**Art Deco Part Three**

As they drove back across the causeway, he felt like he was home. It was great to get the fresh salty air back again after the heat of the ranch and enjoyable and intimidating as the other women had been- especially the formidable Carole- he still felt as though Dolores was his true mistress and owner.

“I’m going to take you right back to my house, we are going to have a nice refreshing shower together, and then you are going to tell me all about your trip. I will then give you some news as well” she smiled I her confident way at him, her auburn hair glinting with different shades of red and ginger as the sun flashed through it. She had a very short skirt on and no stockings; her milky white thighs flexing as she operated brake and accelerator. He longed to lean over and kiss them; he had missed her so and he could not wait to kneel before her somewhere comfortable and confess everything he had experienced at the ranch and accept any punishment from her. She saw him staring at her legs;

“Yes, you will soon be down there! I am as hungry as you are and you are going to tell me all about your training at the ranch. You are going to worship me all evening and I may allow you a reward if I am pleased with your progress. I shall want as much as possible from you as I am away on business tomorrow; remember?”

“Yes Mistress Dolores… Am I to await your return at the house?” he said hesitantly- he had had so much fulfilment over the past two days he could not remember what had been decided. He was in for a further thrill.

“Why of course you will await my return at the house” she said in a very headmistress like fashion-

“You have an appointment with my Housekeeper, remember? – Margot? You have not forgotten her have you?” She giggled contemptuously at his lack of memory over such a short period, but knew in reality he had been to another world, but she would tease him over Margot!

“After we have told her all about the wicked things you have done whilst away, I shall tell her you forgot all about her; I would love to see her administer the cane after that! I shall ask that she videos it as I will not be there to witness it first hand, of course” He almost smiled at the thought; almost. Margot was a formidable woman and he knew he would not forget a caning from her in a hurry – there was the irony of the situation. His cock also throbbed at the prospect of the contrasting women; he was to confess all to this milky skinned mature beauty, then be turned over to accept the whims of the gorgeous ebony dominatrix. He was almost coming in his underwear at the thought.

The gates closed beside them as they drew up to the magnificent house. Dolores smiled warmly at him as she beckoned him up to the door and through it.

“I am SO hot and sticky; I want to be pampered by you in the shower and all through the night! Take your clothes off right now!” She was busily removing hers also right there in the hallway- he was lifting his shirt over his head when he heard a familiar, deep and sexy voice behind him;

“It is so hot Madam Dolores, I am mighty glad I will have the white boy to help me tomorrow” She was completely naked and her warm dark brown body glistened with sweat; her nipples hardened visibly when she noted she had caught his attention. She sneered at him;

“I can see the change in him since he has been away; we will see how obedient he has become tomorrow. I’m going to have a poolside shower and a nice cool swim in the pool now – I will see you tomorrow white boy” she licked her lips and flicked the end of his cock playfully before showing him her glorious rear as she headed for the pool.

“Upstairs now” commanded the antithesis of the departing vision. The milky white form with sharply contrasting auburn hair began to ascend the stairs, her equally glorious rear beckoning him to follow as it wobbled and tensed seductively. She walked him through to the en-suite and they had a nice relaxing shower; he ensuring she was thoroughly gelled, washed and rubbed down before he attended himself. As she watched him turn in the shower she viewed the marks on his back and rear, touching them softly with admiration.

“I want you to tell me all about it”. She had him kneel before the bed on a cushion whilst she sat on it, bolstered by a multitude of cushions; her legs up and apart, allowing him a close up of her freshly powdered sex and anus. She had fitted his collar and leash and tugged on it with one hand whilst she toyed with herself with the other as he relayed the events to her. Occasionally she would pick up a short cane she had next to her and would tease the end of his erect cock with it when a particularly sordid encounter was being described.

“You have done very well, and the girls had been keeping me updated whilst you were away, but it is always a pleasure to hear a confession first hand. They were all very pleased with your progress and your mind will be full of fresh ideas; especially as you truly know your place now. I cannot wait to see the footage of you surrendering to the whip! You have earned a reward. I will watch you masturbate now- then you will pleasure me to orgasm”

He needed no further prompting; kneeling submissively before the dominatrix he felt no shame in working his member as he eyed the now glistening areas he would shortly be allowed to pleasure. He was her property and he knew this more than ever now. She smiled wickedly at him, increasing the enjoyment of his humiliation tenfold.

“Do not keep me waiting; I will have your cream now!” He duly obliged and savoured the waves of ecstasy as he pumped spurt after spurt of his hot sticky mess, whilst eyeing the middle-aged beauty that owned him and he thought of pleasures past, and those to come. She giggled contemptuously as one of his deliveries splattered invitingly across her sex and dribbled down to her sweet brown button, they both knew this would add extra enjoyment to the proceedings. Spent, he knelt there for a moment whilst she eyed him victoriously.

“Now get to licking me clean!” she commanded. He went down and lapped the sweet smelling orifices; he was hers. This was heaven.

Throughout the evening she was pleasured in many ways between naps, and he was rewarded once more as the night grew on and they reached a crescendo. He was allowed to sleep in the arms of his mistress; this was his biggest reward which he was very grateful for. He nuzzled up to his owner and toyed with hair as she slept, then drifted off himself.

He awoke after the best sleep he had had since arriving in Florida. There was Dolores at her dressing table, her beautifully rounded bottom now clad in a tight skirt. Black stockings, black stilettos, black silk blouse. She winked at him in the mirror as she applied ruby red lipstick which complemented her fiery hair. Task completed she stood up and faced him; she was a picture of feminine dominance and he would have loved to have been allowed to repeat the act of humiliation he had performed yesterday for her now, such was her presence fully attired, a dream to any submissive male.

“Up you get now; eat your breakfast and make sure you finish that drink- every last drop!” she motioned at a plate of toasted sandwiches and a pint glass of liquid, which looked like a fruit mixture. He ate the food with relish, and downed the drink which had a strange bitter-sweet taste, whilst Dolores applied the finishing touches to her face.

“Kneel at the end of the bed” she ordered. As he knelt there, she strutted over to him and stood dominantly before him feet closely together in spikey black patent stilettos. She looked down at him;

“You may kiss my feet now” he did so, taking care to observe the curve of her hips and long stocking clad legs as he went down to those delectable feet. He kissed the shiny leather willingly; both feet several times. Oh how he loved being owned by this formidable woman. She laughed at his eagerness to worship her and walked back to the dressing table, then back to him with a large pot of cream.

“Lie on the edge of the bed for a moment”- he did so and she rubbed a generous amount of cream onto his back and buttocks, taking care not to get any on her clothes. The cream stung at first then had a numbing effect.

“You will need this, as Margot will not be as kind with you as I have been, I fear” she said giggling. Margot! The ebony beauty was likely to keep her promise and they both knew this.

“I am sure you will enjoy her company whilst I am away; be sure to do just as she tells you” she said in an ironic tone. He knew he would have no choice in the matter. She had him kneel down by the end of the bed again, took some cord from a draw and tied his hands behind his back, collared him and tied the leash to the bedstead and gagged him with a pair of panties.

“There; trussed nicely and ready for her arrival – she will be here any moment” he could see himself in a full length dressing mirror and his erection pulsed at his humiliation. He now had an idea of what the bitter taste in the drink was. Margot appeared in the room; she too was dressed to kill, not to work. There was no white overall today; someone else was to do her chores. She wore a leather basque; her uncovered breasts with pert nipples shiny and globular, no panties, her glory evident between suspenders which held sheer stockings, and she stood on the tallest pair of stilettos he had seen, finished in scarlet patent leather. The vision was set of by the cane she carried; she flexed it wickedly between her strong arms. She gave him a look of utter contempt. Dolores was ready to leave, she looked at him and winked before announcing;

“Oh, you know he had forgotten all about his appointment with you Margot. You will need to refresh his memory for him; make sure he is well looked after, please” and she smiled and left. Margot cut the air with her cane. She would make sure he was well looked after.

His sphincter clenched as Margot walked over to him and removed the panties from his mouth. She turned and bent over keeping her legs straight.

“Lick my ass!” she barked- he took a sniff of her beautiful anus as he went up with his tongue; the smell was rich and musty, the taste also strong and tangy- there was a definite flavour of pussy juices there too; he could tell she had been looking forward to this – she was obviously nicely aroused. He could see this all in the mirror and so could she; when she felt he had refreshed her rectum sufficiently, she turned suddenly and slapped his face smartly, and gave him a swift stroke with the cane. He winced and she untied his leash.

“Are you ready to be caned by a superior woman? I hope you are because I am going to make you pay dearly for forgetting me. I hope you are ready to lick more ass as well; I have a friend down at my room. She was keen to witness your caning and will want her ass licked afterwards. Now I have reminded you of your caning, you do want to be caned and humiliated by me, do you not?”

“Yes mistress Margot I do, I want to be punished by you” Once again he amazed himself with his response. He stumbled to his feet as the supreme African led him to his fate. They went down the stairs and round to her enclosed apartment by the utilities. Her rooms were as well appointed as anywhere else in the house. Dolores made sure she was well looked after as she was a very special housekeeper and a personal friend. She led him to the bedroom. The décor was very dark and the bed was adorned with black silk sheets, with black pillows and cushions.

“Kneel by the bed” he did so and she placed a large back pillow halfway down the bed. As she was doing this her friend came into the room. His cock throbbed rigidly at the sight; she was a huge black woman with massively fat thighs and droopy breasts; her arse was huge, a mass of wrinkly cellulite, but in his humiliated and aroused state he yearned to be enveloped in the folds of that gigantic rear.

“This is Jessica, she is going to enjoy watching you being caned, then she will facesit you. Legend has it that many a male has expired whilst trying to satisfy her; this may be your luck day” the two laughed. Jessica wobbled over to him and pulled his face into the crevice below her belly. He wasn’t sure if he’d actually found her pussy, but her feminine odour was very strong and he could not help but probe the folds with his tongue in an effort to find her womanhood.

“Oh, he is so feisty! “She pulled him out and looked him in the eye; “I want to see him cry real tears when he is put to the cane, then he will please my ass and I shall allow him relief when I am satisfied he has surrendered completely to the dominance of African women” Margot intervened;

“That is if he has not come already whilst under the cane; I intend to give him the caning of his life. If he thought a light whipping from that ranch mistress was painful, he has not experienced real pain yet! Messing on my sheets is strictly forbidden; if he disgraces himself, he will guarantee himself another caning” He cowered before the two formidable black females. Margot grabbed his leash and pulled his face in her direction, then smiled wickedly;

“Oh he will cry real tears alright, he will know pain and will know true ownership by real women” she untied his hands.

“Get on the bed, now! Put the cushion under your balls; I want your ass nicely elevated. Spread your arms and legs!” He did as he was told; he was on the bed and in the required position before he knew it. He wanted to suffer for these women, though a little scared by the ruthlessness of the pair he knew he would ultimately survive to savour the experience. Margot took each wrist and ankle in turn and bound them with a silky cord to the corners of the bedstead, tightly enough to stop him moving away from the stroke of the cane which he would imminently feel across his bare arse.

“Make sure he faces me” said Jessica smiling. Margot placed pillows under his head and turned his face toward where Jessica had chosen to sit; she pulled the leash tight and fastened it to the bedstead. His face now turned toward her; he squirmed in fear- he could not move- his erect cock dug into the soft silk pillow, his arse was elevated invitingly, he felt the tension of the cords which bit into his wrists and ankles when he tried to move. He was completely at the mercy of Margot, and he knew she would show him none. Jessica was as appealing as any hour-glass shaped woman to him at that time. She sat with her huge thighs cross legged, which let him view the immense crease of her arse which he would soon be invited to share. She looked at him contentedly and said;

“I am going to watch every moment of pain on your face; I will see every tear you shed. I shall enjoy your suffering and then you will be allowed to attempt to satisfy me. If I note that you are coming whilst watching me watching you suffer, I will let Margot know and will then enjoy watching her cane you all the harder. Tonight I will watch you suffer for women in general, but particularly for black women. Whatever happens, you will give up your white cream for me later. I will accept it with the utter contempt that it deserves” Margot barked;

“Are you ready for your caning”

“Yes Mistress Margot” he whimpered; he was owned already and now he would endure the pain. Jessica smiled.

“Whoosh!, whoosh!, whoosh!” – Margot cut the air with the cane behind him; he squirmed and tensed for the bite, but nothing happened- the two laughed at him. Then Jessica dropped her smile.

“Now you will suffer” she said.

“Whupppp!” He yowled in agony as the first stroke bit into his buttocks; his wrists and ankles stung also as he inevitably tried in futile fashion to move away from the next stroke, his cock quivered in the pillow and against the silk sheets below it. Jessica nodded her head in satisfaction at the spectacle.

“Whuppp!” his arse quivered with the pain and he felt the surge of blood to the mark it left; the pain was intense and Margot grunted like a tennis player as she delivered each ‘ace’.

“Whuppp!” The pain was too much and the tears began to flow already- oh how it hurt! Jessica licked her lips and smiled wickedly.

“Whuppp!” he yelled with pain and began to cry uncontrollably, Margot was using every ounce of her strength in applying the punishment. She was well and truly aroused now, and her juices flowed as she took deep erotic satisfaction from inflicting pain on this feeble white submissive. The more he cried the more she enjoyed administering the cane.

“Whuppp! Whupp! Whuppp! – he cried like a baby and rocked on the pillow racked with pain, yet the helplessness, humiliation , the smell of the women and the promise of Jessica gave him a deeply erotic feeling and all of a sudden he knew he would mess the sheets whilst being caned.

“Whuppp! Whupp! Whupp! Jessica noted the change in his face he almost had a rudimentary smile through the tears as he rocked under the cane. Jessica smiled at him and obligingly opened her legs and toyed wither womanhood;

“He is going to disgrace himself; make sure he knows you are there Margot!”

“Whuppp! Whuppp! Whupppp! Margot grunted in earnest now as she knew she had him; he would disgrace himself on her sheets and earn another caning. Jessica toyed all the more, offering him further erotica as the cane bit and his cock began to throb with pleasure. He felt the tension of his bondage, the pain and smell of the women; he would surrender completely now. He moaned through the tears as the spiteful cane came down and convulsed in pure ecstasy at the humiliation and degradation he was being subjected to. He bawled and pumped at the same time, his hot cream spoiling the black silk- another caning ensured. He now thoroughly enjoyed Jessica witnessing his pain; all he wanted to do now was to be suffocated under that huge arse.

“Whupp! Whupp! Whupp! Margot delivered the final strokes as he moaned and squirmed in that exquisite mixture of pain and pleasure. Jessica was virtually leaning into him now, leering with satisfaction at his double submission.

The two undid his bonds as he snivelled with the discomfort; his arse glowed like an electric fire.

“Move to one side” commanded Margot. As he did there on the pillow and sheet was the tell-tale evidence. His white cream, smudged upon the black silk.

“Lick that mess up immediately” barked Margot. He did so; the two finding bits he had missed and presented their fingers for licking. The women had enjoyed the spectacle immensely.

Margot then sat at the head of the bed and spread her legs.

“Me first” she said. “Get in there and lick my pussy” His arse was as sore as hell but he went straight in and was almost overpowered by the scent and heat of her sex. The juice dripped from his chin as he lapped at her crease and at the nub of her clitoris- she soon wrapped her legs about his head and moaned with satisfaction. He was then turned; the cool silk helped soothe his arse. Now it was the turn of Jessica to have her way with him.

He lay there and the bed creaked and subsided as the magnificent huge black woman who had tormented him mentally during the caning now moved to torture him physically. The folds of her thighs flapped against his face and he knew already he would have great difficulty breathing, even before she had descended upon him. She adjusted his arms so that he was trapped comfortably. His cock which had only remained semi-flaccid after he had spent on the silken sheets, and was now rigid in anticipation of this new humiliation felt the sharp nails of his tormentor gliding up the glans;

“Oh look at his sweet little pecker! It is of no use to a real woman, but I will see how much sissy juice I can make it squirt when I am good and ready” the two women laughed and he felt Margot sit across his feet and ankles; she squirmed so that he could feel her sex hot and slippery on his leg. His cock pulsated and Margot gave his balls a gentle tap with the cane, making him tense and ensuring he had full realisation that he was trapped and would not be released until the black behemoth above him was sated. Jessica lowered herself slightly and put her hands on either huge cheek, splaying herself so that he could now take in the full glory of what he was about to endure; the scent of the woman was both overpowering and intoxicating- he could see her delectable glistening pussy above him and though her anus was not clear in the darkness of her folds he could smell the rich and musty aroma and he longed for her descent.

“You have a good sniff now, white-boy. I have seen you cry like a baby, and now you will be taken to the very edge of darkness; you will know your place when I am finished with you!” She then began to descend and released her cheeks; he was instantly enveloped in the warm and succulent folds of the dark and sweaty prison. He panted in panic as the glistening mound contacted his lips and his nose was squashed exquisitely close to her tangy rear hole; the panting ensuring he took in the full scent and flavours of his captor. He felt Margot tense to stop any movement from his legs, and a hand slapped his erect and yearning cock playfully. Now she glided back and forth across his face; his jaw hurt and his head was pressed back into the bed under the immense pressure but he managed to protrude his tongue enough to take in the sweet taste of her sex as the enormous slit engulfed the lower half of his face, as she moved forward his nose popped in and out of the huge dimple that led to her rear passage; the strong and almost acrid musty aroma being enjoyed by him to the full extent. As she pressed and slid he fought for breath and spluttered; he was drowning in her nectar. He felt his balls being gently squeezed. There was absolutely nothing he could do- he could not even make the women aware of his limitations to the torture. They knew this of course and thoroughly enjoyed it. He felt himself going light-headed, and was about to lapse into a further darkness, when light and air were suddenly allowed him.

He gasped with relief as he filled his lungs, and surveyed the heavenly sight above him; juices dripped from the excited woman, who was not going to allow him a second longer than he needed- he noted the beads of sweat dribbling down her cheeks; she was hot in more ways than one. The torment was repeated again and again as she slowly moved toward her goal. His cock and balls were repeatedly slapped, pinched and squeezed to ensure he knew just why he was there and who was in charge. Jessica began to hum as she neared that desired heaven. She had a white boy beneath her and was really enjoying her day.

He had now grown accustomed to the pain and the pressure and felt that deeply erotic sense of pleasure once more, as he realised the urgency in the movement of Jessica; he sucked and licked with all the movement he could muster as he suffered this, the sixth submergence into her folds. Jessica moaned and shuddered; he thought his head would be crushed, or at least his nose broken as the huge dominant African beauty reached the zenith of her desire. She rubbed and rubbed; her clitoris firmly planted on his lower lip and chin, he gulped as her juices flowed and fought once again for breath as she moaned long and hard in her enjoyment of him.

She sighed as she moved forward on all fours;

“Good boy, good boy!… phew!” She gasped, the exertions having made the sweat drip from her vast body. He could sense the genuine pleasure in her tone. Margot came round and took some pictures of him, exhausted beneath that huge and glorious arse, she then obligingly wiped his face clean with a pair of panties. He felt a hand grab the base of his cock then felt warm breath on his glans before it was enveloped by a pair of warm voluptuous lips, then a cursory sweep of a lush warm tongue around the head, then the lips pressed together and retreated up the length of his cock, up and over the head. He thought his balls would explode.

“I do love the taste of white boys pre-cum” she sniggered. He would have done anything to come at that point.

“I think you’ve earned this” said Jessica giggling as she shuffle d back slightly. She parted her cheeks to ensure her asshole was above his mouth and descended. Margot smiled down at him and ensured his nose was comfortably clear in the crease of that delectable rear; he was to be allowed to breath freely now and he tongued the tasty, warm and musty arsehole lovingly. He could just see up her back now, and marvelled at the ebony globes that he was now enjoying. The beads of sweat ran down her back and cheeks on to his; emulating the tears he had shown the two dominant women earlier. He had done his duty and now he was to be rewarded. Jessica spat on her hand and then worked his cock. Margot looked victoriously down at him and swished the cane she had broken him with earlier.

“Come for your mistress white boy; I want to see this tiny cock squirt for all it is worth” said Jessica as she stroked his rigidity whilst enjoying the warmth of his tongue as he probed and licked, viewed that tremendous ass, and Margot dominant with cane; he would come very swiftly indeed. Margot looked down at his face peeping out from under;

“And do not forget the caning you have earned; sometime next week I think. Jessica will attend and I may have some other friends to introduce you to. You may come now!” she commanded. He felt the waves of ecstasy once more and duly squirted for all he was worth as he probed the delicious arsehole as the beads of sweat stung his eyes, Margot swishing the cane he was promised. He bucked as much as he could as Jessica teased the last spurts from his cock. He was in yet another heaven. The women laughed at him as his balls gave up a worthy account of his submission.

When Dolores returned next day she found the two in her bedroom again, awaiting her return. Margot was sat on the bed wearing her white uniform and white sneakers; ready to resume normal duties. He was naked except for collar and leash, his wrists tied behind his back and his ankles bound also. He was gagged with a pair of her black silk panties and he lay facing a black towel which displayed evidence of his having been pleasured and milked relentlessly by the sublime and athletic black goddess. She knew it would be a week before she had him to herself and had ensured she had teased and tormented her monies worth from him. Dolores looked down at him with indifference as Margot neatly folded the semen splattered towel, taking care to squeeze and wipe his cock with a clean bit, making him squirm. Dolores was used the practised dominance of Margot and this was the norm for her.

“I take it has performed his duties well for you while I have been away?” Dolores looked adoringly down at the face looking up at her panties bulging in his mouth.

“Oh yes Madam. He has asked if can spend some more time with me next Thursday, if that is OK?”

“That will be just fine” she said, as she sat down and started to untie his bonds.

“Thank you madam”; she looked at him as Dolores pulled the black panties free and handed them to her. She held them out in front of her and stood there in all her haughty dominance as his wrists were unbound.

“Come here and kiss my feet” Dolores smiled in admiration at her housekeeper as she showed the very essence of the complete domination of a male. He duly bowed down and kissed the white sneakers. Even this was enjoyable to him now. She thrust the silken panties at him.

“You keep these- I would hate you to forget me ever again!” he knelt there panties in hand, naked, as the beautiful vixen left without another word. Dolores laughed and clapped;

“come now you poor thing, I want my author back for a while, let’s get you dressed and back down to the office; remember I said I had a surprise for you?”

Once again they drove down through that dreamy Art Deco world of Miami Beach; Dolores just kept smiling. He was in several versions of heaven all at once; he could still not quite believe it. Just the sunshine itself was exhilarating. They passed through the pastel and white world and approached Ariadne. There awaiting them were Judy, Carole, Holly, Agnes, Celeste… and many other women who were now familiar to him. Some of them held bottles of champagne.

As they left the car he was covered with coloured streamers and after hearing the pop of a bottle was handed a glass of champagne; he spilt most of this as Carole planted a warm and wet kiss squarely onto his lips, then nibbled his ear playfully. He was led into the building by the throng, and was greeted by huge display boards and a desk piled high with copies of a shiny new book; ‘Tales of supreme and dark surrender’ by… it was his name.

“We have all worked very hard to get this done by today – they are all waiting to come in and have you sign their first editions” said Dolores as she motioned toward the entrance lobby; a large queue of people was assembling.

“Looks like our marketing efforts have been a success- you should see the quantity of e-book request our internet site has received. You are going to be famous in SM circles! Now take a seat and we will let them in.” the women made sure he was comfortable and all came to him individually to plant kisses on him, careful to whisper promises of further encounters with them as they did so; their smell and touch ensuring that something between his legs was awake to the situation- he was now enjoying business and pleasure! All manner of people flooded in; young, old, male, female. He was taken aback by the amount of middle-aged ladies who appeared and wanted little messages signed into the book; ‘obediently yours’ etc. He was as thrilled as the requestors to add these personal touches and his imagination, as well as his cock, expanded as his eyes met with some of the secretly dominant women, some of whom left their card with messages asking for contact; on a strictly business level of course.

One lady appeared and asked him to write; ‘I hope you have remembered our appointment?’ he looked up to see the wonderfully supreme woman from the ‘Anne Desclos’ suite. No he had not forgotten.

“Tomorrow I believe” he said obediently.

“Yes she said; we are going to have the most invigorating daytime pyjama party with the girls; you have no need to bring yours though! You will be ready for bed when I have finished with you; you will read and act out your stories with us. It is going to be such fun!” With that she took her book and he watched the full figured beauty strut away from him, and he imagined how he would pleasure her tomorrow.

At the end of the signing period they partied in one of the back rooms and toasted the success of the team as a whole; they could not, any of them, have achieved this without the others –though the females there were aware of their prize asset; a prize asset which they well and truly owned, and he was aware of this and was to enjoy it to the full.

Dolores drove him back to his apartment as the last of the warm evening sunshine disappeared. They went in for coffee and Dolores laughed as she noticed a pair of black silk panties pinned to his ‘memo’ board. Each of the women were equally important to him and he relished the company of each. Dolores though, was just a little bit special and he was very grateful to her for ‘capturing’ him. She would always get special attention and she knew it.

“You will feel much more comfortable with your clothes off” she said as she sipped her coffee and slid his laptop across the table to him with the spiked heel of her stiletto. She was pleased with his work today and wanted him to continue. She removed her skirt and panties, crossed her legs provocatively and said;

“You are not coming to bed until I have heard the clackety-clack of your imagination going into that computer; if your entry pleases me, I will let you please me elsewhere. I know you pleased Judy in a way in which she will pay you back for… you never know your luck.”

He typed away… this dream was never ending.

Fin?