, “Yes indeed, the minute I let her out of my sight she’s involved in an orgy.” They had decided to return to the bedroom for a second round of sex and walked in to see me being used by three people. That none of this had been my idea didn’t matter. Jake fucking my ass, Pat riding my face, and my hand stoking Wayne’s cock made it appear that I was loving it. Chris took Brian’s cock and put it in my other hand and began playing with my nipples. Despite the horror of my predicament, my cock began to rise again.

Pat reached her orgasm, let my head fall back and dismounted me. Jake wrapped his arms around mine disengaging me from Brian and Wayne and began to fuck more rapidly. The force of his thrusts was causing me to moan accordingly and Chris remarked, “Isn’t that sweet, Slut loves being fucked!” The others agreed with her making comments about my wanton nature. Jake, oblivious to all of the distractions, rammed his cock into me until he came deep inside me. He kissed me deeply and withdrew. I lay exhausted, unable to move for several minutes.

Pat bent over, kissed me on the lips and praised my performance with, “Slut honey, I haven’t come like that in years. You look so sexy being fucked it turns me on!”

Chris snapped at me, “Get up and make room for me and Brian, and get out of those nylons before they get ruined. I don’t buy pretty things just to be destroyed during your slutty whoring around.” I got off of the bed and scurried to the bathroom to wipe off my seeping bottom. While in there I relieved my bladder and removed my hose and garter belt. I replenished my lipstick and combed my hair to look more presentable before returning to the bedroom naked. Chris and Brian were in bed caressing each other. I felt very jealous of him, he was in bed with my wife while I was a sex toy for Jake. He had fucked her as a man, and by the look of things soon would be doing it again; while I had been used like a whore. Chris said, “It’s not ladylike to wander around naked slut, Slip into the nightie I laid out for you and leave us alone.” I slipped the black, lacy, short nightie over my head. It didn’t even completely cover my buns. As I left the bedroom, Chris had rolled on top of Brian and was beginning to ride his cock.

In the kitchen Pat and Wayne were fixing themselves another drink, Pat said, “Slut has had a busy night, pour yourself a drink Dearie.” Grateful for this unexpected kindness, I poured myself a glass of wine. It would help me to get rid of the foul taste in my mouth and maybe even help ease the degrading experiences. Pat asked, “Have you been a slave for long Slut?”

I replied, “No Ma’am, this is all fairly new to me.”

She said, “I think it’s wonderful the way you endure all of this to please Your Mistress and her kinky friends.”

I sipped my wine and replied meekly, “Thank you Ma’am.” I didn’t tell her how debasing it was to be a sissy sex slave or how much I wished that I was in bed with Chris now in place of Brian. How could I? I didn’t quite understand myself how I had been reduced to my current state in such short time.

Wayne noticed tears welling up in my eyes and snorted, “I think that Slut never was a man, no real man would let himself be treated this way.”

Pat defended me with, “I disagree...it shows great love to give up all pride, every vestige of manhood to become a feminized sissy for his Mistress.” She kissed me lightly on the cheek and added, “I wish I had one just like Slut.” Wayne just glared at me.

Pat said, “We are going to sleep in the guest room tonight, Chris and Brian wish to be alone.” Damn, I’d kinda hoped that everyone would leave soon. “Would you be a dear and suck Wayne hard for me Slut?” Pat asked sweetly. After her defense of me, I felt obliged to do what she asked and knelt in front of Wayne. Taking his cock in one hand I put it to my lips and kissed the head lightly. As I took him into my mouth, my other hand gently cradled his balls. Sucking and licking soon had Wayne forgetting who was servicing him; he responded by getting erect and started moving his hips.

While I was so engaged, Jake walked in from the hot tub and loudly asked, “What in the hell is this?”

Pat just purred, “I asked slut to do this for me, isn’t she cute little cocksucker?” Pat began to fondle Jake’s cock. Pat smiled sweetly at Wayne and told him, “I’m too worn out for anymore sex tonight Wayne Honey, so if you want to come again you’d better let Slut finish you off here.” I felt betrayed! I was supposed to merely get him hard!

Wayne said, “Well if that’s the case, I suppose that coming in this faggot’s mouth is better than nothing.” He grabbed my ears and began fucking my mouth faster and harder until he finally came in my mouth. I gagged and choked.

Pat said, “That’s okay slut just swallow it.” When I had, she handed me my wine which I quickly gulped down. She patted me on the head saying, “That was very nice of you to take care of Wayne for me Slut. Come with me, I want to play with you now.”

Wayne asked, “Hey, what about me?” Pat just smiled at him and replied, “Now that you are into having sex with guys, you and Jake can have fun together.” She took me by the hand and led me into the guest bedroom, leaving a shocked Wayne staring at Jake’s menacing erection.

Once in the bedroom, Pat closed the door and started giggling. She gave me a warm hug and said, “I couldn’t stand his swinish remarks about you Slut Honey. A night with Jake might mellow him out a bit.” We both laughed at the beautiful irony of her hastily concocted plan. As we were crawling into the bed the sounds of scuffling coming from the kitchen told us that Wayne was being ‘seduced’. Even though my poor ass was still throbbing and leaking, I smiled at the thought of what lie ahead for Wayne. He is going where I have been!

Pat pulled me on top of her and guided me inside of her. I made love to her like a man, although I was still made up as a woman. Afterwards we lay still kissing, caressing and cuddling. She said, “Oh Slut, I just love feeling your hairless body. You are a wonderful combination of both a man and a woman.”

I answered, “And you are so beautiful a person, both physically and in spirit.”

She said, “Just now you made great love as a man and earlier I made love to you in your female role, I honestly can’t say which I enjoyed more.”

I ran my long fingernails lightly over her breasts and told her, “Pat Darling, I prefer what we just did, but would gladly be yours to use any way you want.”

She said, “You are so sweet, I’ll talk with Chris and see if we can’t work out some kind of an arrangement where we can share your services.” We fell asleep in each other’s arms.

The sun was shining in the window when Pat awakened me with a kiss. She was holding my garter belt, hose and shoes. “Let’s go out with the others, please put these on for me.” Once I had put them on I resumed my Slut role. I stopped by the bathroom to reapply my makeup and comb my hair. Walking into the kitchen I could scarcely keep from laughing. Wayne was wearing my lacy apron and cooking breakfast. He had a black eye, his wrists were bruised and his bare ass bore welts obviously made by Jake’s belt. Pat lightly ran her hand over his ass causing him to wince. She said with mock concern, “That looks so sore Wayne, how was your wedding night?” Wayne just glared at her, feeling very embarrassed about having lipstick on. He knew that everyone knew what his night had been like. Hell!

Pat sat down at the table with Chris, Brian and Jake, while I remained standing servility. Chris gave me a light kiss on the cheek and asked, “Did you have a good night Slut?”

I answered, “Yes Mistress, I did.”

Brian said, “A lot better than Wayne’s I’ll bet!” and broke out laughing.

Jake pulled me onto his lap and gave me a kiss. “Good morning Slut, I missed your company last night.” he said. He fondled my ass then added,” But I now have a new Bitch, and this one I can take home with me.” Wayne came into the room with the beginnings of breakfast. I helped him set the table and deliver the food. I knew that Wayne really wanted to lay into me, but we both remained silent as polite maids, refilling coffee cups and so forth until they finished eating.

After the table was cleared off, dishes done, and kitchen cleaned up, Jake announced that it was time for he and Bitch to be going. He said, “I’ve got to take her shopping for some sexy clothes and other stuff. We’re going out dancing tonight!” Wayne’s face was a picture of sheer terror. Not only had he been brutally raped last night, but he was now considered as Jake’s property. There was an exchange of thanks. Jake thanked Chris for her hospitality and the use of Slut. Chris thanked Jake for making Slut into a real woman and for doing it in front of her. Wayne thanked Pat for the sex he had enjoyed with her, but nearly choked on the words when Jake made him thank her for introducing him to Jake.

“No problem Bitch, it was my pleasure.” Pat said with great sincerity. Jake took the apron off of Wayne and wrapped him in a pink robe he had borrowed from Chris. As he carried him out the door, he remarked, “You can throw out those other clothes, I’ll return the robe.”

When they were gone, Brian said, “That sure didn’t turn out the way I expected, I had brought Jake as a favor for Chris. I knew that she wanted to see Slut fucked by a man and Jake was just the guy.”

Pat chirped in with, “I’m sure it came as a surprise to Wayne too!” Brian gave Chris and Pat both a kiss, told Chris what a wonderful time he had had and then left too. When the door closed behind him it was quiet, almost like the last twelve hours hadn’t occurred.

Chris broke the silence with, “Slut get your maid outfit on it’s time to change the beds, do laundry and clean the house. Pat and I are going to play computer games for a bit and then take a nap.” The game wasn’t over yet! I went into the bedroom to don my Slut clothes, the same things I’d worn at the start of last night’s activities. As soon as I was dressed, I stripped the sheets off of our king-sized bed and remade the bed with clean linens. I did the same with the guest bed and then took the soiled sheets along with our regular laundry to the basement laundry room. Great care was needed to carry that overfull basket down the stairs wearing heels as I was. I knew that it would be easy to trip and fall.

Once I had things sorted and the first load running, I went to the Basement bedroom to replace those sheets. The bed was totally disheveled from Wayne’s struggles and the blood spots on the sheets were evidence that Jake had torn his virgin ass. “Poor Wayne,” I thought, “At least Chris had broken me in gently and Pat’s dildo had loosened my ass up before Jake’s attack!” I gathered the sheets and set them to soak in the laundry sink. Then it was back upstairs to clean the house.

Back in our bedroom, I picked up the clothes that Wayne had worn to our house and took them to Chris. “Mistress,” I asked, “What shall I do with these things?”

Chris looked at them with scorn and replied, “Throw them out! I imagine that Bitch now has some pretty new things to wear.” Then showing some pity added, “Take the stuff in the pockets, put it a paper bag, and we’ll save it for her.” A wallet, knife, coins and a nail clipper all went into the bag before I set it on the closet shelf. Then pants, shorts, shirt, socks and even shoes went into the trash. It seemed a waste of good clothes, but Chris was right, Wayne probably had a new outfit by now.

I vacuumed the bedrooms and then went back downstairs to load the dryer and put in the second load which included the basement sheets. Then back upstairs to vacuum the living and family rooms. When I got to the computer area, Chris and Pat were both online chatting on an Adult BBS. A glance at the screens showed that they were busy relating recent events to an interested audience. Chris saw me arrive and motioned me to kneel and lick her crotch. She loved having me serve her like that while she talked via modem to both guys and gals. Busy where I was, I couldn’t see what she was typing, but felt certain that she was telling everyone what she had me doing....maybe even how I was dressed. Hopefully she was using the name Slut instead of the usual alias I used in there.

When Chris was satisfied, she allowed me to get up. I was surprised to see Pat wearing the strap-on dildo. While I had been busy, she’d put it on to enable her to fuck me again. She had been serious when telling of how much she enjoyed the sensations and feelings of power she felt while usurping the male sex role. Chris seemed to use dildo rape to make me feel humiliated and inferior. Pat actually loved the act for its own sake. Either way, I was going to take it in the rear, but at least with Pat it was for her pleasure!

Pat took my hand and led me to the family room where she had me suck on the phallus kneeling in front of her. “Slut you look so cute and sexy with a cock in your mouth.” she praised while stroking my hair. I could feel the sincerity in her voice. She wasn’t being snide or cynical. Suddenly I felt very pretty and lucky to serve her. When she had me get on all fours, I eagerly complied. I didn’t even mind the application of a generous amount of Vaseline. When she entered me I even thrust back to willingly receive her. We made passionate love until she reached her wild orgasm and she pulled out and kissed me. I felt thrilled to have pleased her so. Then she pulled my skirt back down, gave me a pat on the rear and ordered, “Back to work Slut, the fun’s over for now.” She went back to the computer and I went down to change loads again. I felt a bit resentful and used, but knew that there was work to be done.

While I finished the laundry and cleaned the bathrooms the ladies took a nap. When the supper was well started, I went to wake them as had been requested. They looked so sweet cuddled together in our bed. A glass of wine before dinner was in order and then feeling content and rested; they agreed that I should be allowed to eat with them. I was even allowed a glass of wine for myself. It was a very pleasant meal. Chris and Pat talked while I remained silent. Chris told Pat how much she had liked her company and assistance. Pat told Chris how she had never had such fun in her entire life. They kissed and hugged each other, more like sisters than lovers. When they were finished they stripped and went to the hot tub while I cleaned up the dishes.

Chris called, “Bring towels Slut.” I hurried out to dry them as they emerged from the tub. They had decided that the sleeping part of last night had been too short and announced that it was bedtime. Even as I was wondering where I was to sleep, Chris said, “I think that the three of us girls can fit in one bed tonight.” I was thrilled! We went into the bedroom and all three of us put on short nighties. I was placed in the middle with Chris on one side and Pat on the other. I was really tired from lack of sleep and too much sex. I would have been quickly asleep, except female hands from both sides began to fondle me. One pair of lips on each nipple and two pairs of hands fondling me soon had my hips thrusting. When I came, they once again fed my come to me. Almost before they’d rolled over to sleep I was dead to the world.

The morning sun awakened Pat first. She threw back the covers to stare at me sleeping in the short nightie for a few minutes before her lips went to my cock. What a grand way to be awakened! The first thing I saw was her mouth engulfing my cock. As our movements increased, Chris woke up also. She smiled and said, “My Dear Slut, you are such a horny whore. Maybe I should put you to work on the streets.” I gasped in shock, then saw her smile and knew that she wasn’t serious about that threat when she kissed me full on the mouth. Chris took my hand and placed it on her crotch. As I fondled and fingered her bottom she reached over to caress Pat’s breasts. We had a three-way love thing going which only ended when I came in Pat’s mouth. Pat the kissed me transferring the contents of her mouth to mine. I swallowed it and then kissed Chris.

I was sent to make breakfast while the ladies performed their morning grooming. By the time the meal was ready, so were they. Again I was allowed to eat with them and even join in the conversation this time. I still had to serve them and clean up, but they were clearly in a mellow mood this Sunday morning. Chris told Pat, “This has been a great weekend; we’ll certainly have to do this again on a regular basis.”

Pat shrieked with joy and replied, “Oh, Yes!! I would love that very much. This has been the best time. I want to thank you for your hospitality and especially for sharing your slave with me.”

About this time, the doorbell rang. When I answered it, there stood Jake and Wayne. I let them in and they went to the ladies. Wayne was wearing a short lavender skirt, matching frilly blouse, high heels and makeup. Jake was carrying the robe he’d borrowed. “I came to return this Chris, and to thank Pat for introducing me to my new bitch. We went out on a round of some of the gay bars last night and had a fantastic time before going to my place to play. We even got invited to an orgy tonight...I think lots of guys want to try out my latest find.” He laughed and added, “I protected her last night, but may not tonight.” Wayne’s shudder was visible. He walked unsteadily, possibly due to the newness of walking in heels but it was also very likely that he had a very sore bottom under that skirt. Chris had me fetch the sack with Wayne’s stuff and give it to Jake. Jake gave me a pat on the ass ordered, “Come Bitch!” and walked out the door.

As Wayne hurried after him, Pat told him, “Have a good time Faggot.”

We talked for awhile after they were gone. Pat then decided that it was time for her to be going also. We all hated to see the weekend end, almost afraid if we broke the spell, it would never be restored. Chris reminded us, “We have another Fantasy Weekend coming up in two weeks.” Thus, with warm kisses all around, Pat departed.

Chris gave me a big hug and said, “Honey I was so proud of you this weekend. You were such a good slave.”

All of the degrading things I had been subjected to seemed to dissolve into nothingness with her remarks. She loved me and I would die for her. Nevertheless, I reminded her, “Chris, our three month agreement is up after our next Fantasy Weekend and then we need to talk.”

Chris replied, “One month had five weekends on the Fantasy Weekends so there is still two to go. And besides, this is so much fun. Don’t you agree?”

“Well okay, two more,” I replied. It was an iffy argument but could never win an argument with Chris.

**Fantasy Weekend—Chapter 6**

Originally written by 4Play and modified

**My Weekend of Slavery**

My wife Chris had told me to get “ready”, which I knew meant for me to get into my role as Slut. This process took over an hour; involving as it did shaving my body, showering, putting on makeup, doing my hair and dressing in my French maid outfit. As I completed my transformation, I wondered what Chris had planned for tonight. She never informed me ahead of time, feeling that as her slave I should accept whatever she demanded of me. I knew that she had something special planned since she seemed to be unusually excited as she was getting herself ready to go out.

Wanting to please Chris with my appearance, I took extra care shaving my body very closely, painting my nails bright red, applying my facial makeup just right and fixing my hair just the way she liked it. I made sure the seams on my nylons were straight before hooking them to my garter belt. The bra with the cutout nipple areas allowed my nipple rings to hang free. The sheer white blouse ensured that they would be visible through the fabric. I stepped into the short black skirt and tucked the blouse in tightly to show off my breasts. Chris was so proud of the way she had made them grow. Hoop earrings and a bracelet completed my outfit. I put on the 4” high heeled shoes and I was “ready”.

Chris was completely dressed by the time I was finished. I had been expecting to see her in the leather outfit she normally wore on the occasions she was in her Mistress role, but she was dressed as if to go to a wedding or similar occasion. She was so beautiful! “Get me a glass of wine Slut” she demanded. I filled a crystal goblet with her favorite wine and brought it to her. “Get your cosmetic bag and put it in your purse.” she told me. As I went to do that, I deduced that it was going to be another overnight ordeal with the Masters and Mistresses we had been with before.

Chris looked through my purse and removed the two dollars she found in there. “You won’t be needing any money” she said. My bewilderment about this was interrupted by the sound of a car pulling into our driveway. When the doorbell rang, Chris nodded her head indicating that I should answer it. I opened the door to see big, tall and handsome guy standing there in a tuxedo. I gave a small curtsy and invited him in. He walked past me as if I wasn’t there to kiss and embrace Chris. I had never seen this guy before. Where had she met him?

They kissed for a few minutes before Chris asked “Would you care for a drink dear Jason?”

He replied, “Not now, we’d better get going. Thanks anyway.”

Chris said, “Ok, I’m ready.” Then she told me to get the suitcase from the spare bedroom.

“Yes Mistress” was my answer. The embarrassment of being dressed as I was in front of this gentleman was mixed with the hurt of Chris’s not even introducing me to him.

Jason held open the door for Chris to sit in the front passenger seat. I sat in the back seat holding her bag. We rode down to a seedy part of the city. They chatted happily about what fun they were going to have on their trip. Chris was like a schoolgirl on her first date. Whatever they had planned didn’t include me!

The car stopped in front of a rundown house. I was scared to even be in this neighborhood, let alone to stop here. Jason got out and opened the Door for Chris and opened the back door for me to exit. Chris had me leave the suitcase in the car. Taking me by the hand she led me up to the front door, which opened as if by magic. Mistress Pat stood there. She’d obviously been watching through the window for our arrival. “Come right in Slut, we’ve been waiting for you!” Pat said. After I walked past her into the foyer, she got between Chris and me. She gave Chris a warm kiss and hug telling her “Have fun Chris, we will.”

Chris cautioned me, “Be a good girl Slut and mind Mistress Pat.” As I meekly nodded yes, she left to join Jason. Pat closed and locked the door, even hooking the safety chain, before turning to face me.

“Mistress Chris has plans for a weekend of fun with her new friend Jason and she kindly lent you to me to use as I see fit.” Pat said, then added ominously, “Don’t worry; I’ll see that you’re not bored!” Her hand reached under my short skirt and fondled my bare ass. “If you do as you are ordered, I won’t have to get brutal with you...disobey, or even hesitate over obeying and I can cause you great pain!” I shuddered at her words even as her caressing was giving me an erection. “Lift up your skirt Slut” she commanded. I quickly grabbed the hems on either side of my skirt and lifted them exposing my shaven genitals. Mistress Pat slapped my cock sharply, the pain causing the erection to wilt. She Laughed saying, “We won’t be needing that pitiful thing this weekend, you are going to live up to your name. Now get into the kitchen Slut” she ordered, pointing the way.

The kitchen was typical of these old houses, linoleum floor, high ceiling and higher than those found in the newer homes. There was a woman sitting at the table sipping coffee. Pat introduced me saying, “This is our slave for the weekend Joyce. It answers to the name Slut.” She continued, “Slut this is Mistress Joyce, you will obey her orders as well as mine.”

I replied, “Yes Mistress Pat.” My situation was quite hopeless! I was penniless, dressed as Slut in an area where being on the streets like this could be fatal, and also under orders from Chris to obey. My only option seemed to be to do what they wished and hope that Chris returned soon to reclaim her slave.

Mistress Joyce smiled at me and remarked, “Very pretty outfit Slut, We wouldn’t want to ruin it. You’d better take it off and put on that apron.” I hesitated for a moment, unsure of where I was to change.

Pat slapped me on the ass and ordered, “Strip Slut!” My fingers unbuttoned my blouse and undid my skirt. Pat took my clothes as they were shed.

“Leave the bra on, it makes your titties look cute. The hose and shoes can stay also.” Joyce said. She handed me a short apron that went from my waist to just barely covering my privates. Now even the skimpy protection of my short skirt and sheer blouse was gone! I felt so terribly vulnerable.

“We have lots of work for Slut to do while she’s here, shall we have her get started or play a bit first Mistress Joyce?” Pat asked.

Joyce quickly answered, “Let’s play with her first! I’ve been looking forward to this and getting hornier by the minute.” Each of the ladies slipped a finger through one of my nipple rings and led me down the hall. They walked fast enough to make it difficult for me to keep up in my heels, but the pain in my nipples ensured that I’d follow them to the bedroom.

Mistress Joyce sat on the edge of the bed, opened her robe and spread her thighs. “Lick my clit Slut.” she ordered. I started to kneel down to get a better angle but that move was halted by a quick smack of a whip on my bare ass.

Pat had picked up a short whip somewhere and seemed eager to use it. “Just bend over from the waist.” she demanded. A smile crossed her face, as if she just had a new idea, and she said, “Better yet, grab your ankles Slut and hold that position.” When I did that, she took a roll of duct tape and taped my wrists to my ankles. What an uncomfortable and vulnerable position this was! Pat was strapping on a big dildo as she said to Joyce, “This way we can both have fun dear.”

Joyce laughed as she pulled my head to her crotch saying, “What a great idea.” I started licking around the pussy lips. Joyce grabbed both of my nipple rings and ordered, “Suck my clit slut!” I started sucking on her clit gently. A quick tug on my nipple rings was followed by, “Harder, suck it harder!” I began sucking as hard as I could. If I pleased them it would minimize the pain inflicted on me. Sucking and slurping slavishly at Joyce’s crotch, I had briefly forgotten about Pat. I was rudely reminded of her presence when she shoved a lube covered finger up my ass.

Joyce tugged on my nipple rings to remind me to keep sucking. I kept sucking even as Pat shoved in two fingers and worked them around inside me. Joyce was really getting worked up now and put her legs over my shoulders. Her hips were bucking up and down making it hard to keep her clit in my lips. Pat chose this moment to ram the dildo into its target. I was sucking and being fucked at the same time. Pat’s thrusts were instantly transmitted to Joyce’s clit, which drove her wild. Soon she Pushed me away and wound up just laying there shuddering in sexual bliss. Pat continued raping my ass until she also climaxed and withdrew that terrible dildo from my ass. She went to Joyce and kissed her warmly. The two Ladies caressed and cuddled for some time, enjoying the warm afterglow of orgasmic sex. I stood bent over, in heels, exhausted, sweating and awaiting their next whim.

Joyce said, “Oh Pat, that sensation was so fabulous! I could feel your every stroke on my clit! You should try that sometime.”

Pat looked at me and said, “Why not now? We don’t have anything better to do at the moment, and Slut is still in position.” They both laughed at my obvious inability to alter their decision. After a moment, they changed places. Pat on the bed and Joyce wore the strap-on.

The scene this time was somewhat different. Pat preferred me to lick more gently and Joyce stood still and made me do the moving with my rear. She thought it was funny making me fuck myself using her dildo. Fortunately, since the Ladies were starting from a higher state of arousal, this second round didn’t take nearly as long. After the Ladies were both satisfied sexually, they again lay together looking at me standing there. I was sore all over. My ass felt like it was on fire, my nipples throbbed, my shoulders ached from the strain of my position and I had cramps in my legs. Pat reached over and turned the apron around so it covered my ass. She took my cock in her hand and began stroking it.

Pat said, “Watch this Joyce. It’s just like milking a cow.” So saying, she proceeded to masturbate me. Despite the pain I was feeling I began moving my hips as her ministrations were having the desired effect.

When I began to spurt, Joyce caught my ejaculate in her hand saying, “Come on bitch, give it all to me!” They kept milking me until they felt they had every drop. Joyce put her cum-filled hands up to my mouth and commanded, “Lick it up, all of it! Then swallow it!” They giggled as I lapped up and swallowed my own semen.

Pat stated, “You need to get used to the taste of cum, there may be more coming!” With that statement, I knew that they had more torment in store for me.

Pat took mercy on me and tore the tape holding my wrists to my ankles allowing me to stand upright. She told me, “Get into the shower and get yourself cleaned up. You need to redo your makeup, you look a mess!”

“Yes Mistress.” I replied and went into the bathroom she had pointed me toward. Once there I stripped off the few remaining articles of clothing and stood soaking in the hot water. It took awhile before I felt refreshed enough to leave the comfort of the stall. When I stepped out, my clothes had been laid on the counter beside my makeup bag. I redid my facial makeup, brushed my hair and got dressed again. Looking in the full length mirror on the back of the door, it was hard to tell how badly I had been used so shortly before. I set out to find my Mistresses, ready to resume my service to them.

Pat and Joyce were sitting in the living room, sipping wine. They had cleaned up and changed clothes while I was gone. Upon sighting me, Joyce said, “How nice you look Slut, our guests will be pleased.” Pat added, “They should be here shortly. You will be a good slave while they are here, won’t you Slut?”

I murmured, “Yes Mistress Pat.”

Pat motioned me to kneel in front of her where she caressed my hair gently. She put her glass to my lips and gave me a sip of her wine. This gentle treatment was in sharp contrast to her earlier behavior, but I appreciated it greatly. As I became relaxed she told me, “We are having some friends drop by shortly for some fun. I told Mistress Chris that we’d give you a safeword to use if things got too much for you.” That was welcome news to me! Knowing there would be an escape route open would make enduring whatever was to come much more bearable. If I could stop when I decided, it almost made my participation optional. Pat informed me, “Tonight your safeword is ‘Nigger’.” Both ladies giggled at this choice. It wasn’t a word that came up in conversation anymore, but I knew I would use it if necessary.

The doorbell rang and Pat indicated with a wave of her hand that I should answer it. I still felt embarrassed to be seen by strangers in my Slut outfit, but hurried to open the door. There stood five black men! They brushed by me as I gave a polite curtsy. The last one in re-bolted the door behind him, then gave me a push propelling me to follow after the rest. I suddenly felt very weak, as the significance of my “safeword” dawned on me. To use it might prove fatal! I had never felt so helpless in all of my life.

The new arrivals were all dressed in similar fashion and I knew they were gang members. Now I understood why these two ladies dared to live in this neighborhood, they were protected by this gang. What the ladies did to deserve such a status, I didn’t know but, I had an ominous feeling that my services might be a partial payment. A wave of fear caused me to shiver. Fear for my life was a far stronger emotion than the normal humiliation and degradation. Tonight I was truly a slave!

The leader of the group was a big man, over 6’4” tall. Everyone called him King. He was receiving kisses from the ladies. Pat said, “Take the men’s coats Slut and hang them in the hall closet.”

I replied, “Yes Mistress Pat, I’ll do it at once.” As the men removed their jackets, it became clear that they were all armed with automatics in shoulder holsters. They lived in a dangerous world and were ready for trouble. I took their jackets, hung them in the closet, and hurried back for more orders.

Mistress Joyce said sweetly, “Get the men some drinks like a dear won’t you Slut?”

As I went to each man to ask what they preferred, I heard King’s deep voice saying, “Your white slave is kinda cute, and obedient too.” The men all laughed at his remark. I blushed with shame.

During the next hour or so I had served several rounds of drinks and the atmosphere had grown steadily more sexual. The ladies and most of the guys were naked. Mistress Joyce ordered me, “Come over here and demonstrate your pussy-eating skills Slut.” I went to where she was sitting next to King, knelt between her thighs, and began licking. This brought a chuckle from the guys, who thought that such a thing was beneath their dignity. I continued until Joyce felt she was ready for sex. She pushed my head back and told me, “Now get King ready too!”

I turned my head to find him standing naked with his cock inches from my lips. “Go ahead white bitch, suck my big black cock!” he demanded. It was big! My white fingers were in stark contrast to it as I held it and gently licked around the head. My painted lips parted and I took it into my mouth.

The other guys were chanting, “Suck Slut, suck Slut” in unison as I tried to keep from choking on the steadily growing organ. It didn’t take long before he was fully erect and threw me aside to bury himself in Mistress Joyce.

No sooner had he began pumping away, when another man stepped in front of me and said, “My turn next, Suck me bitch!” Knowing that I had no choice in the matter, I decided to make it as pleasurable for him as possible. Since resistance was out of the question, perhaps slavish submission would ensure my survival. I licked around the head, gently flicking my tongue on his glans until he was getting aroused before taking it into my mouth. Even as I sucked, I stimulated the bottom of his shaft with my tongue. It didn’t take long for before he was thrusting into my mouth as if it were a pussy. I gagged as his cock hit the back of my throat, but kept sucking and cooing. He was really going wild now! He grabbed my head in his hands and fucked my mouth until he came in my mouth. When he had finished spurting, he withdrew and released my head from his vise-like grip. “Swallow it Slut” he ordered. I, of course, did. “Sorry Pat”, he said, “I’ll have to do you a bit later, I just got carried away.” He was trying to act cool about it, but I noticed that his legs were still trembling from the orgasm he had just experienced.

Pat replied, “No problem Tyrone, we have lots of time.”

Mistress Joyce and King were getting close to orgasm now, judging by the sounds that were coming from the couch. While the rest all watched their performance; I was granted a brief, badly needed respite. King finally stiffened his body then relaxed on top of Joyce, her thrashing legs ceased their wild movement and wrapped around his back. They lay like this for several silent minutes before King withdrew his now spent cock and stood up saying, “Get over here Slut and lick up my cum.” I hurried to obey, tying to ignore the derisive laughter of the guys.

Mistress Joyce spread her thighs exposing her jism oozing pussy. “Lap that wonderful stuff up Slut. That came from a REAL man; maybe it will do you some good!” She joined in with the laughter as I lapped and sucked at her pussy. She added, “Although with a sissy slave like you, I doubt that anything would help!” Tears of humiliation streamed down my cheeks as I licked her pussy clean.

Upon completion of my ‘cleaning service’ I was sent to fetch another round of drinks. King and Joyce were sitting on the couch when I delivered their drinks. Pat and Tyrone were sitting on the love seat as I served theirs. The other three guys stood, patiently waiting their turn for fun. As I served the last one his drink he asked, “Tyrone, how was this bitch’s mouth? Is it worth using?”

Tyrone laughed and said, “I’d have killed to have that Slut when I was in prison!” Several of them gave knowing nods which let me know they had been incarcerated too.

King magnanimously proclaimed, “Go for it men, have some fun, Pat won’t mind a bit. Will you dear?” Pat responded, “Not a bit King, my slave is your slave.”

With this statement of approval the other guys moved in on me. Tyrone said, “Fuck that sweet mouth Jesse! You’ll find it very hot!” Jesse dropped his pants exposing his turgid cock. I shuddered and began to kneel, when another guy grabbed me by the hips from behind.

“Just bend over and take it in your mouth Slut.” he told me. I wondered about the reason for this for only a few seconds before he added,” I haven’t had any white boy ass since prison, and I’ll bet yours is tight.” As I bent over to service Jesse orally, the guy behind me threw my skirt up onto my back exposing my bare rear. Even before I had taken Jesse’s cock into my mouth I felt a finger roughly invade my anus.

Pat said, “Here Ramon, catch!” She threw him a tube of lube as she told him, “This will keep that slave ass from making your dick sore.” I suspected that Pat was also looking out for me and glad that she had intervened so skillfully. The lube would ease my pain!

Ramon greased up my ass; then thrust himself in to the hilt with such force that only because he was holding my hips prevented me from toppling forward to the floor. Jesse was enjoying the same treatment I had previously given Tyrone. I was impaled front and rear! My assailants quickly synchronized their movements so that as one was thrusting the other was withdrawing. My body moved helplessly to their rhythm. Teetering on my high heels, I was merely a receptacle for their lusty pleasure!

The sight of my dual rape amused the spectators as it was accompanied by shouts of, “Fuck that slave”, “Give it to her” and other such comments. These guys were young, virile and horny so it didn’t last nearly as long as it seemed to me. Jesse came in my mouth about the same time I felt Ramon’s hot load release deep in my ass. I was so weak and exhausted that I sank to my knees when released by my tormentors. While they bowed and accepted congratulations on their performance, I was oozing cum from both ends in painful shame. No doubt I looked a mess, I had been ridden hard! Not knowing what else to do with the cum in my mouth, I swallowed it.

Any hope of being able to rest for a bit was quickly dashed when the remaining guy ordered, “Get on all fours Slut. I want some of that ass too!” Wearily I got on my hands and knees, dreading another invasion of my already sore ass. This guy had been stroking himself erect during my dual rape and wasted no time inserting himself partly inside my slimy ass. He reached around and opened my blouse to get access to my nipple rings. He announced, “I was watching these things twitch while you were fucking my brothers and thought they might be fun and useful things to play with.” He put a finger through each ring, then pulled me back forcing his cock completely inside of me. In order to avert as much pain as possible I followed his forward and backward tugs with my body. He was using my nipple rings to make me fuck him in the same manner as Mistress Joyce had earlier done, only he was much rougher! He kept me humping at a frantic pace until he too climaxed inside of me. “This is one Hot slave you have Pat!” he remarked as he got up giving me a swat on my fanny.

Pat smiled graciously and said, “Why thank you Jerome, it’s so sweet of you to say that.”

King stood up and said, “Men I think we’d better get cleaned up and get going soon, we have a meeting for a deal we don’t want to miss.” As he started for the shower, he said, “Come with me Slut.” I struggled to my feet and followed him, with his men close behind me. He stepped into the shower, adjusted the water and handed me the soap and a rag. “Get in here and wash me slave.” he commanded. I quickly stripped off my clothes, stepped into the shower and began soaping his body. He seemed pleased by the reverence shown when washing his genitals. When he was finished he had me dry him off and kiss his ass as a sign of submission. He dressed and left the room.

No sooner had he left, then the other 4 guys entered the bathroom. They crowded around where I was still kneeling in the shower. Tyrone said, “We want to show how we feel towards white sissies.” Then all four of them began urinating on me. The yellow streams hit my hair, face and body leaving me drenched and reeking. They were laughing as they did it, adding to my humiliation.

When they finished, they all left except Ramon. He looked at me with some sign of pity in his eyes and reassured me by telling me, “Don’t feel so bad, if you hadn’t pleased them so well sexually, they’d have pissed in your mouth.” He turned and left to catch up with the rest. Even kneeling in stinking shame, I did have something to be thankful for.

I was too spent to even move and just knelt there crying until Pat and Joyce walked in. Pat said softly, “You were wonderful Slut! I am so proud of you. She and Joyce turned on the shower allowing the warm water to wash away the urine. They washed me, shampooed my hair and even dried me off. While I sat on the toilet, they blow- dried my hair and styled it. Joyce retouched my makeup and gave me a pink baby doll nightie to wear. By the time they were finished I had stopped trembling. They took me by the hands and led me to their bedroom. Pat said, “We had planned on having you sleep tied up in the cellar, but considering how traumatic your evening has been, you can sleep with us.”

“Thank you Mistress Pat.” I meekly responded. Lying between the two mistresses, my exhausted body was soon asleep.

The next morning I was awakened by soft hands fondling my genitals. As soon as I opened my eyes, Pat swung her leg over my head so she sat astride my face. “Good morning Slut” she said cheerfully, “Time to resume your duties!” She pressed her pussy to my mouth. I knew by now what she liked and began to gently lick her lips and clit. Joyce lifted my legs over her shoulders, applied a generous dose of lube to my ass and began dildo fucking me. My mouth welcomed the sweet vaginal juices. They were infinitely preferable to the male cum of the previous night! My ass, while still sore, now easily accommodated Joyce’s dildo. This dual assault on my body was almost pleasant compared with the brutal degrading ordeal of last night.

After both of the ladies had been sexually satisfied, they kissed and cuddled each other. Pat ordered me, “Get up and fix our breakfast Slut.”

I replied, “Yes Mistress Pat.” and got out of bed to get started on my chores. Not wanting to walk around barefoot, I stepped into my high heeled shoes. They did make my legs look nice. The pink baby doll nightie didn’t cover much, coming only to my waist, so when I got to the kitchen I put on the lacy apron. First I got the coffee going, then searched around to find out what was available to make a breakfast suitable for the ladies. I found the essential ingredients for veggie omelets and crepes.

By the time the crepes were ready for the pan, the coffee was done. I poured two cups of coffee, placed them on a tray with cream, sugar and spoons. Then I carried the tray to the bedroom. The ladies seemed pleased with such service. Joyce said, “How sweet of you dear slave.”

I curtsied gracefully and replied, “Thank you Mistress Joyce.” Pat gestured for me to leave, so I returned to complete the breakfast preparation. Just as I had everything cooked and the table set; the ladies walked into the room. They wore silken robes which made them look sexy, but elegant. Taking seats at the table, they chatted happily as I served their meals. Pat fondled my bare bottom as I placed her omelet in front of her. I gave coquettish wriggle, not wanting to displease her.

Even after they had finished a leisurely breakfast, and I had cleared off the table, they sat discussing the day’s planned activities. I washed and dried the dishes, cleaned the kitchen and then returned for further instructions. Pat said, “Mistress Joyce, I think it’s time for the old one two, don’t you think so?”

Joyce replied, “Yes Mistress Pat, I think our sissy deserves it.” Pat reached under my nightie, grabbed my nipple rings and gave them a twisting tug. My cock jumped to erection, whereupon Joyce gave it a slap. They got a regular routine going; tug, slap, tug, slap; which they continued until despite my best efforts, I spurted cum. They both giggled with delight as I stood there aching and drained. Joyce crowed, “It always works on sissies!”

The rest of the morning and early afternoon, I did laundry, cleaned bathrooms, vacuumed carpets and all other assigned tasks. Around 3pm Pat told me, “That’s enough for now Slut, go take a bath and get ready.”

I replied. “Yes Mistress Pat.” I couldn’t help wondering, “Get ready for what?” As the tub filled with water, Mistress Joyce walked into the bathroom as I was finishing washing. She had me stand, picked up her razor and began shaving me. She said, “I know you’re used to doing this yourself, but it pleases me to shave a sissy. Smooth hairless bodies turn me on.” I turned, lifted arms, legs and generally moved as needed to give her the needed access to places to be shaved. Since I had just shaved closely yesterday, this process didn’t require much time. She told me to finish getting ready and report to the bedroom when I was done. “Don’t bother dressing, we’ll find something different for you to wear.”

“Yes Mistress Joyce.” was my reply. She turned and left me to start doing my hair. Using the dryer and curling iron, I soon had my hair styled properly. The permanent that Chris had given me made the job so much easier. Even though she had given it to me as part of my feminization, it did make doing my hair much easier. Doing my face was next, a process that I had down pat by now. Even putting mascara on my long fake eyelashes came easily now. As soon as my face was made up, I painted my nails and was ready to report. I walked naked into the bedroom where Pat and Joyce were getting dressed.

“Well our slave is all clean and needs something to wear.” Pat said.

Joyce reached down to my scrotum, gently pushed each of my balls up inside of my body, pulled my dick back between my legs and secured it there with duct tape. “We can’t have unsightly bulges down there.” she said. My bewilderment grew as she put a sanitary napkin and belt on me. She handed me a brand new pair of pantyhose and had me put them on. As I rolled them up my smooth legs, it became clear that these were normal hose, not like the slutty mesh ones Chris had me wear. When they were in place, Joyce gave me a black bra without the nipple cutouts I was used to. It was padded to fill me out to a full c-cup. A quick look in the mirror revealed the very striking feminine figure I now had. I was handed a patterned, knee length, full skirt and a nontransparent matching blouse. This outfit looked somewhat sexy when I had it on, but it was a great improvement over the trashy image I projected in my Slut outfit. The matching shoes had a modest 2” heel and would be easier to move around in than my normal ones. Pat gave me matching gold hoop earrings, necklace and bracelets to complete the outfit. When I had everything on, Pat sprayed me with her perfume saying, “Now you look and smell very feminine Slut.”

The ladies being ready already, Joyce said, “Ok, let’s get going.” “Going? Going where?” I wondered as they took my hands and led me to the garage. Pat drove us to the Mall, parked the car, and announced, “We are going shopping girls!” Oh how badly I wanted to refuse to leave the car, but knowing that I had to obey them, I went with them into the mall clutching my purse like a security blanket. They took me through several ladies clothing stores, embarrassing me in each of them by holding dresses, items of lingerie and so on up to me and talking openly how each of these would be a turn on for Tyrone and his friends. They even bought a few things for themselves. About the time they were seriously discussing having me try some things on, the store we were in announced that it would soon be closing. I felt very relieved when we returned to the car. At least my exposure to strangers was greatly reduced while I was in their house.

Joyce was driving, with me sitting between her and Pat. Pat squeezed my padded breasts, which caused my rings to send twinges of pain through my nipples despite being buried under the padding. Joyce caressed my thigh with one hand as she drove. My trapped cock was unable to rise even though I was getting turned on. By the time I was breathing heavy, we pulled into the parking lot of a bistro. “Let’s get something to eat and have a few drinks.” Joyce said. I tried to regain my composure as we entered the place. Joyce led the way to a large u-shaped booth near the back of the room. They ushered me into the back of the U and sat on either side of me. The waitress brought us menus but, Pat said, “We don’t need menus; bring us three Chef Salads and a liter of white wine.” The waitress returned with the wine and told us that our food would be ready shortly. Pat poured the wine, raised her glass and said, “To the girls’ night out!” Joyce and I clinked our glasses against Pat’s and sipped our wine. Even though I was only dressed as one, it felt good to be one of the girls!

While we ate our meal and chatted quietly, I noticed that the place was filling up. A band was setting up on the stage and the staff was clearing away some of the tables. Joyce said, “they have dancing here after 9pm, this place really gets jumping then.”

I had a sudden attack of fear; what if some guy asked me to dance? “Will we be staying that long Mistress?” I asked, hoping that the answer would be no.

“Why not? We came here for some fun didn’t we?” Pat replied. I shuddered and looked around the room. The crowd was mostly working class men. Construction workers, a few urban cowboys and other assorted rednecks.

“Mistress Pat, if they find out I’m really a guy...” I pleaded, my voice trailing off as the very thought of being discovered sank in.

“Don’t whine Slut! If they fondle your crotch, just tell them you’re having your period.” Pat snapped. Ah, now the purpose of the sanitary pad became obvious, they had planned this outing all along!

Pat signaled the waitress to bring us some more wine. “This was paid for by the gentleman at the bar, the cowboy,” the waitress announced as she set down the liter bottle. She then asked if we were finished eating. Pat nodded yes and the dishes were cleared off.

Pat raised her glass and smiled at the cowboy to thank him for his generosity. He smiled back and walked over to our booth just as the band started playing. “Good evening ladies; my name is Ray. Mind if I join you?” Pat and Joyce smiled sweetly and said they’d like that. Pat introduced me as “Becky”, which I thought was nice of her. Slut would have seemed so blatant in here! I managed a shy smile, but was very nervous about the developing situation. Ray waved as a signal for two of his buddies to join us. Two guys sitting at the bar hurried right over to us.

Ray introduced them saying, “This tall guy is Joe and the other one is Pedro, they work with me at the job site.” Joe was tall and thin; Pedro was shorter but, heavier built. It turned out that they were ironworkers working on the new skyscraper under construction. I listened politely as they talked about their jobs, what good money they were making and how lovely they thought we three ladies were.

Ray took Pat out to dance to a fast number. Joyce and Pedro were busy flirting with each other, so Joe slid next to me. As he talked with me, his hand dropped to caress my thigh. “Please don’t do that.” I pleaded softly, and then added, “This place is too public.”

He replied, “Sorry ma’am, I didn’t mean to embarrass you. I’m just really horny tonight and I couldn’t resist.”

I smiled coyly at him and said, “You won’t get lucky with me tonight Joe, wrong time of the month.”

He nodded knowingly and said, “That’s okay Becky, I enjoy your company.” Despite his outward sincerity, I knew he was inwardly cursing his bad luck.

Pat and Ray finished their dance; when they rejoined us Pat asked if Joyce and I wanted to join her in a trip to the “little girls” room. We grabbed our purses and followed her. I really needed to go bad by now, but had been afraid to make the trip by myself. Dressed as I was the men’s room was out of the question! Once inside I went right into an empty stall pulled down the pantyhose and pad and relieved myself while sitting on the toilet. No wonder it took women so long in the restroom, there was so much to rearrange when finished. By the time all was back in place, Pat and Joyce were both waiting by the sinks.

Pat looked at me and said, “Better fix your lipstick Slut.” As I was retouching my lips, Pat informed me, “We are going to take these guys home tonight for sex. You be very sweet to Joe.”

I responded, “Yes Mistress Pat, but I already told him that it was the wrong time of the month for me!”

The ladies looked at each other, and then started laughing. Joyce told me, “You’ll just have to entertain him in other ways. It’s got to be easier than what you went through last night!” We left to rejoin the guys.

We chatted with the guys awhile before Joe asked me to dance to a slow song. He held me close with my padded breasts rubbing against his chest. I could feel his erection rub against my crotch and he was kissing my neck as we danced. If my own cock wouldn’t have been so restrained, it would have responded by getting hard. Joe was turning me on! By our third dance of the evening the talk at the table was openly about going home to party. During what was to be our last dance before leaving I whispered to Joe, “Maybe this is your lucky night after all. I can take care of you, but I want to stay dressed. Okay big boy?” Joe being aroused and horny agreed readily.

They guys paid our tab and escorted us out of the place. In the parking lot, Pat said, “Joe and Becky can ride with Ray and I, Pedro and Joyce can follow us in our car.” Everyone agreed and we got underway. Joe was fondling my breasts; French kissing me and having me fondle his cock all the way home. I knew that he’d be easy to satisfy, and relaxed a bit. He was a good kisser, even though he smelled of beer.

Once in the house Pat said, “Becky gets us some drinks like a dear.”

 I knew that her sugary request was really an order so replied, “I’d be delighted to.” Joe went with me and helped carry them back to the others. Joyce and Pedro were necking on the couch, Pat and Ray on the loveseat were similarly engaged, so Joe sat in the stuffed chair and pulled me onto his lap. The sight of the other two couples engaged in heavy petting excited Joe, overcoming his reluctance about getting involved in the same room with others. “I’ve never been in orgy before, is this going to be one?” he asked.

I encouraged him by saying, “Just relax and go with the flow Hon.” This was not a deceitful statement on my part, I didn’t know what the ladies were in the mood for, or what would happen. I was as much in the dark as Joe was.

Ray had Pat topless by now and was sucking on her nipples as she opened his pants and began fondling his cock to full erection. She reached down and slipped off her panties and swung astride his lap to sit on his cock. Taking his cowboy hat off of his head, she put on herself, yelled, “Yeehaw! Ride him cowgirl!” She moved her hips in response to his wild thrusts, looking very much like a bronco rider at a rodeo. This frantic pace couldn’t be handled for long by Ray and he soon came deep inside Pat. She was not satisfied sexually, but flattered Ray by telling him what a stud he was. She rolled off his lap and ordered, “Becky come here and lick me clean.”

I got off Joe’s lap, went to kneel between Pat’s legs and began licking her vagina. All three men gasped at the sight of me lapping up Ray’s cum. They had never seen such a thing before and it was a real turn on for them.

Even as I was being so humiliated, I thought to myself, “At least now Joe won’t want to kiss me!”

When Pat reached her orgasm, she said, “Thanks Becky, you may return to Joe now.” I got up and walked back to Joe, who had his cock out by now. With no words spoken I knelt, took his cock into my mouth and began sucking. His hands held my head in place. I had been accurate in my guess that Joe would be easy to get off, he came in less than a minute! When I had collected every drop of his semen in my mouth, I got up and kissed him deeply returning it to its owner. This action had been so totally unexpected by him and surprised him so much that he just accepted it. He sat, shocked into immobility, as I darted away to take a swig of my drink. He grabbed his beer and guzzled down most of it trying to wash the taste of his own cum out of his mouth.

Ray laughed loudly at Joe then proclaimed, “Joe, by god, now you are a cocksucker by proxy!” This remark brought a guffaw from Pedro and a titter from Pat and Joyce.

Pat consoled Joe, “Come on Joe, be a good sport. Didn’t you just get the best blow job you ever had?”

Joyce, who was naked by now, added “At least now you know how good it tastes!” Joe tried to smile and take it as a joke. I was sure that if the others weren’t here, he would have attacked me. Pedro rolled Joyce to her back and began pumping away. This erotic sight served to distract Joe from his confused emotional state of mind and he began to casually stroke his limp cock as he watched Pedro in action.

Pedro and Joyce did put on quite a show. Pedro was long lasting enough to bring Joyce to several orgasms before reaching his own. Joyce’s moaning and thrashing around left no doubt as to how much she was enjoying it. Ray was now having second thoughts about his own performance. Joe was unsure of whether or not he had enjoyed his blowjob enough to offset its aftermath. Pedro was clearly the guy entitled to bragging rights over this evening’s entertainment! This was evident by how happily he kissed all of us as they were getting ready to leave. Ray kissed Pat and thanked her for a wonderful time, but just waved to Joyce and me. Joe kissed my hand before leaving, completely ignoring my pursed lips.

As soon as the guys had left, Pat and Joyce both hugged me. “That was priceless!” Pat squealed.

Joyce was chuckling hard, but managed to say, “I’d loved to have a picture of the look on Joe’s face when he got a mouthful of his own cum!” I gave them a respectful curtsy and followed them to the bedroom. They stripped naked for bed, and then helped me get undressed. It was briefly painful when they ripped off the restraining duct tape, but it felt wonderful to have my cock free again.

Pat directed me, “Go ahead Slut, masturbate for us.” I had been aroused by going out in public, shopping for lingerie, dining with the ladies, dancing and necking with Joe and this release was badly needed! While it was a bit embarrassing to be stroking myself in front of the ladies, it also felt great! As soon as it seemed my orgasm was imminent, Pat demanded, “Don’t spill it on the carpet, catch it in your other hand.”

I managed to gasp out, “Yes Mistress Pat.” even though breathing rather heavily.

When I had milked myself into my hand, Joyce ordered, “Now swallow it Slut!” I lapped my semen from my own hand and swallowed it. At least I was used to the taste of my own stuff. I greatly preferred it to that of other men. Masturbating was less degrading than having to suck off another guy! Joyce praised me, “That’s a good cum drinker we have here Pat.”

Pat replied, “Yes indeed, Chris has trained Slut well.”

Pat handed me a blanket and told me, “You will sleep on the floor beside our bed tonight like a devoted slave.” I lay on the floor and covered my naked body with the blanket. The sounds coming from the bed made it obvious that Pat and Joyce were making female love. Even though it was exciting to listen to, due to my state of exhaustion, I was soon sound asleep.

The next morning I was awakened by Pat tapping my shoulder. The ladies had me get into bed with them and service each of them orally. They did toy with my nipple rings, but neither of them raped my ass this time. I was thankful for that, since it had become very sore from overuse the past two days. After each of them was satisfied, Pat told me, “Get yourself cleaned up. Better get back into your Slut outfit, Mistress Chris will be coming for you today.” This exciting announcement meant that my ordeal would soon be over!

While getting “ready”, I used extra care with every detail. I wanted Chris to be pleased when she saw me again. Pat and Joyce hadn’t been brutal with me and I had served them to please Chris; but I desperately wanted to be out of this place before the gang guys returned. They really scared me as they had neither friendship nor allegiance to Chris and no regard for her property.

When I was fully dressed and made up, I was told to make breakfast. The ladies let me sit and eat with them this morning, which was a very pleasant experience. We chatted like three girlfriends discussing their Saturday night’s fun. After breakfast I cleaned up the kitchen, made the bed and generally made myself useful while anxiously awaiting Chris’s arrival.

Finally about 2pm, the doorbell rang. I hurried to answer its call. I opened the door and there stood Chris! She looked so beautiful! She had a radiant glow about her that showed that she had enjoyed her weekend. I gave her a curtsy, kissed her hand and led her into the living room. Pat and Joyce both hugged her and asked how her weekend had gone. Chris replied, “It was great! Jason took me to see a Broadway play, dancing and fine dining. We stayed in a fancy hotel. He sure knows how to treat a lady on a date!” They chatted a bit more about Chris’s fun weekend before Chris looked at me and asked, “How was Slut? Did my sissy slave behave properly for you?”

Both Pat and Joyce assured her that I had been a good slave, and related and account of my weekends activities. Even Chris laughed when they told her about how I had given Joe a mouthful of his own semen. A few more pleasantries were exchanged, then Chris told me to get my bag, it was time to get going.

At the door Chris said, “I want to thank you ladies for babysitting my slave for the weekend.”

Pat replied, “No problem Mistress Chris, it was our pleasure.”

Joyce chimed in, “Any time you want to drop him off here again, feel free to do so.”

Pat kissed me on the cheek, patted me on the head and said, “Slut is so cute.”

As we walked to Jason’s waiting car, another car drove up and King and his men stepped out. King retained his haughty air, but Tyrone and the rest of his men whistled, jeered and grabbed their crotches. Shouts of “Hey Slut, Want some more of this?” and other lewd comments made me blush. Chris simply ignored them and got into the car. I got into the back and Jason drove away. I felt great relief at leaving this place and shuddered to think of what would have happened if Chris had shown up just a bit later!

Jason drove us to our house. Home was a very welcome sight. It seemed like much longer than 2 nights since I’d left it! I hurried into the house and went right to the bathroom. Chris and Jason talked about how much they had enjoyed the weekend and said their goodbyes. Jason kissed her then said, “We’ll have to do this again Chris darling.”

Chris unhesitatingly answered, “Oh yes Jason, I’d love that!” Even being discretely out of sight in the bathroom, hearing this made me cringe. My wife was so charmed by this guy that it was frightening. I realized that if they had another date, it would likely result in my returning for another weekend of slavery to Pat and Joyce.

When Jason finally left, Chris came and kissed me warmly. She told me, “You were a good slave and I’m so proud that you didn’t shame me in front of my friends.” This praise was small payment for all I had endured over the weekend, but was all I was to receive. I’d been hoping that Chris would let me make love to her once we were alone, but my hopes were dashed when Chris said, “I’m going to take a nap. Wake me when supper is ready.” She walked into the bedroom and closed the door. I was left standing in my Slut outfit with tiny tears running down my cheeks.

**Chris Crosses the Line—Chapter 7**

During the next ten days, I could tell that Chris’s attitude toward me had changed to disdain and very nearly to contempt. Chris was reluctant to have sex we only had sex one time and it was just sex not love.

We geeks may be backward where women are concerned but we are not dumb. I look back at the last Fantasy Weekend and the *safeword* doesn’t add up. Never before had I been given a safeword; plus for once Chris was not there. If I had of used the safeword “nigger” to those vicious black ex-criminals, I may have been castrated. Is that what Chris intended—to turn me into a woman.

Women can be so devious. Did I sense a moment of disappointment when Chris returned and I was okay? If so she hid it well. Chris is not the one that told me the safeword and, since she had not been there, had I been castrated she would not be suspect.

I decide it is time to do some investigating. After considerable searching on the internet I found an S/M website, smjoyce-dom.org, with a file titled “Safeword Nigger.” The file was password protected. It took a long time but I was able to get the password “jewels” and downloaded the file which said:

*NEUTERING: Neutered husbands have many advantages. They still function as good providers and fathers. They are docile and easy to control and will take on the household duties of cooking, cleaning, etc. Further, they don’t pester you for sex when you are not in the mood. This permits you to enjoy sex with younger, vigorous, and more enthusiastic lovers to greatly enhance your sex life. Prudence dictates that a husband should believe his neutering to be an accident and that his wife was not responsible for his neutering…*

*SAFEWORD—NIGGER & SLAVE HUSBANDS: The following is an almost certain method of blamelessly getting your white slave husband neutered.*

*(1) Lend you cunt slave to another Dom female while you leave for a day or two.*

*(2) Dom female tells your white slave husband that the safe-word is ‘Nigger.’*

*(3) By prior arrangements Dom female invites some black men (at least one should a convicted con) to join in on the fun and turn them loose on the white cunt slave. Invariable they get too rough and the white cunt slave says nigger. The black men take this as a sign of disrespect and their first natural reaction is to castrate the white cunt slave.*

*(4) A few days earlier the Dom female should take a small jar labeled ‘Jewels’ containing the testis of a large dog obtained from a veterinarian. “Look at my trophy,” she says. “I took them from a disrespectable white cunt slave. You really should get you some. Here is a box of surgical instruments and instructions. Keep them in the trunk of your car for when an opportunity comes up.”*

*She should go on to explain that as long as the cunt slave is castrated neatly, he not beat up or put in the hospital they never prosecute because the juries thinks it is funny. And in fact it is seldom reported—the man is too ashamed. “Just make sure you don’t beat him up or otherwise hurt him badly because the law will get you for that.”*

*Typically, when the black men get too rough and invariable they do, the following can be expected. White cunt says, “Nigger” and a black man will reply, “What you say?” “Nigger,” he repeats.*

*“I’ll cut your God damn balls out.” By this time the white cunt is in a panic and instead of shutting up, loudly says, “NIGGER NIGGER.” At that point it gets almost comical because, in effect, the terrorized white cunt slave is egging the blacks on. By this time all the blacks are calling for castrating the white cunt reinforcing each other’s inclination to do so.*

*“Hold that sucker down,” one black man will say as he goes to get the surgical instruments. Next he is cutting the testes out while the foolish white cunt is in shock and screaming, “NIGGER NIGGER NIGGER.”*

*The blacks will leave with their trophy jar, laughing and joking. Then the Dom female will give the castrated cunt some antibodies and a shot to put him to sleep. She then cleans him up and applies surgical glue to seal the cuts.*

*The cunt will awake at home in his bed and his wife should be very sympathetic telling him that she is so sorry and never expected any black men to show up. She should tell him that it doesn’t matter, that she loves him just the same and that is really not much worse than a vasectomy because men without their testes can still enjoy great sex. That is true if he takes testosterone shots which after a short time the wife should discourage.*

*The wife can prevent the cunt from reporting the incident by telling him they don’t want the embarrassment and besides the deed is done and can’t be undone. If the cunt persists the wife can lie and tell him that the Dom female found out that the black man responsible was carrying a gun and got him arrested on a parole violation and that he going back to prison anyway.*

*In three or four months the wife should have the stupid cunt completely domesticated and can start inviting lovers over for great sex.*

“My God!” I said to myself. “Chris followed that plan to the letter. That is probably Mistress Joyce web site and no doubt she is the one that Chris talked to. No wonder I sensed that Chris showed a moment of disappointment when she returned and I wasn’t castrated.”

I asked myself, what has Chris turned into? I realized that I was extremely lucky to escape that place with my testes. The rule about master/slave is the slaves are not really injured. It is mostly just kinky sex. Even Mistress Zelda didn’t do major harm to any slaves. Nipple rings might be pushing the limit but Chris went way over the line with her plan to have me castrated.

I decided to investigate further and see what Chris might have on her computer. I have never invaded Chris’s privacy and her computer has passwords but I know how to capture key-strokes and I decided it was time see what else Chris might be up to. I had time to set it up since I get home an hour before Chris.

That night, Chris logged onto her computer so the next morning I arrange for a day off. It was easy. With the captured key-strokes it took me less than 60 minutes to access her computer and find her emails and other recent files. I inserted a thumb drive and started copying files. It was not likely that Chris will unexpectedly come home but no need to take chances. After copying the files, I removed the thumb drive and shut down Chris’s computer.

That required less than two hours and now I can examine her files from the safety of my own computer.

**E-mail to Chris:**

*DOUBLE YOUR PLEASURE! Identical twins, blue eyes, light-brown hair, age 23, 6’1”, 180 lbs. Construction workers, played high-school football. Prefer straight sex—oral Okay. Let the two of us give you an hour-long, relaxing, all over foot and body massage with cocoa butter and then take turns giving you slow hard deep fucks all night long. Photos attached.*

No surprise here. They are clean-cut, athletic, and handsome young men--nice size. I can see that Chris would find them sexually desirable. Actually, I am proud of her. They are the best ones yet and by selecting variety she is not forming bonding attachments. It pleases me to know that such sexy young men wish to fuck her and fulfill her fantasies. No doubt, this weekend she will be well fucked and sexually gratified. I only ask that afterwards she show her appreciation for my willingness to give her the opportunity by being very turned on during our fucking and love making.

I see she received the message three days ago. That was the night of our last sex and the only time in the last ten days. So that is why she was so turned on—she was thinking about sex with the twins. Chris was dripping wet and told me to hurry up and fuck her. It was sex—not love making. I see now that I was just a convenient cock to scratch her itch. That explains why she just turned over and went to sleep. I was so disappointed that she didn’t want the kissing, caressing and cuddling that she used to crave from me.

There was a confirmation email for a reservation this weekend at the Hilton Inn with a king size bed. Obviously the reservation was for just Chris and the twins. If she wanted me around we would stay here at the house. I love Chris but our growing apart and not doing things together is painful. I really need to reevaluate what we are doing and try to reestablish our bond.

**E-mail to Chris:**

*Chris, we are two gay men (see photos) that would be delighted to discipline, train and beautify your cunt slave. Three two day sessions about a month apart are ideal. Then with the application of plastic and certain molding you can dress your slave to exhibit a cunt that appears much like that of a real women. Even your slave’s breasts will appear much more realistic. After training from us (see our collection of nipple rings) your cunt slave would be more obedient, docile, and show a greater willing to practice walking in 4” high-heeled shoes and wiggle its ass like a real woman. Your partners, both male and female will love the results.*

*The initial size reduction treatment is accomplished using crushed ice. After removal of the ice, clamping and other treatment, to restrict blood flow, will maintain and even enhance the effect. Later, to your amazement, you will find the crushed ice is not necessary. Details can be found on our web site and the attached file titled, ‘Training & Beautification.pdf.’ If you agree, we will be greatly pleased. Just type ‘X’ in the appropriate space and click ‘Reply.’*

*I agree \_\_\_\_. I do not agree \_\_\_\_.*

Checking her ‘Sent Items’ email folder showed Chris placed an ‘X’ in the space after “I agree” and that she added the following comment: “I look forward to giving you my cunt slave this weekend to enjoy in the comfort of our home while I stay at a local motel in the company of a couple of young men.”

Their photos show they are late 30’s about 200 pounds each with the appearance of sadistic bikers. “My God,” I think, “Chris must have reached to the depths of depravity to find these two.”

The message was full of code words. Especially, “discipline,” “train,” “collection,” “plastic,” “reduction,” “removal,” and “treatment.” The words themselves don’t sound too menacing. Perhaps that is deliberately to fool the naïve, should someone not check further. Therefore, I decided check out the file to make certain that I fully understand.

First I went to their website and download their ‘*Training & Beautification.pdf.’* file which is over 200 pages with much legalize. I know that is a typical technique to keep people from reading and understanding a contract. I see the first fifty pages were bland. That too is not unusual. People get tired of reading so a common tactic is to hide things later in the document.

This might be interesting.

*NIPPLE RING COLLECTION: Nipple rings collected by ripping them from men’s titties. Great for future discipline. It cause such intense pain that most men vomit.*

Fucking unbelievable! How could Chris agree to that? What have I done to justify that much anger?

*PLASTIC: Plastic surgery to remove any remaining male sex organs and create a synthetic vagina. Can be accomplished after removal and size reduction.*

Has Chris lost her mind? She is not satisfied with me being castrated; she wants to turn me into a fucking freak. I cannot believe she would think I would permit to that.

*TREATMENT—INCLUDING REDUCTION AND REMOVAL: Removal of testes and injection of chemicals in the penis causing the cells of the penis to slowly die and be absorbed and expelled as waste material. When complete, usually after three treatments one month apart, the male sex organs are reduced to little more than slabs of skin. The ultimate intent is to inject female hormones for breast enlargement and plastic surgery to create a synthetic vagina. Will greatly enhance your status among the Doms as you will have a cunt slave with a vagina instead of a penis. Doms and your lovers will love fucking the vagina of your cunt slave.*

*Our treatment is brutal so wives should not be present. However, upon your return you have a completely docile and obedient cunt slave that will almost certainly agree to a sex change operations. For your and our protection, we will video the cunt slave masturbating while dressed in his slutty outfit and eating his own cum. The video will show the act, plus it will show him begging to be fucked in the ass by one of us and to suck the other’s cock. Finally the video will show the cunt slave saying, “I want to be a woman” and pleading for us to castrate him and destroy his cock.*

*Our treatment includes about 18 hours of the most intense pain you can imagine and gives us extreme sexual pleasure. We start with paddling, applying tazers, and ripping a nipple ring out. At one point one of us will scream, “Kill the fucking cunt” and, while he is tied down, we wrap cellophane wrapping around his head. He thinks he is going to die. We remove the cellophane within thirty seconds after he passes out. Finally, and the best part, we jab electrodes into his testes and apply voltage—5 minutes on and 10 minutes off—for twelve hours. There may be no greater pain. Afterwards, they gladly will beg us to turn them in a woman.*

*We go way be beyond terror. The extended torture affects the brain—somehow turning off the no go decision capability to commands. When you return, your cunt slave will show extreme gratitude to be allowed to obey any of your commands.*

God Almighty! I never realized such psycho, sadistic, bastards existed. Chris, what kind of a sadistic monster are you. Obviously, I never knew you. I could not have imagined that you could approve that kind of torture and abuse to an insect—not even a vegetable. Let alone a human. Chris do you and those brutes really believe a video would offer you any protection. I would think you would know that torture and mutilation are both felonies. I know enough law to realize that a judge wouldn’t allow the defense to introduce the videos as evidence because they wouldn’t show everything that happened and especially what happened prior. Chris your involvement is conspiracy to commit the crimes. You would likely go to prison.

First, I am calling a detective agency to install miniature cameras with motion activated transmitters in the family room and master bedroom. For the next thirty days, I want recordings of any sexual activity. Then, tomorrow morning, I am out of here. I will buy two bus tickets to different locations. I will purchase one ticket disguised as a woman. The other ticked, purchased as myself, will throw off any attempt to find me. Just in case, I will get off prior to the final destination and purchase other bus tickets as I travel in a zigzag direction to Norman, Oklahoma. Then I will rent a room and get a job as a day laborer. I realize that I am not being completely rational to run; but, I can’t help it. I feel so terrorized by Chris.

I will sell my car. It is easily worth $20,000 but I can wholesale to a dealer for $16,000. $4,000 to pay off the credit cards. $5,000 cash for myself. $5,000 or $6,000 to the detective agency and the balance will pay the attorney to draw up and deliver the papers.

Donald removed the nipple rings and went to the emergency clinic. He received a blood test for venereal disease and aids. It would come back negative but he was advised to test again for aids in a month. The doctor gave Donald antibodies as a precaution against venereal disease and infection. His rectum, although enlarged, was not permanently damaged and would quickly return to normal size. The opening for the nipple rings would close on their own or could be closed immediately by a surgeon.

The next day at 10:00 a.m. Chris received the documents with the following letter:

Chris,

How could you? Master/slave sex games have rules. It is suppose to be limited to kinky sex—not physical harm. I thought the nipple rings were pushing the limit but what you planed last time at Pat’s was way over the line with the so called safeword, “Nigger”. I read the description on Mistress Joyce website smjoyce-dom.org. It took me a while to find the password ‘j*ewel*’ and download the file ‘*Safeword Nigger*,’ that you followed it to the letter. Thank God, I had enough sense to take the abuse and not to use the safeword with those five black ex-convicts. Otherwise, I would have been castrated.

Now your approval of the treatment by these two homos as described in *Beautification.pdf* , page 112--*collection*, page 134--*plastic*, and pages 186 – 191--*treatment*, is so brutal I would think you would find it unacceptable for a vegetable—let alone your husband. You have crossed the line and left it so far behind you are not from the same planet. Not even Zelda was anywhere near that extreme. I thought I knew you. Obviously, I do not. Whatever is causing such intense feelings and causing you to hate me, I highly recommend that you at least talk to a psychiatrist.

I have resigned from my job and I am disappearing. Except for my laptop computer, some clothes and a few other personal items, you get the house and all furnishings. Also, you get your car, the bank accounts and my final employment check. I have sold my car to pay the attorney to draw up the documents and to pay off the credit cards and I kept the remainder. I have canceled the credit cards. If you wish, you can get others in your own name.

Enclosed you will find limited power of attorney, quick claim deed, and papers for a quick uncontested divorce.

Have a nice life.

Donald

After reading and rereading the letter, and examining the documents, Chris thought, *“That stupid shit. What the hell is he accusing me of? I haven’t done a damn thing he didn’t agree too. The very idea he would suggest I need a psychiatrist. Well good riddance. I am making out like a bandit. Now I am free to marry me a real man. I don’t know what I married that wimp for anyway.”*

Chris went to talk to her supervisor—an attractive divorcee two years her senior. “Sue, I am going to want the rest of the day off. That fool, Donald, has given me papers so I can file for an uncontested divorce and is leaving me everything.”

“And you are just going to let him go?”

“Hell yes! I was thinking of filing for divorce anyway and I never expected to make out this well. I can certainly do a lot better than him.”

“Chris, I like you and consider you to be a good friend. So, do you want me to tell you what you want to hear or do you want the truth?”

“The truth, of course.”

“See Sophia over there! She is nineteen and very pretty. How are you going to compete with her?”

“Why easy! She is just a receptionist. I make twice what she does. Plus the house, car and bank accounts that Donald is leaving me with is worth over $200,000.”

“Chris, it is not her money the men are after.”

“Well men much better looking than Donald are flirting with me all the time.”

“Chris, in you, I see myself two years ago when I was divorced. My husband left me with a quarter of a million and I thought I had it made. Let me tell you the cold hard facts. Go to any construction site. Compared to Donald, the men working there that are in their twenties look really good. Nice tans, well built and more muscular. Then look at the ones in their late thirties and early forties. Those are the same young men after twenty years. There is not a one you would give a second look at. Now look at Steve, our group manager. He is about forty and better looking than the fortyish construction workers. Plus he makes $150,000 and they are lucky if they make $30,000. “So do you want a good looking construction worker that just makes a living and boring outside of bed or would you prefer some geek with a high income that you can have an intelligent conversation with?”

“What I have in mind is college graduate that was an athlete in college.”

“Honey, maybe in your wildest fantasies. Now I know, if they meet you, they will flirt a little and tell you how pretty and sexy you are. But they are just being gracious. They might not even fuck you. They won’t call you and, if you call them, they make excuses. I know! I’ve tried. However, they will fuck Sophia or some other pretty nineteen to twenty year old.”

“Men have told me they prefer a more experienced woman to some teenager,” Chris replied.

“Chris, you really are naïve. They were just being nice. The truth of the matter, if they were legal and if society didn’t strongly disapprove, eleven out of ten men would choose some sixteen year old. Let me ask—can you do the splits? Because, I bet Sophia can.”

“Well, I could too when I was in college.”

“Yes!!! When was the last time you wore a size 2 dress? That’s Sophia’s size.”

“When I was twenty, I think.”

“Right!!! Your boobs are about the same size as Sophia’s. Can you go braless without them sagging a little? I have seen Sophia do it.”

“Well, I wouldn’t.”

“Naturally! One other thing. Do you ever apply makeup to cover a few lines? The only makeup Sophia applies is for coloring. Ask Sophia to go with you to some singles club for drinks and dancing. Let me tell you what will happen. I know I have been there. Until Sophia is on the dance floor you won’t be asked or you will get her castoffs. Most of the time she will be dancing and you will be sipping a drink unless you accept dances from men you really don’t want to meet. And some of the men that Sophia turns down will look good to you.

“Chris, when we were twenty we could throw rocks at men and they would still come back. If I had wanted, I could have gotten more proposals than I could shake a stick at. And I didn’t have to put out. Now if I don’t put out, the men won’t come back. And, if I do, they don’t hang around long. I can get plenty of one night stands. But that gets old. Since I have been divorced, I have had two relationships that lasted more than a couple of months with men I wanted to marry. Both men ended up marrying some twenty year old. Tell me! Just what is it you don’t like about Donald?”

“Well he is not too strong and likes kinky sex. I want a man more muscular—perhaps 6’2” and 180 lbs. Also, he is such a wimp. He lets me boss him around.”

“Is that it? Would you prefer someone that hit you?”

“No! Of course not.”

“Chris, you really are me, two years ago. However, I have had two years to think about it. We women are stupid. We want a man we can’t control and immediately set out to control him. Then when we succeed, we don’t want him any longer. The truth is that when you get close to thirty, it’s tough out there. I can marry some young construction worker that makes less than half my salary or someone about forty. However, what I want is someone about like Donald. There is a saying that has a lot of truth. Girls that are twenty sell it. When they are thirty, they give it away and when they are forty, they buy it. Well, I am thirty-four and I give it away. I don’t want to be single at forty and have to buy it.

“Chris, I think you would be foolish, but if you really don’t want Donald, would you send him my way and let me have a chance with him before he discovers all those twenty years olds that are available. Because I would marry Donald in a heartbeat.

“Chris, I know you remember how it was it when you were twenty and you don’t see how eight years could make much difference. I know that you probably need to find out for yourself. However, if there is any way, my advice is to keep Donald on a string for a couple of months while you check out the market and see for yourself what it is like. If nothing else, talk to a few attractive unmarried women between twenty-eight and thirty-five.”

“Sue, I don’t doubt there is a lot of truth in what you are telling me. However, I am not sure what my options are. Donald said he quit his job and is disappearing. Maybe he is still at home or somewhere around. Otherwise, I don’t know if I can find him.”

“That is unusual. I don’t know what to tell you. I just hope you end up with what you want. In any event, take the rest of the day off and tomorrow too if you wish. If I don’t see you tomorrow, I’ll know you are taking the day off.”

As Chris was driving home she was a little depressed. What Sue had told her sounded like it had a lot of truth. Certainly enough to be concerned. However, it probably wasn’t near as bad as Sue made it sound so, regardless, things should still work out better without Donald.

After Chris got home, she went to the website Donald referenced in his letter and using the password he mentioned, she opened the file, *‘Safeword Nigger*’. She was shocked at the description. In truth, Chris never knew what the safeword was and didn’t give it any thought. Still she understood why Donald might be suspicious. Chris realized that she was rough on Donald and that was partly because she didn’t really want to play the games and wanted to teach him a lesson. Perhaps she was a little angry at first and then, when he allowed it, she lost respect for him. So yes, she wanted to humiliate and punish him. And she wanted to cause him a degree of pain. However, Chris never wanted Donald to be really harmed. And no matter if she lost respect, she would never want him neutered.

Sue then opened the file *Beautification.pdf* and read the pages Donald referenced. Reading about the plans by the two homosexual males made Chris physically ill. True her part in it looks bad and thank God that Donald was able to access her computer or it probably would have happened. Chris just totally misunderstood the email. She just never imagined anything harmful. Like crushed ice and removal. Yes cold does make the penis smaller, but it is temporary. And removal—Chris thought that meant removal of the ice. Surely Donald must know, deep down, that she would never willingly agree to anything so horrible. Donald did reference the files, password and page numbers. Why would he reference them unless he suspected she had not read the files?

When Chris started thinking about what might have happened, first at Pat’s and then by the two sadistic homosexual men, she got mad. Then she got real mad. Then she got blood boiling furious.

Chris then made copies of the emails and attachments for the last couple of months, gathered Donald’s letter and documents, called a high priced attorney she knew had influence and made an appointment for an urgent meeting with the District Attorney at 2:00 p.m.

Chris’s anger even intensified her sexual desire to meet with the twins but not Friday night. She was going to get those two homosexual bastards. Chris called the twins and confirmed that changing the meeting to Saturday night instead of Friday night would be fine. After calling the Hilton Inn and changing the dates, she got a quick bite to eat and departed for the appointments with her attorney and the D.A.

The meeting with the D.A. lasted almost four hours. The D.A. was overjoyed. He had career ambitions for higher office and a big sex case involving homosexuals and mutilation would give him the publicity he needed. Chris’s attorney kept advising her to keep quiet until after he arranged immunity but Chris was so angry she didn’t care. Chris was grilled relentlessly regarding her complexity in certain crimes but she was so open and forthcoming the D.A. decided she was telling the truth. Her only crimes would be against Donald. Further as her husband, his testimony could not be compelled and Chris convinced the D.A. that Donald would not willingly testify against her even if he could be found. In any event the D.A. was after bigger fish so Chris would be treated as a witness—not a suspect.

Chris’s attorney suggested several lawsuits that could be filed against some of the individuals provided Donald would testify. Chris explained how brilliant Donald was and therefore how difficult it would be to find him should he not wish to be found. Nevertheless, the D.A. wanted him as a material witness and would instigate major efforts to find him. With Chris’s testimony the D.A. would obtain search warrants.

By far the two biggest fish were the two sadistic gay men that would arrive at Chris’s house Friday night. Chris was coached on how to get the gay men to admit that they would torture and mutilate Donald, even if he objected, without leading them on. Chris would be wired.

Friday night Chris invited the gay men in, made them comfortable in the family room and offered them wine which they accepted. Chris explained that a dominatrix and Donald, dressed in his frilly French Maid dress, would be returning in a few minutes. Chris explained that she and the dominatrix would be spending the weekend at her house while Donald remained at her home with them.

“Sometimes,” Chris said, “Donald was not at all obedient. Also, what if he objects to training?”

“That won’t matter. After we hit him with a tazer gun and paddle his bottom he will come around.”

“Oh I have no doubt that he will jack off and agree to suck cock and be fucked in the ass. However, I don’t know, even then, if Donald will agree to being neutered and have his penis reduced in size.”

“Don’t concern yourself about that, I can assure you that after we insert electrodes in his testes and apply voltage for twelve hours, he will beg to do whatever we wish.”

Speaking to the other gay man, Chris asks, “Do you also believe that the two of you can videotape Donald and make him beg to be neutered and turned into a woman and that afterwards he will be obedient?”

“Absolutely! Without any doubt.”

“I appreciate your frankness. So I guess I can leave Donald with you for training and treatment while I spend a weekend at the Hilton Inn.”

“Definitely, it will be our pleasure.”

“Donald and the dominatrix should be back by now. I apologize that it is taken longer than I expected.” [That statement was the signal.]

“Oh good, the doorbell. That must be them now.”

As Chris opens the door and steps outside, the police with guns drawn and the D.A. with a search warrant rushes in and announces, “You are under arrest.” At the same time, a search warrant was being executed at the resident of the gay men. The evidence collected was overwhelming. Bail would be denied.

The D.A. would wait before executing warrants on the others. With an ongoing investigation, everything would be kept under wraps. The D.A. would announce arrests at a time to achieve maximum political exposure.

**Chris Gets a Rude Awaking—Chapter 8**

Saturday night Chris met the twins and checked into the Hilton Inn and went to the room. Photos were taken by a private investigator (PI) from the detective agency. Photos were also taken when she left a few minutes later, linked arm and arm between the twins and as they made their way to the club for drinks and dancing. Chris had changed into a tight mini-skirt. Photos were also taken as Chris took turns kissing and dancing with the twins. Some of the photos were almost vulgar since Chris was so turned on that she dry humped the twins on the dance floor. More photos were taken ninety minutes later when Chris and twins returned to their room. Just before Chris entered the room, one photo would show her kissing a twin, with her skirt above her panties with one hand squeezing her bottom and the other on her a tittie.

Chris was already dripping wet as she allowed the twins to strip her naked. Once Chris was naked, the twins got undressed, pulled down the bed covers, and had Chris lie face down on the bed. For the next ten minutes one twin gave her a head massage while the other gave her a foot massage with cocoa butter. Then one twin rubbed cocoa butter on her arms, shoulders and back whiles the other slowly massaged his way up her legs and butt. Chris found this so relaxing. The coca butter was making her slippery and she smelled like chocolate.

Turning Chris over, the twins massaged cocoa butter all over her front. One starting at her face and working down the other working from her feet up. The twins applied light kisses, especially her lips, titties and inner thighs. At the top of her thighs, a twin very lightly massaged around her vulva.

“Uhmn, you smell good enough to eat,” one twin said. “Perhaps I will eat you,” he said as he parted her vulva lips and darted his tongue in and out a few times causing Chris to shiver with pleasure.

Chris was in heaven. “Donald who? The twins are ten times better! God, I am going to marry these twins and have two fantastic husbands,” she thought. “Well, I will marry one and the other will be my unofficial husband too. My God! It is going to be wonderful, living together and sleeping in a king size bed between these two magnificent studs and lovers.”

“I wonder if we missed a spot?” a twin asked.

“Well maybe this fuzzy spot,” a twin replied. “Chris, do you think this needs needs to be massaged?” he asked while lightly squeezing her vulva a few times causing Chris to almost come.

“Yes, oh God yes,” Chris answered.

“You didn’t say please.”

“Please, please.”

Positioning himself between her legs a twin rubbed the tip of his rock hard cock up and down Chris’s vulva allowing about an inch to enter. Every time Chris humped attempting to drive his cock in deeper, he would pull back driving Chris crazy with desire.

“Please, I can’t stand it. Please fuck me.”

“Isn’t that what I am doing?”

“No you are teasing me. I need you to fuck me,” Chris pleaded.

“You got to describe to me exactly what you want me to do and say please like you really mean it.”

“Oh God! You are torturing me. Please stick you hard dick all the way into my pussy and fuck me as hard and fast as you can. Please, I want you to fuck me. Please, please, oh God, please fuck me.” Chris whimpered.

“If I do, will you suck my dick?”

“Yes, oh God yes. I’ll do anything. Just fuck me. Please don’t make me wait any longer. Please fuck me now. Please, I am begging you. Please fuck me, please, please.”

“Okay, you hot bitch. Get ready, for here it comes,” the twin said as he drove his 7” cock all the way in.

“Oh God! Thank you Jesus. Yes, yes, please fuck me hard with your large cock, you magnificent man.

After a minute of rapid thrusting and not holding himself back the twin squirted his cum deep into Chris’s pussy, just as Chris was about to achieve her orgasm.

“Oh God don’t stop. Please don’t stop,” Chris pleaded. As the first twin pulled out and before the other twin quickly took his place and started fucking Chris fast and furious.

“Oh God… Yes, yes, oh God yes, Chris moaned,” as she felt herself approaching organism. “I’m cumming, I’m cumming. Oh yes, oh yes, oh God, I’m cumming,” Chris yelled as she quivered from the most intense and prolonged orgasm of her life. Chris’s orgasm triggered the twin’s own orgasm and Chris was euphoric by the feel of the pulsating hard cock as it ejected deep into her cunt.

Spent, they all three lay on the bed for about thirty minutes before the twins took Chris and gave themselves and her a shower while kissing her lips, neck, and breasts. Chris felt superb as the twins both dried her off with towels. Then opening the bottle of champagne that was on ice, they filled their glasses and sipped. Chris was beaming and said, “Thank you, thank you, thank you. That was the most incredible experience of my life. Can we do it some more?”

“The night is still young. Chris you are going to get fucked and fucked until you are a fucked dazed wreak and babbling like an idiot,” a twin replied. “And look! Our cocks are getting big and hard again Chris kneel on the bed and suck my cock while my brother fucks you doggy style. Do you think you can make me cum in your mouth while my brother fuck’s and cum’s in your pussy?”

Chris just grinned and said, “Uhmnn, yummy, yummy.” They got in position and Chris was thrilled by the feeling of power she had to make these incredible young cocks grow huge and hard. As Chris’s mouth and tongue worked its magic on one cock she could tell that it would not take long to make it cum in her mouth. As the other twin was giving her a slow deep fucking Chris felt herself building toward another climax. His slow fucking was driving her crazy. Chris wanted him to start fucking her much faster and harder so she look back, grinned and said, “Let’s race. I bet I can make your brother cum in my mouth before you can cum in pussy.

“You are on,” he replied as he started fucking Chris fast and feverishly. Almost immediately Chris started cumming and moaning in pleasure. However, with a mouth fuck of cock her sounds were muffled. As the fucking twin also came, he yelled, “I won, I won.”

“No fair. You made me cum and broke my concentration on sucking,” Chris replied, as she happily resumed her assault on the other twins cock. However, very soon, Chris was delighted to feel the throbbing hard dick shoot cum into her mouth. Chris swallowed, sucked it clean, and then looked at the twin with a satisfied and wicked grin on her face.

They turned off the light and covered themselves with the sheet as a happy and contented Chris sleep between two marvelous young studs. During the night each of the twins woke with a hard-on and slowly fucked Chris with slow, long, and deep thrusts, causing her multiple orgasms.

The next morning they woke and ordered breakfast in their room. When the young man arrived with the breakfast, the twins were in their robes as Chris just stepped out of the shower wrapped on only a towel that just scarcely reached the top of her thighs. One of the twins handed Chris a $5 bill and said, “Here, give the young man his tip.”

As Chris walked by the other twin he grabbed her towel leaving her stark naked and blushing before the speechless young man. When the indecisive Chris just stood there, the twin said, “Go on. Give the young man his tip.” After Chris walked up to the blushing young man, he just stood there, torn between looking at Chris and averting his eyes. “Well hurry up and make up your mind. Do you want her or the money?” A twin asked.

The twins were kind of hoping the young man would choose Chris. They would have liked to watch him screw Chris. And the thought of it was so naughty and erotic that it made Chris wet. Instead, the embarrassed young man took the money and made a hasty retreat. After he closed the door one of the twins said, “Chris you were magnificent. You had than young man so bewildered, it is a wonder he didn’t pee in his pants.” They all laughed and ate breakfast, made sexual jokes and frequently caressed and kissed the still naked Chris. The erotic stimulation was keeping Chris at a heightened state of sexual excitement.

“Last night you sucked my brother while I fucked you doggy style. What do you say my brother and I switch positions and you suck my cock? Are you up to that?”

“That was so wild, I’d love to do it again,” a blushing Chris replied with a grin.

This time it was more leisurely, giving Chris a very pleasant and satisfying climax. Afterwards, laying in bed between the two twins a well-fucked, contented, and blissful Chris was glowing with happiness. Her sexual desires had been so well fulfilled that she was in love. Even one twin was far superior to Donald and she had both. Chris felt like she was on top of the world.

“Now that Donald is history and I have this big house, I think you two should move in with me and put my king-size bed to good use.”

“That does sound enchanting. We may just have to take you up on that.”

“You are not going to change your mind are you?” the other twin replied.

“Uh-uh, absolutely not. It will be heavenly.” To Chris, this was a commitment and she could see wedding bells. However, the twins had made a conquest and had their amusement, so they were just being nice.

When Chris didn’t hear from the twins Sunday night or Monday, she called and left messages on Tuesday and Wednesday. Suspecting that with call-identifier they were avoiding her, Chris called Thursday night with her number blocked. When a twin answered, Chris said, “I’ve missed you and you haven’t returned my calls.”

“We’ve been busy.”

“You weren’t too busy last weekend.”

“Chris, we thought you understood. We all got what we wanted, we all had a good time and traded some round for some flat, but this was a onetime thing. Older women are okay for variety but for a steady relationship we want some juicy, sweet young thing—not some old hide. See you around.” CLICK.

Hearing the click, Chris slammed down the receiver. “Those God damn bastards! I am not an older women and I’m certainly not an old hide,” she angrily muttered to herself. She called back to tell the twin off but, to prevent that, he had turned off his cell phone. Chris calmed down and went to bed but she was depressed.

Friday, Chris asked Sophia to meet her at an upscale singles club about 9:00 p.m. that night after work. Chris dressed in a tight low cut expensive brand name designer dress. Sophia arrived braless and her clothes were not expensive. Her titties were covered by a thin light colored and loose fitting blouse that often showed the outlines of her nipples in a sexy peek-a-boo fashion. The night was too much like Sue said it would be. The men greatly preferred Sophia who was almost constantly on the dance floor while Chris would be sipping her drink or dancing with Sophia’s rejects. Sophia was having a ball and Chris was despondent.

Chris’s self-esteem was shattered. Sub-consciously she reasoned, “I’m not worth anything so why shouldn’t I let men take me to bed.” For the next thirty days, Chris would sleep with anything in pants provided they were young and good looking. Some were married; others were low-income losers and several of those were black. Most were one night stands and she didn’t see them again. One night she took three young black men home where they repeatedly fucked her in various positions including in her mouth and ass.

Finally, after about a month, Chris started putting her act together. She was learning that, for herself at least, one-night stands and sex without love or commitment did not leave her happy. Chris had learned an essential lesson about what is important. Chris wanted Donald back and she would be willing to do *whatever it takes* to get him back. If she could only find him before it is too late. So far the D.A. had been unable to locate him.

**Donald Meets an Auburn Hair Beauty—Chapter 9**

When I arrived in Norman, Oklahoma, I rented a furnished room from an elderly lady about three miles from the campus of the University of Oklahoma. The room had an inexpensive microwave oven and small refrigerator. The bathroom was a few feet down the hall. For the first week, I familiarized myself with Norman and the University campus. Without a car, I did a lot of walking.

I found a place where men went for day labor jobs. Although, mostly minimum wage, I thought this was ideal since identification was seldom necessary. Most of the men were transients. I discovered it was necessary to show up early if you hoped to be hired. After several days, I was hired for a day by a local rancher that raised quarter horses and quickly discovered the value of work-gloves. At noon, I showed him my blistered hands and asked if it was alright if I just worked a half-day. I told him I lived close and would walk home. He was nice and told me I needed to wear gloves. He told me that if he had realized my hands were so soft he would have given me a pair to wear.

I bought work-gloves and stayed away a couple of days to let my blisters disappear. For the next several days, I was passed over for men that were bigger and stronger. Then the rancher arrived again needing someone to clean stalls. I told him that I realized I wasn’t as big and strong as most of the others but that I really needed the job and while my needs should not be a factor, I would make it worth his while by donating my time for the second day.

He said, “Okay, hop in the cab.” Then he said, “I see you bought some work-gloves.”

I replied, “Yes sir that is a lesson I don’t need to be taught twice.” At the end of the day he paid me and I said, “Since I live so close, I will walk home.”

The next day I arrived at 7:30 a.m. and continued cleaning stalls. At 1:00 p.m. I saw this young lady walking through the stable. When she reached my stall, I said in French, “Mademoiselle, I have truly been blessed by this opportunity to gaze upon such an auburn-haired beauty. You have truly brightened my day.”

She replied in French, “Thank you monsieur it is a nice day.”

“You speak French?” I said. “Mademoiselle, please forgive me, had I of known that you understand French, I would not have dared to be so forward.”

She smiled and said, “Don’t be sorry. A lady never minds a nice compliment.” Then she asked, “Who are you?”

“I’m Donald. I am a day laborer.”

“What are you doing here?”

“I’m cleaning stalls.”

“I can see that, but why are you here?”

“Your father, I presume, hired me. I am just fulfilling my obligation.”

“How could he have hired you? He left early this morning for an auction.”

“He hired me yesterday. He already paid me in full. I am just working to fulfill the terms of our verbal contract.”

“Daddy paid you in advance?”

“Well yes and no. He paid me for working yesterday. Today I am donating my labor in consideration of his hiring me for yesterday in accordance with our agreement.” She gave me this funny look and walked back to her house.

A couple of hours later her father returned home and a few minutes after that she returned with her father. “Young man, my Patricia tells me you are donating your work today. Is that right?”

“Yes Sir! It is like I explained yesterday. Probably because I am not as big and strong as many of the day laborers I am not being selected for work. So far you are the only one that has hired me. I find it rather depressing to show up early each day and then just returning home to be idle. If I am going to pay rent and buy food, I desperately need to work to earn money. If offering to work two days for one day’s pay will help get me work then that is far preferable to not working at all.”

“Young man, I have always agreed with the saying, “Don’t look a gift horse in the mouth,” but I don’t feel right about taking someone’s labor and not paying him.”

“Sir, per my verbal offer that you appeared to accept, I have already been paid. Certainly, I consider it unethical to do less than what I agreed. Of course I do not wish to cause you any anxiety if you are not comfortable with the situation. But absolutely, I am not attempting to coerce or suggest that you should make additional payment. Because, I assure you, I would not trade my honor and integrity for a few dollars.”

“Have you been in an institution or are you wanted by the law for anything?” he asked.

“No sir and I can also assure you that I have never been in an institution or in trouble with the law. I have never been arrested, except, for a couple of citations for minor traffic violations, a few years back when I had a driver’s license. The worst crime I ever committed was when I was thirteen and I learned a valuable lesson that crime doesn’t pay.”

“What happened?” he asked.

“I was in the eighth grade in a small town. I removed the access panel on some ventilation ducking leading to girls’ locker room and showers. I did manage to get a slight view. However, the maintenance people replaced the panel and I couldn’t get out. The school closed for the night, it got dark. I was scared and got so thirsty, and I needed to pee so badly. I was afraid I was going to die. When I didn’t return home after school my parents got frantic and eventually called the law. When the school reopened the next day, I had crawled back up to a vent in the girl’s locker room. Finally, a girl came in and I cried, Help.” Of course, everyone was relieved to find me. I was so a pathetic—scarred out of my wits and crying. They printed the story in the local paper—my parents were mortified and you can only imagine the joking I had to endure. Otherwise, other than the scolding I received from my parents, the only penalty was detention after school for a month.”

Both father and daughter were laughing. His daughter (I heard her father call her Patricia) said, “Daddy, it’s adorable. Can I keep it?”

The father ended up giving me a job for $300 a week on a week’s trial basis. I talked him into hiring me as an independent contractor—I would set my own schedule and method. He would provide general guidelines. This avoided withholdings and employee taxes. On the W-9 under Taxpayer Identification Number, I wrote “*Applied For*.” I paid a transit some money and opened a non-interest, business checking account as “Don’s Services.” The transit provided the bank with identification and SSN and I provided a computer generated signature. Using a pin number, I could withdraw cash from an ATM. As a result, the rancher could pay me by check leaving no identification trail to me. I gave my last name as Smith instead of Smyth. At least for a few months, I did not intend for Chris or anyone else to be able to find me.

The rancher only expected me to work thirty plus hours a week. I worked fifty, up to ten hour each day including Saturdays. I would feed and water horses, clean stalls, do light maintenance and wash and wax their vehicles. On my own, I would find the things that needed to be done and I made sure I was not idle. Except for noon and lunch, whenever I needed a break I would work on the activity report that I submitted at the end of each day. I was handling all the minor details that, otherwise, he would have to deal with so he kept me on.

They had a small 750 square foot house that had been trashed by a previous ranch hand. It was basically sound and looked much worse than it was. It was livable so I talked the rancher into letting me live in and I would pay him $100 a week in rent, the same as my current rent. Instead of paying him, however, I asked that I use the rent to buy materials to make repairs. I would furnish receipts and my labor would be free and on my own time. Altogether, the cost of the material for the repairs would be about $2,600 and then the place would really be nice. And my labor would be worth more than twice that. After a week he could see the value of my efforts so he just went ahead and paid for all the materials. Two weeks later when I was about two thirds completed, he was extremely pleased with how much improvements he was seeing and told me he was lowering the rent to $50 per week and to consider it a raise.

From the time I first saw Patricia. I decided I was in love. I knew she was not interested in a day laborer. However, if I could keep surprising her in most unusual ways that were not unpleasant and often amusing and beneficial then I would perk her interest. I would be a puzzle she would want to solve. That was the reason I spoke French. Just to be around her is the reason I got the rancher to give me a job and the reason I work so many hours. The pay was secondary.

Fall semester started and Patricia begin classes as a senior at O.U. I would often talk to the rancher’s wife, Mrs. Keller, for a few minutes. She is a very nice lady and before long she seemed to trust and have full confidence in me. One afternoon I was talking to her when Patricia arrived home not too happy. “What the matter dear?” Mrs. Keller asked.

“I may have to drop Calculus II. It’s too hard,” Patricia responded.

“Perhaps I can help,” I suggested.

“How could a damn day laborer know anything about Calculus?” Patricia spat.

“Be nice dear,” Mrs. Keller admonished.

“I gave Patricia my most dejected and hurt look and said, “Obviously we day laborer’s cannot be expected to have the intellectual capacity of nobility like you. However, sometimes we do by chance pick up tidbits of useful information. And, in any event, there is no dishonor in working even if it does not require your high level of intelligence. I don’t see how it would hurt for you to at least show it to me.” I knew Patricia would know better than to belittle the work of lower level people.

“Oh, don’t get your feeling hurt. I didn’t mean it. I am just being a bitch.”

“So will you let me look?” I implored.

“Oooh!” Patricia said with a sigh. “You won’t understand it but you can look,” Patricia replied as she handed me the Calculus book and the composition tablet containing the problems she had been working on.

“You are right, I am sure it is far too complicated for me to understand. However, if you will forgive me for being presumptuous, I can imagine some suggestions that might be helpful. I can imagine that you should be sure and add the constants for the answer to indefinite integrals.”

She gave me another of her funny looks and said, “Oh, that’s right I forgot.”

“Then this next problem. I can imagine that it would be very simple to integrate if you set is up using polar instead of Cartesian coordinates. Also, on the next problem, I can imagine that if you used the trig substitution of x=5tanθ, it would be very easy to work. And finally, on your answer to this problem you worked, I can imagine that when you integrate x to some power such as n that you would divide by n+1 rather than n.”

“How can you possibly know all that?” Patricia questioned as she gave me the strangest look.

“Now of course you realize that I could not possible know. However, I can imagine that I do and that my suggestions are valid. Anyway, I have taken enough of your time and I need to get back to work.” As I walked away I knew I was leaving a very befuddled autumn haired beauty.

Chris went up to her room and, and using my suggestions, worked and corrected the problems. After a half hour or so, she came downstairs and asked, “Mother, how would a day laborer know calculus?”

“I don’t know dear. Maybe he is just good at math.”

“Well I would say he is very good! I spent over an hour trying to work those problems and Donald tells me how to work them after a couple of minutes. He even found my mistakes. I think that is bizarre.”

A couple of days later the autumn hair beauty approached me while I was working in the stable and said, “Okay, smarty-pants! If you are so smart, tell me is the summation of sin(1/n) divergent or convergent?”

“Of course I would not presume to know what such big words even mean. However, I can imagine you would solve it by comparison. That is comparing sin(1/n) to 1/n and that if you took the limit of sin(1/n)/(1/n) as n approaches infinity that the limit would be 1. Therefore for example, if the summation of 1/n is divergent, whatever that means, then the summation of sin(1/n) is also divergent.”

“Oh, I see. Thanks.”

The next Thursday morning before leaving for classes, Patricia found me and asked, “I have a calculus exam Monday so are you going to help me study for it and cut out the imagine crap. I don’t know how but I know damn well you know calculus.”

“Auburn hair beauty, for the ecstasy of being able to gaze upon your loveliness and helping you study for an exam, I would walk barefoot through snow—crawl through briars and rattlesnakes,” I replied.

“Silly, I’m not asking you to do that and it’s not a date, you are just helping me study,” she admonished.

“Let me borrow you calculus book today and show me what sections the exam covers and we can study all day Saturday, let’s say 9:00 a.m. until whenever, if it is okay with your father.”

“That will be okay, but Saturday night I’ve got a date.”

“Saturday morning and afternoon should be adequate, and if not, I can come over early Sunday afternoon,” I replied.

Saturday morning at 9:00 a.m., I arrived and we settled at the kitchen table. “Patricia,” I said. “I made a list of integration and series problems and numbered them 1 through 40. There are many others but, at this level, they shouldn’t be on the exam. I have also made 240 flash cards, each with one of the types of problems. Working calculus is mostly recognizing which type the problem is. That is the difficult part. Usually, when you select the right approach, the solution is simple. Once I know you can recognize the problem and select the appropriate number for the type then we will work several problems of each type to make sure you can solve them.

“At first recognition may seem difficult. But then it is like a light turns on and it’s easy. I will be showing you certain little tricks to help you recognize the type and to simplify solving the problems. When you don’t select the correct number, I will tell you the correct number and show you why.”

Over an hour and 200 flash cards later Patricia said, “This is so hard, I’ll never get it.”

“Patricia, in the first 100 you guessed correctly 26. You got 41 correct out of the next 100. That is almost a 60 percent improvement so don’t give up. You are learning. However, I think we could take a breather and give your brain a rest.” By 4:00 p.m. Patricia had an 85% recognition rate and could work most of the different types of problems. However, she was exhausted and felt like her brain was fried so we agreed to call it a day and I would return Sunday at 2:00 p.m.

Sunday, I reinforced her memory with the flash cards and had Patricia to work a couple of problems of each type. When I left, I felt she basically knew the material for her calculus exam. While I was there Patricia told me her two year old laptop had quit working. I talked her into letting keep it for a couple of days to see if I could fix it. I found that it would not boot because some of the system files were missing or corrupted. I reinstalled her Windows 7 operating.

One of her folders was named “Photos” and the files were password protected. I was curious and was able to get the password “SUMMER1.” There were several photos of her in scanty lingerie. Also, a nude of her setting on her bed and propped up by her arms behind her. The bed was made up and I could see the color and design of her bedspread. I could also see her flowery wallpaper in the background. Her legs were straight and slighted parted. Her hair was pulled forward mostly hiding her face. I just couldn’t resist. I would do an oil painting of her nude setting in a field of flowers, matching her wallpaper with her setting on a blanket that would look just like her bedspread. I would title it “One Summer Day;” a take-off of her password. Instead of all hair covering all of her face, I would have one strand of hair down one side of her face. Of course the nude would leave no doubt even to the shape of her navel and the location of a tiny mole.

I returned her laptop Tuesday morning and asked if I could take some photos to use to paint an oil painting of you. “You paint too?” she questioned and gave me another of her funny looks.

“Just a hobby.” I had her to wet her lips, pull a strand of hair down one side of her face, and to give me a sexy look while I took several photos.

Saturday, she asked if had a nice suit to wear. I replied that I did and went inside to get a suit for her to inspect. She didn’t have a date for Saturday and had been invited to a party at someone’s house. It would be mostly young to middle age single and married professionals. She told me to be ready at 7:30 p.m. She told me when we got there to mind my manners and not do anything to embarrass her. I assured her that my behavior would be perfect for her crowd. She gave me a questioning look but said, “Okay.”

When Patricia picked me up, I had dressed in a more expensive suit. She recognized that my $1,000 suit and alligator shoes were very expensive and asked how I could afford them. I told her sometime people donate to Goodwill very expensive clothes that they only have worn once or twice and you can get excellent bargains. She looked at me kind of funny, like she didn’t really buy that, but didn’t say anything.

A few minutes after we arrived, Patricia left me standing to go socialize. Of course that was my kind of crowd so I fit right in. Perhaps too well for her liking when much later she appeared to think I was spending too much time with a young lady because she grabbed me and said, “We need to leave now.” I though her use of the word “We” indicated just a twinge of jealously so I was pleased.

Monday, before she left for classes, I told her I was almost finished with her oil painting. I told her I had used my imagination to take some artistic liberties and that in the afternoon, when she returned, I would give her a private unveiling and then we could mount the painting on her living room wall.

Patricia was beaming when she returned. She had made an 81 on her calculus exam, the second highest score except for the science and engineering majors. I asked her if she was ready for the unveiling of her painting. I had it mounted on a stand in the cabin I was renting from her father. When I removed the cloth she turned three shades of red. Almost immediately she knew and stated accusingly, “You broke into and copied my files!”

“Only the ones in the Photos folder. I just couldn’t resist but I didn’t look at your document folder. The only copy I have is on this mini CD.” I took it out of my shirt pocket and held it up.

“Give me that,” she stated forcefully as she grabbed it. “Are you sure, this is the only copy?”

“Absolutely, I promise, I would never lie about that.”

Seemingly relieved, she broke into a smile and said, “You wicked, wicked man. And we are certainly not mounting this painting in the living room.”

“I have a suggestion. It is an oil painting. Using water soluble paint, I will paint on a bikini. It will only take a couple of hours, Then as a painting, it will not be too risqué to mount in your house and it should be exciting to have a painting and know that all someone would have to do is use a brush and water to remove the bikini and restore all of your beauty. And it will be our secret.”

“Patricia thought for a moment. Then she had this sly smile and said, “Donald, you are so naughty. Okay--maybe, but don’t you dare tell anyone.”

For the next four weeks Patricia dated a young engineer. I was disappointed because, although she would speak to me, she was not being as friendly. The engineer was helping her with calculus so she didn’t need me. I kept hoping they would part and go their separate ways.

In the meantime Chris had stopped sleeping around. She met a 36 year old divorced architect and started going out with him. He seemed to be real considerate and didn’t press. On the third date she allowed him to get her top off and feel and kiss her boobs, but prevented him from going further. He didn’t push the issue and when he left he tried to avoid showing disappointment. However, Chris got depressed when he didn’t call again. What Chris was learning is, when you approach thirty, if you give it away they don’t value it and lose interest, and if you don’t put out, they don’t call back. A few days later, to cheer herself up, she got dressed and went to have a couple of drinks at the club of a local hotel. It was a quite club, soft music and a small dance floor. The club was about a third full with mostly men, and a few women, at tables and bar.

Chris sat at the bar and ordered a drink. Shortly a 19 year college student asked her to dance. After a couple of slow dances, he led her over to table with a couple of other college buddies—a sophomore and a junior. Chris was feeling good that she had the attention of three young handsome college students. After a couple of drinks she accepted their invitation see the motor home they had parked outside. Because of their young age, Chris felt safe, plus she was turned on.

Before long they were playing strip poker. Soon Chris lost all her clothes. Then when she lost she would sit on the lap of the winner through the next hand. However, since the young men still had clothing on, if they lost they could still shed an article of clothing. At one point when Chris lost, the winner only had on his boxer shorts. Chris was sitting on his lap facing forward. The young man freed his hard dick and started rubbing it on Chris’s pussy. Soon he got her to lift up and sit back down impelling his hard cock deep into her pussy. As he started fucking her, the other two cheered them on.

Chris hadn’t climaxed when the young man shot his cum into her pussy. Chris needed it bad so she willingly laid back and spread her legs and allowed the next young man to climb between her legs and fuck her. Chris started yelling, “Yes, yes, oh yes,” and both she and the young man climaxed. Within another hour or so all three young men had fucked and one of them had fucked her twice. They then told her they had to go so Chris got dressed, walked to her car and drove home.

Chris knew she would never see the young men again and, even if she did, they would not be interested in her. Somehow, even though it was consensual, Chris felt used—that she was just a receptacle for their semen. This left her even more depressed and even further damaged her self-esteem.

Chris was angry at men in general. “They are all just inconsiderate bastards,” she thought. Later Chris decided that the last fuck session was just a relapse and she was determined not to allow herself to be fucked until she was convinced the man was serious and at least not on the first three dates. If not putting out, meant he would not come back then good riddance. She didn’t need him. Many attractive men with good jobs were interested in Chris but they were over thirty and usually divorces and paying child support. Chris wanted a sexy guy her age or even younger; the kind she could have married at age twenty. However, for a long-term relationship, they wanted and could get someone younger.

When Chris was in college, she recalled numerous times that she could have gotten married without first fucking the young man. In college, Chris wasn’t a virgin and for several young men she did put out. Regardless, she knew that she had many opportunities to get married whether or not she put out. She held out on Donald until they were engaged and he would have married her whether she first went to bed with him or not. Whatever Chris had then, she wanted it back. However, eight years makes a difference, especially for women.

Chris recognized that she wanted Donald back and what a fool she was to let him get away. Chris thought to herself, “So what if she could control Donald and he would do almost anything for her. What’s so bad about that?” Chris knew that all Donald wanted was to be sexually dominated at times. Donald would have been happy if she had tied him up, gave him very light spankings and fucked him while she was on top. And perhaps, ordered him to wear a dress and serve her. “What’s so difficult about that,” she asked herself.

Chris realized it was foolish to first be so damn reluctant and then to go so far overboard. If only Donald will just give her another chance. Chris knew that if she could only get Donald to talk to her, to go to bed with her and make love, she could win him back. That is, if she can do it before he falls in love for some sweet young thing. Chris knows the D.A. has been searching for Donald. If only Donald can be found before it is too late.

Finally, for whatever reason, Patricia and the young engineer stopped dating and shortly after that she asked my help with her calculus homework.

After helping her do her calculus homework, Patricia thanked me and remarked, “It’s a shame you can’t with this other course.”

“What course is it?”

“Management 5312—New Venture Development and Small Business Management. We have to choose something and write a feasibility study and business plan. That will be 40% of our grade and I haven’t even come up with a selection yet.”

“Patricia, I can imagine that I could help. Will you let me try?”

“Donald, it’s a graduate level course, even some of the graduate students find it difficult. You are not even allowed to take the course until you are a senior. You couldn’t possibly know how to help. I shouldn’t have mentioned it.”

“It wouldn’t hurt to let me try.”

“There are all kinds of research you have to do. You wouldn’t even know how to use the University library.”

“Our high school had a library.”

“High school library,” she spat. “That’s hardly the same thing.”

“Just let me try. Just name the time and place and I’ll be there. If I can’t help, it won’t take long to find out so let me try please—pretty please.”

“Okay smarty pants. I guess you need to find out for yourself. Meet me in front of the OU library at 10:00 a.m. Saturday.”

“I’ll be there with a couple of ideas.”

“This is so stupid. I don’t know why I let you talk me into it.”

Saturday, walking to the library, Patricia met Sally, another student in her class. “Have you started you project yet, Sally asked?”

“I’m heading to the library to meet Donald. He is a day laborer and employee of my father. He thinks he can help.”

“You’re joking?” Sally asked.

“Actually I’m not! Have you ever heard anything so ludicrous?”

This would be interesting so Sally tagged along. Arriving at the library, Patricia said, “Sally this is Donald. Okay smarty pants, have you any ideas?”

“Yes, I have the preliminary outlines for couple of ideas. I was here last night so I have already been working on them for several hours. One is a combination upscale dress shop and providing makeovers. There is a textbook in the Management section by Alan Walker with a feasible study and business plan based on a location in the San Francisco area. So that would be the easiest. All that is necessary would be to change certain parameters to adapt it to another area; for example, Oklahoma Cit. The textbook uses a formula derived from the specific parameters using the San Francisco demographics. I have analyzed that formula and derived a general formula and so all that is necessary is to find and investigate the demographics for another city and use those specific values.

“The other plan would be far more difficult. However, I think it might have a more practical application. Patricia, there is a section and a half available next to your ranch for $1,200,000. Acquiring the land will allow your family to build a track and expand into raising and training thoroughbreds. Assuming your father’s financial situation is adequate, and I am almost certain it is, I believe we can develop a terrific feasibility study and business plan.”

I handed Patricia, the initial work for the two plans, about twenty pages total and said, “While you look it over I’ll go get the textbook I mentioned for the first plan.” The girls looked them over and when I returned with the textbook, Sally asked, “You did this?”

“Yes.”

“And you are a day laborer?”

“Yes.”

“And out of the tens of thousands of books in the library, you just happened to find this one book that even I didn’t know about and you just happened to open it to the right pages?

“Something like that.”

“And frogs have wings!!” Sally stated empathically.

“Sally, I assure you I am a day laborer and ranch hand for Patricia’s father. Now I just happen to know that Professor Brown used to teach at Princeton and taught a similar course using this textbook. So using the first plan will be adapted work, and while that is acceptable, he will give more credit for original work such as the second option. Anyway, if you like either plan, I think we need to get to work. If not, I hope you will allow me make another suggestion or two before giving up on me because, if I can, I would like to help. So, Sally and Patricia, what do you think?”

“Just happen to know, huh? Sally asked. I didn’t even know that Professor Brown had taught at Princeton, let alone used this textbook. Patricia, you are putting me on about Donald. A ranch hand could not know all this unless you told him.”

“Sally, I didn’t tell him. I didn’t know that either. Donald, what I want to know is just who in the Hell are you?” Patricia asked.

“Well, auburn hair beauty, you know who I am since I have been working for your father for the last couple of months. I am just a day laborer and ranch hand.”

“Just why are you working for my father?”

“I need the money so I can pay rent and buy food.”

“You could make more money with a lot less effort working at some fast food place so why do you keep working for my father. And don’t you dare give me any of your bullshit.”

“Well, I’ll admit that I might find certain appeal working for your father that I would not have working elsewhere.”

“Explain.”

“Patricia, I find it hard to put into words without bordering on showing a lack of decorum.”

“You mean you want to get in my pants,” Patricia said making Sally giggle.

I could feel myself flush. I know I must have turned red and I said, “Patricia, you are embarrassing me. I would never suggest such a thing.”

“Donald, you are so transparent. I have know every since you first spoke to me in French that you wanted to get into my pants. But I have never minded your clever and veiled insinuations since I knew I could trust you to never blatantly come on to me. Now, don’t get me wrong, I enjoy our little games and your sly clever scheming. But I can’t in good conscience keep leading you on. Surely, you must know that I would never get involved with a farm hand. Although, you are not just a day laborer and farm hand, are you?”

“Auburn hair beauty, I know that you would never settle for just a farm hand. I may be a laborer but I am not simple minded. However, that does not mean I cannot appreciate your beauty and a platonic relationship. Also, hypothetically, should I be able to introduce you to a friend about 28, 5’10”, 150 lbs that scored 34 on the ACT, I.Q. of 143, MBA from Princeton graduating #3 in his class and with a standing offer for a $120,000 per annum job then perhaps you might not be totally unreceptive to my hypothetical friend.”

Both girls looked at me, at each other, then back at me. Finally, Patricia said, “And no doubt he would be an amateur artist and speaks French.”

“Speaking hypothetically, it could be,” I replied. Anyway, don’t you think we have spent enough time on these improbable hypotheticals and that we should work on your project?”

Both girls wanted to give me the third degree but I parried their questions. I wanted Patricia to think about it for a while. So, they agreed to work on the projects. Patricia agreed to let Sally have the first choice while she took the second. Mostly I worked and directed the work for Patricia’s project while Sally worked on her project. However, Sally asked quite a few questions that I answered. At 12:30 p.m. we went to the student union to eat. At 2:00 p.m. Sally left. I told her that if she had any questions that she could contact me through Patricia since I don’t have a phone. Patricia and I worked for another two hours before calling it a day.

**Donald Reveals All & Proposes to Patricia—Chapter 10**

Patricia, said, “I’ll give you a ride home.” She stopped at Chili’s and we ordered salads and margaritas. “We need to talk,” she said. Patricia told me that the hypothetical person I described may not be ideal since he is not 24, 6’-0”, 175 lbs and athletic. However, for her ideal person she would have to compete with the pompom girls and cheerleaders and she is just a little below their league. So yes, she would at least date the hypothetical person. She said, “I want to get married and have a family. I know I am at the peak of my desirability and in three or four years I will have to settle for men I have turned down and I don’t want to settle.”

Patricia told me that she has gotten marriage proposals without putting out but many of the men she really wants to marry stop asking when she doesn’t. She said, “I’m not impossible but I’m not easy. Donald, you have hung around for two months without so much as holding hands, except for a couple of dances, and I think I know why. That work we have been doing today. I couldn’t have done that on my own. You could teach that course, so you are not just a day laborer and I want to know what’s going on.”

“Well people a little older do have life experiences and sometimes, just by chance I happened to learn tidbit of information that may make it appear I know more than I do.”

“Donald, cut out the bullshit,” she ordered. “I want some straight answers and don’t give me any more of your damn evasiveness.”

“Okay, but first I need to know that you can handle the truth. Can you take viewing or reading about x-rated and kinky sex?”

“Donald, I’m 21 years old and I been raised on a ranch. I am not naive little girl.”

“Can you handle reading about descriptions of possible torture and sexual mutilations?”

“Have you been tortured and mutilated?” she asked with concern.

“Well not much and nothing really harmful but I had a couple of close calls that would have been extremely horrible.”

“Then I can handle it. Is there anything else?” she asked.

“Just one more thing. I want your promise that you will give me a full hour. I don’t want you to say, ‘I’ve heard enough’ and leave after a few minutes and before I have been able to present the full story.”

“I can agree to that.” Patricia was practically dying to hear Donald’s deep dark secrets.

“I hope you are not afraid to come inside with me. That is where my laptop and documents are.”

“Donald, I am not afraid of you.” Patricia replied.

When we arrived at my cabin I said, “You know that hypothetical person I described. That’s me.”

“I knew it,” she exclaimed. “I just knew it.”

“When I quit my $120,000 a year job, I told them I had some personal problems to resolve and they told that I would still have a job when I got them resolved. Patricia, in any event, I have had other offers. I can assure you that, when I choose, getting a job with a comparable salary will not be a problem.”

Once inside I told her that I was married and had asked my wife to file for divorce and I handed Patricia a copy of the letter and legal documents I had my attorney to deliver to my wife. I explained “Fantasy Weekend” and that all I really wanted was for my wife to take control. Perhaps tie me up and blindfold me and at times to order me to serve her wine and other minor tasks. And, if I was disobedient, she should give me very light spankings. I said I didn’t want any real pain. But, that I allowed my wife carry it to the extreme. I told her about the black men and asked her to read the description of how my wife intended to get them to neuter me.

I told her about the gay men that she had invited to torture, neuter and mutilate me and I asked her to read the emails between Chris and the gay men and to also read the descriptions of what they planned. The descriptions caused Patricia’s face to lose its color. I showed her the report from the detective agency describing all the men that Chris was having sex with during the first month after I left, including the photos at the Hilton Inn. I had edited the videos, of her liaisons with men at the house to ten minutes showing just enough to establish that Chris did have sex with them. I said, “If you have any doubt, I can show you the videos with the hard-core sex.”

Afterwards, I said, “Patricia, quitting my job and running doesn’t make much sense. After reading what my wife had planned with the two sadistic gay men, I just panicked and ran. Then by the time I had calmed down, I had met an auburn hair beauty and well, sometimes you have much higher priorities.”

“Donald, is that your way of saying that you want to marry me?”

“Auburn hair beauty, I am in love with you. If you will have me, I’ll marry you in a heartbeat and I want to make love with you so bad I can taste it.”

“Donald, this is too much all at once. And I don’t date married men. Perhaps I would consider it after you are divorced. I could do worse but, the truth is, I want to marry someone that has never been married.”

“But you will think about it? And, if you can’t say “Yes” say “Maybe.”

“I don’t know. Well, okay then, maybe! I need some time to think about it. Then perhaps one day next week we’ll talk.”

“Patricia, if you are willing talk that is all I could expect. Here, take this CD. It contains the letter, documents, e-mails, the descriptive files, the video I showed you, and a narrative of everything I told you.”

Her parents were watching TV when Patricia went inside. “Mother, daddy, we need to talk. Donald asked me to marry him and I told him I would think about it.”

“Dear, Donald is a nice young man but how can you even consider marrying some ranch hand?” her mother said.

“That’s what we need to talk about. He is a little more than that. He has an MBA from Princeton—top of his class. He was married. His real name is Donald Smyth. He left his wife everything and quit a $120,000 a year job.”

Patricia told her parents that twice a month Donald and his wife were into kinky sex. His wife went too far and Donald thinks she was trying to have him neutered. Patricia omitted many of the details but she did print and give them a copy of Donald’s letter to his wife.

The next day, Patricia’s mother decided she wanted to hear Chris’s version. Donald and Chris were listed so she got the number from information. Chris was overjoyed to receive the phone call and to hear that Donald was all right. She burst into tears when told Donald has proposed to Patricia and was so thankful that Patricia hasn’t accepted. She said she would do anything to get Donald back.

After making a reservation, Chris called Mrs. Keller back and said there was an early morning flight to Oklahoma City arriving the next morning at 9:45 a.m. and she would be on it. It is almost an hour drive from the Oklahoma City airport to Norman so Mrs. Keller said that she and her husband would pick her up at the airport. Patricia wanted to meet Chris and would cut her last class to be home at noon.

On the way home from the airport, Chris made a very good impression on the rancher and his wife. I was working in the stables and didn’t see them go into the house. Chris helped Mrs. Keller in the kitchen to prepare lunch. When Patricia arrived she and Chris met. Chris evaluated her competition and knew that Patricia could win if she wanted to. During lunch they talked with only light probing. Chris volunteered and helped clean the table and wash dishes. Chris knew Donald and understood why he would fall for Patricia.

When the dishes were put away and everyone was together Chris said, “Patricia, you are young and beautiful. You can have almost anyone you want. Please, don’t take Donald away from me.”

“I told Donald I don’t date married men and I won’t. Unless he gets divorced, I will not even consider getting involved.”

“Please, don’t even give him any hope; I don’t want to lose him. I will do anything—anything at all—whatever it takes.”

“Chris, I want you to know, I would never do anything to break up a marriage but it is not up to me, it is Donald’s choice and I believe he is determined to get a divorce, whether I am in the picture or not. My God, Chris, first, you tried to get him neutered by those black ex-convicts and then you tried to get him neutered, tortured and mutilated by those two God awful homos. What do you expect him to do?”

“I just didn’t know. I’m not some kind of monster. When I found out I was furious and went to the D.A. I got those ex-cons arrested on parole violations for carrying concealed weapons. They are back in prison. And I got those two sadistic homos arrested. They have been denied bail. I am going to testify against them and they are going to prison. I know I treated Donald awful, and unfortunately he let me, but I never intended for him to be harmed.”

“Even so, I know Donald’s very upset about all those men.”

“What do you mean?” Chris asked.

“Before he left, Donald hired a detective agency. They installed video cameras in your home. Not to mention the twins at the Hilton Inn.”

Christ burst into tears and starting wailing, “Oh God! No! I just went crazy. My God, I went crazy.” Chris was so pitiful. The rancher was uncomfortably embarrassed, his wife tried to comfort Chris and Patricia felt so sorry for her.

Finally, Chris calmed down a little and Mrs. Keller asked, “Would you like to speak to Donald?”

“Chris nodded and said, “But I must look a fright.”

While Mrs. Keller helped Chris wash and straighten up her face, Patricia went to get me. When Patricia and I walked into the living room, Chris made an attempt to hug me. I held out my arm and said, “Stay away, don’t touch me.”

“I just want to talk to you,” she replied.

“Chris, I left you the house, the car, and the money. What more do you want from me.”

“I just want you to come back home with me.”

“Damn Chris, you are out of your mind if you think I am going to allow you to torture and turn me into some God damn freak. Go find some ‘It’ that voluntary to have a sex change operation if you want a man turned woman for your bizarre sex games. I don’t understand how you could collaborate to inflict that level of abuse and torture on the lowest form of life, let alone another human being, even if it is a husband you clearly despise and find repulsive or whatever is going through your mind.”

“I don’t want that, I never wanted you to be harmed.”

“Oh Chris, I’m not stupid. I read you emails. I saw what you were planning to have done to me. How can you stand there and deny it. You must be living in some altered reality. If so, you need psychological help and I’m not qualified. Just take the house, money and car, and leave me be.”

“You can have it all back if you will just sit down and talk to me—please.”

“You will sign it all over to me?” I asked.

“Yes, just sit and talk to me first,” Chris replied.

“Yeah, sure, I thought so. I’m out of here.”

“No, please—Donald, wait—I’ll do it, I’ll do it. Just draw up the papers—I’ll sign them—please, please,” Chris sobbed as tears started running down her face.

“Chris, don’t cry, don’t cry,” I said as I threw up my hands. “I don’t care about the money. Here, sit down and we’ll talk. But, you keep your distance. I don’t want you touching me.” Looking at the rancher, I said, “I guess it is okay if we sit here and talk.” He just nodded. “Anyway, I’m listening, I don’t see how it can change anything but I will listen.”

“Donald, I know I treated you awful. I can’t explain it. Maybe I lost respect for you when you didn’t stop me from humiliating you and I guess I wanted to punish you because of it. I got into this group and let the master/slave thing get out of hand. I know I wanted to humiliate you, but, I promise, I never wanted you to be harmed. Pat just told me she would give you a safeword. She never told me what it was and I didn’t know she was going to invite those ex-con black men over.

“Also, I had never read that file, from those sadistic homos and, by itself, their email seemed benign. After you directed me to the proper places in your letter, I read the files and got furious. I went to the D.A. I got wired for sound. Those homos were arrested. They were denied bail. I am going to testify against them and they are going to prison. I also got those black ex-cons arrested. Now they are in prison. It was a good thing I came back when I did because, I believe, when the ex-cons returned they were going to castrate you regardless. Apparently, Pat prevented it the first time. Joyce put them up to and she has been arrested for conspiracy. Jake has been arrested for assault and Wayne is going to testify against him. Zelda may be charged with assault. The D.A. wants you to testify that you never consented to the nipple rings.

“There was a big write up in the paper about a sex ring and violence. A bunch of them are running scarred with many cutting deals to avoid prosecution and the Doms are afraid the slaves will turn and testify against them.

“Donald, I know I was wrong and I am sorry. I will do anything to make it up to you—whatever it takes. I promise; I will be the wife you want me to be.”

“Considering that you went to the D.A., you may be innocent of the attempted neutering, torture and mutilation. And as for the rest of the Dom/slave thing—you did carry it way too far, but it is partly my fault because I allowed it. Chris, if that is all it was, I would take you back. However, your feelings for me changed. The girl I married would never have humiliated me to such an extreme. So, let’s say I overlook Fantasy Weekends. Our agreement was that the other times would be our normal loving relationship. I remember our last ten days together. You hardly would let me touch me—let alone make love. The only exception was the night you made a date with the twins and that left you so horny you just used me to scratch your itch and it wasn’t love because afterwards you immediately avoided me by turning over and going to sleep.

“Chris, we geeks are very smart. We know all the demographics and statistics and have read all the books like ‘*Why There Are No Good Men Left*.’ However, I loved you and I wasn’t looking for greener grass. However, you were looking and you did look. Compared to more forceful men that you couldn’t control, I didn’t measure up and you thought you could do much better. No doubt, you found out otherwise. Now, the fact that you discarded me for greener grass, only to return when you find the grass was not so green is not easy for me to overlook. Now wait just a moment while I ask Patricia a question.

“Patricia, I want to take the liberty to talk about you with Chris. Now what I say about you will be complimentary but I wanted to give you an opportunity to leave and not hear it.

“I think I would rather hear,” she replied.

“Chris, three month ago, if I had seen this auburn hair beauty, other than an admiring glance, I wouldn’t have given her another thought because I loved you and was totally committed to you and our marriage. However, now I will divorce you. I made that decision when I left. Patricia was not then and she is not now a factor in that decision. If I had never met this auburn hair beauty, I would still divorce you. However, when we are divorced I plan to pursue Patricia, provided she will allow me to date her. She is young and beautiful. I know she wants to get married and have children. And, unlike you, I don’t think she would mind having a husband that she can twist around her finger as long as she loves him and he loves her. She has her parents as a pattern. Patricia’s father will do anything for his wife. That may give her a quiet confidence but they love each other and she never does anything to abuse her power and disrespect her husband. It would be the same if I were married to Patricia.

You, on the other hand, abused your power. You were giddy with power and humiliated me. So compared to Patricia, or someone like her, you come up second best and especially since she doesn’t have some of your baggage. Of course, I too carry extra baggage. If I was four years younger and had never been married I believe this auburn hair beauty would most definitely marry me but the extra years and a divorce makes it iffy. However, I am in love with this beauty and, if she will have me, I know she will make a wonderful and faithful wife and, in turn, I would be a faithful and committed husband. Once we are divorced, I will go for the gold. Also, I have an Ace I haven’t played. Big money—millions of dollars always makes a difference.”

“You don’t have millions of dollars,” Chris said.

I just smiled and said, “I haven’t played my Ace.” Patricia’s parents had an astonished look on their faces and Patricia was giving me another of her funny looks. I knew then that, once I was divorced, she would at least go date me.

“I might not give you a divorce.”

“Chris, Oklahoma is a no fault state and in our own state, adultery is grounds for divorce, so I can get a divorce; you might prolong it but that wouldn’t help your case.”

“Donald, we have been married for five years. For well over 90% of that time I have been a good faithful wife. Okay, I admit. For several months I did go crazy but don’t judge me on the five percent of the time that I was bad. I will be a good wife. I will do anything it takes. Just give me another chance.”

“Oh you are a she devil and you know how to pull my strings. My feelings toward Patricia are intellectual. We haven’t formed an emotional attachment. With you I still have a strong emotional bond. With my heart, all I want to do is to take you in my arms, kiss you and tell you everything is okay, and take you home and love you. However, my logic, and in time my logic always wins, says I would be a fool to do that.”

“Oh Donald, you will not be a fool. I will be a good wife. Please, just give me a chance.”

“Chris, I am open minded and I could overlook a number of sexual indiscretions. Also, when I left, perhaps you were no longer obligated to be faithful but all those men and many of them low class blacks. Then that one night and your gang bang when you took on all three of those trashy black men. My God, Chris; I don’t want to call you the ‘S’ word but, after all that, why in hell should I take you back?”

“I know what I did was wrong. I was lonely and wanted to be loved. I just went wild and crazy. But, I have learned what is important—you Donald.” Chris started crying and said, “Please, Donald, whatever it takes—I’ll do it. Please, let me have another change.”

I stood up and said, “I knew, it was a mistake—letting you talk to me. I am just a God damn pushover.” Then looking at Patricia, I asked, “Auburn hair beauty, what should I do.”

“Donald, you have every right to divorce her and no one would blame you if you do but I can’t make that decision for you,” Patricia replied.

Her mother spoke up and said, “I believe Chris is sincere. Jesus taught and believed in forgiveness so maybe you can also.”

“Okay Chris; but, this is the way it is going to be. No negotiation—if you don’t agree, just go home to the house, car and the money. First thing tomorrow morning we are going to the doctor and have you tested and examined for aids, genital herpes, or other incurable disease or permanent physical harm from rough sex. If positive, it is all your fault so I am not dealing with it. I’ll just divorce you. You will also take a pregnancy test. If you are pregnant, I’m out of here. I am not taking responsibility for some God damn black baby.”

“I’m on the pill,” Chris replied.

“Then in two week you will be tested again. After that, if you are still around, we will start holding hands and maybe some hugs; but no sex. You can stay in the front room and sleep on a cot. You don’t deserve the bedroom.

“Donald, I have to return or I will lose my job.”

“Absolutely—I agree. You know what is important,” I answered.

“No, I will stay. You are what’s important,” Chris stated emphatically.

“You will clean house, cook my meals, do laundry and iron my clothes. And you will do some of my work on the farm. You can clean stalls and step in horse manure. We will see if a high and mighty lady can humble herself to do menial work. This will go on for a month. Then you will have a final blood test and examination. If you pass that test, maybe I will let you share my bed again. I have been very happy here and you need to decide if you can be happy being the wife of a ranch hand.”

“You want to work on a ranch as a common laborer—what about you profession?” Chris asked.

“Why not? It is honorable work. And you will work with me. It’s plenty of exercise and no stress. But hey, if it is not your cup of tea, just go home.”

“How will we live,” Chris asked anxiously.

“The pay is not much but we’ll get by. Lots of people do,” I said adamantly.

Chris looked at me like I was out of my mind. This was almost too much. She was wavering. Then she said, “Okay, if this is what you want, I’ll do it.”

“And you will do whatever I tell you to do. If I want your opinion, I’ll ask; otherwise, what you think doesn’t matter. You wanted some damn husband to dominate you instead of a loving husband that would do anything for you. Now you are going to do things my way, so live with it.”

“Those are my terms. Take them or leave them. If I sense that you are unhappy with the terms or give me any sass, it’s over. I don’t recommend that you accept them. In fact, I would rather you just go home and keep what I left you. And anytime you decide you don’t like it just go home. Let me be free to pursue this auburn hair beauty. I may not be willing to do it for you, but for her I’m willing to work at my profession and make a lot of money in spite of the stress.”

“Oh God, Donald! I have read about people giving up everything for a simple life but I never thought you would. But, okay I’ll do it. I meant it when I said I will do whatever it takes.”

“Chris, go outside while I talk to Patricia and her parents.”

After I took Chris outside, I returned and said, “Patricia, Mr. and Mrs. Keller. I know I am being harsh on Chris and, although it may seem like it, I am not crazy. I’m doing this for a reason. In the Bible, Ruth said, ‘Entreat me not to leave you or to return from following you; for where you I will go, and where you lodge, I will lodge…’ That is the love I want from Chris. Now, I am torn between my emotions and logic. Logically, I would rather pursue Patricia or some other young lady. Emotionally, I am bonded to Chris. However, I have to be certain that she will be committed to me and our marriage.

“I know that once I start sleeping with her, she is going to twist me around her little finger and, when that happens, I don’t want her to decide that I am not the kind of husband she wants. I also know that you value things more highly that you really have to work for. I know if she is willing to do this for a month then she is committed to me and our marriage and I will gladly love and accept her. And I will treat her right and let things return to normal. I just have to be certain.

“Although, I intend to have Chris cleaning a few stalls, I don’t her getting blisters on her hands. So I am asking that you let Chris do domestic work, clean your house, do laundry and iron clothes.

“Patricia, I want to help you finish your feasible study and business plan. That is something I want to do for you. The reason will become apparent.”

It was two weeks later when I decided that likely Chris and I would get back together. Also, it had become apparent to me that Patricia was more reserved toward me and wanted a guy that is younger and never married so I decided to introduce her to a friend of mine.

“Patricia,” I said, there is a good friend I want you to meet. His name is Steve Jones, he is 23 and he is graduating from M.I.T. with a PhD in Computer Systems at the end of this semester. You may think I’m smart but he has a much higher I.Q. than I. He has the brains to win a Nobel Prize. He will probably invent some new procedure and make millions from his patents. He is already getting job offers in the $100,000 range. He can go anywhere, IBM, Microsoft, HP or teach at most any university. Now he is a very good person and would make a good husband and father. However, he is a geek, very shy, and is socially backwards, but that is mostly inexperience since middle school and high school girls are not interested in geeks. Also M.I.T. has low percentage of female students. I am certain that he would go bonkers for you. I also believe that if you two got together that you would treat him right. I don’t want him to get his high paying job and some predator woman take advantage of him. Now he is plenty good looking, he is just a little socially inept—that’s all. But you can handle that—you might have to choose his clothes and tell him what to wear, if you want him to wear the latest styles, since that is not the type of thing he thinks about. I believe you will like him. If you think you might be interested, I will contact him and ask him to email some photos?”

“I might be interested. I would at least like to see what he looks like.”

“Okay, may I use your phone?” Patricia nodded. “And tell Chris she can come back in now,” I said as I went to make a phone call.

After seeing his photos and getting acquainted in an initial three-way phone conversation with Steve and me, Patricia let me know that she was interested in Steve and of course I knew Steve would be interested in her. I told her she would need to take the initiative without being too aggressive. Otherwise, I told her, she would be an old maid if she waited on Steve to make a move. Patricia and Steve started emailing and talking on the phone every day.

After a few days Patricia, recorded a little video of herself dancing in a short, silk, baby doll, almost see-through lingerie. Patricia sent Steve the video as an attachment to an email that said: “Steve, although we haven’t actually met in person yet, I already like you and feel I know and trust you well enough to send this video. Maybe sometime later, I will feel comfortable enough to send you another video, wearing nothing at all. I do hope you can visit me soon.

“These are my dating rules. If I am dating someone I will let him kiss me and maybe cop a feel through my clothes. If I really like someone, I will allow more. That doesn’t mean I will allow him to get in my pants but, I might get in his. If I am engaged, I feel certain that I’ll sleep with him. Are my rules acceptable and do they seem reasonable to you? I want a truthful answer.”

In replying to the email, Steve said, “Patricia, thank you for the video. I loved it. You are so gorgeous. And yes, your dating rules are very reasonable and acceptable. Too, I would love to visit you and I wonder if I could fly down next weekend to visit and get better acquainted.”

Chris settled in and was, without much complaining, doing her domestic and outside chores. I had consented to sit and talk while holding hands, but I would not allow it to go further.

Patricia had agreed that Steve could fly down for the following weekend. After he arrived, Saturday afternoon they went horseback riding. That evening, they went to a club for drinks and dancing. Patricia went braless under her blouse causing Steve an almost constant hard-on during the slow dances. It was after 1:00 a.m. when they arrived home. Patricia took Steve to her room. He had the guest room down the hall.

Patricia said, “Steve I really like you so if you give me a good kiss, I will let you undo one button on my blouse.” Steve gave her a quick kiss. “You have to do better than that to earn the button,” she admonished. Steve, with Patricia’s encouragement, gave her a passionate kiss. She could feel his erection growing. “Steve that was great you have earned the button.

After Steve unbuttoned the top button, Patricia asked, “Do you want to earn another one?” Steve nodded. After the next kiss, she said, “Okay, but since I am not wearing a bra we better do the bottom button.” When she was down to just one remaining button, Patricia, said, “I think we had better stop, any further and I’ll be topless.” As she expected, Steve looked disappointed, so she asked, “Steve are you dating anyone else.”

“Steve shook his head and said, “No.”

“Do you want to be my one and only boyfriend?”

“I would like to be,” he replied.

“If I let you be my exclusive boyfriend will you agree that I will be your one and only girlfriend?”

“Yes, definitely yes.”

“Okay, I guess that means we are going steady, if you agree and that’s what you really want you can unbutton the last button and take off my blouse.” Slowly, and hesitantly, Steve started to comply. “It’s okay, I want you to,” she said. After Steve removed her blouse, Patricia kicked off her shoes, and started removing Steve’s shirt. Then she said, “Take off your shoes and lay in the bed next to me.” After a few minutes, Steve was kissing her face neck, navel and sucking on her titties and driving her wild. “Steve,” she said.

“Humm,” he replied.

“I want you to; however, you know that I can’t let you in my pants, don’t you.”

“I know,” he replied quietly.

“But, I can get in yours,” she replied energetically. “Turn over and lay on your back,” she ordered.

After Steve complied, Patricia sat up next to him and said, “First I will unbuckle this belt…and now this button. Next this zipper and off with your pants,” she exclaimed as she removed Steve’s pants. “Let me see what is causing that lump in your shorts…Off with them,” Patricia commanded as she stripped off him shorts leaving Steve completely naked. “Oh, wow, I have got to see this, she said as she very lightly caressed his erection with the tips of her fingers. “I think I will kiss it,” Patricia said as she lightly put her lips and tongue near the tip causing an involuntary throb. “It jumps, I think it likes that. Does it want some more?” Patricia asked looking at Steve with a sly smile.

“Humm! Oh yes,” Steve replied with an embarrassed grin.

Chris took the head of Steve’s throbbing cock into her mouth and sucked tasting his pre-cum. “Yummy, that tastes good. Can you give me some more,” she asked.

Steve looked sheepishly, nodded and said, “If you keep that up you might get a lot more.”

“How much more?” she asked.

“The text books say two to five cubic centimeters. Since it has been a while, I would say at least five cubic centimeters.”

“That sound like a lot. Let me start with one cubic centimeter.”

Steve laughed and said, “It is involuntary, it is not a valve that I can turn on and off. It is all or nothing.

Then I want to see. If I do this, can I see? Patricia asked as she started stroking his erect member with her right hand.

“Yes, I am already about to cum. Just do what you are doing for a little while longer.”

Patricia was setting at Steve’s side with her head above his waist so she could see when Steve starting squirting. The first gob hit her in the face before she quickly moved her head and the rest landed on Steve’s chest. She giggled and said, “My goodness, it goes all over the place,” as she wiped some off her face with her finger and put it on her tongue to taste. Hummn, it is a little salty and kind of fishy.

“It tastes okay except it leaves a slippery residue that is not too pleasant. It might be good with a coke. I think that would remove the residue. You know, it is not the same consistency, but the taste reminds me of caviar. I think it would be good with champagne. Yes, I believe that would be very good, caviar and champagne.”

“Patricia, you are amazing.”

“Was that five cubic centimeters that you squirted out? How much is a cubic centimeter?”

“That was probably five cubic centimeters. Five cubic centimeters is one teaspoon.

“Let me clean you up,” Patricia said as she used a handkerchief to wipe the remaining semen off Steve. “Can you do it again?”

“In a few minutes,” Steve answered

 “I don’t think we have any cold champagne but a coke should eliminate the residue taste. I will go down and get a coke. When I return, you provide the caviar and I’ll have caviar and coke. Then next time it will be caviar and champagne.”

“Okay,” Steve replied laughingly.

It took slightly over a minute for Patricia to go downstairs, get a coke and return. She sat down by Steve, took a drink of coke and said, “Good, I see it is big and hard again. I like that. Are you ready to give me more?”

“Uhmn, Uh-huh.” Steve replied shyly.

There was a drop of pre-cum on Steve’s hard dick. “Oh goody, I see some. Give it to me,” Patricia said, as she bent over and tasted it with her tongue. “That was good but I want more. Give me all of it,” she commanded as she took two inches into her mouth and started sucking. “Am I doing it right?” she asked.

“Yes, but please be careful with the teeth,” Steve asked pleadingly.

“Oh, okay…sorry,” Patricia replied. Patricia then continued sucking and started bobbing her head up and down.

After a couple of minutes, Steve started moaning. Hearing his moaning and feeling his pulsations, Patricia, stopped for a moment and said, “Steve I think you are about to give me your caviar. Now give it to me and don’t you dare hold any of it back.” Patricia ordered, as she resumed her sucking and bobbing her head, even more vigorously, causing Steve’s throbbing cock to shoot his cum into her mouth. She continued sucking and swallowing every last drop until Steve started going soft. She then drank some coke to remove the residue taste.

“God, you taste good. You taste better than chocolate. Have you got any more?” Chris asked with a grin as she looked into Steve’s eyes.

“Well, maybe later,” the flushed and beaming young man replied.

Patricia flopped down on top of Steve and as he wrapped his arms around her and held her tight, she said, “My God, Steve, I loved it. You are wonderful,” causing Steve to be euphoric with delight. After a few minutes, she said, “Steve, I have to send you to your room because, otherwise, I am afraid I will end up sleeping with you. A girl only has so much willpower to resists.” After Steve put on his shorts and was gathering up his clothes, she asked, “Steve did I do good? Are you pleased with your new steady girlfriend?”

“Patricia you are absolutely wonderful. I think you are perfect for me and I love you,” the pleased and happy young man replied.

“After Steve left to go to his room, the very horny young lady finished undressing and masturbated before blissfully going to sleep.

“The next morning Patricia’s mother noted, “You two seem very happy this morning.”

“Donald and I have agreed to go steady and not date anyone else, Patricia replied. After breakfast while driving Steve to the Airport, Patricia asked, “Steve would you be willing to do something for me?”

“Of course I would. What is it?”

“After you graduate will you see if you can get a job in Norman or Oklahoma City so we can be together more often?”

“I will see. I think I probably can. I may not make as much money but I don’t mind because I would much rather be with you.” That evening, Patricia made another video of herself dancing and emailed a copy to Steve. This time she was only wearing a towel that she let fall to the floor midway through the dance.

“The next morning, Patricia told Donald, “Steve is so easy.”

“Steve is a good person. Now be good to him and don’t you dare hurt him,” Donald replied.

“Oh, I will be good to him. I am going to marry him. I will be a good wife. I am what he needs and I am going to have his children. Steve doesn’t know it yet but he is going to ask me to marry him when I visit his family during Spring break.”

“You are sure Steve will ask?”

“Are peaches fruit? Does the sun rise in the East? I have made up my mind. I would never tell him but it’s not up to Steve. He doesn’t have a chance so, of course, he is going to ask me. I just have to give him the idea and let him know that it is okay to ask me. That’s all. You said Steve would go bonkers for me. You don’t know the half of it. Now, I love Steve so I am not going to abuse him or take advantage of him. Well, not too much; but, I can get Steve to anything I want him to. All I have to do is ask. Of course, when I want him to do something, I don’t mind letting him think it is his idea. Like when he proposes to me. I will let him, his family and friends, think that it is his idea to ask.”

“Well, congratulations in advance. Do you already know when are you are getting married?”

“In June after I graduate. I already started taking birth control pills so after he asks, and I accept, we are going to start sleeping together. That will be when I visit him and his family during Spring break.”

“Just be good to him and you two should be very happy together.”

“What about you and Chris, she seems happier lately. Are you two sleeping together yet?”

“Perhaps in a week, after the final test. I feel certain the tests will be negative. In the meantime, I am trying to be mean, tough and gruff, but I not sure she doesn’t see through it,” Donald replied.

“*I can promise that Chris sees through your tough act,”* Patricia thinks to herself but doesn’t tell Donald.”

“Donald, this business plan to expand our ranch into thoroughbred horses; do you really think it will work? I don’t think you will stay around to see it to completion.”

“Patricia, you have the business courses and Steve has the brains. You won’t need me. If you do, you can always get in touch and count on my help. Even if it doesn’t work out, Norman businesses are expanding in that direction. In ten years that section and a half will be worth over $3 million.

“While there is overlap, thoroughbred and quarter-horse owners are a different crowd. Thoroughbred owners associate with the governor and big money people. In ten years, I see you worth $10 million, standing in the winner’s circle with the governor and a horse you bred and have part ownership in. Your children will be very smart and attend the best private schools. You and your family need to implement this business plan. I know your father is cautious but, in the end, I believe he will do what you suggest.”

**Epilogue**

Patricia visited Steve and his family. She was a hit with his family. Steve asked Patricia to marry him and she accepted. They will be married in June after Patricia graduates. Steve accepted an offer of $80,000 from a company in Oklahoma City. He could have gotten much more but he wouldn’t sign over to a company his rights to his inventions. Steve and another brilliant person from China are working on a new computer system for artificial intelligence that could be worth untold millions.

When he graduates he will, until they are married, move to an apartment in Norman, Oklahoma. Her parents have agreed to purchase the land and implement the Business Plan. I know it will be a success and that Steve and Patricia will be very happy together.

Chris passed all her tests and we are back together again. We still have Fantasy Weekend but they are always at home and although Chris may invite others, but that does not include other Doms or anyone else that she believes might be too rough. During the Fantasy Weekends, I still have to call her Mistress and serve as her slave. I no longer have to completely shave, but Chris makes me wear panty hose, high hills, frilly women’s clothes, and a maid’s apron.

Sometimes Chris will invite another lady and they may fuck me with a dildo. However, it is only 6” and slightly over 1” in diameter so it doesn’t cause pain or stretch my anus. It really feels good and often causes me to cum. Recently Chris started inviting a young man she recently met that is 6’1”, 180 lbs, and has a 7” cock over to fuck her. I may watch and eat her out afterwards but I never have to suck or clean the young man’s cock, but sometimes I do. I guess it should be humiliating to watch another man give her so much pleasure, but I find it sooo exciting and it always gives me an erection. Usually Chris tells me to masturbate for their amusement and other times, she will jack me off.

Life is good.