My Own Heaven

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My Own Heaven Ch. 01

My name is Heather and I am a submissive. I don't use lower case letters when I refer to myself and I do have a mind of myown. I can say "No"; I just choose not to. The things I do, the things I am made to do, and the things that are done to me are things that I enjoy. Well, it may not seem like I enjoy them while they are happening, but I do.  
  
I think I always knew I was a submissive. I may not have known it by name, but I knew that I was more comfortable when someone else was in control. As I got older, I tended to like the guys who were in charge. I was happiest when I was being told what to do. When it came to sex, the guy who took what they wanted got further than the guy who was tentative or asked permission.  
  
Keith knows how to come up with things to do with me that leave me quivering for days after we are done. Oh, Keith is the man who takes care of me. Yes, I said takes care of me because, in the end, that is what he does. He loves me unconditionally and I love him. What we do together comes out of our love for each other and the deep desire to make each other happy.   
  
I am not a slave. I do not sleep on the floor at the foot of his bed or in a cage in the basement. We do not have a 24/7 BDSM type relationship although at times it may seem like it. I have friends, Keith has friends and we have mutual friends; some of whom know about my submissive side and our relationship -- some have even witnessed or taken part in our little games. We share in each others lives as partners.   
  
Keith loves and protects me. He would never injure me or let anyone else do anything to harm me. Some of the things he does to me may hurt; even leave a mark for a day or so but, the most medical treatment I have ever needed is a little soothing ointment usually gently administered by my Keith.  
  
I met Keith four years ago. I was eighteen and just out of high school and looking for a job. Other than my high school diploma and typing, I had no skills and no resume'. I noticed an ad for a receptionist at an electrical engineering company and applied for the job. I had no idea what electrical engineering was but the pay was enough to pay my rent, utilities and necessities and have a few dollars left over.   
  
The company was in a large building with offices, lots of large empty rooms and a warehouse just three blocks from my apartment. This was perfect because on the west coast, getting to and from work was a major expense in time and money. I could walk to work in less than ten minutes for free. I got the job and that was the beginning of my story.  
  
As you probably guessed, Keith owns the company. He was twenty-six at the time and there were eight employees and I made nine. Phil, Keith's friend, interviewed and hired me. Phil was like the office manager and ran the sales department. Keith handled inventing, designing, and manufacturing.   
  
At this point I had no idea what they made but in the eighteen months they had been in business, they had grown from four employees doing Three Thousand dollars in business a month, to nine employees doing Forty Thousand dollars in business each month. According to Phil, the business was growing so rapidly that they were desperately trying to hire more people with engineering backgrounds or schooling. That's why Keith bought this large empty building.  
  
I didn't meet Keith until my second week there. By that time, I had mastered the phone system, knew all eight of the employees and could use the computer to take messages and send them to the other people in the office through the computer network. That was pretty much my entire job.  
  
Keith came in on a Wednesday morning. I didn't know who he was but I liked his looks; tall, well built, well dressed, dark hair, medium complexion, grey eyes and oh, so handsome. As he walked in, I smiled at him and said, "Good morning, can I help you?"   
  
He smiled at me and replied, "Yes, thank you; Mr. Monroe to see Phil Adams."  
  
"Certainly, please have a seat." I said pointing to the waiting room and picked up the phone to call Phil's office. 'Mr. Monroe' took a seat in the waiting room.  
  
When Phil answered his phone, in my very best receptionist voice, I said, "Mr. Adams, there is a Mr. Monroe here to see you."   
  
Phil said, "Oh, shit!" and slammed his phone down.   
  
Before I knew what was happening, I heard Phil running from his office toward the front of the building where my desk was. "Keith," he shouted, "what the hell are you doing sitting in the waiting room?"  
  
"It's my waiting room." he said with a smile. "And I was just admiring our new receptionist."  
  
Realizing who 'Mr. Monroe' was, I blushed from the top of my head to the tips of my toes. I stood up bright red but not knowing what to say. They let me stand there for what seemed like an hour but, was only a few seconds and then they both started laughing.  
  
Phil turned to me and said, "I apologize, Heather. Heather, this is Keith, our boss; Keith, this is Heather, our receptionist."  
  
Keith walked around my desk to stand next to me. I am five foot four and at six foot three he seemed to tower over me. He reached out and shook my hand and smiled again - God, I love that smile, "It's a pleasure to meet you, Heather. Welcome to our little family. I'm sorry I can't stay and talk but I just flew in and I have a lot of things to go over with Phil. Can I stop back later and talk with you?"  
  
"Uh, sure Mr. Monroe, anytime." I stammered finally getting my voice back.  
  
"My name is Keith;" he said walking towards his office, "Mr. Monroe is my Dad."  
  
And that is how I met my Keith.  
  
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Keith did come back later that afternoon and sat and talked with me for a while. We talked about my background; where I went to high school, where my family lived, my plans for the future, and so on. Talking to Keith was so easy and when I talked he really listened. He told me about graduating from college two years ago and how he started the company. He brought in Phil, who he knew from college, when he realized he knew nothing about how to sell his products. He told me about what the company did, too.  
  
He told me he wrote computer programs and made mechanical and electrical devices. The devices were controlled by the computer programs and could do all kinds of things. He explained that you could use sensors connected to a computer to gather information from many different sources, and based on the information, the computer could start, stop or adjust the mechanical and electrical devices to do things based on that information.  
  
A very simple example was a system that kept soft ice cream at exactly the right temperature and consistency by monitoring the temperature of the ice cream and the resistance to the mixers stirring the ice cream. The trick was he built them better and cheaper. He also said he had designed some specialty devices that brought in a lot of money. He didn't go into detail about them, but I would eventually find out what they were.  
  
Keith and I would have lunch in the cafeteria at work every now and then. After a while, he would occasionally take me out to lunch. I was so comfortable with him. I couldn't believe that there was almost an eight year difference in our ages.  
  
The conversation over our meals became more intimate and we talked about lost loves, ex-boyfriends and girls he left behind. We also talked about what we liked and disliked about those relationships. I even felt comfortable telling Keith about how guys who wouldn't take charge turned me off. Why would I feel uncomfortable? Keith was the most in charge guy I ever met.  
  
The business really took off and by the time I was working there six months, we had over thirty employees and looking for more. The warehouse was in full swing and we had our own shipping department to keep up with the orders going out. I didn't know a whole lot about the engineering part of the business, but I could tell from the volume of calls, that the business was doing very well.  
  
About that time was when Keith first asked me out to dinner; like a real date on a Saturday night. I was really excited because I had really grown very fond of him. He was always friendly and polite and showed he was interested in me but, I guess because he was the owner of the company, he never showed real affection toward me at work or during our lunches. I hoped that would change at dinner. I really had a thing for my boss.  
  
I was glad our first date was on a Saturday night because that gave me the whole day to get ready. First, I had to get my hair done. My brown hair came down to my shoulders and was naturally curly. Usually all I had to do was keep it clean and trimmed and it took care of itself but, tonight was special.   
  
I had a little strappy blue dress, plain but very dressy and it almost matched my eyes. It also clung to my body in all the right places. It came down to mid-thigh and showed off my long, long legs and was tight over my cute little butt -- two of my best features. My 34B breasts were nothing to sneeze at either, but I always thought they could be bigger. I guess that's a girl thing.  
  
The four inch heels matched the dress perfectly and the skimpy, blue, lacey bra and panty set finished off my ensemble for the night. I bought the bra and panty set in the hopes that Keith would get to see them tonight. I hoped that since we were away from work and just two regular people; he wouldn't feel that he had to maintain that employer, employee distance.  
  
I showered, and did my usual shaving thing, underarms, legs and so forth and paid particular attention to closely trimming between my legs; again, in the hope that Keith was going to see me in my altogether tonight. I was ready almost an hour before he was to arrive so I didn't put my dress on yet and poured myself a glass of wine.  
  
As I carried the wine back into my bedroom to check my makeup for like the tenth time, I walked past the full length mirror and stopped to look at myself. I was in my bra, panties and high heels and boy did I look good, if I do say so myself. I had thought about panty hose, but I decided against them because it was warm out and I had a great all over tan thanks to the tanning booth; a perk of my apartment complex. Bare legs was the right choice.  
  
About fifteen minutes before Keith was to arrive, I returned my wine glass to the kitchen and put on my dress, checked my hair and makeup again and made one more trip to the full length mirror. The dress was perfect. My legs looked like they went on forever with the dress stopping just above mid-thigh. The high heels gave my ass just the right jiggle as I walked and the clingy dress accentuated every move. On top, there was just enough cleavage showing to attract attention without looking slutty. I was ready to go.  
  
And just in time, too. The doorbell rang and I walked to the door, pulled it open and said, "Hi, Keith."  
  
The look on his face said it all. He was speechless. He stood in the doorway with his mouth open and just devoured me with his eyes. I let him look long enough to take in all my assets then broke his trance saying, "Come on in, I'll be ready in a minute." and went back into my bedroom giving him a captivating view of my legs and ass as I walked away.  
  
I was ready an hour ago, but this little trip to the bedroom was my way of making him think that I didn't spend the day getting ready for this night. I stood in my bedroom for a couple of minutes and then walked back out 'ready to go'.  
  
"You look magnificent." he said never taking his eyes off of me. He held out his arm for me and we walked out the door. We were off on our first official date.  
  
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We went down to his car which was black, beautiful and a Mercedes. I don't know much about cars but, this was an expensive car. He held the door for me and watched as my dress rode up a little higher on my legs as I got in. As he walked around the car to get in, I didn't pull my dress down. My way of letting him know I was available.  
  
He got in the car and started it up. Instead of pulling away, he turned to me putting his arm on the seat behind me and said, "In case I forget to tell you later, this was the greatest night of my life." Then he kissed me, gently, but firmly right on the lips.  
  
I was actually dizzy from the kiss. I didn't even notice that he put the car in gear and we were off to dinner. It was a short trip to the restaurant; it was elegant and I was glad that I had taken extra care in dressing up. We pulled into valet parking and Keith got out of the car and walked around to my side as the valet opened my door. Without thinking, I slid across the seat and my dress rode up even higher as I got out of the car. They got a great view of my legs from my blue high heels almost to my little blue panties. Another inch or two and there would have been nothing left to the imagination.  
  
The valet's eyes got big and Keith had a smile on his face as he offered me his arm to escort me into the restaurant. I let my dress fall to its proper place on my thighs and looked at Keith who was still smiling.  
  
"I guess that made the valet's night." I said with a little laugh. "I'm sorry about that."  
  
"Nothing to be sorry about." he said. "You are incredibly beautiful; don't you enjoy having men looking at you?"  
  
"Well, of course I do." I replied. "I just thought that since I was with you, I shouldn't be letting other men see so much of me."  
  
"If you were mine, I would show off even more of you." he said leaning over to whisper in my ear. "I'd make you show yourself off to other men so they could see what was mine and they couldn't have."  
  
I could feel a blush color my cheeks and spread down across my chest. I gripped his arm a little tighter, and I felt dampness between my legs. Would Keith really make me expose myself to other men? He had a little smile on his face and look in his eyes that said he knew what his proclamation was doing to me. How could he know that him making me do that would excite me? There was much more to this man than I'd imagined.   
  
Keith sat next to me in a secluded booth done in soft black leather. Dinner was incredible but I have no idea what I had. Keith ordered for me. The conversation during dinner went from family and friends, to office talk, to us.  
  
Keith said that he wanted to date me since the first day we met at the reception desk but he didn't want me to feel as though I had to date him just to keep my job. He said I would have my job regardless of how things went between us. Now that the company had grown so fast, if our relationship did intensify, and he hoped it would, we would have to keep it low key at work; at least for now. All the time we talked, he was holding my hand or softly running his hand along my exposed thigh from my knee to the hem of my dress.  
  
So many thoughts were going through my head I had trouble separating them. As I look back, the one I remember most was, 'why didn't I let my dress ride up when I sat in the booth.' If I left it higher on my legs, his hand would be able to explore further up my thigh.  
  
I understood about behaving on the job. Keith's position required that he maintain a distance from the employee's personal life. But the most important thing he said was that he wanted a relationship; not just a roll in the sack.  
  
He said that he sensed something in me that attracted him immediately and grew stronger as we spent more time together. He really cared for me and he sensed that I liked being told what to do, even being made to do things. He wanted to be the one who told me what to do. He said he would never cause me any harm and would always take care of me. I was surprised that he was able to tell that much about me and be so accurate. Most of our conversations were over lunch and didn't seem to get detailed enough for him to learn much about me personally.  
  
But, Keith was right about me, and I told him that I knew I could trust him and I would do whatever he wanted me to do. I understood that we couldn't let this spill over to work but I did want, very badly, to be with him. I even offered to find a new job as long as I could be with him.  
  
He told me that he did not want me to stop working for him. He wanted me there because being able to talk to me and look at me during the day, knowing I was there for him, even if it was just to stop and chat, was the only way he could get through each day. He said that if I wasn't there, the stress would drive him crazy. I guess I really didn't understand how hard it was to run the company and how hard Keith actually worked at it.  
  
He took my hand and said, "I think it's time we go." We got up from the table and he put his arm around my waist and held me close as we walked out of the restaurant. He made me feel protected. With his arm around me I felt like a treasured possession. I liked the feeling.  
  
He handed the valet the ticket and as the valet ran off to get the car, he stepped in front of me, placed his hands on my bare arms at the shoulders and said, "When you get in the car, I want you to let your dress ride up as far as possible. Let the valet see as much of you as you can." Then he smiled at me and kissed me on the cheek.  
  
I was wet again. Could I really expose myself to a boy that parked cars just because Keith told me to do it? The thought of doing it excited me but, being told to do it made it humiliating. The humiliation got me even wetter; I wondered if the wetness would show on my panties.  
  
The car pulled up and the valet came around and held my door open. Keith walked me to the door, handed the valet a tip and started around the car to get behind the wheel. I stepped toward the open door spreading my legs slightly causing my dress to ride up a bit and sat on the seat with both legs outside the car. I lifted my left leg into the car, leaving my right foot on the ground. Raising my left knee to get my foot in the car and spreading my legs wide made my dress ride up until my legs were completely on view and my lacey blue panties could be seen between my legs.   
  
The valet stood holding the door, looking at my legs and the lacey blue panties between them, not moving. I lifted my right leg into the car but kept my legs slightly spread exposing my legs all the way up to my panties. I was sure the valet could see a wet spot between my legs. I was humiliated but my body was tingling.   
  
Getting in behind the wheel, Keith said, "Thank you. Have a good night." to the valet. The valet blinked his eyes, smiled and said, "Thank YOU, sir." and closed the door. We pulled out of the restaurant with my legs completely exposed and my panties showing.   
  
I started to lift my ass up to pull down my dress and Keith stopped me saying, "Don't. Leave your legs and your panties showing. And spread your legs a little more. I enjoy looking at you." I was embarrassed, humiliated and more than a little excited. I never met a man who would make me do things like this before. Come to think of it, I never before met a man for whom I wanted to do things like this.  
  
We were in the city - in traffic, and when we stopped for traffic lights there were people walking by the car and crossing the street. I felt so humiliated but so sexy. I kept my legs spread and my panties were on full display. "But, Keith" I stammered, "anyone can look in and see me." I knew I was blushing, but I was getting so horny. I could feel the heat coming off of my body.  
  
"Good," he said, "I love displaying beautiful things. And you ARE beautiful."   
  
As we left the city, Keith put his hand on my thigh and began sliding it lightly up and down my leg. He slid his hand down to my knee and up the inside of my thigh each time coming up a little further; closer to my wet pussy. I couldn't help but watch his hand move up and down my naked thigh. In no time I was panting and it was all I could do to keep from pushing my pussy at his hand.

I looked out the window and noticed that we were not heading back to my apartment. "Where are you taking me?" I asked softly.  
  
"I am taking you to my house. When we get there, I am going to strip you naked and do whatever I want to you." He said calmly.  
  
For the first time in my life, I had an orgasm without any direct sexual stimulation. It wasn't earth shattering or mind numbing but it was an orgasm that left me gasping and tingling all through my body and his hand was still lightly feathering up and down my bare thigh.  
  
We drove through huge a gate and up a long driveway that curved up to a large house. It was getting dark so I could not see too much detail but the house was big, and beautiful. He pulled the car up the driveway and stopped at the front door. I sat there trying to pull myself together and Keith opened my door and offered me his hand to help me out of the car.   
  
I took his hand, slid across the seat and he gently helped me out of the car. I stood up and I could feel that my dress had ridden up in the back and my ass, covered by my lacey blue panties was exposed to the cool night air. Keith wrapped his arms around me, kissed me and parted my lips with his tongue. I opened my mouth to accept his tongue and held on to him to keep from falling; my legs felt suddenly useless.  
  
He tightened his arms around me and whispered in my ear, "Pull yourself together, Kitten, your night has just begun."  
  
He put his arm around my waist and led me into the house and up to his bedroom. When we got to the bedroom, he again put his arms around me and, for the first time I could feel how strong he was. He tightened his arms around me pulling me hard against chest and kissed me again. Against my belly I could feel that his chest was not the only part of him that was big and hard.  
  
He was kissing me, devouring me, and I felt the zipper in the back of my dress coming down. In one move, he stepped slightly away me from while at the same time he took the straps of my dress off my shoulders and released them letting my dress fall to my feet. He pulled me into his arms again and I could feel my skin, bared when he took off my dress, against his clothes making me feel more naked than I was.  
  
He took his arms from around me and took a step back away from me. He put his hands on my arms near my shoulders he studied my body in my lacey bra, panties and high heel shoes. There was pure lust in his eyes and I loved that he wanted me that bad. He pulled me close and began kissing my neck and behind my ear running his hands over my naked sides, back and hips. Suddenly, I felt my bra come loose in the back and he slipped the bra straps off my shoulders.  
  
The only thing holding my bra in place was my breasts pressing against his chest. He stepped back slightly and lowered my arms and my bra slipped off and down my arms to join my dress on the floor. He cupped my naked breasts with his large warm hands. He gently squeezed my breasts then rolled and pinched my hard nipples between his fingers.  
  
I put my hands on his arms, not to stop him but to help support myself on my trembling legs. I realized that all I had on was my panties and high heels and he was fully dressed. I started to take off his suit coat but he stopped me and moved my hands to my sides and looked into my eyes as he quickly undressed.  
  
When he was down to his small boxer shorts, he stopped and wrapped his powerful arms around me with one hand cupping my ass through my skimpy blue panties and the other hand on my bare back and pulled me to close to him. My naked breasts crushed up against his warm, hard chest; I could feel the heat from his long hard cock against my belly and I came for the second time tonight.  
  
When my breathing slowed down, he put his hands on my shoulders and gently pushed down. I went down to my knees in front of him; my face at his crotch looking at the bulge behind his boxers. He put his hands behind my head and gently pushed my face into his cock and balls. I kissed his cock through his boxers for a minute or two and I couldn't wait any longer.  
  
Without moving my mouth away from his cock, I reached up with both hands to the sides of his boxers and gripped them on each side of his hips. As I slowly slid them down, I moved my mouth away from his crotch to let them fall to the floor. His cock was pointing right at my face. It was the largest I had ever seen in my limited experience. I later found that it was just over nine inches long. I reached up with my hands to cup his balls and they more than filled my small hands.  
  
I took the head of his cock into my mouth and licked the head as I gently rolled his balls in my hands. I could feel his cock pulse in my mouth and it seemed to get thicker. I worried if this monster would fit in my little pussy or would it tear me apart. I started bobbing my head up and down on his cock caressing it with my tongue and getting it wetter with my saliva so I could take a little more in my mouth each time. I had a little less than half of him in my mouth and the head of his cock was at the entrance to my throat.  
  
Keith reached down and put one hand on each side of my head and started pumping his cock into my mouth. "Oh, Heather," he moaned, "I've waited so long for this."  
  
I was kneeling in front of Keith in my panties and heels and he was gently fucking my face. He kept pumping and moaning and I let my hands fall to my sides and let him use my mouth. My nipples were so hard they hurt and my pussy was gushing. I knew my lacey blue panties were soaked. I could feel his cock throb as I licked that big vein in his cock and I knew he was going to cum. I had never had a man cum in my mouth before but I wanted to swallow Keith's cum. I wanted to do anything to please him.  
  
But it wasn't to be. Just as I thought he was going to release down my throat, he pulled out. He lifted me to my feet by my head; pulled me into his arms crushing my naked breasts to his bare chest and he kissed me softly and deeply. I could feel his cock, hot and wet with my saliva, pulsing against my bare belly and I was desperate to feel him inside me.  
  
Finally, he moved us to the bed and laid me down on my back with my feet hanging off the side. He knelt on the floor between my spread legs and kissed the inside of my thighs. I was going crazy, my pussy was dripping and my body temperature must have been five hundred degrees. "Please, fuck me." I cried, begging for his cock.  
  
Keith reached up and slowly slid my panties down my legs and off over my high heel shoes. At last, I thought, he was going to fuck me. But my torture wasn't over yet. He kissed and licked up the inside of my thighs until he reached my burning wet pussy. I didn't care that he would see how excited I was; I needed him in me. The first time his tongue touched the lips of my pussy I shivered and gasped out loud. I couldn't help it.  
  
He didn't give me a chance to recover. His tongue stroked the lips of my pussy up one side and down the other, back and forth. I could feel my body shaking but I couldn't control it. He gently pushed his tongue into my pussy as deep as he could and rolled it around inside me touching places that I never knew existed. I groaned and reached down and put my hands on his head.   
  
"Ohhhh, Keith." I begged, "You're driving me crazy. Please have mercy on me." His response was to take my clit between his lips and gently suck on it while flicking the tip with his tongue. I lost it completely. My stomach clamped down; my whole body was shaking and I couldn't even cry out, I just moaned and babbled incoherently.  
  
I hadn't even recovered from my orgasm and I could feel Keith kissing and nibbling from the insides of thighs to my lower belly. He teased my belly button with his tongue and kissed my stomach down to the very top of my pussy where my trimmed hair started. "My god; that was incredible." was all I could say.  
  
Keith took my hands and had me stand up next to the bed; he took me in his arms and kissed me deeply. I could taste myself on his lips and tongue and I tasted good. He put his big hands on my little ass and pulled me close to him and I could feel his hard cock press against my belly. I thought, "He hasn't come yet. He isn't done with me. I don't know if I can stand anymore."  
  
As those thoughts went through my head, he took his arms from around me and turned me to face the bed which was now up against front of my thighs. I suddenly realized that I still had my high heels on and I reached down to take them off.  
  
"No," he said, "leave them on while I fuck you." He put his large hand on the back of my neck and started to bend me over the bed. He was going to bend me over and fuck me from behind.  
  
The bed sat high and the top of the mattress was above my knees. As I was bent over, my legs were forced to stay straight. Combined with the high heels, my pussy and ass presented a perfect target for his hot, hard and wet cock.  
  
He pushed my head down until my forearms lay flat on the bed; my ass was sticking in the air with my back arched and my tits hanging and my nipples just rubbing on the top of the mattress. "Spread your legs." he ordered; and I did, willingly. I thought of the picture I presented: bent at the waist, feet spread, legs straight, standing in my blue high heels, ass in the air. I moaned thinking of the size of the cock that he was going to force into my little pussy.  
  
Keith stepped between my spread legs and rubbed the head of his cock up and down along my dripping pussy lips. I whimpered and grabbed onto the sheets with both hands knowing how vulnerable I was in this position. Then he started pushing his cock into me.  
  
I didn't have a lot of experience with sex but I knew Keith was bigger than average. He was definitely bigger than any cock I had ever seen let alone pushed into me. The head pushed into me and I thought I was going to die; it was only the head and I felt full already. He didn't move for a few seconds then he pulled back slightly and pushed in again a little harder. I was being stretched more than I thought possible but the fullness and the heat from his cock really started to get to me.  
  
He pulled back a little and this time he pushed half his cock up my little hole. I tried to move my body forward but the mattress was in front of my knees and I couldn't bend them to get away from his cock. I was trapped and he could do what he pleased with me, his little toy.   
  
He pulled back and pushed again, then pulled back and pushed in again going a little deeper each time. My high heels already had me on my toes so I couldn't even rise up to get my pussy away from his invading cock. My pussy was dripping now and I could feel it running down the inside of my thighs. The moisture from inside my hole just made it easier for Keith to drive his pole deeper.  
  
His cock felt like a hot iron rod driving into my pussy and I loved it. I tried to rise up from the bed but he put his hand on my back and pushed me back down never stopping the assault on my poor little hole. He started pumping faster and it was like I touched an electric socket. My entire body, from my head to my toes felt like I was being electrocuted.   
  
Then I felt his hard flat stomach bump against my upturned ass and I thought, "My god! He has his whole cock up inside me." I was filled completely -- more than completely. I thought there was nothing else that he could do to me; but I was wrong.  
  
He started fucking me fast and hard, bumping his balls against my clit as he bottomed out in my poor little pussy. The fronts of my legs were bouncing against the mattress each time he buried himself in me and I bounced back toward him each time he pulled out. This caused my already sensitive nipples to rub back and forth across the sheets with each thrust into my body.  
  
With my nipples scraping against the sheets, his balls slapping my clit and his huge cock stuffing my pussy, I was quickly approaching a huge orgasm and I started grunting each time he drove into me. He continued fucking me like this and I thought I was going to explode.   
  
Just as I thought I was going to die from sexual overload, he pushed himself into me as deep as he could and held his cock deep in my belly. I felt his cock start to throb and I knew he was going cum up my pussy. He started coming I felt his cum pour into my pussy. His throbbing cock and his burning cum pushed me into an earth shaking, toe curling, gut wrenching orgasm. I could feel my pussy sucking at his pulsing cock and I started crying out that he was killing me with his cock.   
  
After a few minutes I got control of myself but I was still bent over, trapped between Keith's body and the side of the bed. I could feel his cock inside of me; not as hard as it was before, but my pussy was still full. He reached down and pulled me into a standing position; legs spread, still in my high heels, his cock still buried in my pussy and my ass rubbing against his stomach.   
  
He wrapped his arms around me from behind and took one of my breasts in each of his hands and teased my nipples causing me to shudder one more time. Then, he pulled my back against him, leaned down and softly kissed my neck and whispered in my ear, "Heather, will you spend the night with me?"  
  
Like it had a mind of its own, my pussy squeezed his cock and I felt a tingle run through my body from my clit to my nipples and down to my toes. I turned my head toward his face and said, "Only if I can take off my high heels. Being naked with my heels on makes me feel like a slut."  
  
He gently pulled out of my pussy, stepped back a little and turned me around and pulled me against his chest and said, "That is how I want you to feel; like you are MY slut."  
  
And I realized that I wanted to be his slut. I would do anything for him and let him do anything to me. I turned my face up to him and reached up and pull his head down to me and kissed him deeply.  
  
He picked me up and sat me on the bed. He went down on his knees in front of me and lifted my leg and pulled off my blue high heels and then kissed the top of my foot and repeated the process with my other leg. He laid me down on the bed facing away from him, pulled the covers up over me and climbed in behind me.  
  
I fell asleep with Keith behind me; one arm under my pillow, coming around in front of me gently holding my tit in his hand, his other arm over my hip with his hand on my stomach just above my tired and stretched pussy, his cock resting in the crack of my ass and his warm breath on the back of my neck. It was the classic spoon position but, I never felt safer or more satisfied.  
  
Needless to say, I had a good night's sleep.

My Own Heaven Ch. 02

I woke up on Sunday morning alone in Keith's enormous four poster bed. I didn't notice much about the bed last night, I was kind of preoccupied. His bed was even bigger than my Mom and Dad's king size bed and that was huge. His bed was very comfortable, too, but it was more comfortable when Keith was in bed with me. Where was he anyway?  
  
I turned over and I saw Keith at his dresser. He was wearing slacks and shoes with a towel around his neck and he was brushing his hair. As he brushed, I could see the muscles in his back rippling and I remembered holding on to him last night and feeling those muscles under my hands. I felt a warm glow run through my body.  
  
Keith turned around and noticed I was awake. "Good morning, sleepyhead." He said walking to the bed and smiling. Have I mentioned how I love his smile?  
  
"Good morning." I said stretching, arms over my head, extending my legs, pointing my toes and arching my back.  
  
"Would you like to go out for breakfast or would you rather eat here?" he asked, sitting next to me on the bed.  
  
"We can't go out; all I have to wear is my clothes from last night." I said.  
  
"Not a problem." He replied. He quickly jumped up and walked to a closet and opened the doors. Inside the closet were women's clothes. He pointed to an armoire near the closet and said, "Underwear, shorts, and stuff are in there."  
  
"I can't wear some other women's clothes" I yelped, sitting up quickly holding the covers to hide my naked chest.  
  
Keith suddenly had a hurt look on his face. He walked to the bed and sat down facing me. "Heather," he said his eyes watering, "I would never insult you by asking you to wear some other woman's clothes. I bought them for you; I hoped someday you'd be here to wear them."  
  
I let go of the covers and threw myself at him wrapping my arms around his neck knocking the towel onto the floor. I held his head to my naked breasts and kissed the top of his head breathing in the fresh smell of his shampoo. "I'm so sorry, but, how did you know I'd be here? Will they fit me? How'd you know my sizes?" I said, all in one breath.  
  
He straightened himself up gathering me to him, crushing my naked breasts against his chest with my head on his shoulder. The covers slipped further down my naked body as he pulled me to him exposing me to my knees but I didn't care. "I've been waiting and hoping and planning for this for six months." he whispered, "Did you think last night was a spur of the moment fling?" I could still hear the hurt in his voice.  
  
"I wasn't just feeding you a line just to get in your pants when I told you I wanted you from the day I saw you sitting at the reception desk. Did you think when we talked at lunch, or when we stopped to 'pick up a few things' on the way back to the office, that I wasn't paying attention?" his voice was getting firmer again.  
  
"I don't know." I answered almost in a whisper, "I couldn't believe someone like you could be interested in a kid like me. I hoped, and I dreamed, and I have to admit that I did my damnedest last night to get you to take me to bed, but I never knew how you felt about me."  
  
"First of all," he said, pulling away from me a little and looking down at my naked body with a glint in his eye, "You are no kid." "And secondly," he said, his voice back to its old self, "I don't just want your body; I'm interested in you, the person."   
  
I threw my arms around him with my head against his chest and my arms clutching the broad back that I admired earlier. "So," he said, "what's it to be, breakfast here or go out? But I've gotta warn you, if we stay here, you might not get to try on any of the clothes I bought for you."  
  
"Let's go out for a quick brunch." I said. "Then, maybe, we can come back here and find something to do."  
  
"Great," he said standing up and smiling. He reached down and swatted me on my little butt with his big hand. "Let's get a move on. Bathroom's through there," he pointed to a door off the foot of the bed, "and you know where the clothes are." He walked over to another closet and took out a shirt for himself.  
  
"But where are we going? How should I dress?" I asked, watching him pull his shirt on, disappointed that he was covering his gorgeous body.  
  
"We'll go to my country club. They have a great brunch on Sunday mornings and it's casual. You get ready; I'm going to check my messages and email." And with that he made a kissing motion with his lips toward me and walked out the door and down the hallway.  
  
I got out of bed and went right for the closet. There were slacks, blouses, and summer dresses all in my size and in my favorite colors and on the bottom there were shoes, high heels, sandals and sneakers. Still naked, I went to the armoire and pulled open the doors and quickly went through the drawers. There were shorts, all types of tops in so many colors, bras and panties and socks. The lower drawers contained more bras and panties but they were much skimpier. In fact, the bras were so tiny that I thought even my little 34Bs would overflow them and, in truth, there were no panties, just thongs -- and skimpy thongs at that. If I wore them, hair would show around my pussy even with the close trimming job I did yesterday.   
  
As I looked further, I found stockings of various shades and types, a few garter belts and lots of lingerie. I noted that there were no panty hose; I was glad I opted for bare legs last night. Keith was apparently NOT a fan of panty hose. The bottom two drawers seemed to be locked so I assumed they were empty.  
  
I walked into the bathroom and it was magnificent; all marble, glass, tile and chrome. Along one wall was the bathroom sink surrounded by a marble counter top that ran the length of the wall. The entire wall behind the sink was mirrored and the lighting was perfect.  
  
There was a bathtub with Jacuzzi nozzles all around that was big enough for at least two people and a glass enclosed stall shower big enough for two and it even had a marble bench. There was what I thought were two toilets, but I later found out that one was a bidet. I didn't even know what a bidet was at that point, but I know now. There was a free standing closet stacked with big fluffy white towels and washcloths and a fluffy white bathrobe with the name "Heather" monogrammed on it in pink. Now, my eyes started to water.  
  
I turned to the sink and noticed bottles and jars, aerosol cans, toothpaste and a tooth brush on the counter top. They were all the brands that I used. If they weren't all brand new and unopened, I would have thought someone moved them from my apartment. I looked into the shower and saw my shampoo and conditioner and the bath soap I really like but usually can't afford. .  
  
No matter, I, like any other woman in my position, indulged myself. The shower was wonderful; I'm not used to so much room in the shower and the large showerhead provided lots of water at high pressure and the perfect temperature. The shower felt so good I didn't want to get out but, finally, I grabbed a towel and wrapped it around myself and stepped out of the shower. I grabbed another towel, and started drying my hair and walked to the sink. There was the same hair dryer I have at home, only brand new. "Keith," I said to myself for the hundredth time, "How do you know so much about me?"   
  
I finished drying my hair and was putting on my make up -- which was among the things on the counter top -- when I heard Keith yell in to me, "Hey, Kitten, how are you making out in there; need some help?"  
  
'Kitten,' I thought to my self, 'That's the second time he's called me that.' "Not if we expect to make brunch." I called back. I finished my make up; put on the fluffy white bathrobe, which fit to just above mid thigh, and went back into the bedroom. Keith was sitting on the bed.   
  
"You look delicious." he said, his eyes wandering over my body. He got up from the bed and walked to the door. "I'm going to go and finish checking my email. My office is right next door when you're ready." he said pointing down the hall to the left and he was gone.  
  
I went through the closet and the armoire and picked out white short shorts and a pink sleeveless t-top. I chose a skimpy white bra and panty set; there were only two kinds of underwear: skimpy and scandalous, and white sneakers with little white socks with pink trim. When I finished dressing, I checked myself in the mirror. I looked like a little girl -- a little girl with a very sexy body -- but a little girl nonetheless.   
  
I walked down the hall to his office. I could hear him tapping away at his computer. I walked in and said, "I'm ready."  
  
He stood up and turned towards me, stopped and just stared at me. I thought I'd done something wrong or was dressed too casual for his country club. Then, I noticed the movement in his pants just at his crotch and I knew it was nothing I did 'wrong'. I bounced into the room right up to him, took his hand then went on tippy toes with my little ass sticking out and kissed his cheek -- I AM so bad. I came down off my toes and started for the door pulling him by his hand saying, "Let's go, I'm famished." I could hear him chuckle as he followed me out of his office.  
  
We got to the country club and drove to the clubhouse where the brunch was served. We pulled in and the valet approached the car. Keith looked over at me and grinned and I felt a little twinge between my legs. Would I ever again be able to use a parking valet without remembering last night? At least this time, I didn't have to worry about my dress riding up or my panties showing.  
  
We sat on the patio overlooking the golf course rather than inside the country club. Most people were inside where it was air conditioned, but it was morning and still cool out. The patio was covered and enclosed with screening and with everyone inside, it was much more private. We had fresh fruits, breads and pastries, juice and lots of coffee.   
  
While we ate, we talked. We had much more to talk about now than we did before last night. When we finished eating and were just sipping coffee I asked, "Keith, how did you know my sizes and all the things I use? You even knew what kind of toothpaste and shampoo I use." I was dying to know how he knew so much about me.  
  
For the first time, I saw him blush, just a little, and he said, "I don't want you to think I'm a stalker or anything." he paused and smiled. Oh god, that smile melts me every time. "When we went to lunch and you talked, I listened. And we'd stop somewhere on the way back to the office, I'd take notice of what you bought. I found out what shampoo you use by the smell of your hair. Your sizes I got when you picked your clothes up at the cleaners. Although, I may have gotten your waist size wrong. After seeing you naked last night, I think the jeans may be a little big."  
  
Now, I blushed being reminded that Keith has seen all I have to offer displayed in the most vulnerable ways. "My waist is twenty-one." I said amazed that anyone would go to so much trouble for me. "Yeah," he said, "The jeans are a little big."  
  
"Okay," I went on, "but how could you know so much about ME? I mean, you knew exactly how to push my buttons; exactly how to drive me crazy. How'd you know I'd let the valet see my legs and panties?" I couldn't believe I actually asked that last question.  
  
"Mainly, because I told you to." he paused looking at the amazed expression on my face. "I sensed something about you as soon as I met you. And the more we talked; the more I was sure I was right. When we talked about your past and growing up you gave me more hints. When we talked about what was happening in your life now, I knew. When you talked, I listened.  
  
"Last night," he continued, "when I told you I would make you show more of your body to people, you squeezed my arm so hard I thought the blood to my hand had stopped; I was convinced. And when I told you to expose yourself to the valet and you did it, I had proof."  
  
"But proof of what?" I asked. I could see the string of events when he listed them, but I couldn't figure out what he saw in me.  
  
He reached over and took my hands in his. "You are a submissive." He said almost in a whisper like he was telling me a secret. "And, you are an exhibitionist and you love to be sexually humiliated." I was stunned but I continued to listen. "You also have a masochistic side to you, but I haven't figured out exactly how deep that goes." He paused. "You love to be told what to do; made to do things, especially sexual things but you need to totally trust the person that is doing these things to you. That's very important to you, as it should be. You love to have your limits pushed. The further the better because you would know the person that is controlling you would never let you be harmed."  
  
I sat there for a couple of minutes just thinking. Keith stopped talking but he still gently stroked my hands. He didn't try to get me to respond; he just let me digest everything he said. Finally, I said softly, "And you want to be that man?"  
  
"I would love to be that man." He said softly, his voice a little deeper than before. "I waited six months to be sure about you. I want to be the one who finds ways to make you really experience your submissive nature: and, I want to be the one to help you live up to, no, exceed your potential"  
  
I wasn't hesitating because I doubted what he said. He was right, I was submissive; I loved to be made to do things. I did love to have my body put on display. And the humiliation of having these things done to me was a thrill all on its own. I wasn't sure about the masochist part. I did like some pain, but I didn't know where my limit was.   
  
That worried me because with the submission, exhibitionism and humiliation, it was terrible while it was happening, but I got so sexually excited. When I thought about it later I felt warm and tingly and wanted it to go further. If I was the same way with pain, I could really get myself injured. Maybe that's why I needed Keith to care for me.  
  
Finally, I looked up at Keith and I said, "Keith, I think you're right. I do love the things you see in me. I want you...I need you to be the man that takes care of me."  
  
He got up, kissed my lips oh, so softly and we went back out to the car, Keith with his arm around my waist and mine around his. There was sudden bond between us that felt so right. I loved him; I knew that. And while he didn't say it, he loved me, too. Men are always the last to know. But most important, I knew Keith would die before he let any harm come to me.  
  
We got the car, without incident this time, and drove back to his house talking about the things he saw in me and how he knew what I liked. Keith studied me for the past six months. He waited until last night because he wanted to be sure he wouldn't be forcing me into anything.  
  
When we got to his house we went upstairs and I noticed that my clothes from last night had been picked up. My dress was hanging in the closet and my shoes were on the closet floor. My bra and panties were no where to be found.   
  
Keith said that they were probably in the laundry. He had a maid that came in every day and cleaned up. I walked into the bathroom and sure enough, it was spotless. The towels and washcloth I'd used were replaced and my little bathrobe was hung up.  
  
"I want to see you in some of the clothes I bought." he said. "Go over there and try some on and let me see how they look."   
  
I went over to the closet and picked out a white sundress and a pair of white sandals. "That's not what I want to see, Heather. You know what I want to see you in."  
  
I knew what he wanted. Truthfully, it's what I wanted, too. I just wanted to have him tell me to do it. He was telling me he wanted me scantily dressed and it excited me more than I thought it would. I went back to the armoire and opened the drawer with the lingerie in it. I picked out a black, skimpy, see through nightie with spaghetti straps and tiny little g-string panties. "That's perfect." he said. I went to the closet and picked out a pair of strappy four inch stiletto heels. I started for the bathroom to change and I stopped.  
  
"What's wrong?" Keith asked.  
  
Um...you see...um." I mumbled. He got up and walked over to me. He lifted my chin and so I was looking directly into his grey eyes. "Tell me what's wrong." He said sternly.  
  
"I can't wear these panties; the hair will show." I mumbled looking down toward my pussy, "Down there." I was turning red again.  
  
"No problem," he said, "While you're in there, shave your pussy bare, I like it better that way, anyway. In fact, from now on, with the exception of your arms, I don't want to see a single hair below your neckline. If you need help shaving, call me." He waved me toward the bathroom and I started walking.  
  
I went into the bathroom and found the shaving gel and razor. I was used to trimming the hair on my pussy pretty close, but my pussy hasn't been bare since I went through puberty. I stripped off my clothes and climbed into the shower and started to shave my whole body just like I was told. Some of it I had to do by feel. I couldn't see my ass or around my asshole and I wasn't even sure there was any hair there, but I wanted to be sure to do what Keith said. I did my legs again even though I shaved them yesterday and I shaved my belly and anywhere else I thought there could possibly be hair.  
  
I checked myself with my hands to make sure there was no stubble anywhere and I was surprised by the feel of my bare pussy. Not only was the feel different to my hands, but my pussy was feeling things differently, too. I was so exposed. I felt like a little girl and my pussy was super sensitive. My pussy has always been sensitive but, I wasn't sure how I was going to endure being touched there now. It would drive me crazy.  
  
I stepped out of the shower to dry off and I caught a glimpse of my new look in the mirror. I was shocked at first but when I really looked, it was so sexy. I looked open...available and vulnerable. My outer lips were completely exposed. I could see the hood over my clit. I knew when I got excited; my clit would stick out begging for attention.  
  
I pulled the little g-string up my legs and pulled the strings around my hips; it was so tiny the strings wouldn't go any higher. I adjusted the thin little patch of silky material over my pussy and it just covered my pussy lips and clit and that was all. The sting in the back rubbed against my puckered little asshole giving me a thrill that took me by surprise. I looked up at the mirror and I had to admit my shaved pussy looked inviting in the little nothing of a g-string.  
  
I put on the strappy, black, four inch heels and the little black top. The top was practically transparent and just barely came down to the top of the g-string. I looked at my back in the mirror and the lower half of my ass cheeks were showing and since the string was tucked tightly between the cheeks of my ass, my ass looked naked.  
  
I walked out into the bedroom where Keith was waiting. He was sitting on the edge of the bed and I walked over to him. "Very nice," he said, "turn around and let me see the back." I blushed knowing how I looked from the back but did as I was told.  
  
Keith gently ran his hand across my bare ass and I quivered and I could feel that itching between my legs. He turned me around to face him again and because he was sitting, his face was right at my breasts.   
  
He put his hands on my bare hips just above the g-sting and pulled me a little closer. He ran his hands under my top and up to my tits and caressed them gently. I looked down and he was looking right into my eyes; I couldn't help but look back. His gentle caresses soon zeroed in on my nipples. They immediately got hard and very sensitive and the feelings shot right down to my clit.

He began to tweak my nipples and I could feel my pussy getting damp. He knew what this was doing to me. He could see it in my face and he liked torturing me. Worse, he knew I liked being tortured, too. His tweaking became pinching and I moaned and started to wriggle to try to ease the hot itch that was burning between my legs.  
  
"Stand still!" he said not shouting, but louder than normal. I did as I was told and his telling me to do it just excited me more. It was in agony trying to stand still and looking into his grey eyes, trying to deal with the feelings shooting through my body while he tormented my nipples.  
  
He stood up and lifted the top over my head leaving me in the g-string, which really made me seem more naked than if I wasn't wearing it, and the black high heels that made me feel like I was his slut. 'I NEED this.' I remember thinking. He sat back down on the bed and twisted my nipple a few times and removed his hands.   
  
I tried to get my trembling body under control but Keith would have none of that. He reached behind me putting one of his big hands on each of the bare cheeks of my ass and pulled me closer to him. He started squeezing and rubbing his hands on my ass then he took my hard left nipple between his lips and started to suck on it while he flicked his tongue across the very tip. It was like electricity going through me. I threw my head back and moaned and put my hands on the sides of his head just behind his ears.  
  
I could feel his soft hair under my fingers and his lips and tongue never stopped teasing my nipple. I was trying desperately to keep my senses under control. I thought I was regaining my composure, when Keith switched to my right nipple. I knew then that all was lost and I'd gladly do whatever my Keith wanted of me. I was quivering and moaning and trying to rub my legs together to stop the insane itching between my legs.   
  
Just when I thought I would loose all control, he took his mouth from my nipple and stood up pulling me close to him. He was driving me crazy; how did he know just when to stop and leave me just short of release? It was frustrating. It was humiliating to be so easily controlled but, god, help me, I loved it.  
  
Keith kissed the top of my head inhaling deeply. He lifted me up with one of his arms behind my back and the other arm under my knees. He turned and laid me on the bed on my back and sat down next to me. He turned toward my legs and leaned over me and began kissing my trembling thighs starting at my hip and working down toward my knee. I opened my legs; my pussy shamelessly begging for attention but, Keith wanted to see me writhe and beg.  
  
While he kissed down my leg past my knee, he released the ankle strap on my shoe, removed it and dropped it on the floor. I was completely out of control. I was Keith's to do with as he pleased. He slowly repeated the process with the other leg starting at my hip and after he kissed and nibbled his way down to my knee I heard my other shoe hit the floor.  
  
I felt him rise off the bed and I opened my eyes to look at him. He seemed to be memorizing every inch of me lying on his bed wearing only a scandalous black g-string while he quickly undressed. When he was naked, he climbed into bed and stretched his hard body next to mine and leaned over me and we kissed.  
  
I could stand it no longer. I need to be fucked, fucked now and fucked hard. Keith was enjoying taking his time with me; making my sexual overload his pleasure and my torture. I needed to take matters into my own hands and that's what I did. I reached down and put my hand around his hard cock. This did NOT accomplish what I had intended.   
  
My hand could only reach a little only over halfway around his cock and covered less than half its length. It was hard and hot and throbbing. I flashed back to last night; bending over this same bed with this monster jammed into my tight little pussy and I hoped he was going to shove it in me again. Just the thought mad me lightheaded.  
  
Keith began kissing my belly and as he worked his way down past my belly button he pulled the little g-string down and off my legs leaving me completely bare and at his disposal. He kissed down my belly moving his body down as he went and I lost my grip on his cock. My hand was wet from the tip of his cock and I brought it up to my face and licked him from my hand just as his mouth reached my pussy.  
  
I held my hand over my mouth to keep from screaming and my legs spread even wider all by themselves; I had no control over them. I never knew how much protection even the well trimmed hair on my pussy provided. With my pussy totally bared and unprotected, Keith's tongue and lips were able to roam over my super sensitive pussy unhindered. I could feel every movement of his tongue and lips on my on my wet pussy; I could even feel his warm breath as he explored between my legs. My clit started peeking out from behind its hood and I knew it wouldn't take Keith long to find it.  
  
He pushed his tongue inside me and all was lost. His upper lip rubbed against my clit as his tongue explored inside my seizing hole and I came. I could feel my fluids gushing out of my tormented pussy and Keith was licking them up as fast as they leaked out.  
  
I was still coming when I felt Keith move over me and his weight pushing down on me. He buried his face in my neck and kissed and nibbled me there as his cock pushed against my defenseless wet pussy. My bare pussy lips provided little protection and they opened for him. He slid his cock into me in one long stroke taking my breath away.   
  
My pussy was stuffed with Keith's big, hot cock. It stretched me wider than I thought possible and he was so deep I swore I could taste him. It hurt a little but, god, it felt so good. I loved having him inside me.  
  
I could smell his after shave and the scent of my sexual excitement. He kissed and nibbled my neck, my shoulder, my ear; his body was crushing my tits, and he had his giant cock shoved into my belly and all I could do was wrap my arms and legs around him and hold on.  
  
He began slowly thrusting his hips back and forth making his cock drive in and out of my stretched little hole. I could feel the hairs around his cock and balls tickling my hairless pussy and ass. He lifted his head up and grabbed my hair turning my face toward his and kissed me hard pushing his tongue into my mouth never stopped pumping his cock deep into me.  
  
The walls of my stuffed pussy grabbed at his burning cock as he steadily moved his hips faster and faster driving himself deeper and deeper into me while his tongue explored my mouth. I was having mini orgasms every five or six strokes of his cock and I was getting weak and my arms fell to the bed. I surrendered to him. He released my hair and let my head fall back still kissing my face and neck; his cock pounding harder and deeper with each stroke.  
  
I thought he was going to drive his thick rod into my chest. His hips shuddered and he pushed forward wedging himself deep inside my stretched pussy, crushing the hair around his cock against my hairless lips and tickling my clit. He started to expand and throb inside me and I lost it; cumming so hard I stopped breathing. His cock exploded in my tender pussy and he seemed to pump cum into me forever. I could feel his excess sperm leak out of my overstuffed hole and drip down over my shaved asshole making me gasp and I started breathing again.  
  
Keith let his weight rest on me while he recovered from his orgasm. I recovered the use of my arms and held him tightly to me kissing the parts of his face and neck I could reach. If this is what it meant to be a submissive, exhibitionistic, masochist; sign me up.

My Own Heaven Ch. 03

Keith lay on top of me recovering from his orgasm. I felt so proud that my body gave him so much pleasure that he needed time to recover. He wouldn't have been able to move anyway; I had my arms wrapped around him in a death grip and I never wanted to let him go. I lay under him, the weight of his body trapping me against the mattress, recovering from my own orgasms, listening to his breathing, and basking in the heat from his body.   
  
Eventually, he rolled off of me, lying next to me on his side. He wrapped me up in his powerful arms, with one hand on my back and the other covering both cheeks of my ass. He pulled me against his body. I snuggled into him and moaned. I could feel cock against my thigh. Not the big, hard, hot pole he has been shoving into my body lately (to my delight), but soft, warm and big, but of a more manageable size.  
  
After a while, I looked up at him, "I love the things we have been doing; even the things you have done to me and made me do. I want you to do more to me. We go to work tomorrow and we can't let anyone know about us but I don't want our 'games' to stop until next weekend. What can we do?" My voice was almost a plea by the time I stopped talking.  
  
Keith rolled over on his back taking me with him; my head sliding down to his chest, my body pressing along his side and my bare, damp pussy rubbing against the hard muscle in his thigh. "This weekend has been like a dream come true for me. Let me handle work." He said softly, his voice somehow deeper. "I knew I would love doing things with you; and to you. What more would you like me to do?"  
  
"I'm not sure. I liked how you made me show my panties to the valet last night. And I loved how you made me wear that skimpy lingerie for you earlier and how you made me shave my pussy and the rest of my body. And I REALLY liked what you did to me after you made me do those things." I said smiling.  
  
"And you want more?" he asked, pulling me tighter to him.  
  
"Oh, yes; doing those things got me excited, but what excites me more is that you make me do them; the look in your eyes when you make me do them. It humiliates me when you do them but I know that it pleases you to see me suffer. That excites me and makes me want you to do more things to me; harder things for me to do." I said.  
  
"So you want me to do harsher things to you more often?"  
  
"Yes," I answered quickly, "but I want you to do things to me that will humiliate me even more. Make me do things that will embarrass me even more. MAKE me do unspeakable things and let other people see me. It would be so humiliating for me but it would make me so excited. I know you would never do anything that would injure me or damage my reputation. I trust you to take care of me."  
  
"So you want to have to do things that humiliate you even more. Things others can see; maybe even participate in." He said thoughtfully. "Or, do things to you secretly in a public setting that you must endure quietly to avoid embarrassment?"  
  
"Well, you said that if I belonged to you, you'd show off more of me to men so they could envy you for what you had -- me. I want to belong to you. I don't want to be able to refuse you anything you want to do to me." I said snuggling my naked body closer to him.  
  
"You want to expose yourself to other men?" he asked almost daring me.  
  
"No, I don't want to LET other men see me. I want you to MAKE me show myself to other men. I know I would be so humiliated but, I know I would be so excited knowing you were there and MADE me do it." I said starting to breathe a little faster just talking about.  
  
"I can do that." he said slowly, pulling me on top of him. He kissed me running his hands over the back of my naked body paying special attention to my ass. "It's getting close to dinner time; let's get cleaned up and go down to the kitchen and get something to eat."  
  
"Okay." I rolled off of him and stood up. He eyed my body like a wolf eyeing up a lamb.   
  
He sat up on the edge on the bed, "You go ahead; I'll put what I want you to wear on the bed and I'll meet you in the kitchen."  
  
"Do you want to shower with me?" I giggled putting a fingertip to my mouth, crossing one knee in front of the other by raising one foot slightly and twisting my body side to side.  
  
"Yes, I do" he said flashing that smile (you know what that smile does to me), "but then we'll never get to eat and I'd like to take you to see some of the grounds. I'll use the shower in my office. See you in the kitchen."  
  
I pushed my lower lip out in a pout. Twisted my body a few more times, just to show him what he was missing and ran off to the bathroom.  
  
I showered not getting my hair wet to save time, dried off with one of the big fluffy towels and walked naked into the bedroom in case Keith was there. Somehow I knew teasing him was just asking for him to punish me somehow, but I knew the punishment would be some exquisite torment that I was learning I craved.  
  
But Keith was not in the bedroom. I looked on the bed and saw a pair of black heels with thin ankle straps. I picked one up and looked at it. It was my size, of course, Keith picked everything out himself, but the heel looked strangely higher than normal. I picked up one of the high heels I wore earlier; it was still lying on the floor next to the bed where Keith dropped it and compared it to the one from the bed. It was at least an inch higher. These heels were five inches high.  
  
I was okay on four inch heels but that extra inch made a big difference. I wasn't sure I could stand, let alone walk in five inch heels. Keith wanted me to wear them, he left them on the bed so, no matter how hard it would be for me to wear them; I would do it.  
  
I sat on the bed and put them on buckling the little black straps around my ankles. They were really cute on my smallish feet. I stood up and, 'Oh my goodness' I thought. My feet were like I was on my toes reaching for something in these shoes. I tried walking in them. I was shaky but it wasn't as bad I had thought it would be.   
  
I walked by the full length mirror and saw my reflection. "Oh, my god!" I gasped. I looked at myself, naked, in black five inch heels. I turned to look at my back and my long legs looked even longer and shapelier. My cute little butt was high and tight because of the strain on my legs. I turned to the side and the heels pushed my pelvis forward like I was pushing my hairless pussy out for attention. I had my shoulders pulled back to balance myself and this caused me to stick my 34B tits out above my flat stomach. I looked like a slut, Keith's slut, and I loved the look. I decided I liked the shoes even though they hurt a little and I had to get used to walking in them.   
  
I walked back to the bed to see what else Keith had put out for me to wear. There was nothing on the bed. I looked on the floor thinking I pushed the clothes on the floor trying on the high heels, but there was nothing on the floor. I walked around the bed in case I pushed them off the other side even though the bed was so big they couldn't have been pushed that far. Nothing there. 'Maybe he forgot to put clothes out' I thought to myself.  
  
Suddenly, I stopped and I blushed clear down to my pointed toes. Keith didn't forget. He said that he would put what he wanted me to wear on the bed. And he did -- he wanted me in just these five inch high heel shoes. He knew I would be humiliated. I told him I felt like a slut when I was naked in just heels and that's what he wanted.  
  
I stepped in front of the mirror and looked at myself again. The outer lips of my pussy stood out like they were trying to get someone's attention. My naked tits bounced as I walked. I knew Keith would enjoy seeing me like this. Then, I noticed the shine on my pussy lips; I was getting wet just thinking about how humiliated I was going to be. My only hope was that maybe Keith would be naked, too. At least I wouldn't be the only one 'stripped for dinner'.  
  
I went down the steps and walked carefully towards the kitchen. I could hear Keith making noise preparing dinner. I looked into the kitchen and Keith was at the counter and he was dressed. This was so humiliating. I walked into the kitchen and he turned around, alerted to my arrival by the five inch heels clicking on the tile floor.  
  
Keith beckoned me to him by crooking his finger. I walked toward him placing one foot slightly in front of the other to maintain my balance causing my breasts to bounce more than usual. This also caused my adorable little ass to jiggle provocatively but Keith couldn't see my ass; not yet, at least.  
  
I stopped in front of him and pleaded, "Keith, I can't eat dinner like this, it's so embarrassing.   
  
"You can and you will; unless you would like me to find a way to make you even more uncomfortable". He paused. "Now set the table, we are having a salad and wine."  
  
I set the table and we sat to eat. When I sat down, the seat of my chair was cold on my bare ass and I made a little squeal. Keith looked at me and smiled; he was enjoying my humiliation. At least sitting down, only my breasts were on display. He looked at my breasts hungrily and my nipples got hard. I was getting that itch between my legs again, too. Even though I was appalled that Keith would make me walk around the house naked in high heels, it excited me.  
  
As we were finishing dinner, he said, "We're going to go out and walk around the grounds of the house." he said, "then, as much as I want you to stay, I have to take you back to your apartment. We have to go to work tomorrow and we can't show up together."  
  
"I would love to stay, too." I said as a smile came to my lips, "but I understand about work." Then I thought to myself that he hasn't told me to get dressed. He wouldn't make me walk the grounds of the house naked, would he? Would other people be able to see me?   
  
I had to ask him. "Keith, you're not going to make me go out naked, are you?" He laughed softly and I saw that smile that I love.   
  
"Do you think you need to wear something while you're on my property?" he asked softly.   
  
"Well, I'll be going outside. What if someone sees me?" I asked a little scared.  
  
"Eventually, someone - more than one someone - will see you. But, the chances of someone seeing you without my permission while you are on my estate are extremely remote." he said this as if it would make me feel better.   
  
He got up from the table and offered his hand to help me get up. What he really wanted was to look at my naked body as I stood. "If you insist, I will give you something to wear."  
  
He walked behind me; a few steps behind me. I knew he was watching my little ass jiggle because of the five inch heels. I could feel myself blush but I loved the feel of his eyes on my behind. As we started up the stairs, my blush spread from my cheeks across my face and down to my chest. Keith, following behind me up the stairs, had a perfect view of my ass from below and could see my pussy from behind as I climbed each stair. I wondered if he could tell how wet I was.  
  
We went to the bedroom and he went to the armoire and opened the doors. He reached in his pocket and took out a key and opened one of the two bottom drawers that had been locked. I could not see what was in the drawer but he reached in and pulled out four pieces of leather. They were black leather padded wrist and ankle cuffs.  
  
He put the wrist cuffs on and buckled them. They were padded on the inside and soft against my wrists. He walked me over to the bed and had me sit down and knelt in front of me and put the ankle cuffs on and buckled them running his hands up the calves of my legs.  
  
"Keith," I said giggling, "these are very attractive but my wrists and ankles were not what I was thinking about covering up."   
  
"Are you sure you want to wear more, even though I want you to be naked? If I give you something else to wear, you will have no choice but to wear it."   
  
He sounded like he was warning me that if I wanted to go against his wishes, there would be a price to pay. Maybe because I wanted him to push my limits, I ignored the warning.  
  
"If we are going to go out," I said seeing how far I could go with this, "I need to wear more than five inch heels with wrist and ankle cuffs."  
  
He walked back to the armoire and opened the same drawer and pulled out a plastic bag containing a wad of what looked to be black vinyl. He opened the bag and pulled out the black wad and handed it to me. It was leather and not vinyl and a bit heavier than I expected. I open the wad of leather I could feel my heart thumping in my chest. It was a black leather g-sting, but not just a leather g-string. Inside the g-string, which was just big enough to cover my hairless pussy was a black five inch dildo that would go into my bare little hole if I put on the panties.  
  
I looked at Keith and he was watching me. "This isn't exactly what I had in mind when I asked for something more to wear" I said holding the g-string up in front of me.  
  
"You asked for this." he reminded me. "And what you 'had in mind' is of no consequence. Put on the panties that you insisted on wearing."  
  
I did insist on more to wear. For some reason, I felt like this was a test. Up until now, when we talked, I told him I trusted him and would do whatever he said. Now, I had to show him the obedience I promised him. I went over to the bed and sat down and got the panties over my five inch heels. I stood up and Keith was watching. He was going to watch me put this dildo in my bare pussy.  
  
He watched me as I bent over and pulled the g-string up until the tip of the dildo just touched the moist lips of my pussy. I eased the head of the dildo between my outer lips and pushed it in. The dildo wasn't as long as Keith, but it was fairly thick and it did fill up my tight pussy. I pulled up the strings up on my hips and I felt the rear string rub against my hairless asshole causing me to shiver.   
  
The dildo seated itself firmly in my pussy and there was a little bump on the inside of the g-string that rested right against my clit which had come out of its hiding place because my pussy lips were spread so wide. I looked up at Keith and he was smiling and I felt my body tingle. He was enjoying what he was putting me through.  
  
"I was going to offer you some lube, but I guess you didn't need it" he said, the smile still on his face.  
  
"Probably because I am so wet from you making we walk around the house naked in five inch heels." I said.   
  
He came over and held me to him, me almost naked and him dressed. It felt so good but did nothing to help calm down the little tingles going through my body. "Is this all I get to wear?" I asked raising my arms straight out to my sides displaying my body with only my pussy lips and clit covered by the 'special' g-string.  
  
"It is unless you want to take a chance on what else I can find in the drawer for you. Considering what I have found so far, are you sure you want to risk what I can find for the parts of your body still left uncovered?" he said, again with that warning tone.  
  
My nipples got hard and it seemed like all my nerve endings were centered in my breasts. They were the only things left to cover and, considering how he chose to 'cover' my hairless little pussy, I shuddered to think what he had in that drawer to 'cover' my breasts.  
  
"No sir," I said quickly, hoping to protect my poor tits, "What I have on is perfect for our walk."  
  
I took two steps toward the bed and stopped dead suddenly going pale. When I walked, the dildo moved around inside me rubbing against that place inside me that made me crazy and, the little bump inside the g-string rubbed against my clit with each step. I turned and looked at him and there was that smile. I knew as hard as this was going to be; I'd let him do anything to me. I could see the bulge rising in his pants again; he was getting excited knowing what his panties were doing to me.  
  
I slowly walked to Keith. It was only eight or ten steps but I could feel my thighs already getting wet. "Thank you, sir, for the lovely panties to wear on our walk." I said trying to control the riot that was going on between my legs.  
  
He put his hands on my arms at my shoulders and kissed me softly, "Let's go while there is still light." He walked over to the armoire that was still open. He reached in the drawer and took out a stick about two feet long, wrapped in leather, with what looked like a small piece of leather belt, doubled over, attached to the end. My ass began to tingle as I realized that it was a riding crop.  
  
"This will help make sure that we maintain a crisp pace." he said with a chuckle. He closed and locked the drawer and closed the armoire doors. "Let's go." he said walking to the bedroom door.  
  
He stopped at the door and looked back at me. I slowly started walking towards him. Walking carefully in the five inch heels, I could feel my tits bounce and my ass sway invitingly with each step. The dildo and the bump against my clit continued their torment and couldn't imagine making it through this walk with my sanity intact.  
  
We walked through the kitchen to the back of the house. My thighs were already wet and I was trying desperately to keep my over-stimulated body under control. There was a sliding glass door leading to a redwood sun deck and Keith slid it open allowing me to walk out in front of him.  
  
I was outside in the sunlight wearing five inch heels, wrist and ankle cuffs and a pair of g-string panties holding a dildo up my pussy and a leather bump against my clit. I had never been outside this naked before and even though Keith said there was little chance of anyone seeing me while we were on his property, I was still humiliated to be 'going for a walk' dressed -- or undressed -- like this.  
  
We walked across the deck, my heels clicking on the reddish wood, to steps that led down to a full size in-ground swimming pool. It was surrounded by a concrete deck with padded lounge chairs scattered around.   
  
"These high heels hurt my feet;" I complained "is this going to be a long walk?" He didn't answer but looked back at me falling behind.  
  
Going down the steps from the deck to the pool was a stimulating experience for me. I could feel my naked tits bouncing and the dildo pushed in and out of my stuffed pussy with each step. I gasped as I reached the concrete of the deck pool. I was so close to coming that I wasn't sure if I was glad I had reached the bottom of the steps or not.  
  
Keith looked and me. He was enjoying my torment and my humiliation, but the look on his face was not a sneer, or a look of superiority. He looked like a man who loved me and was happy that what he was doing was exciting me so much. He knew that what he was doing to me was torture but that doing it to me was what I wanted; what I needed to be happy.  
  
And it was. While I tried to keep my body under control and I was embarrassed being out in the open so scantily dressed; I loved Keith and I loved that he was making me do this.  
  
We continued around the pool to a gate at the far end by the diving board. I fell behind a little more, what with all of my "distractions". Keith opened the gate and held it for me and as I walked through he slapped my ass with the riding crop catching both cheeks. "Ouch!" I yelped rubbing my stinging cheeks.  
  
"We need something to help keep the pace up." he said happily.  
  
I thought he was referring the crop across my bare ass, but, again, I under estimated my Keith. The dildo in my poor dripping pussy suddenly came to life buzzing away merrily vibrating against that spot inside of me. "Oh my god" I moaned loudly feeling my whole body shiver.

I stopped, my legs trembling perched on my five inch heels. Keith, seeing that I stopped again, applied the riding crop across my little ass. "Ooohhhh." I cried covering my reddening ass.  
  
"No, No. Never hide your body from me." He corrected hitting my ass again just where my ass cheeks met the backs of my thighs.  
  
"Ooowww." I yelped again, quickly moving my hands from my now stinging ass so he could see the red marks I'm sure were glowing on my ass cheeks and I tried to walk faster.   
  
I started down the path leading from the pool into the woods behind the house. The path, while smooth, even and well maintained; was a dirt path and difficult to walk on in my five inch heels with a dildo vibrating merrily away in my drooling pussy. The five inch heels were hurting my calves and feet and I slowed down and was given another stroke of the crop across my ass.  
  
"Yee ouch." I screamed grabbing my poor little as cheeks again.  
  
"I asked you not to cover your body." Keith reproached. He came up to me, grabbed my hands behind my back and clipped the wrist cuffs together. Now, if -- when -- Keith hit my ass with the crop again, I couldn't even get my hands down to protect my hot little cheeks.  
  
"I'm sorry sir," I sobbed, "I will try to do better." And I meant it, too. The insides of my thighs were wet almost to my knees with the juices from my dripping pussy. As much as he was doing to me; as much as he hurt and tormented me, I was in ecstasy. I couldn't believe how I loved Keith for what he was doing to me.  
  
"Perhaps I can help you do better." he said and the vibrator started vibrating even faster causing me to gasp.  
  
Despite my body being on sexual overload, I stumbled up the path in my five inch heels, hands tied behind my back, a dildo buzzing merrily up my pussy and my tits and red ass bouncing as I tried to walk. I was in my own heaven.  
  
We reached the edge of the woods and I was gasping and moaning. I was on the verge of coming despite my humiliating situation. As I walked I asked Keith, "May I come, sir?" I don't know why I asked, I just knew I wanted him to control me completely.  
  
"Do you think you deserve to come?" Keith responded.  
  
"Oh, yes sir." I begged.  
  
"Well, I don't!" he declared as he stepped in front of me and with a flick of his wrist, brought the doubled over pieces of leather on the end of the crop snapping across my left and then my right nipples.  
  
I screamed in pain but at the same time my nipples got hard as rocks and I almost came. Keith stuck the handle of the crop between the burning cheeks of my ass and poked it against my puckered asshole. I immediately stood straight up and began walking as quickly as I could down the path. If I slowed down, he would have shoved the crop right up my virgin asshole. The crop against my asshole caused me to walk lifting my knees high causing my tits to bounce so much they ached.  
  
We came to a little clearing and Keith pulled the crop from my ass and I stopped. The buzzing vibrator had me on the verge of coming. Keith led me a few feet off the path into the soft grass and pushed me down on my knees. While it was a relief to get off of the five inch heels, he stepped in front of me and I knew what my next humiliation was going to be.  
  
Keith dropped his pants and his beautiful cock, already half hard, was inches from my face. Considering my situation, I should have just opened my mouth and sucked his dick. But for some reason, I needed to see how far he'd push me and I turned my face away from his cock.  
  
I expected him to grab my hair and force himself into my mouth but, I again underestimated my Keith. I felt the crop hit my right then my left, already burning, butt cheeks. I opened my mouth to scream and he shoved his now hard cock into my mouth.  
  
"It seems that you STILL need some incentive." he declared and the bump resting against my clit began vibrating along with the dildo ravaging my stretched hole.  
  
I was moaning constantly now; I needed to come so bad I would do anything for release. Keith grabbed my hair in both his hands and began pumping in and out of my mouth bumping the entrance to my throat.  
  
"You may come when I come." Keith ordered and he began fucking my face in earnest. This was not me giving him a blow job; he was taking my mouth because he wanted it. I was delirious with ecstasy. I was his slut; he had humiliated me in ways I could have never dreamed of on my own. He had his dick in my mouth and I loved him for all he did to me. I belonged to Keith and I sucked his dick as best I could as it tried to enter my throat.  
  
He pulled my head back until the head of his cock rested on the back of my tongue and held me there. His cock began to pulse and I knew he was going to shoot his come into my mouth.   
  
"You may come, my slut." he groaned as his cock jerked in my mouth and his sperm gushed into my throat in three long spurts. I came hard as I swallowed as fast as I could. My body shook and I pulled at my hands tied behind my back, knowing that I could do nothing to protect myself and I came again even harder than before.  
  
As I came down from my orgasms I licked Keith's cock clean savoring the humiliation of what he had done to me. When he was clean, he took his softening cock from my mouth and I looked up at his face. I saw love and pride in his grey eyes looking down at me.  
  
He lifted me up and reached behind me unclipping the wrist cuffs and I threw my arms around his neck and despite the fact that I just had his dick in my mouth, he kissed me, hard. I held onto his neck and rubbed my still tingling body against his hard body.   
  
Keith held me close and I whispered, "Please sir, could you turn off the vibrators before I come without your permission and you will have to punish me."  
  
He reached into his pocket and the vibrators stopped. He kissed me again and then reached down and swept his arm behind my legs, lifting me off my feet and carrying me toward the house. I rested my head on his shoulder. I found the man to protect and control me.

My Own Heaven Ch. 04

After Keith carried me back to the house we made love. It was not him stripping me, or making me do anything, or dressing me up or down so he could tease me. He carried me up to the bedroom and laid me on the bed and undressed me; not, if you recall, that there was much to take off.  
  
He slowly explored every square inch of my body with his eyes, his hands, his teeth and his tongue. He studied every place that aroused me to find out exactly how to caress it, or lick it, or bite it to excite me the most. He found out that I am ticklish on my belly and sides, behind my knees and especially my feet. It was not like our previous sexual forays where it was mostly physical. This time the physical contact was our means of communication and not the message.   
  
He had me gasping and begging, holding on to him for dear life and throwing my arms and legs out on the bed surrendering myself to him. And I came... and came...and came.  
  
When he was done and I had recovered enough to speak; we talked about our weekend together. I was surprised how our relationship blossomed, but Keith said he knew from the beginning that he wanted me to be with him. At first, he said, it was physical – he wanted my body. As he got to know me, he wanted me, the person, not just the body. He said he loved learning more about me and not just about my sexual side. Keith said that now that I was in his life, he couldn't imagine the rest of his life without me. See, I told you men were always the last to know.  
  
I told him that while he was making me do things, I was excited, embarrassed, wanton, humiliated, and sometimes in pain, but I always seemed to want it to go further. He said that he saw this in me, but always held back because he was afraid to do something that would damage the rest of our relationship.  
  
After he took me home, I thought about how we got to where we were at this point. When I met Keith, I knew I wanted, at the very least, to get to know him better. I never dreamed he'd be interested in someone like me. Keith, on the other hand, knew almost immediately he wanted me and spent months learning about me so he could get what he wanted. I guess our dominant and submissive natures do spill over into our entire lives.  
  
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On Monday, I arrived at work at my normal time. I was worried about how Keith and I would be able to handle the dramatic change in our relationship over the weekend. It's hard to believe that so much had changed in two days.  
  
Keith came in about a half hour later, looking the same as always, and said, "Good morning, Heather, you look beautiful this morning.", and walked back to his office. It was the same thing he said to me each morning but I knew that this morning it was different. I knew he couldn't change the way he treated me in the office, but I was happy because I knew our secret.  
  
Shortly before lunch, he stopped by the reception desk and asked if I'd like to go out to lunch with him. Of course, I said yes.  
  
We went to a little restaurant that looked over a channel leading to the ocean so we could watch the boats coming and going as we ate. We'd eaten here a few times before and Keith knew it was one of my favorites.  
  
After we ordered our lunch, Keith said, "I have a proposition for you."  
  
"Ooooo," I cooed, "I like the sound of that."  
  
He smiled and shook his head. I loved making him smile like that; I got a warm feeling knowing I was making him happy.  
  
"Seriously, this is important." He said when he could get the smile off of his face.  
  
"I'd like you to be my Personal Assistant." My face lit up and I wanted to jump across the table and hug him.   
  
"Now, wait." He said, "I'm offering you the job but it's your choice. First, you need to understand that I'm not offering you this job because of our weekend together or because of how I feel about you. I 'm offering it to you because you are intelligent, dependable, organized and I know I can trust you with company information.   
  
"It'll mean a lot more work for you; I'm not the most organized person in the world when it comes to office stuff. Phil's been after me to hire someone for months. You'd have to schedule my meetings, keep track of where I'm supposed to be and be sure I get there, make travel arrangements, keep my filing straight, take and screen my calls and in general be my right hand man...er, woman.  
  
"On the other hand, we'll be working in the new executive offices part of the building that will be closed off from the rest of the building; THAT has something to do with our weekend together."  
  
I smiled and blushed unashamedly. "I guess that means you really had a good time over the weekend." I said.  
  
"You know I did." He whispered. "So do you want the job or not?" he asked, his voice back to normal.  
  
"Well, what does the job pay?" I asked twirling my hair near my face with one finger.  
  
"Are you negotiating?" he asked, his voice raising an octave. Then back to normal he said, "Your salary will more than double and you'll be in the executive wing with me all day behind locked doors."  
  
My eyes got big and my cheeks got red. "I'll take it!" I said pausing. "Wow, just what I always wanted...and more money, too.  
  
He started laughing and I had to laugh with him. Our lunch arrived and we spent the rest of the meal talking about hiring and training someone to take my place and getting the executive wing set up.  
  
After lunch, I was at my desk and Phil came by. He said that he was really glad that I agreed to take the job. He told Keith I was perfect for it two months ago, but Keith kept hesitating. Phil didn't know why, but I did.  
  
Phil was going to have some applicants come in for interviews for the receptionist job and he wanted me to talk to them and give them a quick overview of what the job entailed. He wanted me to let him know what I thought of the applicants and if I could recommend one.  
  
Phil's confidence in me was a pleasant surprise. Keith said that he wasn't offering me the job because of our new relationship, but a girl always wonders. Phil was practically letting me choose the next receptionist.  
  
Word spread quickly around the office about my pending reassignment. Everyone was happy for me. Some of the engineers said that Keith was a perfectionist and hard to work for. One even said that I would miss my old job because Keith worked so hard that I wouldn't be able to keep up with him. Well, I knew a little about trying to keep up with him, but I liked the effect it had on me.  
  
Keith stopped by my desk and said that he had to meet with some clients around eight so he wouldn't be able to be with me tonight. I told him that I slept better when he was with me. He smiled that smile and almost reached out for me but he caught himself. Then, I suggested that he stop by my apartment and I'd make him dinner and then he could go to his meeting.  
  
He said that would be great but he really had to meet these clients; it was a big contract and I had to be promise to be good. I promised to be good since it was for the business. He said not to go to too much trouble with dinner and asked if six was a good time. I told him it was perfect.  
  
I rushed home and showered and put on a pair of white short shorts, a thin pink blouse that I tied under my breasts buttoning one button just below the level of my nipples and no underwear or shoes. I said I would be good, not that I wouldn't look tempting. The short shorts let the bottoms of my cute little ass cheeks show and barely made it to the top of my ass; they were cut real low on my hips showing my belly button and a good three inches below. The blouse exposed a lot of cleavage and my nipples poked against the material when they got hard. 'This outfit should get his attention.' I thought to myself.  
  
I made a light dinner and Keith arrived right on time, as usual. He really appreciated my outfit – a lot. As soon as he arrived, my nipples got hard; he seems to have that effect on me. He took me in his arms and kissed me and the feel of his growing bulge against my bare belly told me that I had the same effect on him. He released me and leaned back and looked down my body and said, "You promised to be good, all that's missing is the high heels."  
  
"I am being good," I said with a little giggle, "my first choice was naked, but you have a meeting."  
  
While we ate I told him about all the people that came and congratulated me and wished me luck on my new assignment. I was surprised that the word had gotten around so quickly but he said that even though the company is growing dramatically, it was still a small business at heart and word of any change spreads like wildfire; particularly a change near the top.  
  
I told him that some of them had warned me about him being a perfectionist and working long hours. He laughed and said that he was a perfectionist, at work, and he did work long hours. He hoped that having me there to help him would help him cut down on his hours.  
  
We finished dinner and he said that tomorrow night he'd like to take me to dinner. He kissed me and walked to the door, stopped, turned and ogled my body and said with that smile, "You WILL pay for that." and left.  
  
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The next day at work started like any other. Keith was really busy with the contract from the meeting the night before. There were several calls from the clients and outside contractors that would be involved in the deal.  
  
Three of the applicants for receptionist came in and I showed them the reception area and explained what the job entailed. I thought one of them was a good candidate but the other two didn't seem like they understood what was going on. I told Phil my impression of each of them and he thanked me and said there were four more coming in tomorrow.   
  
I also got a chance to go back to the part of the building that was being converted into the executive offices. It was on the top floor of the building, the fourth floor, in the rear corner. Workmen were in the process of putting in glass doors cutting off the hallway between the executive office areas from the rest of the building.  
  
The offices were big and airy with a view of the lake behind our building. There was going to be Keith's office, my office, a large file room, a conference room and four spare rooms. Phil told me that tomorrow morning I was going to meet with the decorator to pick furniture and accessories for all the rooms that were being used with the exception of Keith's office. Keith had taken care of that himself. I didn't even start my new job yet and I was already getting busy.  
  
I finally got to see Keith around three in the afternoon. He came down to the reception desk. "I'm sorry I haven't had time to stop and talk with you," he said almost out of breath, "I wanted to get this deal done so I could concentrate on you tonight."   
  
I tingled at the thought of having Keith all to myself. "So, you got it finished?" I asked.  
  
"Sure did." He said almost beaming, "And it looks like we're going to need more people. Now I have to start getting the project underway." He paused and came closer to my desk lowering his voice, "I'll pick you up at six-thirty, is that okay?"  
  
"Perfect." I said, "Another fancy restaurant?"  
  
"Not as fancy as Saturday," he said, his voice still lowered, "no valet."  
  
I know I blushed from my head to my toes. I was glad I was wearing slacks and a modest top; only my red face showed. Keith smiled at me and walked back to his office.  
  
I rushed home after work and showered and shaved my body the way Keith told me he wanted me. It wasn't that I needed to shave my legs and between them again, I just wanted to be smooth should Keith get me out of my clothes again (and I hoped that he would). Since I was in the shower with the razor in hand anyway, I did my whole body.   
  
I did my hair and put on a little makeup. I picked out a dressy white sleeveless sundress that buttoned down the front and came to just above my knees. To go with it, I got out my lacey white bra and bikini panties, not as skimpy as the sets Keith had bought for me but the skimpiest I had here, and my high heel sandals; three inches high. Again, not as high as Keith made me wear, but they were perfect with the rest of the outfit.  
  
I was ready early so I went through my mail and had a glass of juice; I thought I might need to keep my fluid levels up. Keith arrived right on time. I didn't tell him I'd be ready in a minute just to make him wait like I did on our first date; he knew I couldn't wait to be with him. He told me I looked perfect, I never get tired of hearing that, and we went down to his car.  
  
Keith held the door for me as I got in the car and I made sure to let my sundress ride up giving him a nice view of my legs about halfway up my thighs. I let my dress stay up on my thighs and he came around the car and got behind the wheel. He looked over at me and was immediately drawn to my exposed legs. I could tell he noticed because I could see movement in his lap under his pants. I am such a bad girl.  
  
We went to a very nice little seafood restaurant. We parked in the lot not far from the front door and walked into the restaurant. The manager welcomed Keith, they apparently knew each other, and we were led to a booth in the back of the restaurant away from the kitchen. The restaurant was not crowded at all, probably because it was a Tuesday. Only six other tables were occupied and they were on the other side of the restaurant.  
  
The waiter appeared almost immediately and we ordered drinks and looked over the menu. I'd heard that the food here was really good but I had never eaten here before so I took a little while going over the menu. When I finally decided, we both ordered and enjoyed our drinks.  
  
I started talking about the new offices, job applicants, and asked about the deal he had been working on and finally, Kieth stopped me. "I don't want to talk about work" he said softly, "I want to talk about you, us, our hopes and our expectations."  
  
"You mean, like our future?" I asked.  
  
"Well, no, not our future exactly. I think our future is pretty much set. I hope we'll be together for the rest of our lives." He paused and I had to catch my breath; he wanted to be with me for the rest of our lives. "I mean, what we want out of our relationship, our sexual relationship. I'm really worried that I may try to make you do something that'll turn you off to me and ruin our future together. That's why I took six months to be sure I was right about you."  
  
The waiter came with our food which was perfect because it gave me time to think. Here I was, loving everything he did to me, wanting more, and he was worrying about hurting me in some way. Of course, six months ago I didn't know that this was what I wanted; I just knew something was missing back then.  
  
The waiter left and we started eating. "Keith," I started, "I loved everything you've done to me, everything you made me do. I admit, I was shocked, embarrassed, humiliated, and at first a little scared, but now I can't wait to see what your devious little mind will come up with next to put me through."  
  
He didn't interrupt me. He always let me talk and actually listened to what I said. "I don't know what my limits are. If the past few days are any indication, we haven't even come close to reaching my limits. I don't know if I have limits. That's why I need you; you make sure that I don't go too far. You care about me enough to worry about hurting me. I don't mean when you used the crop on me, or the really high heel shoes that hurt my feet, that pain got me really excited and I was hoping for more. I mean that I know that you would never let any kind of harm come to me in any way.  
  
"I love that you give me rules; I shaved my entire body when I got home today not because I needed to, but because you told me to keep it hairless. And, I was excited while I did it because I was doing it on your orders. On the other hand, outside of our sex life, you want to hear what I have to say; you respect my opinion; you treat me as an equal."  
  
"Are you happy... are you satisfied with what we do?" he asked, truly concerned.  
  
"Happy? I'm ecstatic. Sex has never been so good for me." I said leaning in to him. "I want you to do everything you can think of to me. Each time you did something 'worse' to me, I got even more excited and I came harder and harder. I didn't know this was what I needed, but now, I can't wait for what you have planned for me next time, and the next time, and the next time. As long as I know you are there to protect me, I have no limits.  
  
"I think, for me, that's the problem. That's a lot of responsibility." Keith said very seriously. Then he smiled and said, "I can come up with some very diabolical things to do to you."  
  
"I can't wait." I whispered getting excited just hearing him say that.  
  
"If I'm going to let my imagination run wild, with your adorable body as the target, we're going to need a way for you to tell me if you need it to stop. A safe word." He said.  
  
"A safe word," I asked, "What's a safe word."  
  
"If we are 'playing'." he said. I interrupted, "'Playing', I like that." He looked at me like a stern Father, I liked THAT, too. "If we are 'playing'," he continued, "and something is happening to you and you need it to stop or it's something that you cannot do; you say the safe word and I stop whatever is happening immediately. It's like your emergency word."  
  
"But I love everything you do to me," I protested, "I don't see why I need a safe word."  
  
"If I am going to be doing different things to you or take things we have already done and go further..." "I like the sound of that", oops, I interrupted again (smile). He continued, "I need to know that I am not going too far. I guess the safe word is more for me than it is for you."  
  
"I guess I can see that." I said, serious again. "If something is wrong, I have a way to tell you if I need to stop and, you know as long as I don't say the safe word, you can keep going, or do more. I like that idea"  
  
The waiter came up and gave us the dessert menu and cleared the table. We ordered dessert and coffee and the waiter left.  
  
"So, we need to pick a safe word, something that would not normally be said while we're 'playing'." he said with a slight nod to me.  
  
I smiled at his choice of words. "Aardvark.", I said.  
  
"Pardon?" he said wrinkling his brow in confusion.  
  
"The safe word should be aardvark," I repeated, "I hardly think we'd use that word while we're 'playing'."  
  
"Aardvark it is, then", Keith said.  
  
The waiter returned with our deserts and coffee. When he left, Keith continued, "I do want to know if there is anything that is off limits; things that you would absolutely not do." He paused. "Somehow, I think my list of taboos is longer than yours; but I want to know if there are things I need to avoid. You know; specific things that are off limits. I'm sorry, but it really is something I need to know so I'm not always worrying about doing the wrong thing."  
  
"Other than the extreme stuff, you know, no kids, no animals, no drugs, I want to try everything as long as you are there to protect me." I replied. "I just don't want to know details. Part of the excitement, is not knowing what is coming; besides, now I have a safe word, just in case."  
  
I stuck my tongue at him, the little girl in me coming out. I realized I was getting excited just talking about these things. "I have to go to the ladies room" I told him.  
  
"I'll order more coffee." Then he got that smile. You know; the one I love. "While you're in the ladies room, take off your underwear and bring them to me."

I blushed, I know I did; and my pussy was suddenly damp. God, he knows just how to get to me. He comes out of nowhere and just takes control of me. And, god help me, I love it. What could I do, we were 'playing' again, "Yes, sir" I replied.  
  
I went to the ladies room and did what I had to do. I took off my dress and then took off my bra and panties; the panties were a little damp – 'go figure' I thought to myself. I put my sundress back on and buttoned it up and looked in the mirror.   
  
The good news was, since my pussy was shaved completely bare, there was no tell tale dark spot where my bush used to be. The bad news was, my nipples were darker than the rest of my breasts and they were sticking up hard and proud. My dark nipples showed clearly through the material of my sundress. It was obvious that I wasn't wearing a bra.  
  
I took my bra and panties from the counter top and realized I did not take my purse with me. My sundress had no pockets and I had to take them back to Keith. 'Ooooo, that Keith,' I thought, 'he knew this would happen.'  
  
I was glad the restaurant was almost empty and that the bra and panties were small, I could almost fit them in my hand, but not quite. I walked back to the table, blushing again. Keith had a way of making me do that. I handed him the bra and panties and he put them on the table. I realized my pussy was damp again and I sat down.  
  
There was fresh coffee on the table and I was adding cream and sugar when he said, "When we're finished, we'll go to my house."  
  
"Okay." I said with a smile curling the corners of mouth. "Any special reason we're going there instead of back to my apartment? We do have to go into work tomorrow."  
  
"Oh, we'll go to work tomorrow." He said taking a mouthful of coffee. "But you have something to atone for and I'm sure the noises you'll be making will disturb your neighbors."   
  
I knew what he was talking about, but I hoped that if I pretended not to know what I did, I could get away with it. "What do you mean," I asked as innocently as I could, "I didn't do anything wrong."  
  
"I recall a certain outfit - no outfit implies you had more clothes on than you actually did – that you had on when I came by for dinner last night. And, after I told you to be good."   
  
"But I only dressed like that because I know you like to look at me." I whined, trying to avoid whatever he had planned for me. "And I was good. I didn't try to keep you from the meeting."  
  
"No, you didn't. But you knew that I wouldn't be able to get thought of you in that skimpy little outfit out of my head." He said knowingly.  
  
He knew me too well; that was exactly what I was hoping. It worked and now it was time to pay. Of course, I loved the ways he made me pay.  
  
"Since you like to dress in a way that makes me happy, he said with a smile, "Unbutton the top and bottom three buttons of your sundress and finish your dessert and coffee."  
  
What could I say, he was right. I did as I was told. The top of my sundress was open to just below my breasts and I knew anyone standing to the side of me would be able to see my bare breasts and hard nipples. The bottom of the sundress fell open leaving my legs bare. Walking would expose my legs from my ankles to just below my hairless pussy.  
  
Keith was going to make me walk out of the restaurant like this. Then he was going to take me to his house, and do god knows what, to me. I couldn't wait. 'This evening turned around real quick.' I thought.  
  
The waiter arrived with the check and Keith rose to pay the check. He offered his hand to me to help me out of the booth. I was hoping to wait until the waiter left considering my predicament, but Keith would have none of it. I took his hand and slid out of the booth exposing so much of my legs that had my pussy not been hairless, he would have seen my pubic hair. Fortunately, since I'd been sitting with my legs closed, all he saw was my legs and a bit of my belly above my thighs but he must have known that I was pantyless and shaved bare. I started to get that tingle exactly where the waiter was staring.   
  
I stood and Keith paid the bill and I started to turn from the table and he asked, "Heather, aren't you forgetting something?" and pointed to my bra and panties on the table.  
  
I am not sure if I turned pale or blushed; by that point I was so humiliated it didn't really matter. I reached for the bra and panties and Keith said to the waiter, "Honestly, if I didn't remind her, she'd always leave them behind." Now, I knew I was blushing.  
  
The waiter thanked Keith, I wasn't sure if it was for the tip or the show I'd given him. Keith offered his arm and I hooked my hand on his arm like everything was normal. We walked casually out of the restaurant with me holding my underwear in my hand and each step completely baring my legs and the top of my sundress to flutter almost exposing my breasts.  
  
As we walked to the car, just my luck, a gust of wind passed blowing up the bottom of my sundress. I felt the breeze on my bare ass and naked pussy. I tried to push my dress back down but Keith tightened his arm against his body trapping my hand that was holding his arm. I looked at him in a panic but he just looked at me and smiled. I tried desperately to push my dress down but, with one hand, holding my underwear, it was impossible. Fortunately we were walking away from the restaurant. If anyone was looking they got a good long look at my ass and legs but not my pussy. I, on the other hand, was totally humiliated and my thighs were wet almost to my knees.  
  
Keith opened the car door for me and I got in and my legs were completely exposed up to my shaved pussy. I started pull the ends of my dress over my legs but Keith gave me a look and I left them where they were. He got into the car and leaned over and kissed me and said, "You did very well tonight, Kitten."  
  
He pulled out of the restaurant parking lot, and said, "It's still light out, would you like to walk out on the pier and watch the boats coming in?"   
  
I sat there, my legs tightly closed and, for the most part, bared from the waist down. I knew that if we went out on the pier, he would not let me hold the bottom of my sundress down, and it was only luck that kept my breasts covered by the top. "No," I replied quietly, "Let's just go home."  
  
"Another time then." He said and turned the car for his house. "I like that you refer to my house as home."  
  
"I am comfortable there. Well I'm not always "comfortable" but I feel at home there." I said with a wry smile. I figured I was in trouble anyway, might as well get my little digs in. Keith just smiled.  
  
We pulled up the long driveway to his house and he stopped a little way down from the front door. He got out of the car and walked around to my side and opened the door and took my hand to help me out getting another generous view of my legs. I stood up holding my bra and panties and he said, "Take off your sundress."  
  
I looked around quickly and realized the house was completely hidden from the road by trees. He took the bra and panties from my hand and held his other hand out for my sundress. I unbuttoned my sundress, there were only three buttons left buttoned, and took it off and handed it to Keith. Here I was, out side and naked again in high heels – Keith's favorite outfit. I was sure glad it was warm.  
  
We walked to the front door, Keith slightly behind me, obviously watching my ass jiggle as I walked. 'Now I know why I felt so at home here,' I giggled to myself, 'more of this house has seen me naked than my apartment has.' He opened the door and we walked in.  
  
"Let's go sit on the deck and watch the sunset" he suggested. Of course, I knew I was not going to be offered anything to wear as I witness the sun going down; but I agreed.  
  
We stopped off in the kitchen so we could take drinks out with us. He poured orange juice into two glasses, added vodka and stirred. "Would you like some ice?" he asked.  
  
"Yes, thanks." I replied.   
  
He went to the freezer and reached in for ice with one hand and motioned for me to bring the glasses over with the other. I picked up the glasses, one in each hand, and carried the glasses over to the freezer. He dropped ice into each glass and I looked at ice. It was not cubes like you would normally see, but long, round and narrow, like a hot dog.  
  
He noticed me looking at the ice and he said, "They're for putting in a thermos or a wide mouth juice bottle. Joggers use them to keep the water in their water bottles cold," he said, "But I have a better use for them. Open your legs."  
  
He couldn't be thinking of...I was naked, in my high heel sandals, a drink in each hand and I don't know why (well, I do know why – I love when he tortures me) but I spread my legs for him.  
  
He took a long piece of ice from the freezer and rubbed it up and down along my hairless pussy lips a few times and slid the ice into my already wet pussy. My god! It was cold. I gasped and started to shiver and he said, "Be careful now, don't spill our drinks."  
  
I couldn't believe it. He just shoved a four inch piece of ice the width of a hot dog into my little pussy and he was worried about me spilling our drinks.  
  
He smiled, reached into the freezer and took out another piece of ice and held it in front of me. I groaned and he reached down and slid the second piece of ice into my bare cold pussy. Now the ice stretched me and I could really feel the ice pressing against the walls of my pussy.  
  
I stood there naked with my legs spread, a glass in each hand and two large pieces of ice up my pussy. "Oh, my god, Keith, my pussy is freezing." I begged.  
  
He took another piece of ice out of the freezer, and I whimpered, "Please, no."  
  
He walked around behind me and with one hand he spread my little ass cheeks and with the other hand slid the piece of ice up my ass. "Aaaarrrrrgh", I screamed. I reflexively clenched my ass and that made it even worse.   
  
My ass was freezing but, surprisingly, the ice going up my ass didn't hurt. I had never taken anything other than an enema syringe up my ass before and I thought it would hurt when it stretched my asshole; but it didn't. Keith stayed behind me watching my ass cheeks tremble for a few seconds and then walked back in front of me.  
  
I could feel cold water starting to slowly drip out of my pussy and onto the inside of my thighs. My pussy and ass were freezing but my nipples were so hard they hurt. I couldn't believe how excited this was making me.   
  
Keith reached into the freezer and pulled out another piece of ice and held it up in front of me. "Oh, please Keith." I pleaded, "No more ice, please." I was shivering now; my pussy and ass were so cold.  
  
I was still standing naked in high heeled sandals with my legs spread, holding drinks in my hands, my nipples were like little rocks they were so hard and my pussy and ass were freezing. It was humiliating to stand there and have this done to me but I was so excited. My pussy was squeezing the ice filling it and my insides were clamping down on the frozen log up my ass. I was building up to an orgasm. I wanted Keith to do more but hearing myself begging him to stop, knowing he wouldn't stop, was exciting me even more.  
  
He closed the freezer still holding the piece of ice. "Well," he said, "We shouldn't waste this. You can choose, up your pussy or your ass?"  
  
Oh! My! God! He was going to make me choose my own torture. He was going to make me torture myself. I was afraid to have another piece of ice shoved up my ass. I never had anything up there before and while the one piece of ice felt cold, but good, I was afraid a second piece would hurt. On the other hand, I already had two pieces up my pussy and I wasn't sure if a third piece would fit.  
  
"Too slow." He said, and shoved a third piece of ice up my poor frozen little hole.  
  
I opened my mouth but no words came out. The third piece of ice pushed one of the other pieces further up into my pussy and it rested against my cervix. The other two pieces rested side by side stretching me and keeping the third piece resting deep inside me.  
  
I was gasping; taking deep breathes. I was so cold between my legs, but I was so hot. I was humiliated to be standing there holding a drink in each hand while Keith shoved ice up my ass and pussy but the rest of my body was on fire.  
  
"Let's go watch the sunset." Keith said as if nothing else was going on. "Could you bring the drinks; I'll get the door." He walked to the sliding door leading to the patio and opened it.  
  
I closed my legs and turned and started walking to the patio and I could feel the ice moving around inside me rubbing against my tender insides and against the other pieces of ice. I could even feel the ice in my pussy rubbing against the piece of ice in my ass through the thin membrane separating the two.  
  
I was going crazy between the cold inside me, and how hot and horny I was. The only thing that could make it worse (or better?) was if some else was here watching my humiliation.  
  
We walked onto the patio, every step an electrifying experience for me, to the two lounge chairs and the little table set up on the deck. I put the glasses on the table and he offered me one of the lounge chairs. So, here I was, naked, in heels and outdoors again, but this time with ice shoved up my ass and pussy.   
  
I sat in the lounge chair and lay back facing the sunset. Of course, just the act of sitting, pressing my ass and pussy against the seat pad had the ice moving all around inside my body. I gasped and laid back. I had to spread my legs a little. If I closed them, it forced the ice further up my pussy and I knew if that happened I would surely come or freeze.   
  
"Comfy?" Keith said, looking down at my naked body.  
  
I smiled and said, "Yes sir.", even though we both knew I wasn't.  
  
We talked for a while. Well, Keith talked and I tried to follow the conversation and keep my body under control. I did pretty well with the former but was losing badly with the later while we drank our drinks and watched the start of a beautiful sunset.   
  
Keith turned to me and said, "More ice?" Before I even noticed he was holding up his drink glass I pleaded, "Oh, no, please Keith, no more, I'm so cold."  
  
"Cold," he said with a smile, "It's beautiful out here, how could you be cold?"  
  
He was doing this to humiliate me. Despite the ice he shoved into me, I was getting that warm feeling flowing through my body. "Well," I stammered, "You see, I have three pieces of ice up my little pussy", god, this was humiliating – but I loved it, "And one piece of ice shoved up my tight little ass."  
  
"Really," he said getting up and coming over to me, "Let's have a look." He reached down, grabbed both my ankles, spread my legs as wide as the lounger and put one of my high heel sandal clad feet on the ground on each side of the lounger pad.   
  
I thought he couldn't embarrass me any more than he already had but that's why I love my Keith. Just when I thought it could get no worse, he finds a way to make it worse. He stood at the foot of the lounger looking down directly at my spread smooth pussy lips. Worse, now that my legs were spread so wide, I could feel the cold water from the melted ice leaking out of my pussy onto the pad on the lounger; and I, and Keith, could hear it dripping to the wooden deck from the space between the pads.  
  
"Oh Keith," I pleaded, "My pussy and ass are so cold inside."   
  
Before I could move, he had his head between my legs and was kissing and licking my cold pussy lips. His warm tongue was like fire as he licked up and down on my unprotected pussy lips and just over my little hole but never pushing into me. He grazed his tongue against my clit lightly and quickly, almost as if it were an accident. But, I knew it wasn't, he was tormenting me and doing a fine job of it.  
  
I was holding on to the arms of the lounge chair so hard that my knuckles were turning white. He looked up at me over my hairless pussy mound and belly and between my tits. He lifted his mouth away from my pussy and said, "Didn't you mention that you ass was cold, too?" Before I could answer he slid me down the lounge chair until my body was flat and said, "Pinch you nipples." I hesitated, stunned by what he told me to do.  
  
"Pinch your nipples, hard." He repeated a little louder. I let go of the arms of the lounger and took each nipple between the thumb and forefinger of each hand and squeezed.  
  
"Oooohhh", I moaned.   
  
"Harder," he said louder than before, "And roll your fingers back and forth."  
  
I squeezed harder and rolled my fingers and electric shocks ran from my hard nipples to my erect clit. At the same time, Keith dipped his head down put his hot tongue on my cold hairless asshole and wriggled it pushing as though he was trying to get in.  
  
Needless to say, I lost all control and I came hard. I screamed out and I could feel my lower body humping up against his tongue but I couldn't stop any of it. His tongue kept moving and it felt like there was a wild animal loose down there trying to get into my ass.  
  
I was out of breath, still on fire from my orgasm when Keith said, "You mentioned something about your pussy being cold inside, didn't you?"   
  
He took my hands from my nipples and pulled me up to my feet. I was straddling the lounge chair with my legs spread wide on my high heeled sandals and the cold water from the melted ice leaking down my thighs. He lifted me over the chair and put my feet on the ground. My legs were wobbly and he took the cushion off of the lounge chair and dropped it on the deck in front of me.  
  
When Keith pushed me down to my knees on the cushion, I knew what was coming. I opened my mouth ready to accept his cock but he pushed me down onto my hands and knees and stepped behind me. I heard a zip and a rustling of his clothes. I was just getting control of my body when he pushed his entire cock up into my cold bare pussy.  
  
I could feel all the water from the three pieces of ice gush out of my pussy and down my legs and his cock felt like a hot iron poker burning into my belly. I was too weak to cry out and all I could manage was a moan. He pulled out of me until just the head of his fat cock was inside me and he pushed back into my tortured pussy hard and fast. This time I squealed and I could feel his hairy balls slap against my unprotected clit.   
  
He pulled back and drove into me again and all I could do was grunt. I couldn't hold myself up on my hands and I went down onto my forearms. This only arched my back and stuck my ass in the air giving Keith even deeper access to my little pussy. He started pumping me faster and harder stuffing my poor pussy as his balls smacked my sensitive clit.   
  
He was in me so far I could look down between my hanging tits and see his giant cock pushing out against my flat belly from the inside moving in and out. I heard what sounded like a cat mewing in pain and I realized I was making that sound. I could feel the orgasm building and it seemed like it was traveling up my legs from my toes.  
  
Even on my forearms, I couldn't hold myself up and my head and chest fell to the cushion under me. My ass was now sticking way up and out and he had my pussy completely open and vulnerable. He took advantage of every inch of my poor little hole and then some.   
  
I could feel him bottom out in me and he placed his thumb over my tiny overexposed asshole and pressed against it and rubbed it in a circle. It was too much and I grabbed onto the cushion with both hands wailed as my orgasm washed over me. He buried his cock in me and I could feel my pussy pulsing and clamping down hard on his cock with each pulse. His cock expanded inside me and then throbbed deep in my hole as his cum gushed into me and I came again even before I could recover from my previous orgasm.   
  
I was taking short breaths as I regained my senses from my orgasms and I could feel Keith's cock still filling me but without the rock hardness that was there before. He was leaning over my back and I could hear him catching his breath. Finally he pulled his cock out of my stretched and sore pussy and I could feel his come, my juices and probably some of the water from the melted ice running down my legs.

He turned me over on my back and he laid over me letting his softening cock rest against my wet bare pussy and supporting his upper body with his arms. He kissed my neck and my cheeks and behind my ears which drives me crazy. I reached up wrapped my arms around him and pulled him down on top of me and he kissed softly but deeply.  
  
"I could lie on top of you like this all night." he said. I moaned pulling him tighter. "But when the sun goes down, the mosquitoes will eat us alive."   
  
I suddenly realized that Keith had fucked me outside and in the open. I wondered if any of the neighbors had seen us and I could feel my sore little pussy pulse at the thought. As if he was reading my mind, Keith said, "You made quite a bit of noise, Heather, I wonder if the neighbors heard you."  
  
I blushed at the thought of having been watched and became excited at the same time. I squirmed under him trying to jump up thinking they could still be watching but he kept his weight on me but he wouldn't let me up. "Keith," I said, "What if the neighbors are still watching?"  
  
He kissed me again and said, "The nearest neighbor is over a mile away and there's a half mile of trees between us and them. I told you I wouldn't do anything to harm you; that goes for your reputation, too."  
  
I hugged him close to me and ground my hairless pussy against his hairy cock and balls. I even felt a little stirring between his legs.  
  
"Let's go inside before the mosquitoes show up." He said getting up from on top of me and helping me up to my feet. He put his arm around my waist and held me close to him and we walked into the house and up to his bedroom.  
  
We took a shower together and washed each other. Keith's hard hands felt so good on my body as he washed my hair and rubbed the soap into my skin. When we were done, we dried each other off with the big white fluffy towels, went into the bedroom and got into bed.  
  
Keith wrapped his arms around me and I cuddled against him listening to his heart beat. Suddenly, I remembered, "Keith, we have to go to work tomorrow they'll see us coming in together."  
  
"There is no way I'm letting you out of my bed tonight." He said in a deep whisper. "We'll go in together and no one will know the difference." He pulled me closer as if to make sure I couldn't get away and we quickly fell into that soft rhythmic breathing of approaching sleep.   
  
I guess he thought I was asleep. He pulled me even closer to him, kissed me on the bridge of my nose and whispered, "I love you, Kitten".  
  
I fell asleep with tears in my eyes, safe and warm in the arms of the man who would control me for the rest of my life.

My Own Heaven Ch. 05

I woke up in Keith's big empty bed. I heard the shower turn on so I got out of bed and went into the bathroom. I could see Keith in the shower as the steam was just starting to rise. I opened the shower door and climbed into the huge stall shower. As he looked over his shoulder to see what the movement was behind him, I moved up to his back, rested my head between his shoulders blades and wrapped my arms around his chest.  
  
"Good morning, Kitten," he said.  
  
"Good morning," I responded, kissing him where my head had just been and sliding my hands down to grab his soft but still formidable cock in my hands.  
  
He grabbed my hands, spun around, and pulled me to his chest holding me against him. What could I do? I wriggled my soft wet body against his hard wet body and some of his soft parts started to get hard.  
  
"Good lord, Heather," he said laughing and putting a little bit of distance between our bodies, "You ARE the near occasion of sin."  
  
"Why, thank you, sir." I giggled.  
  
We started washing each other and he said, "How are you this morning? Are you alright?"  
  
"I'm great," I said, "Why wouldn't I be?"  
  
"Well, I thought after the ice last night..."  
  
"Keith," I said, pulling his soapy body against mine and hugging him, "I'm fine and last night was incredible. It was terrible and wonderful at the same time. My pussy and my ass were so cold but at the same time, I wished you would have added even more ice to see how much you could make me take. I have my safe word now, and I didn't even think of using it."  
  
"But when you started pleading with me to stop..."  
  
Before he could finish, I interrupted him. "You have no idea how much it excites me to beg you for mercy and for you to keep doing things to me. It's like making a fantasy come true; the tortured spy, the captured princess, whatever. I want you to do those things to me. If I ask you to do it, if I know what's going to happen, it spoils the fantasy. I want you to promise you will stop worrying about me, and do your worst...or best."  
  
He hugged me to him and kissed the top of my wet head and said, "Okay, I promise."  
  
We finished our shower, went into the bedroom and started to get dressed. I looked in the closet and there were some additions to the clothes that were there before; clothes that were more appropriate for wearing to work. I turned to Keith, still naked, and put my hands on my hips and said, "You knew you were going to keep me here last night, didn't you. When did you have time to get clothes for me to wear to work?"  
  
"I have to confess. I knew Monday night when you wore that skimpy little outfit at your apartment that you were not getting out of here last night." He said coyly. "I had the clothes in another closet; I didn't want to overwhelm you that first night. If it's any consolation, the underwear is still the skimpiest I could find."  
  
I blushed and fired back, "But we'll be at work, you won't be able to see the underwear."  
  
"Maybe not today," he said with a note of foreboding, "but, on Monday, when the executive wing is done and no one can just walk in..." He let his words hang in the air.  
  
"You wouldn't." I said feigning shock and indignation.  
  
"I would. And I will. And you'll love it and beg for more." he promised.  
  
"You're right." I said giving in. "I am the near occasion of sin." We both laughed and finished getting dressed.   
  
We made a quick light breakfast with lots of coffee and headed for work. When we got to work, Keith pulled the car into the parking lot and parked. "Keith," I said in a panic, "Everyone will see us getting here together. I thought we agreed to keep us a secret, at least for now."  
  
"I have everything under control." he said. "I told you I would take care of it, and I will."  
  
He walked to the back of the car, opened the trunk, and pulled out books of color samples, wallpaper samples and god knows what other kinds of samples. He handed one to me and we walked to the building. As we walked in the doors with a few other people he said, "We have to pick the colors today if we expect to have the work to be done by Monday. They have to finish painting before the rugs go in and the rugs need to go in before they can deliver the furniture."  
  
Everyone was so busy looking at what we were carrying and what Keith was saying that they paid no attention to the fact that we arrived together. They all felt there were privy to some top level secret -- we need to pick colors -- and that overrode any other thought in their head. He was a genius.  
  
I was busy all day and so was Keith. I narrowed the list of candidates for my job to two and Phil made arrangements to interview them and make a choice. One of them would start on Monday.  
  
I spent the afternoon really picking colors, furniture, rugs and decorations for the offices with the decorator. Phil came by and said that the office equipment, computers printers and stuff like that was already ordered and would be delivered on Monday.   
  
Keith called me at the reception desk late in the afternoon and said that he was going to be working late for the next couple of nights but he wanted me to go with him to lunch tomorrow and spend the weekend with him. Of course, I was disappointed that we would only see each other briefly at work for the next couple of days but we would have lunch together tomorrow and the whole weekend together. I hoped I was ready for that.  
  
Keith was disappointed, too, but said that once I was his Personal Assistant, I could schedule him more time to spend with me. I told him he could bet on it.  
  
Lunch was good, the conversation was better, and being with Keith was the best. We talked about how fast things were coming along on the executive offices. They were going to work over the weekend to get everything done and then on Monday, the furniture and office equipment would be delivered and installed. I couldn't wait.  
  
Also, the new receptionist, Rhonda was starting on Monday. She's in her thirties and has a lot of experience with our type of phone system and our computer programs so her transition should be fast and painless.  
  
We talked about us, too. He hated being away from me as much as I hated being away from him. At this point he had nothing special planned for the weekend, he was just happy we could be together. He said he would pick me up at six on Friday and we went back to the office.  
  
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Friday finally came. We saw each other a few times briefly at work but we were both so busy we barley had time to say "Hi" to each other. At the end of the day, I went to my apartment and got a few things together to take to Keith's house.   
  
He got to my apartment right on time. I opened the door and he wrapped his arms around me and kissed me soft and deep. "I really missed you." he whispered, holding me.  
  
I would have been content to stand there with his arms around me for the whole weekend, but after a few seconds he loosened his hold on me, wrapped his arm around my waist and started for the door. "Oh, wait!" I said and ran and picked up my bag with the things I got together earlier.  
  
Keith looked at the bag. "Girl stuff." I giggled. He took the bag and carried it out to the car and we went to his house.  
  
He said that he was going to make barbequed chicken and he had potato salad, coleslaw and stuff like that to go with it. I thought that was great idea. We were going to have to eat inside though because by the time the chicken was done, it would be starting to get dark and the flying insects would be out. He said that he was getting the wood deck and the pool all enclosed in screen so we could use the deck and pool at night.  
  
Keith barbequed and I got everything ready in the kitchen; I even made margaritas -- from a mix 'cause I'm no bartender. It was like a picnic, but inside.  
  
After we finished our picnic, we went into the living room and Keith put on the television and we snuggled up on the couch. He said that there were some things that we needed to talk about. I really didn't want to talk; I had a more physical activity I was interested in. He said that that will come later but he needed to tell me some things. So, I snuggled a little closer and listened.  
  
"First of all," he said. "Phil knows about us."  
  
"Well, Phil has been your friend for a long time, I expected you to tell him sooner or later." I said not really surprised.  
  
"No," he said, "Phil knows all about our relationship. He knows about the kinds of things we do and that we enjoy doing it."  
  
I sat up and looked at Keith. I wasn't mad, but I was surprised.  
  
"You see," he continued, "Phil and I and a few other people, who all enjoy this kind of a relationship get together occasionally."  
  
"Are all of these guys involved in a relationship like ours?" I asked. "I mean they all have a relationship with women who are submissive?"  
  
"Mostly, they are couples but in each relationship, the women are submissive. There a few single guys who join us on rare occasions, but mostly its couples. We rarely meet as couples, usually its a few guys and one of the girls. All the girls are submissive to varying degrees, and one of the guys brings his wife or girlfriend for all of us to enjoy and he decides before we meet how far we can go with her and what he would like to see done to her." he said.  
  
"Keeping the group small" he explained, "Reduces problems with keeping our activities private. Discretion is rule number one. What goes on at one of our gatherings never goes beyond that gathering. The members treat the submissive with the greatest courtesy and respect when we're not at a gathering."  
  
"Is it always one girl and a group of men?" I was getting interested in this little "club".  
  
"Usually," he explained, "But if more than one submissive is going to be there, everyone involved knows before the gathering and agrees to what is to go on."  
  
"And you never had a problem with a member going too far?"   
  
"Most of the members are businessmen who are doing very, very well. They don't want problems that could affect their families or their livelihoods." he said pulling me close. "We had a minor problem once, with one member who was never invited back. He objected and he is no longer in business and has moved to another state. It is amazing the influence a group of business men can have. We don't tolerate a lack of respect for other member's property."  
  
"So, why are you telling me this now?" I said, asking the million dollar question.  
  
"Tomorrow night, I have invited five of the members over for a poker game and I would like to introduce you as my submissive." he said.  
  
"What would I have to do?" I asked a little apprehensive.  
  
"What I tell you to do. You will be our hostess, to start. I like the poker game setting because I can control how far things go. You will be exhibited, teased, touched, and humiliated at the very least. More than that I will decide as I see how the evening goes. You can use you safe word, if you feel the need." he explained.  
  
I wasn't thinking about my safe word; I was wondering how far Keith would make me go. "Wouldn't you loose respect for me if those men did things to me?" I nervously asked.  
  
"How could I loose respect for you when the things you do are things I MAKE you do? You would be doing it for me. To please me; because you belong to me; to show the other men what a good submissive I have. It would make me proud. And, I am sure you will have a good time; at least when you look back on it." He said with a smile.  
  
I wasn't sure about what I was getting into, but I trusted Keith. The thought of Keith making me do things with other people around excited me. After all, we talked about this and I told him I wanted him to do anything he wanted to do to me. Now was my chance to experience what I have fantasized about; so I said, "I would love to be the hostess at your poker game and I will do as I am told."  
  
He pulled me close and ran his hand down my cheek and smiled that smile. "By the end of the night," he whispered, "You will be one very happy little sub."  
  
We went to the bedroom and we talked some more about the other couples in the group. I had talked to three of the men on the phone when they called the office since they do business with Keith; the others I had heard of either from work or their names had come up in the newspapers, usually the business or society pages. When I found out more about them, I was more comfortable about Keith's poker game.  
  
We teased each other while we talked and he made me strip naked before he would let me get in bed. I told him it wasn't fair because he was dressed and I was naked as the day I was born. He said that I was right, it wasn't fair; but he made me do it anyway.   
  
He pulled me into bed and used all he had learned about my body, all the sensitive places, and used them to drive me crazy until I begged him to fuck me. I told him I would do anything he told me to do at the poker game if he would please, please fuck me.  
  
He pushed me onto my back and held my wrists above my head. He climbed on top of me and forced my legs apart placing his body between them. He rubbed his hard cock along the lips of my dripping hairless pussy and every fifth or sixth time he would make his cock rub against my clit. I was writhing and squirming under Keith while he was kissing me and gently nibbling on my neck and behind my ear and his cock kept tormenting me.  
  
He whispered, "Tell me what you will do tomorrow and ask me nicely for what you want."  
  
I was frantic. I was out of control. I needed his cock so bad I was burning up. The itch between my legs was like a constant electrical tingle. Only Keith could get me to this point and I loved him for it. "Your friends can do anything you want them to do to me." I whimpered. "Anything you want. Please, Keith, please put you big cock in my little pussy and fuck me."  
  
He continued his maddeningly slow stroking his hot hard cock along the outside of my bare pussy. I was so wet I could feel my juices on my thighs and dripping over my clenching asshole. I couldn't take it anymore. My legs were trembling, my nipples were like little rocks and super sensitive and Keith was rubbing his chest across them as he moved up and down over my naked body. "Oh, god!" I screamed, "Please fuck me, I'll do anything you want; you can make me fuck all your friends. Please fuck meeeee."   
  
Every muscle in my body tensed and I started shake all over and he shoved his cock into me hard and fast and he never released my hands. The weight of his body on me kept me his prisoner while he plowed into my bare little hole until I couldn't come any more and I begged him to come in me and make me his slut.  
  
And he did.  
  
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We spent the day Saturday shopping and then lay by the pool. Keith said I could wear a bikini but, since I had been out there naked before, I had an all over tan from the tanning salon and I knew no one could see me, I went out naked. He enjoyed looking at my naked body and his stares and the movement in his swim trunks excited me. We played in the pool for a while and he couldn't keep his hands off of me; and his hands knew right where to go to get me very excited very fast.  
  
Finally, Keith told me it was time to get ready for the poker game. He told me to shower and shave my entire body as if I was getting ready just for him. He would get my clothes out for me.   
  
I admitted to him that I had butterflies in my stomach about this. He said that normally, he wouldn't tell me anything about what to expect, but since this was my first time, he told me that none of the members were permitted to penetrate me with their cocks tonight without his permission. I felt a little better, but then I thought that maybe I was disappointing Keith by his feeling that he had to put a limit on the night's "festivities" for my sake.   
  
I showered and shaved as I was told; did my hair and makeup and went into the bedroom. On the bed was my outfit for the night. A black leather vest and leather skirt that came down to mid thigh, and a white button down blouse.   
  
The underwear was interesting but nothing unusual for me considering the past week. A black lacey bra that barely covered my breasts, a black g-string that just covered my hairless pussy and tied on the sides leaving my ass bare with that little string going up the crack tickling at my little puckered asshole.   
  
A black garter belt and black stockings and a five inch pair of black stiletto heels with little ankle straps and buckles completed my ensemble. I could tell Keith picked out the underwear and heels; he liked me almost naked and in high heels. With the exception of the underwear, I looked like a waitress.  
  
I went down to the game room where Keith was sorting chips and setting up for the game. He stood up when I entered and I walked over to him. I was getting good at walking in five inch heels even though they did make my feet and calves ache after a while. He said I looked perfect. I would be a wonderful hostess for his game.  
  
The game room was just off the kitchen which made it convenient for serving snacks. There was a bar and one wall was covered with mirror. The poker table was one of the felt covered models with places for six players. It had cutouts to hold drinks and a large rectangular felt lined cutout in front of each player along with a slot to hold chips.  
  
On the other side of the room were the mirrored wall and a coffee table with three low backed living room chairs surrounding the table. There was a dartboard on one wall but, surprisingly, there was no pool table. I would have to remember to ask about that.  
  
I went into the kitchen and the snacks were already prepared and on trays ready to be served. I would have to keep the chips and pretzels full but other than that and making drinks it looked like it would be easy.  
  
Keith told me I was to greet the guests as they arrived; show them into the game room, get them a drink and settled in at one of the places at the card table. The guests would be arriving in about fifteen minutes.   
  
I asked if there any 'special' instructions. He must have sensed that I was concerned about what was going to happen to me tonight and he said, "Heather, you will be fine. Nothing will happen to you that you don't want to happen. I will be in charge of what goes on and you know I would never let any harm come to you. I will let things progress until I feel that either I want them to stop or you need them to stop. Our experience has been that I stop things before you want them to stop." We both smiled because we both knew that was true.  
  
The doorbell rang and Keith pulled me to him and kissed me and I said, "I will make you proud of me." "I know you will" he whispered and gave me that smile. I knew everything would be all right.  
  
I walked to the door and opened it and it was Phil and another man. "Heather," Phil said, "You look lovely as always. This is Frank." Frank took my hand shook it and bowed slightly and said, "It is a pleasure to meet you, Heather."  
  
I showed them to the game room. They stayed slightly behind me and I could feel them looking at my ass wiggle in the tight leather skirt and my long legs in the five inch heels. I showed them to the poker table; they each picked a seat and sat down and began talking to Keith. I got them drinks, fortunately no one wanted anything fancy, and the doorbell rang again.  
  
This process repeated itself three more times. Once for Joe, Roger and Paul. They were all good looking men. Roger and Paul were a little older, close to forty I would say but still very handsome and in great shape for any age.

I served drinks and put out the chips and pretzels and stood off to the side to watch the poker game. Keith stood and re-introduced me as his submissive to the men around the table and thanked me for serving as hostess for their game. Then he told the men that they could only touch the parts of my body that were not covered by clothing, adding that since my stockings were so thin, they didn't count as clothing. Then they began playing poker.  
  
This didn't seem so bad. I would serve drinks and snacks and they would feel my legs. They were all good looking men and I kind of looked forward to being the center of attention. I guess it was the exhibitionist in me.  
  
They all seemed to be very good players and they seemed to like draw poker the best with an occasional hand of five or seven card stud thrown in. None of those games with lots of wild cards and strange rules.   
  
They had been playing for about an hour and I refreshed drinks at least once for each player including Keith and refilled the pretzel and chip bowls. Each time I went near the table I could feel hands and fingers gently caressing my stocking covered legs but never above the bottom of my leather skirt. There was no grabbing or pinching or anything like that and after a while, I looked forward to going to the table.  
  
At one point, Paul was running his hand up and down the inside of my leg and he asked if my stockings were silk because they felt so smooth. I stood there with his hand gently tickling the inside of my leg and said, "I don't know, sir, Keith chose my wardrobe for this evening."   
  
Not to be outdone by his submissive, Keith said, "Yes, the stockings are silk, but they feel so smooth because I have her keep her legs shaved perfectly smooth. In fact, I make her keep her entire body shaved perfectly smooth." This got a few chuckles from the men and caused me to blush hotly. I learned very quickly not to try and tease Keith in front of anyone.   
  
The card game continued and I must admit that I was getting turned on with all of these men looking at me and touching my legs. Keith smiled at me and I mouthed "I love you" to him when no one was looking. I wanted him to know that I was enjoying the evening just like he said I would. He smiled back at me and puckered his lips throwing me a kiss.  
  
I was at the bar and Keith announced that the winner of the next hand would win my leather vest and the right to remove it from me. I got butterflies in my stomach and held onto the bar for a few seconds as my legs got weak.   
  
Not that removing my vest would reveal any more of me but I now understood the reason for the underwear, garter belt and stockings. If future hands were going to be played for more of my clothes, I would quickly be revealing large amounts of my skin and Keith's rule was they could only touch the parts of my body where the skin was not covered by clothes.  
  
This evening could very quickly become a challenge for me in more ways than one.

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I finished making the drinks and walked back to the poker table placing the drinks by Phil and Frank and they immediately began caressing my silk covered legs. Their touch was more exciting now that I knew that they were probably going to get to touch a lot more of me. I stepped back to watch the game and see who won my vest.  
  
Frank won the hand. Keith said, "Heather, would you walk over to Frank so he can claim his prize?"  
  
I walked over to Frank. He stood up as I approached him and asked me to face the table. He stepped behind me and removed my vest. All the men at the table were smiling and I looked down and realized that my nipples were rock hard and could be clearly seen poking against my blouse through my skimpy bra.  
  
Frank said, "Thank you, Heather" and sat down again and I went to fill the chips and pretzels.  
  
The poker game continued. I brought drinks and snacks to the table and each time hands caressed my silk covered legs. Keith had just won a hand and he announced, "The winner of the next hand gets Heather's blouse.  
  
I know I blushed. I could feel butterflies in my stomach because I knew that the lacey bra Keith had picked out for me would soon be the only thing covering me from the waist up. I thought about how this was only going to get worse (better?) as the night went on.  
  
There was quite a betting war over the hand. I am not sure if they were betting to win the hand or my blouse but Paul finally won both. I looked at Keith walked over to Paul without being told and Keith smiled at me. Paul, at thirty-eight, was the oldest of the players. He was five foot nine with brown hair and had a stocky build. He was not fat by any means but he had big shoulders and a powerful chest.  
  
I stepped up to Paul and he unbuttoned my blouse starting at the top and worked his way down to the last button. He turned me facing the table, unbuttoned the buttons on the cuffs of the blouse and stepped behind me. He took hold of my blouse at the collar and slowly pulled back and down sliding the blouse off my shoulders and down my arms leaving me in just my skimpy bra from the waist up. He kissed me gently between my neck and my left shoulder and said, "Thank you, my dear."   
  
Joe asked for a refill of his drink and Keith suggested I bring out a tray of sandwiches. I went into the kitchen to get a tray of sandwiches and realized that when I went back to the table, there would be a lot more bare skin for the men to explore. I also realized that I was very excited and my nipples were so hard they were trying to poke through my skimpy lace bra.  
  
I brought the tray back in and placed it on the table and I felt a hand on my belly and another hand going up and down my back. I was tingling but I wasn't sure if it was from the hands on my body or that there were six pairs of eyes watching me.   
  
Most of the men changed to soft drinks, juice or water. I got the drinks together and brought them to the table and my sides, belly, back, and particularly the parts of my breasts that were exposed were petted and caressed by the six men at the table. This was really starting to get to me and I could feel dampness starting between my legs. As embarrassed as I was, Keith was right; I enjoyed being exhibited in front of these men.  
  
I also noticed that when I bent over to put something on the poker table the men sitting on the other side of the table got a beautiful view down my skimpy bra. This whole experience was much more exciting than I thought it would be.  
  
After putting out the sandwiches, filling the chips and pretzel bowls and serving the drinks, I stepped away from the table. The wandering hands were really starting to get to me and I needed to try to calm down a little bit. However, Keith, who somehow knew what I was thinking and feeling, was not going to let this happen. "We'll play the next hand for Heather's skirt." He announced calmly.  
  
My heart rate doubled and I could feel the blush rise from my chest up to my brown hair. When my skirt was removed, almost my entire body would be bared and that meant the men would be able to touch me just about anywhere they pleased. I knew Kevin planned this when he chose my outfit. I couldn't believe I had to just stand there while six men played poker for the right to strip me down to my skimpy underwear.  
  
Phil won the hand with a small straight. The butterflies in my stomach were going crazy and I didn't know if it was better or worse that I knew Phil so much better than the other men. I walked to Phil exaggerating the sway the five inch heels gave my hips. I don't even know why I did it. I was teasing six men who would shortly have free access to my nearly naked body. Was I daring them to see how much they could do to me?  
  
Phil had rolled his chair back from the table and I walked up next to him. We were about five feet back from the table and I turned and faced the men. Phil rolled his chair behind me and I felt him unbutton the button on my skirt. Now, I could see why he rolled back from the poker table. When he took off my skirt, everyone would have an unobstructed view of me in my skimpy underwear, garter belt, stockings and five inch heels.  
  
I could feel Phil pull the zipper down in the back but my skirt didn't fall. He was holding it together with one hand. I could feel my heart beating out of my chest. I was afraid of being undressed in front of these men but at the same time I couldn't wait to be stripped for them. Then I felt Phil's lips on my side just above my hips. He started kissing and nipping at my skin there and he was working his way up my side toward my skimpy bra. Every time he nipped at me, it was like an electric shock right to my clit. All of the men were looking at me like I was a sacrificial lamb and they were ready to devour me.  
  
Phil was intentionally dragging this out to torment me. I knew Keith was somehow behind this; Phil didn't know me well enough to recognize the effect he was having on me. I was concentrating on keeping my body from wriggling in response to what Phil was doing when I heard moans from the men around the table. At the same time I felt cool air on my bare ass and legs.   
  
While Phil had me distracted with his lips and teeth, he released my skirt and it fell to my feet leaving me almost naked in front of six men. I gasped and had to fight the urge to cover myself with my hands because I knew that would displease Keith. Phil kissed both of my cute little ass cheeks and murmured, "Beautiful, just beautiful. Thank you, Heather"  
  
For a bunch of men who were slowly stripping an eighteen year old girl naked, they were very polite.   
  
Phil rolled his chair around next to me and I noticed a bulge in his lap that wasn't there before. It was exciting that I was having that effect on him and I wondered if I was having the same effect on the other men.   
  
He pointed to my skirt, now a pile of leather around my feet. He offered his hand; I took it and stepped out of the skirt, picked it up from the floor and looked from Phil to Keith unsure what to do. "Give you skirt to Phil, Heather." Keith said, "He won it fair and square."  
  
I handed Phil the skirt and some of the men ordered refills on their drinks. I turned and started to walk to the bar and caught my reflection in the mirrored wall and I understood the moans I heard when my skirt fell to the floor.   
  
I was in five inch high heels with a garter belt and stockings. My bra was just big enough to hold up my breasts and cover my nipples leaving the top of my breasts bare. My g-string was so tiny it just covered my hairless pussy lips and clit and nothing more in the front; my little ass cheeks were completely bare in the back. A man would describe me as the thing wet dreams were made of.  
  
I went to the bar and started getting the drinks and then another realization hit me. When I went back to the table, there would be very little of my body that the men could not touch. I was going to get felt up but good and by more than one man at a time. Just the thought excited me so much that I knew that if I didn't have the g-string on, my thighs would be damp.  
  
Yet again, Keith's plan exceeded the worst I could imagine. When I carried drinks to the poker table, most of my body was available for the men's exploration. Hands, fingertips, lips, tongues and teeth all studied every exposed inch of my body. And each man touched me differently and each one excited me even more than the last. I was so excited I was shaking and they kept calling me back to the table for something or other so they could continue to feel me up.   
  
But that wasn't the evil part of Keith's plan. The evil part was that no matter how much they touched me; no matter how many men were feeling me up at the same time; the parts of my body that could give me release were still covered. I had to deal with the frustration of being felt, caressed, liked and nibbled on by six men with no hope of release.  
  
I had just put down a drink for Roger, when Roger and Paul on my other side, decided to both check me out at the same time. I had one hand on my left thigh near my burning pussy, one hand on my left ass cheek one hand on my right thigh between my legs and someone was nibbling on my little right ass cheek. I was on fire and I knew my pussy would be dripping were it not for the g-string holding my hairless lips together.   
  
I looked at Keith through clouded eyes and he looked at me and mouthed, "You look beautiful" to me. This of course didn't help me get control of my over stimulated body and I thought for sure if I didn't get some relief soon, I would tear off what was left of my clothes and just let the men do with me as they pleased.  
  
Keith said, "Heather." He had to repeat my name because I was so stimulated that real and imagined was running together. "Heather," he said a little louder, "Would you get me a drink, please."  
  
I snapped out of my sex induced fog and went to the bar to get Keith another drink. I could feel six pairs of eyes burning into my cute little bare ass cheeks as I walked to the bar. How could they help it? Perched on my five inch heels atop my long legs I could feel my ass jiggle for their entertainment. Their comments let me know that they enjoyed the show.  
  
I returned to the table with Keith's drink and he thanked me and placed his arm around my waist and said, "Heather, don't your feet hurt in those high heel shoes? You've been standing since before the poker game began."  
  
To tell the truth, so much was being done to my body since the poker game began that I didn't even think about the high heels or if my feet and legs hurt. I thought, 'At last, a bit of sympathy for what I was going through.' So, I replied, "Yes, sir, the shoes do hurt my feet a little."  
  
"I thought so." He said looking up at me, comfortable in his chair. "Why don't you go over and sit on Roger's lap and give your feet a rest."  
  
'Oh my god!' I thought, 'my feet are going to get a rest, but what about the rest of me.' I said, "Thank you, sir", but I looked at him like 'you tricked me again'. He smiled at me and I detected a little chuckle. He knew what being almost naked in front of all these men was doing to me and he was little by little making it more humiliating and harder for me to control my body's sexual excitement.  
  
I walked over to Roger who rolled his chair back from the poker table and said, "Sit down, Heather, you can play for me."  
  
I could tell Roger was enjoying my humiliation by the long large bulge in his pants. I sat on Roger's lap and realized this may soothe my feet, but the rest of my body was not getting a rest. I sat on Roger's lap and immediately felt his cock rub along my pussy through his pants and my g-string. He was practically fucking me right in front of everyone. He slid his chair forward bringing me to the edge of the poker table and I was trapped between his cock against my pussy and the poker table against the top of my legs. Every little movement went right to my clit where the head of his cock was resting.  
  
As if that wasn't bad enough (or good enough, by this point I was so sexually charged I couldn't tell the difference), Roger had me play his hand of poker which left both of his hands free. Roger did not use his hands for snacks or finishing his drink; his hands were all over my body. He was rolling his hips under me grinding his cock against my pussy. He was practically fucking me in front of the other men.  
  
Keith must have had a meeting or something to tell all the men exactly where to touch me to stimulate me the most. Roger even knew to kiss me on the neck behind my ear, one of my most sensitive spots. When he did that I moaned which made his cock throb against my super sensitive pussy which made me moan again. The men got a big kick out of that.  
  
Keith won the hand, I am not even sure what I had I was so keyed up. Joe asked if I would please refill his drink so Roger rolled his chair back so I could get up and get Joe his drink. 'These guys are so polite and respectful.' I thought to myself, 'If someone were outside listening they would never believe that they were talking to a girl they were slowly stripping naked.'  
  
As I mixed Joe's drink I realized that the next time they played for a piece of my clothing, I would be baring parts of my body only seen by me and very few others. I brought Joe his drink and when I bent over to put the drink on the table, Joe ran his fingertips gently up my leg from my ankle, up the inside of my thigh so close to my pussy that he must have felt the heat between my legs and on up between the cheeks of my bared ass.  
  
I gasped and looked up at Keith with my mouth open. I was so close to coming. I just needed a little more and I could come. Keith smiled and said, "Gentlemen, I think we should take a ten minute break."   
  
The men got up from the table some went to the bar and the others left the room, I suppose to go to the bathroom. Keith walked around the table and came up to me and wrapped his arms around me and pulled me close, his clothes against my bare skin reminding me how close to naked I was. "Are you having fun, Kitten?" he asked softly.  
  
I looked up at him and said, "You know this is driving me crazy, don't you?"  
  
"Yes, I do. But are you having a good time?" he asked again.  
  
"It's humiliating and titillating and frustrating and exciting all at the same time. All of those men looking at me and taking my clothes off of me and touching me; the look on your face, knowing that you are making me do this and how excited I am getting from what they do to me, gets me even more excited." I said holding him close to me. "I know you are enjoying my humiliation."  
  
"I must admit that I do enjoy watching you squirm while my friends touch your beautiful body." he chuckled.  
  
"And you don't think I am a slut, your friends are stripping me and touching me?" I asked, "Seeing me get excited while they feel me up and rub against me?"  
  
"You are a slut. MY slut and no one else's. You are doing those things because I told you to do them not because it was your choice. How far do you think I should let them go?" he asked.  
  
"When they were feeling me up, when Roger had his cock up against my pussy, I was so excited I wanted to come so bad." I whispered blushing at my bluntness even though I was standing almost naked with six men. "I know you'll make me do things I could never have dreamed of but still keep me safe. I will do whatever you say."  
  
Keith kissed my forehead and let his arms fall from around me and turned to walk away. "Keith," I said trying to keep my voice down, "Aren't you going to tell me what you are going to make me do?"  
  
He turned back to me and smiled at me and I could feel myself tingle. "No." he said and walked back to his seat.  
  
"I think it's time we resume our game." He announced and the men started back to the table. The one's that walked by me took advantage of my near nakedness and I had hands touching me from every direction. In a matter of seconds, I was almost as excited as I was when Keith called for a break.  
  
I filled the chip and pretzel bowls while hands roamed over my body carefully avoiding the few parts that were still covered. Some drinks needed to be refilled and by the time I was done I was wet between my legs again with six men ogling my nearly naked hairless body.  
  
I went back to my place to watch my tormentors play poker. Keith was doing very well. I'd like to think it was because of the distraction caused by my skimpily clad body and what the men were allowed to do to me. They played a few hands and Keith said, "Winner of the next hand wins Heather's bra."  
  
I know I turned five shades of red. My stomach fluttered and I could feel my nipples get hard in anticipation of having my breasts bared in front of five strange men. It was surrealistic watching Paul deal the cards knowing my breasts were the prize they were playing for. There was nothing I could do. It was like I was living one of my fantasies; I was a kidnapped young girl and these men were stripping and torturing me for their amusement.  
  
"A pair of queens wins", I heard Paul say snapping me out of my dream.  
  
"Heather," Keith said, "Go over to Joe so he can take off your bra."  
  
I started to walk over to Joe's place at the table and caught a look at myself in the mirror. My long legs looked gorgeous in the high heels and stockings. My underwear was so skimpy, from the side I looked like I was already naked and it seemed like Keith was soon going to make that a reality.  
  
I walked to where Joe was sitting. He was thirty-one and at six foot two inches, he was almost as tall as my Keith. He had blond hair and a great tan, a real surfer boy look but he was the best built man in the room. The muscles in his arms stretched the sleeves of his tight short sleeved shirt; his chest and rippled stomach formed a perfect v-shape and his cock looked huge pressing against his pants as he stood up.  
  
He ran his fingertips over my belly teasing my belly button. Then, he wrapped his arms around me pulling me against him and I could smell his after shave. He ran his hands down my back to my cute little ass and ran his fingertips over both cheeks until I was grinding my body against him. He ran one hand up my back and quickly unsnapped my bra and stepped back from me.  
  
I was panting and my bra hung off my shoulders clinging to my breasts. All of the men were looking at me just waiting for Joe to take away my bra and bare my breasts for them. He leaned in and kissed me softly on my lips and while I was dueling with his tongue he slipped the bra straps off of my shoulders and my bra fell to the floor.  
  
There were six men staring at my breasts, I was so excited I was quivering and so humiliated I thought I would die. Joe reached out and cupped both my breasts in his large hands and gently weighed them with his hands. My nipples were like two pebbles on the tips of my breasts and he took one of them between the thumb and forefinger of each hand and pinched them.  
  
I moaned as he pinched my nipples a little harder. My legs got weak and I started to bend my knees but Joe didn't move his hands and for a few seconds I was hanging by my nipples. Joe released my nipples and said, "Thank you, Heather. Your breasts are as beautiful as the rest of your magnificent body."  
  
I was humiliated and so sexually aroused I was trembling but a girl does like to hear she is beautiful even if it is from a bunch of men that are stripping and sexually tormenting her.

The men went back to playing cards and Keith asked to have his drink refilled. I went to the bar and got his drink and went back to the table between Frank and Keith. I put the drink in front of Keith and I could feel Frank's hand caressing my ass cheeks. He reached around and tweaked my nipple and turned me toward him and put his mouth on my sensitive left nipple and gently sucked on it while teasing the tip with his tongue.  
  
Suddenly, I felt something very cold touch both of my ass cheeks along the crack of my ass and I jumped away from the cold pulling my nipple from Frank's mouth. I turned and saw Keith holding the drink I had just delivered to him. He had touched the cold glass to my ass cheeks causing me to jump.  
  
Before I could say anything, he said, "Heather, you know better than to pull away or deny me or my guests' access to your body." Before I could reply he continued sounding like a stern father, "You will have to be punished for pulling away from Frank and me."  
  
I was standing in front of six men wearing five inch high heels, garter belt and stockings and a g-string that barley covered my pussy and clit and Keith was going to punish me for not allowing him access to my body? I knew this had to be an excuse to cause me even more humiliation.   
  
"I think a good paddling will teach you how to behave." He said, "Perhaps ten swats with the paddle will do."  
  
I started to protest but Keith said, "That's ten swats EACH." I knew I better not argue. I wasn't going to win and my poor little ass would only pay the price.  
  
"Yes, sir." I said looking down at the ground. "I will try to do better."  
  
Keith took me over to where the living room chairs and coffee table were with Frank following us. Keith led me to the back of one of the living room chairs and stopped with my legs against the back of the chair that came up almost to my wet pussy. Remembering how Keith fucked me with my legs trapped against the bed, I knew where this was going. My ass was facing the men sitting at the table who would have a ringside view of my humiliation.  
  
Because the back of the chair was up against the front of my knees, it forced me to keep my legs straight. He told me to hold onto the arms of the chair, which were lower than the back of the chair, causing my bare ass to stick up and my back to arch in a perfect position for punishment.   
  
But he wasn't done yet. He made me spread my legs so my feet were even with the sides of the chair, a good thirty inches. My poor ass was a perfect target. With my legs spread the cheeks of my ass were spread just enough so the men at the table could see my puckered little asshole.  
  
Keith picked up the paddle which just 'happened' to be sitting on the coffee table and handed it to Frank. Frank stepped behind me and I braced myself for my 'punishment'. Just as Frank was about to strike, Keith stopped him and said, "Heather, you may not release your hands from the arms of the chair until I tell you that you may let go. During your punishment, you may wiggle and shake but you must keep your ass up as a target for the next swat. If you don't, your punishment will start over again."  
  
I looked up to see Keith in the mirrored wall that was right in front of me and got the shock of my life. The men sitting at the poker table not only had a great view of my bare ass, but by looking in the mirror, they could see my face and my hanging breasts, as well. They would be able to see the effects of my paddling on my ass and on my face at the same time. I never felt so naked and ashamed in my life.  
  
Frank applied the first swat to my left cheek and I yelped but managed to stay still. The next swat to the right cheek hurt but I was able to keep from making any noise. Frank continued my punishment alternating cheeks of my reddening ass as he went. By the eighth swat I couldn't stay quiet and I yelped again. The ninth and tenth swats had me wiggling my ass, shaking my bare hanging tits and crying out with each one. The men at the poker table had a front row seat and from their comments, they enjoyed every minute of my shame.  
  
Keith thanked Frank for his assistance with my punishment and took the paddle and Frank went to his seat at the poker table. Keith look at my ass which I am sure was, at least, a pretty shade of pink. I didn't move because I knew Keith was going to continue my punishment and I wasn't sure I could maintain what dignity I had left through ten more swats.  
  
Keith said, "I can't administer punishment with all of this string in the way." I didn't understand what he was talking about until he reached for my hips where my g-string was tied. I looked in the mirror and I could see the look of shock on my face. Keith was going to remove my last piece of clothing and display my hairless little pussy and clit to his friends. And, in my present position, they would have a perfect view of everything between my legs.  
  
Keith untied the strings at my hips and pulled my g-string, the last shred of clothing between me and nudity, away from my exposed pussy. With the g-string removed, I could feel my juices drip from my over excited pussy lips onto my thighs. The men knew the spanking and being stripped naked was exciting me. I had reached a new high (low?) in humiliation.  
  
Keith proceeded to take the paddle to my bare, red ass. I yelped, I cried, I moaned; I wiggled and shook my poor ass exposing my pussy and asshole in all their glory to the men watching me. I put on quite a show at both ends of my body; my ass shaking and burning and my pussy dripping at one end and at the other, my tits shaking and the effects of each stroke on my naked body showing in the expressions on my face.  
  
When my punishment was complete, Keith put his hand on my ass and said to his friends, "You should feel the heat coming off of Heather's ass. Come here and feel this."  
  
Oh, my god! He was inviting his five friends to come and feel my ass. I moaned and hung my head in shame and the men chuckled. I was bent over in my five inch heels with my legs spread and my knees kept straight by the back of the chair. My ass, sticking up in the air, and my pussy were completely open and vulnerable. My breasts, hanging down under my arched back, were an easy target, too. I was not permitted to let go of the arms of the chair so the best I could do was wiggle my ass and shake my tits.  
  
The next thirty minutes were the longest of my life. At least one of the men, usually more, had their fingers, hands, lips, tongue and/or teeth on or in my body. I gasped, I moaned, I begged but the rubbing, pinching and probing never stopped until I got close to coming. Then it stopped and I shook my ass and tits begging and pleading for them to do something, anything to me. But, that didn't come until I had calmed down enough so their explorations would not grant me release. Then they started all over again.  
  
Each man had his fingers in my pussy, played with my swollen clit, ran their hands over my ass, teased my hairless asshole, rubbed my breasts and pinched my nipples at least once, most of them more than once. When they were through using me as their plaything, my body felt like a short circuited fuse box. The slightest touch had explosive effects on my overloaded nervous system.  
  
Keith helped me to stand up and I looked in the mirror and I looked like I had been put through a wringer, my tits, ass and pussy were red , I was damp with sweat and my hair was flying all over from shaking my head while I begged for mercy or release. He thanked everyone for attending the poker game and said with a smile, "Heather will see you out."  
  
I knew this was his way of giving his friends one last shot at my naked body. I looked at Keith pathetically begging for mercy, but there was none.   
  
The men started to leave he motioned me to walk them out as he followed to keep an eye on me. At the open front door, I had to put my arms around each man's neck and kiss him goodbye as his hands and fingers took one last tour of my naked body. When they were finished with my final humiliation and were gone, I turned to Keith and said, "At least I know each of them is going home horny. I could feel their hard cocks against my belly as they left."  
  
Keith put his arm around me and we walked through the house on our way up to the bedroom and chuckled saying, "Probably one of the greatest benefits to the subs in our little group is that when the men get home from one of our get-togethers, the subs are sure to get a good fucking."  
  
We got up to the bedroom and Keith took me in his arms and kissed me deeply. He bent down and took off my five inch heels, my stockings and garter belt leaving naked as the day I was born. He pulled me close and ran his hands down my back and grabbed my bright red, sore ass cheeks and I jumped and yelped.  
  
"Does your cute little ass hurt?" Keith asked softly. "Oh yes sir, it does." I moaned.  
  
"Good!' he said and pushed me back on the bed making me land right on my punished ass. I cried out but before I could move he was on me. He grabbed my ankles and spread them wide and climbed between my legs my sore ass rubbing against the bed sheets. He lay down on top of me and pushed his hard cock into me as far as he could and I finally had the orgasm that had been withheld from me all night.  
  
As my orgasm ebbed, he started thrusting into my bare little pussy pushing my burning ass into the bed. I moaned and begged but he didn't stop fucking me. The pain in my ass merged with the throbbing in my pussy and when I came for the second time, I had my arms and legs wrapped around my Keith basking in the pain and the pleasure.   
  
When he finally came, pumping what seemed like gallons of sperm into my belly, he buried his long hard cock into my pussy and crushing my ass into the bed; the pain made me come again.  
  
I remember thinking, as we fell asleep in each other's arms, that we would have a lot to talk about at breakfast tomorrow morning.

My Own Heaven Ch. 07

I woke up Sunday morning cuddled up against Keith. I wasn't as sore as I expected to be. My cute little ass was a bit tender, but no worse than if I had sat in the bleachers and watched a baseball double header. All in all I felt pretty good.  
  
Last night was the wildest thing I've ever done. Keith had five of his friends, four of them total strangers to me, strip me naked and tease and explore my body. One of them even spanked me with a paddle; and all at Keith's direction. It was humiliating but that made it even more exciting. I got so excited seeing Keith's face as he humiliated me.   
  
I looked up at Keith lying next to me. He was awake and just looking at me. "What?" I giggled covering my face. He didn't say anything right away; he put his hand to my face and ran his fingers over my cheek. He loved me; I snuggled closer to him.  
  
Finally, he said "Should we have breakfast here or do you want to go to the golf club again?"  
  
"Let's go to the golf club" I said sitting up and letting the covers fall from the upper half of my naked body, "I really like it there."  
  
We got up and showered together, it was becoming a Sunday morning ritual. "Your cute little ass cheeks are still a bit pink" he said washing them gently with the washcloth, "I kinda like them like that."  
  
I blushed, even standing naked in the shower he can say things that make me blush, and said, "Oh, and I guess you are thinking of ways to keep them pink."  
  
"Maybe" he smiled, "They sure do look perfect like that."  
  
We finished our shower washing each other, pausing to hold each other and kiss. I loved the way he seemed like he could never get enough of me.  
  
We got dressed and I wore a sundress today and Keith looked disappointed. "I think my ass is a little too tender for tight shorts this morning." I said reaching up on tiptoes and kissing him on his cheek. He smiled and put his arm around my waist and we went to the car and drove to the golf club for brunch.  
  
We sat outside again for the privacy and ordered fresh fruits, breads, pastries and coffee. The waiter brought out the food and we started to eat. Keith took my hand and said, "Heather, were you okay with what happened last night?"  
  
I took his hand in my hands and lifted it to my face and kissed it. "I loved what you did to me -- what you made me do -- but I am not sure I understand." I said pausing and resting our hands back on the table. "I mean, I love you! It was exciting having the other men strip me and touch me. And you there watching. Telling them what to do to me; watching over me. I would have never done that without you there, but I'm a little confused.  
  
"I know, being the exhibitionist that I am, what I get out of having men see me naked or nearly naked. And having all those men touching me and doing things to excite me just lights up the little submissive in me. But what do you get out of it? I mean besides what you did to me after everyone left." I said blushing at the last part.  
  
He paused and said, "I knew how exciting the poker game would be for you. I could never do that with just any guys. They were just a tool like the panties with the dildo, or the ice and they know it." He paused and took a mouthful of coffee.   
  
"I love doing things to you that get you excited. I love the look on your face as you try to keep your body under control. I love it when you loose the fight and I get to watch you come. Do you know how beautiful you are when you come?"  
  
I looked down at my hands holding his and said, "I know I enjoyed last night; and now I know you did, too. It's just that, you letting them do things to me, and me getting so excited when they do it, it doesn't seem right for some reason."  
  
"Under normal circumstances," he said, "It wouldn't be right. The whole reason our little group was formed was to provide us with a safe way of playing out our fantasies. Each of us is overly protective of our wives or girlfriends but, at the same time, we wanted a way to make those 'dreams come true'. This was the solution we came up with and so far it works."  
  
I was thinking about that when Keith stood and said "Phil, Tina, how are you?" and kissed the blond woman with Phil. I saw Tina, briefly, at work once when she came to pick up Phil, but that was like four months ago. Keith introduced me to Tina and we shook hands across the table.  
  
Tina is Phil's wife. She's twenty-four, two years younger than Phil. She's five foot six and only weighs one hundred twenty pounds. She has real long legs and is rather thin but she makes up for it with her 36C breasts and a cute tight little ass. I could see why Phil was attracted to her.  
  
They sat down and Keith got the waiters attention to bring more coffee and breakfast fare. After the waiter brought the coffee and food to the table, Tina said, "So, Heather, it is really nice to finally meet you. I saw you one day at the office as I ran in to pick up Phil but you probably don't even remember."  
  
I was surprised and a little flattered that she remembered, "I remember," I said smiling, "you were in and out so fast we didn't get to meet."  
  
We sat at the table and talked while we ate and drank coffee. The guys saw a business associate sitting inside and he waved at them so they felt they had to go in to say hello.   
  
When they left the table, Tina said, "Heather, I wanted to thank you for last night. I don't know what went on, the guys never tell, but Phil came home and fucked me senseless." She smiled and continued, "I know they have this rule about not talking about their little meetings but I don't think that should apply to us. I've been the guest of honor at a few of those meetings and, occasionally, I was sore for days afterwards. I always wanted to compare notes with someone."  
  
I liked Tina already. It was like having a girlfriend that was in on a secret. "It was really quite a night." I said keeping my voice low, "I'm not sure exactly what to make of it yet."  
  
"Listen, Keith loves you to death. You're all he talks about. I feel like I know you already just from listening to him. He's one of the two best men on the west coast and I'm married to the other one. You can bet that whatever he does, it's because he's trying to please you."  
  
"Well," I said with a little laugh, "When the guys left, he wasn't thinking of just me."  
  
"Yeah, but I bet you had a good time." she said as the guys approached the table and sat down.  
  
By the time we finished brunch, Tina and I were like old friends. We couldn't talk about our, well, mostly her, adventures while the guys were around, but we made it a point to get together and compare notes.  
  
We all said our goodbyes and headed our separate ways. Keith and I headed to his house so we could spend the afternoon by the pool. Of course, I was to spend the afternoon naked. My overall tan was getting deeper; even the areas that used to be covered by hair.  
  
Before we went out to the pool, we stopped up in the bedroom. As I quickly stripped, Keith went to the armoire, opened the doors, took out his key and opened one of the two locked drawers. He took out what looked like the small dildo that was in the panties he made me wear on our walk on the grounds.   
  
"We're going to start preparing you so I can fuck you up your cute little ass. This is a butt plug." he said holding it up. "It is a small one. We will slowly use bigger and bigger ones until you're stretched enough to take my cock up your ass without doing any damage."  
  
He turned me around and bent me at the waist. He spread my ass cheeks and slid the butt plug slowly up my ass. He must have lubricated it when he took it out of the drawer because it slid in pretty easily. Just as it started to hurt, it slipped all the way in and my sphincter closed on the narrow part of the butt plug near the base. My ass felt full but except for a little pain when the widest part of the plug entered my ass, it didn't hurt. The plug would stay up my ass until it was pulled out; it wouldn't slip in because of the wide base and I couldn't force it out because it was too wide.   
  
It felt very strange moving around inside my ass as I walked. Keith watched me walk away from him and he seemed to like seeing the base of the little black butt plug between the cheeks of my ass. We left the bedroom on the way to the pool and the walk out, particularly the walk down the steps, was very interesting for me. While I knew my ass cheeks and my puckered little asshole being played with could get me excited, I never thought that having my ass penetrated could start that itch between my legs. But it did.  
  
As we walked through the house to the pool Keith said, "Another advantage to the butt plug is, if I need you, I can get your attention without having to call you." I turned to look at him and the plug up my ass started vibrating wildly. I yelped and jumped putting both my hands to my ass cheeks pushing my hairless pussy forward trying to get away from the insane buzzing. I could feel the buzzing from my ass, through my pussy to my clit and all the way down the insides of my legs to my ankles. My whole body started to quiver and I grabbed hold of his arm with both hands to keep from falling.   
  
After about ten seconds, which seemed like twenty minutes to me, he turned it off. The butt plug was very effective on me as a sexual stimulator. I quickly learned that my ass is high on the list of erogenous zones on my body. My legs were trembling, my pussy was wet, my nipples were rock hard and I was breathing heavily; and all after only ten seconds.   
  
Still holding his arm, I looked up at Keith who was looking down at my naked body with lust in his eyes. I liked when he looked at me like that when I wasn't being played with, I loved it when I knew he had that look because of something he was going to do to me. "Well," he said, "It seems like I've found a way to get your attention."  
  
"M...m...my god." I gasped, "How close do you have to be...to use that thing."  
  
"It's been tested up to twenty-five yards but I bet it has a better range if there are no obstructions." He said happily. "It also has two more vibrator setting and three shock settings. Do you wanna see?" and he held up the remote in his hand.  
  
"Noooo!" I yelled grabbing my ass cheeks with my hands like that would help should he decide to test his new toy on me. When I realized he wasn't going to torment my ass I said, "Where do you get these devious little devices?"  
  
"I make them." He replied happily. "Remember, I told you the company makes some specialty devices? Well, this is one of them. It's a pretty popular seller and the technology is relatively simple. We make a lot of money on things like this and some bigger things, too."  
  
"Was the pair of panties you made me wear during our little walk one of you specialty items, too?" I asked coyly.  
  
"Why, yes it was. Did you like it?" He asked. "It's an older model; we have made some interesting improvements in it if you'd like to try a newer model."  
  
My belly quivered remembering what the older model did to my poor little pussy. I blushed and answered cockily, "I guess that would be up to you, wouldn't it? As soon as the words left my mouth I knew it was a mistake. The butt plug up my ass went crazy again but Keith let it run longer this time. I did a cute little dance for his pleasure. I jumped up and down, grabbed my ass, tried standing on one leg and then the other and, in general, displayed myself in a most unladylike manner.  
  
When he stopped the butt plug, I was sweating and shaking. My naked pussy had wet the inside of my thighs and I really wanted to come. Keith walked through the kitchen out onto the deck and I followed him fearing that if I fell behind, he would turn on the butt plug again, or worse. The walk down the steps to the pool had me moaning as the plug moved around inside of me.  
  
When we got to the pool, Keith threw our towels on one of the lounge chairs and pointed to one next to his and said, "Lay down and I'll oil you up."  
  
I lay down on my belly and he started at my foot and slowly applied oil, he worked his strong hands slowly, oh, so slowly, up my calf. He was not just spreading the oil; he was gently, but firmly, rubbing it into my skin. He worked up onto the back and sides of my thigh rubbing and spreading the oil until he almost touched my hairless quivering pussy. Then he moved down to the other foot and I groaned. I couldn't help it.  
  
He slowly, agonizingly slowly, worked up the other calf spreading the warm oil and rubbing it into my thigh. When he got to the top of my thigh, he went right past my pussy and started applying the warm oil to my ass. I could feel the oil drip down between my ass cheeks and pool around the base of the butt plug sticking out of my ass. Keith spent a long time "making sure your cute little ass was completely covered." as he told me.  
  
He finally worked his way up my back and neck and down my arms and I was covered with oil. Maybe it was because I was so horny that I thought I could get away with teasing him. "I don't think it's fair that I have to be out here naked and you get to wear swim trunks." I taunted him.   
  
I immediately regretted it as I screamed and yelled and flopped around like a landed fish on the chaise lounge as the butt plug vibrated so hard and fast that you could see my ass cheeks rippling in time with the vibrations of the intruder up my ass. My juices gushed out of my pussy; I made noises like a horny tom cat; and my legs trembled like I touched an electric wire. But, Keith stopped the vibrator before I could come.  
  
I moaned as I recovered and pressed my hands on the pad of the chaise lounge straightening my arms lifting the upper part of my body. I turned to look over my shoulder at him. Of course, he was standing by my feet which gave him a perfect view of my little ass, bare pussy and long legs under the torture of the plug up my asshole.  
  
He smiled at me and said, "That was level two. It's so nice of you to give me an actual demonstration of my product in action."  
  
I started to say something, but he held up the remote with his thumb on one of the buttons and I thought better of it and just lay back down. He came up to where my head was and knelt down next to the chair I was laying on and kissed my cheek. I opened my eyes and said, "You do love torturing me, don't you?"  
  
"Yes, I do." was his immediate reply. Then he whispered, "I told you, you can't imagine how beautiful you look twisting and wriggling trying to control your body while I tease and torment you." Then he kissed me.  
  
Keith went in to get us drinks and I worried the whole time that he would test his theory about how far away the remote would work. I knew he would just let it run until my screams let him know it was working. Fortunately, he did not test the range of the plug up my puckered asshole.  
  
He returned with the drinks and I turned over, took my drink from his hand and drank almost half of it down. I decided to lie on my back and he decided that it was important to apply oil to the front of my body. If I thought his applying oil to the back of my body was unbearably titillating, Keith's application of oil to the front of my body gave new meaning to the word frustration.  
  
First, lying on my back, the weight of my body pushed the butt plug further up my ass causing me to spread my legs to keep the pressure off of my ass. Then he started with my toes and oiled each toe, one at a time. Then he worked the oil into my feet and then slowly up over my shins and over my thighs.  
  
He slowly worked closer to my hairless pussy and I couldn't help but thrust my hips up toward his oily fingers. He massaged the oil into my thighs and just up the edge of my pussy, passed it and moved up to my hips and belly. I moaned and begged him to please put oil on my pussy.   
  
He spread oil on my belly, filling my little belly button with oil and working his way toward my breasts. He was going to make me wait and squirm and beg. He reached my breasts and started out gently spreading the oil all over my chest and breasts. He started rubbing harder and was trying to pinch my nipples but his fingers and my breasts were too oily. It was like he was plucking at my nipples making them rock hard, sending electric shocks from my nipples through my belly and right to my clit which was sticking out begging for attention.   
  
I was moaning and begging for him to stick his fingers in my bare pussy. He was running his hands and fingers all over the front of my body touching everywhere but where I desperately wanted his fingers. Finally, his oily finger ran over my pussy lips and I arched my back and pushed my bare pussy at his fingers. He moved his fingers away before I could get his fingers inside me or, at least, to get his fingers to slide over my clit.  
  
Suddenly he stopped touching me and I opened my eyes and looked at him. He had removed his swim trunks and his hard throbbing cock was right by my face. "I'll fuck you if you suck my dick." he said with a smile on his face.  
  
Why, when I am so excited I can't think straight, do I try to show Keith that I can control my body? I guess that question kind of answers itself, doesn't it. "If you fuck me, I'll suck your dick," I replied as cockily as I could.  
  
The shock went from my ass, through my pussy and I swear sparks flew out of my clit. It wasn't actually pain. I was more like a thousand ants crawling around inside my ass and between my legs. I couldn't scream I just opened my mouth but nothing came out.  
  
"Now that was interesting." Keith said stroking my hair. "Here's what we'll do. I'll continue to shock you and play with your body until you're ready to suck my dick. Just pop it into your mouth when you're ready. I'll have to stop shocking you when you put your mouth on my cock because I wouldn't want you to bite down." He moved closer and put his big beautiful cock in my face.  
  
I wanted his cock in me, in my mouth, my tight pussy, anywhere. But he enjoyed torturing me and, to tell the truth, I enjoyed him torturing me, too. I could have opened my mouth, but instead, I turned my face away from his cock.  
  
The butt plug exploded in my ass. This time the shocks ran through my pussy and down my legs to my toes. I screamed and closed my legs but that drove the plug further up my virgin ass and made the shocks worse. My legs flew open exposing my gushing pussy and wet thighs. The shock only lasted for a few seconds but I could still feel the tingling going down my legs.  
  
I turned my face back to look at Keith and he was looking at me with equal amounts of love and lust. Tormenting me excited him and defying him and suffering the pain excited me. I knew he would win; I didn't stand a chance. I looked at his cock, just an inch or two from my face and closed my mouth tight pressing my lips together.  
  
The shock shot through my body from my ass, to my pussy and up to my super hard nipples. My back arched all by itself and my tits thrust into the air and my ass and head pressed down into the pad on the chaise lounge that had become my prison. I made gurgling sounds and my hands and arms spasmed and my juices actually squirted from my pussy. God, it hurt so good.  
  
I looked at Keith and he smiled at me and I knew we were both enjoying this way too much. "Oh please, Keith. Please don't shock my ass again", I begged. "I'll be your good little slut. I'll do whatever you tell me to do." I knew what he wanted and he knew I loved begging for mercy as much as he loved hearing me beg.

He pushed his cock against my lips and I could feel the heat of his cockhead. He was burning up I started to think maybe I could hold out longer than he could. The shock shooting up my ass convinced me that I was wrong.   
  
He must have turned up the setting because I screamed as the current seemed to go all though my body. From my ass to my nipples, down my arms to my hands, from my ass to my pussy and down my legs the electricity turned my body to mush. My toes pointed straight down like I was wearing seven inch high heels and I thought I could feel the hairs on my head stand up.  
  
The current stopped and I knew I couldn't stand another shock. I turned and put my mouth over the head of Keith's long, fat cock and sucked for all I was worth. He won again. I told you he would. He could torture the most sensitive parts of my body in the most ingenious ways while all I could do was beg for mercy and endure all the torments his scheming mind could devise for as long as I could.  
  
I was driving my face down on his cock and I could feel it pushing into my throat. I was gagging but I wanted to take his huge cock down my throat as far as I could. I could hear him moan and gasp as I went further and further down his cock trying to get the whole thing in my throat.   
  
I guess he couldn't stand it anymore. He pulled his cock from my mouth, stood up and pulled the pad off of the chaise lounge with me on top and onto the concrete deck surrounding the pool. He was on me in a flash. He spread my legs and laid on top of me shoving his huge cock into my tight pussy in one long powerful thrust. His cock felt huge inside me and I realized that while he was fucking my pussy with his cock, the butt plug was pushing up my ass at the same time.  
  
He was pounding into me, my oiled body sliding on the chair pad and against Keith's hard body. He grabbed my hands and held them over my head to keep me in place so his cock could stab my naked pussy. He kissed my face and neck and bit at my tender nipples as he drove his cock deep into my tender belly. He was fucking me faster and faster and his cock and the butt plug were rubbing against each other inside of my vulnerable body. I came but he kept pumping into me; harder and faster.  
  
I came hard as I got double fucked and everything started closing in around me. Keith's pumping became frantic and his cock swelled inside my pussy and I could feel every vein in his beautiful cock. He pushed into me as hard and deep as he could and I felt him explode inside me. His hot come spurting inside me and his groans of pleasure made me come again. He let go of my hands as he collapsed on top of me and the last spurts of his come pumped into my stretched little hole. I wrapped my arms and legs around him as my body shuddered and my orgasm slowly faded. I was so happy tears were running down my face. As I tried to catch my breath, I held on to my Keith as hard as I could.  
  
After a few minutes, Keith started moving on top of me. He was kissing my chest and neck and worked his way up to my face and kissed me deeply but softly with his tongue exploring my mouth. I still had my arms and legs wrapped around him with his cock buried in my shaved pussy. I could feel my pussy squeezing his softening cock and his cock throbbing in response. I never wanted to let him go.  
  
Finally, he kissed me on the bridge of my nose and whispered, "We have to get up soon, Kitten. You got us both all oily; we need to get cleaned up."  
  
"I got us both all oily?" I said mocking him, "Who covered me with oil, tortured me until I sucked their cock then jumped on me and fucked me almost to death?"  
  
He kissed my cheek, propped himself up on one arm and raised his other hand with the remote in it and smiled. My pussy clamped down on his cock and my ass tightened on the butt plug up my tender asshole. "And I thank you for everything you did to me." I said softly and pulled him back down on top of me and kissed him long and hard.  
  
Eventually we got up and walked back to the house. Keith had his arm around my waist and held me tight to him. I loved how he always wanted to touch me. Not always in a sexual way, just holding my hand or his arm around me holding me against him. He had these subtle ways of letting me know how much he loved me and that he would always protect me.  
  
We got to the house and went straight to the shower since we were both covered in the oil Keith had used on me earlier. While we were showering, I said, "We seem to spend a lot of time in the shower together."  
  
"I guess that's because I like it when you're naked and I can run my hands over your sexy body." He laughed.  
  
"Like you need an excuse to make me take my clothes off; you seem to have no trouble getting me naked, or nearly naked no matter where we are or who is around." I said rubbing my naked soapy body against him.  
  
"You're right. And to think, we wasted all that water just to keep you naked." He said wrapping his arms around me.  
  
"Keith," I said looking up at him, "Can I ask you something."  
  
"Sure," he said, "Anything; anytime."  
  
"Well, sometimes," I hesitated, "sometimes, you call me 'Kitten'. Is that someone before me and it slips out?"   
  
He held me a little tighter under the running shower and paused for a second. "No, that isn't someone before you." He said stroking me gently from my shoulder down to my hip. "There have been others before you, but there has been no one since I met you and there certainly has never been anyone like you in my life."  
  
I could see that he was searching for the right words and, for once, I kept silent waiting for him to continue.  
  
"When you wake up in the morning, you stretch with your arms over your head; you arch your back and curl one leg up and stretch the other straight down pointing your toes. At night, when you're sleeping, you curl up against me and you breathe so softly it's almost like you're purring.   
  
"You're so soft but there is a wiriness to you. And when we make love -- or I fuck you -- you squirm and twist and wiggle like a cat, trying to get away but not really wanting to escape. You ARE like a kitten. The name slips out. I'm sorry if it upset you."  
  
"I didn't upset me" I said quickly, "And now that I know why you call me that. That you notice so much about me. I love it."  
  
He kissed me on the top of my wet head and said, "Let's get out of this shower before we get water logged." He turned off the water, opened the shower stall door, grabbed a big fluffy towel and wrapped it around me. He pulled me against him and he rubbed my back and shoulders through the towel like I was a little kid.  
  
We got out of the shower and dried off. I looked at Keith, then down at the floor and said "Keith, I still have your plug up my ass, could we take it out?"  
  
"Not yet," he said, "we'll grab a bite to eat and maybe watch a movie. Who knows, maybe I'll need to get your attention later on."   
  
Suddenly, it dawned on me what he meant. He could turn the vibrator or the shocks on at any time. He could use the butt plug in my cute little ass to keep me under his control. Every time I think he is out of ideas, he finds new ways to excite me and keep me his submissive. I love him more and more each day.

My Own Heaven Ch. 08

Monday morning was a big day at work. Even though we arrived early, they were already delivering the furniture for the new executive wing of the building where Keith and I would be working. The decorator was there telling the men where to put the furniture and Keith and I went up to see how everything looked. It was amazing how they had converted the empty office space into an impressive office suite in about a week.  
  
I went back down to the reception desk so I could be there when Rhonda, the new receptionist, arrived. She arrived a few minutes early and I went over the phone and messaging system on the computer with her. She had worked with both systems before so it was just a matter of her sorting out who was who and what extensions they were on. She was pleasant, smart and sociable, so I could tell that she would represent the company well and I would hardly be missed at the front desk.  
  
I went back up to the executive office area where they had set up most of the furniture. Keith told them to get our offices set up first; then worry about the conference room and file room. He wanted us to be able to get up and running as quickly as possible. Our phones and computer equipment wouldn't be set up until later in the morning but there was still plenty to do.  
  
Keith was like a field general during a huge battle. I was so proud. He knew exactly what he wanted and how to get it done. He'd obviously put a lot of thought into this and it was coming together just as he'd planned.   
  
I walked through the executive office area to get a feel for the layout of the place while trying to stay out of the way of all the men moving furniture around. There were still two nice sized offices that were empty. There was a kitchen with all the appliances and two nice sized tables and there was a big bathroom with a shower, two sinks and lots of mirrors. It looked like Keith had thought of everything.  
  
Just about the time the men were done moving in furniture, file cabinets, chairs and bookshelves; a new batch of men arrived and started setting up the phone and computer equipment. I was able to start getting the filing set up and start putting away things that Keith had 'filed' on chairs, under desks and in cardboard boxes. He didn't lie to me when he said he wasn't "the most organized guy in the world when it comes to office stuff."  
  
Keith and I went to lunch to let them finish with the wires and assorted things that had to be done to finish setting up the computers and phones. By the time we returned, everything was done and all of the delivery people were gone. We closed the sliding doors separating us from the rest of the building and we were alone in the executive offices.  
  
I went into Keith's office and he came around his desk and wrapped his arms around me and pulled me against him and kissed me. I was really surprised but I melted against him because it felt so good. "What happened to being discrete on the job?" I giggled when he let me go.  
  
"I told you, being locked in the executive offices with me was one of the perks of the job." He laughed. "Besides, no one can get through the sliding doors unless you or I let them in."  
  
"I can see where this can put me in some very interesting and compromising positions." I said with a smile.  
  
"And humiliating, too," he said taking me in his arms again, "That's the plan."  
  
He took me into my office and showed me how, by pressing a key combination on my computer, I could see the sliding doors on my monitor and, by pressing another key combination; I could open the doors to let someone in. "See," he said, "No one can come in unless one of us opens the door for them. We're completely isolated from the rest of the building."  
  
"And how did you explain this extraordinary security?" I teased, "You needed privacy so you could sexually molest your personal assistant?"  
  
"Well, that IS the main reason," he laughed, "But there's also the fact that all the blueprints, plans and technical specifications for everything we make are stored here. That's why no comes in here unless we let them in. And even then, they can't just walk around unescorted."  
  
"How about Phil?" I asked.   
  
"That includes Phil," he said much to my surprise. "Phil knows what we make and what is in development but he's not an engineer and he doesn't need to know how the things work, just what they do. I trust him completely, but this information is the cornerstone of everything I've worked for and everything I hope for the future."  
  
"But I'm not an engineer", I said, "and I don't need to know how things work but I have access to everything you've done. I have access to your hopes for the future."  
  
"Heather," he looked at me suddenly very serious, "You are my future."  
  
My eyes started to fill up and I threw my arms around him and said, "If the furniture wasn't new, I'd rape you right here." And I kissed him hard and deep.  
  
Keith wrapped his arms around me and returned my kiss. I could feel him getting hard against my stomach and he eased himself away from me and said, "As much as I'd love for you to take advantage of me, we do have work to do."  
  
We spent the rest of the afternoon sorting things out, filing what needed to be filed, and getting the computers set up with information that we needed to be able to share. His personal schedule was on scraps of paper and the backs of envelopes. I organized it as best I could. I entered it into the computer and I discovered that he was supposed to be going to San Francisco tomorrow for three days. He'd forgotten all about it and hadn't even made airline reservations, hotel reservations or arranged for a rental car.  
  
So, my first job as his personal assistant was to take care of all of his travel plans. I found out his choice of hotels and found one close to where his meetings were; I arranged for a rental car to be waiting for him at the airport and I made first class reservations for the flight to and from San Francisco.  
  
We decided that I should take him to the airport in the morning, and pick him up on Thursday night. He said it was a good thing that I noticed that he was supposed to be in San Francisco because he would have forgotten about the trip. He also said that, in the future, any trip that keeps him away for more than one night, he wants me to travel with him.  
  
"Since you are taking me to the airport in the morning anyway," he said, "Why don't you spend the night at the house? You can help me pack."  
  
"I suppose you want me naked while I pack for you, too." I teased.  
  
"Naked and high heels," he said knowing how that makes me feel; "You know how I love seeing you like that. And, since I'll be distracted looking at you; I'll have to find a way to distract you, too."  
  
'Great,' I thought to myself, 'I wonder what torment he'll think up for me this time.' When am I going to learn not to taunt him? It only gets me in trouble.  
  
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Keith and I left together. With the private entrance and private parking spaces away from where everyone else parked, no one really knew when we came or left or if we were together or not. We stopped on the way to his house grabbed a bite to eat and then went to the house.   
  
We talked about the how the first day went and Keith was sorry that he had to leave after only one day. He said he'll probably be calling me a couple of times a day anyway because he'll need information to use at the meetings and see how things are going; and because he'll miss me.  
  
We were sitting in the living room talking and Keith stood up, took my hands and gently pulled me up and said, "I think you're wearing too many clothes."   
  
He started to remove my blouse and I reached up to help him and he took my hands and put them to my sides, "You're not getting undressed for me," he said, "I'm stripping you." and continued to unbutton my blouse.  
  
I put my hands up again and he bent down and lifted me onto his shoulder like a fireman rescuing someone from a burning building. I squealed and kicked my legs and he swatted my little ass with his big hand. Even through my skirt and panties, I could feel the heat in my ass.   
  
He carried me up to the bedroom and put me down, standing in front of the closet and said, "I want you naked in thirty seconds." And went to the armoire opened the doors and took out the keys to the locked drawers.  
  
I knew that every time he took something out of those drawers, he used it to torment me in some way. He turned to look at me and said, "Twenty seconds!"  
  
I started to frantically take off my blouse; threw it on the floor and started on my skirt. Keith was taking things out of the drawer and I got my skirt off and unhooked my bra when he turned to me and said, "Time's up."  
  
He had the leather wrist cuffs in his hands and he took my wrists and buckled them on. He went to the closet and got the pair of black five inch heels with the little ankle straps and handed them to me. "Put these on and nothing else." He said, and went back to the armoire.  
  
I dropped my bra on the floor and quickly slipped my panties down my legs and off and walked over to the bed. I sat down and took off my shoes and put on the high heels and buckled them on. I stood up and walked shakily, it always takes me a minute to get used to heels this high, to where Keith was at the armoire.   
  
I was able to look into the open drawer and there were all kinds of vibrators, dildos, cuffs, crops and other things I didn't recognize in the drawer. I was looking at each one imagining what it would feel like being in me or being used on me when Keith turned around and said, "You're going to eventually know what each one of those feel like, Heather. And the other drawer has even more interesting things for you to uhm...test."  
  
I think he was trying to scare me but all I could think of is 'How soon can we do it?' He had something in his hand but before I could see what it was, he turned me around and clipped my wrist cuffs together behind my back. Now, he could pretty much do anything he wanted to do to me. Not that I would've stopped him before, but it was exciting knowing I couldn't use my hands to protect my sensitive parts.  
  
He reached around me and cupped my breasts gently squeezing them, pinching and flicking my nipples. I leaned back against him and, with my hands cuffed behind my back, I could feel his cock, semi-hard and getting harder, so I rubbed and stroked it through his pants.  
  
He turned me around to face him again and I could see his long hard cock straining against the front of his pants. I knew he would shove that big cock into one of my holes before the night was over. He started teasing my nipples again and I moaned closing my eyes and he said, "I've abused your pussy and your ass and you loved it; that only leaves your beautiful tits left to test."  
  
He had me naked in five inch heels; he knew this made me feel like a slut -- his slut. I was his and being displayed like this humiliated me. But that was his plan. He knew the humiliation got me more excited and made me want to endure whatever he could come up with.  
  
He held up two silver things and said, "These are called clover clamps, Heather; when they clamp onto something, the harder you pull on them the tighter they grip onto whatever they are attached to." He paused letting me look at the clamps, "Would you like to guess where I am going to attach them?"  
  
It suddenly hit me where he was going to put the clamps. I could feel my nipples get hard as I realized that he tied my hands so I couldn't get them off once he put them on. "Please, Keith, my nipples are so sensitive, you know that." I pleaded. "Make me wear the panties with the dildo and you can torture me all you want, you can use the butt plug, too. You can even use a bigger one and stretch my asshole. Turn them both on and make me beg you for mercy."  
  
He held his hand up and I stopped talking. "Those are all excellent ideas and I may use them all and some of my own." He said staring at my naked breasts. "But, I am interested in seeing how you react to having your tits tortured."  
  
He reached out and took my left nipple between his thumb and forefinger and squeezed down and pulled me toward him by my nipple. He let go of my nipple and grabbed hold of my breast and placed the clamp on my left tit.  
  
"OOOooooohhh, Noooo." I cried, "Please no, it hurts. Please Keith, take it off." It really did hurt; it hurt a lot, but it was not as unbearable as I thought it was going to. He grabbed my right breast and applied the other clamp to my right nipple. I screamed again and shook my tits and bent over and tried to shake the clamps loose. I jumped from foot to foot, which only made the five inch heels hurt my feet. I tried to get my hands from behind my back but, of course, the wrist cuffs clipped together held my hands tight.  
  
Out of breath and finally realizing the more I jumped around, the more the clamps hurt my nipples; I stopped struggling. Keith was smiling at me, and from the bulge in the front of his pants, he enjoyed my little dance, and said, "The clamps make your tits look beautiful, Heather, come and look." And he took my arm and led me over to the full length mirror. Each step in the five inch heels made my breasts jiggle making the clamps bounce causing more pain to my captured nipples. I moaned as he moved me in front of the mirror.  
  
In the mirror was a beautiful eighteen year old girl stripped naked and shaved bare. Her long legs were tight because of the erotic five inch heels on her small feet. Above her shaved pussy and flat tummy, her beautiful 34B breasts were perfectly shaped except for the cruel clamps that were pinching her nipples. But most exciting, that beautiful girl was me and seeing her -- my -- beauty and agony made my pussy even wetter.  
  
Keith took two small springs and attached one to each clamp. I looked up at him and asked "What are the little springs for?" The pain in my nipples was easing and was now a dull ache. I was beginning to enjoy the torture Keith was making me endure.  
  
"If you don't do a good job, I am going to attach weights to those springs. Every time you move, the weights on the springs will bounce, pulling on your nipples. And, even when you stop moving, they will bounce on the ends of the springs pulling on your nipples."  
  
I moaned imagining how that would feel and I could feel that tingle running between my wet pussy and my aching tits. Moving around with just the clamps on my nipples was exciting but painful. Having weights pulling on my poor tits would be excruciating, but would be like a fantasy coming true. Being tortured until I gave up a secret, or tormented by mean sisters or girlfriends who were jealous of me, or by a group of guys who just wanted to see how much they could do to me.   
  
He walked me back over to the bed and, again, my jiggling breasts caused the clamps to bounce and pinch my poor nipples. "Here's what you are going to do. I am going to unclip the cuffs on your wrists and you will not touch the clamps or your breasts. You will pack my suitcase for my trip and, if you do a good job, I'll remove the clamps.  
  
Keith went to his closet and pulled out his suitcase and put it on the bed. He walked over to me and said, "I am going to unclip your wrist cuffs. DO NOT touch your breasts or the nipple clamps. If you do, you'll be one sorry little sub."   
  
He walked behind me and rubbed my little ass cheeks and then patted them a few times causing me to jump a little but that was enough to renew the pain in my tortured nipples. He unclipped the wrist cuffs from each other and it was an effort to keep my hands away from my stinging nipples.  
  
"Now," he said, "I want you to help me pack." He walked to his closet, which was across the room from the bed. I walked to Keith at his closet and understood the deviousness of his plan. Walking in the five inch heels hurt my feet but also caused my ass to jiggle, much to his delight, and my clamped tits to bounce, much to my distress.  
  
When I got to him, he put his hand under my chin and raised my face to his and there was a look of concern in his eyes. "Too much?" he asked softly. "Feel my pussy." I replied spreading my aching feet. He slid his fingers across the pouting hairless lips between my legs and we both gasped; Keith, because I was so wet; and me because of the sparks that flew between my suffering tits and hot wet pussy.  
  
He smiled that smile at me and even though I was naked, I felt warm all over. He handed me a few pairs of socks and told me to put them in his suitcase. I turned and made the painful walk from his closet to the bed and put the socks in the suitcase and looked back at him. He was watching my ass and holding a few pairs of boxer shorts, waiting for me to come and get them.  
  
He was going to give me a few items at a time and watch me make the tantalizing walk back and forth as many times as he could. As I walked towards him trying to keeps my tits from bouncing I realized that he could watch my breasts, with clamps on my nipples shake and bounce, causing me twinges of pain. As I walked back to the bed, he could watch my cute little ass jiggle, much to his pleasure.  
  
He must have decided that I was not suffering enough because when I walked up to him, he took my hand and walked me to the armoire, reached in and took out a butt plug. It wasn't the same butt plug he had me wear yesterday; this one was a little longer and a little wider.  
  
"Since we, well you, put so much effort into stretching your asshole yesterday," he said with a grin, "We should take advantage of this opportunity to continue your training." He motioned for me to turn around, and I did. I loved that he was going to torture more than one part of my naked body. I was truly his slut and the more he did to me the more eager I was to please him...and myself.  
  
I bent over and even spread my ass cheeks for him; my breasts hanging down caused new agony for my clamped nipples. Keith placed the greased butt plug at my puckered asshole and pushed and it started to slide in. He pushed slowly but firmly and I groaned, then gasped, then squealed as my little asshole stretched wider than ever before and finally closed over the slightly narrower part of the plug near the base.  
  
I stood up, ass full and nipples burning and turned to Keith. "Five inches and you took it very well." He said smiling. "Now let's finish packing." He walked back to his closet and took out a few more items and turned to me waiting for me to take them.  
  
I walked over to him, my body on overload from the stimulation to my nipples, my ass, and my feet and legs. Despite the pain and humiliation, the masochist in me took over and, as I took the clothes from him I taunted him saying, "I suppose this butt plug has the same 'features' as the one you had up my poor little ass last night." I took the clothes from him; turned and made sure he got a good look at the base of the plug between my cute ass cheeks as I starting walking to the bed.  
  
"Why, yes, it does." Keith said and, at the same instant, the plug up my stretched little asshole began vibrating wildly.   
  
I dropped the clothes on the bed and bent over to support my self on the bed. The big plug in my ass was vibrating so hard that it was making the clamps on my nipples vibrate. It was incredible having so many different parts of my body being stimulated at the same time. I grabbed onto the bedspread with both hands so hard that my knuckles turned white. I thought, 'He'll turn it off any second' but the vibrations went on and on.

I looked down under my bent over body. I could see the clamps dangling from my nipples; they were jiggling along with the vibration in my ass. I could see my flat belly rippling from the large butt plug's shaking; thighs shining with the wetness from my pussy and beyond that I could see Keith with the remote in his hand enjoying the show I was putting on for him.   
  
His view must have been awe inspiring. My long legs in the five inch heels; my ass up in the air with the base of the big black butt plug between my little ass cheeks; bent over clutching the bedspread in my hands and the clamps on my nipples dangling and shaking to the beat set by the plug in my ass.  
  
Finally, the vibrator stopped and I fought to catch my breath. I didn't get to come, in fact he usually made me get much closer to an orgasm before he stopped and left me frustrated. He gave me a few seconds to get myself together and then said, "Are you ready to finish packing?" I stood up very aware of the plug up my ass, the clamps on my nipples, and the wetness between my legs and said, "Yes, sir."  
  
We continued packing; Keith picking out his clothes, and me, walking back and forth to the bed, administering torture to my own asshole and nipples. I knew he enjoyed watching my tits bounce as I walked toward him and the cheeks of my ass jiggle and roll, with the black plug up my ass, as I walked back to the bed.  
  
As much as it hurt to move quickly, I made sure not to keep him waiting with his clothes in his hand. I knew he was just looking for an excuse to hang some weights on my tits. Just for fun, or so he said, every now and then he would turn on the vibrator or give me a shock in my shaved puckered asshole. I could see by the big smile on his face -- and the big bulge in the front of his pants - that he loved the noises I made as he played with his remote.  
  
The more humiliated I became, the hornier I got. I began to wonder if he would eventually do this to me in front of other people, or let other people play with the remote. Just thinking about it got me hotter and I wasn't so afraid of the weights anymore.  
  
We had just about finished packing his suitcase when that cocky little masochist inside of me got loose and asked Keith, "Is this butt plug another one of your designs?" I knew I had better get her to shut up, her mouth always started things that my body, usually very sensitive parts of my body, wound up paying for.  
  
"Yes it is." He replied.   
  
'So far, so good.' I thought as I carried the last of Keith's clothes to the bed and put them in the suitcase, that little masochist didn't get me in trouble, yet. Then I heard my pain loving alter ego say, "Were you clever enough to design it so the vibrator and the shocks work at the same time?"  
  
Fortunately, my Keith is indeed that clever. Unfortunately, he preferred a demonstration as an answer to the question. My asshole exploded and my ass cheeks started bouncing all by themselves. The clips on my nipples, reacting to the sudden, vigorous activity in my ass starting dancing on the end of my tits.  
  
"Yeeeooouch", I screamed and started dancing around, naked, in my five inch heels for Keith's obvious pleasure. As bad as all this movement hurt my tits, my hands instinctively went to my ass. "Ohh...Ooohh...Ooohhh." Was all I could manage to scream as I bounced and jiggled with the vibrator shoved up my ass, the clamps flapping on the tips of my tits, and the shocks ricocheting between my ass and every other place from my toes to my tits.  
  
By the time Keith turned off the butt plug, I was sweating and even though the plug was no longer shocking me, I could still feel the current bouncing through my body. I was dazed and he took me by the arm a laid me face down over the foot of the bed. He lifted me, raising my ass in the air putting me on my knees on the bed.   
  
He grabbed my hands and pulled them under me and down toward my spread knees. My tits were crushed between my upper arms causing me to moan as the clamps on my nipples pulled against the bedspread. He clipped the wrist cuffs together and produced a rope from somewhere and tied it to my wrist cuffs. Then, he pulled the rope down to the foot of the bed between my spread knees and tied it to something under the bed, keeping me in position with my ass up and my clamped tits pressing into the bed.  
  
My head had cleared a bit and I knew my masochistic alter-ego was responsible for my predicament but what could I do. I looked back at Keith who was removing his clothes while never taking his eyes from between my legs. Because of how I was tied, with my back arched, my knees spread wide, my chest held down on the bed and my hands tied under me, I could feel the lips of my pussy spread and inviting.  
  
I was somehow glad the butt plug was up my ass, because my cute little ass cheeks were spread wide and making an offer no man could refuse. I tried to wriggle down towards the bottom edge of the bed to get my legs on the floor but the clamps caught on the bedspread pulling on my burning nipples, crushing any hope of saving my poor hairless pussy.  
  
Keith was naked now and his cock looked huge -- even bigger than normal -- and it throbbed as he walked toward me. 'Oh, god,' I thought to myself, 'If he shoves that thing up my pussy, I'll be ruined forever.' I started to wiggle my ass. I don't know why; maybe I thought it would be harder to hit a moving target. I wasn't thinking rationally. All I accomplished was to tease Keith as he watched my plugged little ass jiggle, and hurt my nipples. Every time I moved, they rubbed into the bedspread.  
  
I suddenly realized that when Keith started fucking me, and I was sure that was in my immediate future, I would be bounced back and forth. Pushed by his big cock, held by my hands tied to the bed, my clamped pink nipples would be rubbed across the bedspread causing me untold agony.  
  
There wasn't much time to think about it, Keith was behind me and pressed the head of his swollen cock against my parted pussy lips. I could feel the head resting just inside the entrance to my little hole. Not only did it feel huge, but it felt burning hot. He must really want me and my position was offering my unprotected pussy up like some kind of sacrificial lamb.  
  
He started to push into me slowly. I felt like he was pushing a red hot steel rod into me. He felt huge -- or was I tight -- and then I remembered the butt plug filling my ass. When he fucked me with the smaller plug up my ass I thought I would overdose on his cock. Now, I had an even bigger plug up my ass and he was going to fuck me from behind which always let him go deeper into me.   
  
If this killed me, at least I knew I would die with a smile on my face. He kept pushing more and more of his burning cock into my tight little hole and I started to make a little squealing sound. When he finally bottomed out in my over-stretched pussy, I felt like I had two feet of cock in me and I could swear the head was lodged in my chest. All I could do was groan.  
  
He started pulling back; my pussy was clinging to his cock and I was pulled back with him and the nipple clamps dragged along the bedspread. It hurt but there were so many other 'distractions' that it wasn't nearly as bad as I thought it would be. He pushed slowly back in and I could feel my juices being forced out of my pussy and running down my thighs. I thought my humiliation was complete, but no, he found another way to abuse me.  
  
"God, Heather," he moaned, "your pussy is so tight. I wonder if it would get tighter if I pushed on the butt plug." He apparently wasn't asking my permission, not that he ever did, because before I could even think about what he said, he pressed on the base of the plug pushing it just a little deeper into my ass.  
  
"Aaarrrrggghhh" was all I could get out. No real words were possible. He was right; pushing on the butt plug did seem to make me feel tighter -- or he was bigger. He was pumping into me a bit harder and faster; the pain in my nipples was changing to an almost pleasant ache and even more juices were pouring out of my over-stretched pussy and down my thighs. I was sure there must be a puddle under me on the bed.  
  
He was pumping me now at a steady pace not fast enough to give me the orgasm I craved, but enough that, with all of the other things happening to my over stimulated body, I was having mini-orgasms over and over and over.   
  
He started pushing harder; my ass moved up a bit on the bed sticking my ass further in the air and putting my pussy right over my cuffed and tied hands. As if I wasn't humiliated enough, I could now feel the juices from my pussy dripping down on my hands and, because my hands were tied in place, there was nothing I could do to move them.   
  
Keith was pumping his huge, hot cock into me faster and deeper now and the mini orgasms were coming faster and faster. My tits rubbing on the bedspread was sending tingling shocks to my swelling clit and I could feel Keith's cock, hot and throbbing inside me, and I knew he couldn't hold out much longer.  
  
Wrong again, Heather! Keith was rubbing his hands over my ass and he said, "I wonder how it would feel on my cock if I turned on the butt plug."  
  
"No, Keith, Please don't" I pleaded almost screaming, "I couldn't stand it. I'm too full. There's no room left inside me. Oh, my god, please don't."   
  
Before I could beg anymore or even try to offer him something (not that there was anything left to offer) the butt plug came to life in my ass. "AAAAIIIIEEEEE." I screamed. It was incredible and I came immediately. I came so hard the muscles in my stomach and pussy hurt. I could hear Keith moan and I knew it was from my pussy clamping down on his cock along with the vibrations from the plug up my ass but he kept pumping.  
  
I was losing it fast. Keith, telling me what he was going to do just before he did it, was making everything hit me twice in rapid succession; when he said it and when he did it. He had found a new way of tormenting me; by talking dirty to me.  
  
I was getting light headed and I knew I couldn't last much longer. My cuffed and tied hands were soaked with the juices from my pussy and my tortured body was as tight as a guitar string poised on the edge of the mother of all orgasms. I could feel Keith's cock throbbing; he was pumping into me really hard and really fast now.  
  
He moaned, "Next time, I'll tie your feet to the bedposts to keep you spread out even wider for me." I thought, 'NEXT TIME!!' and he punched his cock so far into me it felt like he penetrated my cervix. His big cock pulsed and I could feel his come gushing into my tied down and vulnerable body.  
  
I came. I came hard. It was the big one. I felt Keith's sperm pumping into me and the words, "next time", kept echoing in my head and that was the last things I remembered.  
  
When I woke up (came to?) it was dark. I was in bed covered up and snuggled up against my Keith's warm body. I tried to take inventory of my body without moving too much. My high heels were off. The nipple clamps were gone but my nipples were still tingly. The butt plug was gone, as were the wrist cuffs.  
  
I moved a little and Keith's arms tightened around me like a protective cocoon. "Are you okay?" he asked softly.  
  
I snuggled in closer to his big hard chest, his arms staying tight around me and I could hear his heart beating. I whispered as though someone could hear me, "More than okay. It was humiliating, and it hurt at first; but don't ever stop making me your slut. You made me come so hard I passed out. I want you to make me do everything you can think of."  
  
He squeezed me a little tighter and I drifted off to sleep.

My Own Heaven Ch. 09

I woke up in bed next to Keith, who was still asleep. That was unusual because Keith was normally up before me. I was snuggled up to him with my cute little bare ass up against his hard naked cock -- we both sleep naked. I know, most men wake up with a hard on, and it has nothing to do with sexual desire. Still, I like to believe Keith wakes up hard because he has me naked in his bed. That's my story and I'm stickin' to it!  
  
As he woke up, he pulled me even closer to him grinding his hard cock between the cheeks of my ass. He kissed me on my neck just behind my ear sending tingles down my spine and said, "Good Morning, Kitten."   
  
He got out of bed and turned to look at me saying, "I'd rather stay in bed with you, but I do have to go to the airport." I turned and watched his broad back, trim waist, cute tight ass and muscled legs as he walked to the bathroom. I really wanted to jump out of bed and join him in the shower but he was right, we did have to get going.  
  
I threw off the covers and stretched raising my arms above my head, arching my back, bending one leg at the knee and stretching the other leg as far as I could pointing my toe. Suddenly it occurred to me. Keith was right; I do stretch like a cat. And I do cuddle up to him worming myself into a comfortable position. No wonder he calls me "Kitten".   
  
I've lived with me all my life and I never noticed that. He says when I'm sleeping, curled up next to him, I breathe so softly it sounds like I'm purring. While we met seven months ago, we've only been together about a month, and he already knows more about me than I do. He really does notice everything. No wonder he knows exactly how to push my sexual buttons.  
  
The shower was running and I got out of bed and started picking out my clothes for work. By the time I finished, Keith was out of the shower and in the bedroom with a towel wrapped around his waist getting his clothes out. I went into the bathroom and started my shower and Keith called in to me saying that he was going down to make breakfast and to meet him in the kitchen.  
  
I finished my shower, dried off and put on my bathrobe, the white one with "Heather" on it, and went down to eat. We went over things that needed to be done while he was away and he again mentioned that he wants me with him if he is going to be away for more than one night. It gives me a warm feeling knowing that he hates not having me with him.  
  
I went up to get dressed and Keith packed a few last minute items into his suitcase. He called me over to the armoire and showed me two butt plugs. Just looking at them made my little asshole quiver. One was the one he used on me last night, five inches long and at least five inches around. The other was six inches long and almost six inches around. I thought that it would never fit up my ass, but Keith was at least nine inches long and bigger around than the big butt plug.  
  
He said that he wanted me to use the butt plug from last night for at least four hours today and the bigger one for at least four hours on Wednesday and Thursday. I was blushing thinking about shoving those things up my ass all by myself. Keith said that if he was going to fuck me up the ass, I had to get myself ready.  
  
That, of course, didn't help the blushing, and the thought of him sticking his cock up my ass was humiliating but it did get me wet between my legs. I was sure it would hurt, at least to start with, but I was looking forward to him being able to take me any way he wanted me and he wouldn't do it until he was sure I was stretched enough to avoid any chance of injuring me.  
  
We drove to the airport, Keith kissed me goodbye; went in to catch his plane and I drove to work. I had never driven a car like this before. It was so powerful and quiet. It had more buttons, dials, switches, lights and gauges than a jet airplane. Being a woman, I stuck to the basics, speedometer and radio. Besides, except for driving to the airport to pick up Keith on Thursday, I didn't think I would be driving it much anyway.  
  
I got to the office and went up to the executive suite and let myself in. It was lonely and didn't seem so special without Keith there. But, there was plenty of work to do so I got busy.   
  
Phil stopped up a little after nine to make sure everything was okay. I remembered the key combinations on the computer to see who was at the entrance and to let him in. He said that if I needed anything to call him right away. He kissed me on the forehead like he was my big brother. Hard to believe a few days ago he was helping five other men strip me naked. Keith said that the men treat the subs with the utmost respect when not at a "meeting" and Phil certainly seemed to be proof of that.  
  
Tina called around ten or so saying that Phil had told her that Keith was away for a few days and that I was alone in the new executive offices. She suggested lunch and I told her that I would rather stay here in case Keith called and needed anything for his meetings. She asked if there was a place to sit and eat in the executive offices and I told her about the lunch room. She said that was perfect. She would pick up lunch and we could eat there if that was okay.  
  
I thought that was a great idea and she said she would be there around twelve or so. As soon as I hung up the phone, Keith called and said that was in San Francisco. The flight was good; he picked up the rental car and was on the way to his hotel. He had some papers to go through and his first meeting was at two. He said he missed me already and I told him that I missed him, too.  
  
Things were quiet and I found out how to put the radio on the intercom system so I could listen to music while I worked. I was blasting through the piled up work and getting everything filed properly when the buzzer for the door sounded. I went to my computer and it was Tina. I couldn't believe it was almost twelve-thirty already.  
  
I buzzed her in and went out into the hall so she would know which office was mine. She had on a white bare midriff blouse tied under her obviously braless 36C tits. Barely there blue short shorts that left vast amounts of her belly beneath her belly button exposed and blue four inch high heels. She just exuded sex.  
  
I showed her back to the lunch room and she started emptying the bags she was carrying. As we emptied the bags and put out the food, and a bottle of wine, I told her I loved how sexy she looked in her outfit and asked if that is how she dressed at home. "Don't be silly," she laughed, "Phil doesn't let me wear clothes at home unless we are having company."  
  
My mouth fell open and Tina waved me to a chair at the table and started to open the wine. "Girlfriend," she said, suddenly developing an African-American accent, "We gotta talk." We both started laughing and I knew we were going to be close friends.  
  
Tina was very open about her relationship with Phil. She told me that Phil and Keith had started the group that had stripped, spanked and felt me up on Saturday night. She said that she had been their "guest of honor" on five occasions and while it was humiliating and often painful, she loved it every time.  
  
She asked about my initiation and I told her about the poker game and how they played hands of poker for pieces of my clothing. How humiliating it was to have to stand there waiting to see who would strip me. How I got felt up while I was serving drinks and snacks. I described how I was eventually stripped naked and Keith and another man spanked my naked ass as I was bent over a chair. And, at the end of the game, I had to walk each man to the door, completely naked, where he felt me up one last time and kissed me goodbye.  
  
"And how did you feel about all of that?" Tina asked.  
  
"I was humiliated having those things done to me in front of other men; but it got me so excited. Knowing Keith was there making me do it made it even more humiliating but, I felt safe -- even when I was naked." I said. "At first, I couldn't understand what he got out of it. But, he explained that watching how hard I tried not to show how excited I was and eventually loosing to my body being teased and tormented -- and what he did to me after everyone left -- what was excited him. He said that the members of the group know that they are playing parts in each other's fantasies and they understand that I am Keith's property."  
  
"That's a very good way of explaining it." Tina said nodding her head. "The guys don't talk to us girls about what goes on at these get-togethers; and I don't think they talk to each other about it much either except to plan the next meeting and who's sub will be the 'guest of honor'. I guess it is a way of keeping their meetings discreet and showing respect to each member and his sub."  
  
"I know Phil treated me no different today than he did before Saturday," I said, "He always treated me respectfully and I even felt like he was more protective of me."  
  
"I know anyone who gives one of the subs any kind of problem had better pack up and leave town." Tina said. "The guys rally together and are merciless against anyone who disrespects one of the subs outside of a meeting, and the meetings are pretty much planned out to the last detail."  
  
"Do you think its okay that we talk about this stuff?" I asked. "I mean, the guys never talk about it. Do you think we should?"  
  
Tina paused for a few seconds and then said, "I've never gotten friendly enough with another sub to feel comfortable talking about this with any of them. But I really like you and I could feel a connection as soon as we met. I think as long as we keep it between us, I don't see a problem. Some of things they come up with to do to us are so exciting; it would be fun to share."  
  
"I don't have as much experience as you, but I am looking forward to what Keith has planned for me." I said wistfully.  
  
"I think the relationship, between Phil and I, is a little different from you and Keith." Tina said. "I really like pain, even more than the humiliation. You seem to like the humiliation more than the pain. Not that either of them is right or wrong, just different."  
  
"I like pain, too." I blurted out. "In fact, Keith left me instructions to wear a butt plug every day for four hours when he was gone so I'll be ready for him to fuck me up the ass." After I said it, I couldn't believe I was talking this freely with someone I just met a few days ago.  
  
"Maybe that helps explain the difference." She said thoughtfully. "Phil didn't prepare me the first time he fucked me up the ass. He lubed me up real good, but it hurt, it really hurt. It still does but that's because he uses just a little bit of lube. I like that it hurts; but that's me. I guess Keith feels that you would get off on the humiliation of having his dick up your ass more than on the pain."  
  
"I guess you're right. Keith has done some things that have really hurt, but they were always while he had me in humiliating situations or tied up and they really did excite me. And then he fucks my brains out." I giggled. "He knows me like a book. Every time I think there's nothing more he can do to humiliate me or cause me more pain, he comes up with something new."  
  
We had finished lunch and Tina said she had to go. "I have some errands to run. I won't get them all done and I'm sure Phil will spank my bare ass for not finishing them. I can't wait." she laughed. "We have to get together again soon; we have so much more to talk about."  
  
We cleaned up quickly and I walked her to the door. "I sure am glad Keith found you," Tina said, "I really like you; I almost feel like we're sisters." We kissed each other on the cheeks and she was gone.  
  
Keith called a little after two-thirty and asked for some information which I emailed to him. He said that he forgot to mention that they were starting work at the house on the screening of the deck and pool areas. He wanted me to run by and check on the progress and since I was there, why didn't I just stay there tonight. He had to go back to his meeting and he said he would call me tonight at the house.  
  
I left work around three-thirty and drove right to the house. When I arrived, there were cars and trucks in the driveway so the men working on the deck were still here. I parked the car in front of the garage where Keith usually parked and went inside.  
  
I walked through the kitchen heading for the deck. I opened the curtain and slid open the door remembering how many times I walked through these doors naked, with things inside me that Keith had put there. I got a little tingle as I went through the door.  
  
I walked out on the deck and all work stopped as every man turned and looked at me. There were suddenly eleven men undressing me with their eyes. I was wearing what I wore to work, a simple loose fitting short sleeve dress that came down to two inches above my knees and three inch heels; nothing special there. I began to blush and I got that itch between my legs and I felt a little wet.  
  
A man walked up to me and introduced himself as Floyd Kilmer and said he was the foreman on the job. "I'm Heather Williams." I said, "Mr. Monroe's personal assistant. He asked me to stop by and see how the job was progressing and if you were on schedule."  
  
"Everything's going just fine, Ms Williams," Floyd said, "Keith said you would be stopping by to check on the job. We should be done Thursday afternoon, a little ahead of schedule."   
  
"Thanks, Mr. Kilmer," I replied, "I'll let Keith know." As I walked back into the kitchen, I could feel eleven sets of eyes on my ass and long legs. I heard Floyd yell, "Okay you horn dogs, get back to work, show's over."  
  
I slid the door closed and pulled the curtains. My nipples were sticking out like pencil erasers and my little pussy was wet and throbbing. 'What is wrong with me?' I thought, 'A bunch of men ogle me and I get all excited?'   
  
'Duh, well yeah;' I answered myself, 'that's what being an exhibitionist is all about.'   
  
I got some juice from the refrigerator and went up to the bedroom. I had to do something that Keith had ordered me to do and there was no time like the present.   
  
I took off my clothes but left my heels on because that's what Keith would have done. I walked by the mirror on the way to the armoire and looked at myself naked in high heels. I looked so fuckable. I could see why Keith liked to keep me this way. I wondered how the workmen would have reacted if I went to check on them like this. I could never do anything like that unless Keith made me do it and was there to protect me, but the thought of doing it made my nipples get harder and my clit tingle.  
  
'Enough of this', I thought to myself, 'You, Miss Williams, have a job to do.' I walked to the armoire and picked up the butt plug and the lube. It looked a lot bigger in my hand than it did in Keith's. I spread my legs, bent over and pressed the rounded head of the plug against my puckered little asshole.  
  
I got it about half way in and had to stop. It hurt, but not too bad but playing with my tiny asshole got me so excited that my legs started to tremble. I got the lube and rubbed some on my little asshole and walked over to the bed. I climbed on the bed and got up on my knees with my ass sticking in the air. I reached underneath myself, between my legs, with both hands holding the butt plug; my face and chest pressing into the bedspread.   
  
I remembered being in almost this same position last night. I pressed the plug against my asshole and pushed. It slid in and my little hole stretched and started to hurt but I kept pushing it inside my ass. I didn't think I was going to make it but just as I was ready to quit, the plug popped into my ass and my hairless little asshole closed on the slightly narrowed part of the plug near the base.  
  
I felt full and my asshole was really stretched, and when I walked, all those tingly feelings came back and I could feel that my thighs were wet. I walked to the window which looked out on the deck and pool. I peaked around the curtains at the workers who were cleaning up and getting ready to quit for the day. I wondered how many of them would be late for dinner if they could get their hands on me now.  
  
This didn't help me calm down. My nipples were so hard that they hurt and walking just made the plug move around in my ass making me more excited. I went through the clothes that were in the closet and armoire since I only have time to go through them quickly when I'm with Keith. I went through the clothes in the closet first and picked out what I would wear to work tomorrow. I decided that I would stop at my apartment tomorrow and get some of my clothes and bring them here. A girl can't have too many clothes.  
  
I finished going through all the clothes in the closet -- trying most of them on -- and was starting on the stuff in the armoire when Keith called.  
  
"How are you making out?" he asked.  
  
"Great," I said, "but I wish you were here with me."  
  
"I wish I was there, too. I really miss you." He said softly.  
  
"Floyd said that the work on the deck and pool will be done by Thursday afternoon." I said giggling.  
  
"What's so funny?" Keith asked.  
  
"Well," I said, "I went out on the deck to find out how the work was coming and all the men stopped working just to look at me. Not just look at me," I was talking faster now and my asshole was clamping on the plug up my ass, "they were stripping me naked with their eyes. It got me so excited."  
  
"Did any of them do anything, or say anything to you" he asked, suddenly concerned.  
  
"Oh, no; the only one who spoke to me was Floyd and he was very polite. He even called me Ms Williams." I said giggling again.  
  
"So what are you doing now?" He asked.  
  
"I was going through the clothes here, trying stuff on and planning what to wear to work tomorrow. You know, girl stuff; but it's hard to keep my mind on clothes with this big butt plug up my ass." I said giggling again.  
  
"If you think that's distracting," Keith said, his voice getting deeper, "Wait until tomorrow when you have the bigger one up your ass."  
  
Just Keith talking about it sent shocks from my stretched asshole to my clit and I was getting wetter. 'My god' I said to myself, 'he gets me excited over the phone from the other end of the state.' "When you call me tomorrow night, I'll tell you about it." I said teasing him back. "I can tell you, standing here naked with this plug up my ass, makes me wish you were here torturing me."  
  
"You're naked?" he asked sounding surprised.  
  
"Well, not exactly. I do have the plug up my ass and I'm wearing high heels like you would make me wear if you were here." I said using my bedroom voice.  
  
I could here him groan. I guess two can play at this phone sex thing  
  
"I'll talk to you tomorrow, sleep tight. I love you." He whispered.  
  
"I love you, too" I said and he was gone.  
  
I finished going through all of the clothes in the armoire except for the two locked drawers. I didn't know why Keith kept them locked; I would have to ask him. I didn't know there were so many clothes here; outfits -- and underwear - for every occasion.   
  
Just before going to bed, I removed the butt plug from my ass. It had been teasing me all evening moving around inside my ass. It hurt a little coming out and, strangely enough, I felt empty after it was gone. I shivered when I thought about how the bigger plug was going to feel.  
  
I went to bed and realized how huge the bed really was. When Keith and I slept in it, we didn't even take up half of it. Without Keith, my little body hardly messed up the covers. I missed his warm hard body to cuddle up to. I missed him when I was at my apartment, but there, I was used to not having him with me. Here, it was like a part of me was missing.

I woke up Wednesday morning, showered, dressed and went to the office. There were phone messages and emails to handle and the last of the filing and organizing for the office to get done.  
  
Keith called early, on the way to this first meeting. He asked how I slept and I told him I slept okay but, all of a sudden, I don't like sleeping alone. He said he would see what he could do about that when he got back.  
  
Phil stopped up to the offices to make sure everything was running smoothly. He said that Tina had told him she stopped by for lunch. He was concerned that she overstayed her welcome and interfered with me getting my work done. I was tempted to say that she did; I knew he would punish her, but then I thought she would find a way to get even with me so I let it go.  
  
Keith called again before lunch to see how everything was and to tell me that he missed me terribly. He said he changed his mind about taking me with him if would be gone for more than one night. He wanted me with him anytime he had to be travel.  
  
He asked if I would check on the work at the house again and I told him I would. Just to taunt him, I asked if I could tease the men working at the house. He surprised my by saying it was okay with two conditions.  
  
I asked what the conditions were and he said, "First, you can only do it if Floyd is there. He will be sure things don't get out of hand. Second, I want a full report on what you did, how the men reacted and how it made you feel."  
  
I was a little surprised at his response but I said, "I can do that, any suggestions on what I should do?"  
  
"Surprise me." he said. "I have to get to another meeting; I love you."  
  
"I love you, too", I replied.  
  
Tina called a little later and asked if I was up for lunch again tomorrow. I said that sounded great, but again, we would have to eat here as I wanted to be in the office in case Keith called. She said that would be no problem.  
  
"By the way," I said, "Phil stopped up and said you told him we had lunch yesterday. He asked if you overstayed your welcome. I was going to tell him you did and I couldn't finish my work because of you but, then I thought that he would punish you so I told him the truth."  
  
"You bitch." she screamed laughing at the same time. "It's a good thing you told him the truth. I would have had to stand up while I ate lunch tomorrow. He loves having an excuse to beat my butt and punish me. On the other hand, I would have spent the night either having multiple orgasms or being teased until I exploded. Either way, a great night."  
  
"Now I'm sorry I told the truth." I said. "I'll talk with you tomorrow."  
  
"It's a date." Tina said and hung up.  
  
I left the office and got to the house a little before four. I had to "check" on the men enclosing the deck and the pool. I went up to the bedroom and peeked out from behind the curtains and saw Floyd and nine other workmen.  
  
I quickly changed out of my work clothes and put on a pair of red g-string panties, a little red skirt that just covered my bare ass, a little white halter top that I wore with no bra so my nipples showed, and red four inch high heels. Keith would love this outfit so I was sure the workmen would appreciate it. I grabbed my sunglasses and went down to "check" on the job.  
  
I walked through the kitchen, high heels clicking on the tile floor, and opened the sliding doors and walked out onto the deck. Not only did all the work stop, but some of the workmen stood up or moved from where they were working to get a better look at a nearly naked me.  
  
Floyd walked up to me and said, "How are you Ms Williams? Keith called and said you would be stopping by. Would you like to see the work so far?"  
  
I knew he just wanted to look at as much of me as he could get away with and I'm sure the workmen would enjoy my tour, too. "Sure," I answered, "I need to give Keith a full report on what is happening here."  
  
"I'm sure you do." Floyd snickered.  
  
He took me on a tour of the deck and the pool and explained how the enclosure was built and the screens could quickly be removed and replaced with Plexiglas should the weather get cold. It seemed like most of the work that I needed to see was along the ground. He kept asking me to bend over and see some brace or bolt or something. I had no idea what I was looking at but every time I bent over, my bare ass was on display to the workmen behind me and the ones in front of me got a great view of my naked tits inside my top.  
  
I really wasn't paying attention to Floyd. What I noticed was ten men with uncomfortable looking bulges in the front of their pants and that included Floyd. After the tour, I thanked Floyd and on my way back to the door to the kitchen, I dropped my sunglasses. Of course, I had to pick them up, so, I spread my legs slightly and bent over, legs straight and gave the workmen a view of my legs in my four inch high heels, my entire bare ass and the little strip of red g-string that covered my shaved little pussy. I could hear groans and a few "oh my gods" and when I stood up again some of the men moaned in disappointment. But, as they say in burlesque, "Always leave them wanting more."  
  
I went into the kitchen and closed the sliding doors and the curtain and had to hold onto a kitchen chair to keep from falling I was so excited. Keith was going to love this story. He'll be sorry he wasn't here to see it for himself.   
  
Then I thought, 'Maybe he'll make me do something even more outrageous to make up for missing this. I'll bet that was his plan all along.' I couldn't wait to see what he would make me do.  
  
I went up to the bedroom and got undressed and went over to the armoire and the big butt plug. Maybe because I was so excited and wet from the little show I just put on, the butt plug didn't seem as intimidating as it did yesterday. I lubed it up and lubed up my ass and climbed up on the bed with my ass in the air like I did last night. I pushed the rounded end of the plug against my tiny puckered asshole and pushed.   
  
It started to slide in and it really stretched me. I got it almost all the way in but I had to back off. I rested for a minute and tried again without success. On the third try I finally got it in. I could feel how stretched my asshole was, even though it was on the narrowed part of the plug near the base.  
  
The base was bigger, too, and I could feel it keeping my ass cheeks separated around the base of the plug. I relaxed a few minutes and then got up from the bed. My ass was stuffed, not full like the butt plug yesterday, I mean stuffed to the point that I think I was walking a little bowlegged. But as I walked, it started pressing on places that usually only got touched from inside my pussy. It was a strange and exciting feeling.  
  
I decided to just put on my little terry cloth robe, go down and grab a bite to eat and watch some television. I would spend the night here; I was sure Keith wouldn't mind.   
  
I was just drifting off to sleep in front of the T.V. when Keith called.  
  
"How was your day, Kitten?" he asked cheerfully.  
  
"It was great except you weren't here with me." I answered. "Why are you so happy?" I asked.  
  
"The meetings here went well and it's going to mean a lot more work for the company." he said. "We'll probably be looking for more people. How was your day?"  
  
"I got all the filing done and everything in our offices organized." I said. Then I used my little girl voice and said, "But I think I caused a delay in the work here at the house by going out on the deck; unless, of course, the workmen can work with all their dicks hard."  
  
I could hear Keith laughing on the other end of the phone. "I want to hear all about it when I get home, you bad girl." he said still laughing. I promised him I would give him a full report.   
  
"Did you use the butt plug today?" he asked like a daddy checking if I did my homework.  
  
"It's in my ass now and it's sooo big. It really stretches my little asshole." I said resorting to my little girl voice again.  
  
"You'll be taking something even bigger in that cute little ass of yours pretty soon." He said, keeping the stern daddy voice.  
  
"Oooooo, I can't wait." I moaned; surprising myself because I really couldn't wait.  
  
We said our "I love you's" and hung up. I went up to the bedroom to get ready for bed. That included removing the butt plug which was almost as difficult to pull out as it was to push in. I finally got it out, but I wondered what Keith's' cock would feel like up my ass. I hoped that I would be so excited when he did it that I would be able to take it.  
  
I got under the covers; I wished Keith were here to torture me.  
  
I finally fell asleep in that big empty bed.

My Own Heaven Ch. 10

I woke up early the next morning because Keith was coming home today and I had to prepare for his return. I got out of bed and headed for the shower to shave my body. I wanted to be sure my legs, ass, pussy and the rest of my body were perfectly smooth as Keith had ordered.  
  
I dressed for work, and then picked out clothes to wear to the airport to pick up Keith. My plan was to put in the butt plug at work, shower and wear something special to show him how much I missed him -- besides the butt plug, that is. I picked out a white sundress with a blue print, to highlight my eyes, and my blue four inch heels. That was it; no underwear. He could have me naked in seconds.  
  
I packed the butt plug, lube and my clothes for the airport and headed for work. I parked in the parking area by the door to the executive offices and went in. I made coffee, and caught up on the email and phone messages.   
  
Phil came up with the regular mail and to check on me as he did every morning. I told him Tina was coming for lunch and he said she had mentioned she was coming. He told me again to let him know if her visits were interfering with my work. I told him that I would tell him right away. Tina mentioned that he was just looking for another excuse to punish her. When she came to lunch I would talk to her about it. She seemed like she looked forward to Phil's punishment sessions as much as he did.  
  
I went through the mail, most of it was junk but there was some mail for Keith about buying "special" products from the company. He had mentioned these products before and I had a couple used on me already. In fact, the big butt plug that I was going to put up my tiny asshole this afternoon was one of them.  
  
Keith called on his way to his last meeting. He said that he couldn't wait to see me and reminded me that his plane was arriving at four fifteen. I told him that I would be waiting for him at the airport.  
  
Tina arrived right at twelve-thirty. I buzzed her in and we went right to the lunch room. She was wearing a short skirt, blouse and heels. She was wearing a lot more than she wore at our last lunch, but she still looked sexy.   
  
"So, how have you been doing with Keith away?" Tina asked, putting out plates and taking food out of the bags she brought in.  
  
"Here at the office I've been doing fine but, I really miss him. I discovered that I don't like sleeping alone anymore." I sighed.  
  
"I know what you mean." Tina sympathized, "It's so nice having that big, warm man in bed with you; wrapping his arms around you. Even if your ass is still tingling from the spanking he just gave you, you still feel safe and protected."  
  
We both laughed at that, having both gone to bed with our asses red and sore. We put out the food and sat down to eat. I told Tina about Phil's visit this morning and him telling me to call him if her visits ever started interfering with the work that had to get done here.  
  
"Boy," she said, "Talk about going to bed with a red ass. He would find things to do to me and torture me until I begged and pleaded for mercy if you told him I was keeping you from work."  
  
"That's something I'll keep in mind for the future." I laughed.  
  
We started talking about the guys and their meetings. I asked Tina if Phil ever made her fuck other men. I wasn't sure how Keith felt about it and I wondered if the guys little group did anything like that.  
  
"Yes, Phil's had me gangbanged; twice, as a matter of fact." She said with a smile. "The first time I was tied down and they just used whichever hole they wanted. The second time I wasn't tied but they still did whatever they wanted to do to me. I loved it both times.  
  
"But you have to understand," she said being serious, "What goes on at those meetings are things that whoever is hosting the meeting likes. The other guys who are invited know what is going to happen and they only attend if they have no objections. Phil likes seeing me getting fucked by someone other than him. He likes making me do it and, even though I protest and I'm humiliated while it is being done, I love it. It's all about fulfilling fantasies."  
  
"I understand that, now." I said. "I didn't get it at first but, now I see that the club gives the couples a safe way to act out their fantasies instead of just dreaming about them. I just wonder what fantasies Keith has in store for me."  
  
"All I can tell you is no matter what Phil has come up with, by the time it was over, I was completely satisfied and hoped he would do it again...soon." She said winking at me.  
  
"Do you think the four of us could go out together sometime?" I asked. "You know, like to dinner or even go away for a weekend."  
  
"I would love that." Tina exclaimed. "But we'd have to get the guys to promise not to talk about work. They both love this company and that's what they usually talk about when they are together."  
  
I laughed at Tina's jumping at the idea of doing things together and her quick assessment of the guys' inability to forget about work. It was almost two so we started cleaning up the lunchroom. "Tina," I said, "I have a problem and I'm not sure what to do about it."  
  
"Heather," she said as though she were my older sister, "I don't think there is anything we can't solve if we work together."  
  
"Well, this is kind of unusual and kind of embarrassing, but it really is important to me." I said looking down at the table. "I told you about Keith making me wear a butt plug for four hours a day while he is away." Tina nodded her head. "I wanted to wear the butt plug to the airport for him."  
  
"That's a great idea, he'll love it." she said before I finished.  
  
"No," I said looking up at her, "The problem is that I wore the plug yesterday and it's so big the only way I could get it in my ass was to kneel on the bed and reach between my legs with both hands and push it in. And even then, I could only do it because I was a little excited from teasing the workmen at the house."  
  
"So, how can I help?" Tina asked really concerned for me.  
  
"This is so embarrassing. Could you help me get the plug up my ass?" I blushed and look back down at the table.  
  
She walked over to me and put her arms around me and said, "To tell you the truth, I have more experience on the receiving end of butt plugs, but I'll do whatever I can to help you."  
  
"Great," I said kissing her on the cheek. "I was so worried. I didn't know how I was going to get it in me."  
  
"It's two o'clock already," she said looking at her watch and taking charge. "If we are going to do this and give you enough time to shower and get to the airport; we should get started now."  
  
We went into the bathroom where I had laid out my clothes and had the butt plug and lube on the counter by the twin sinks. Tina walked over and picked up the butt plug, looked at it and smiled, "This should open you up enough for Keith to fuck you up the ass."  
  
I looked at her and blushed. "Nooooo!" she said with a shocked expression on her face. "You are one very lucky girl. I mean Phil is bigger than this, but not much. Keith is that much bigger than this thing?"  
  
"Oh, yes...much bigger." I sighed. Then I thought, 'At least I know Keith was not one of the guys at Tina's gang bangs.'  
  
"Let's get started." She said, "Strip and we'll get you and this monster lubed up."   
  
I started taking off my clothes, while Tina lubed up the big butt plug. When I was naked, she looked me over with a gleam in her eye and said, "I can see why Keith enjoys doing things to you. You have a beautiful body. I'll bet it looks fantastic wiggling and squirming while he tortures you."  
  
Before I could answer, she told me to bend over and hold onto the countertop by the sinks. I did what she said and spread my legs a little. I moaned as she rubbed the lube around my puckered little asshole and pushed one and then two slippery fingers inside me.  
  
She put the rounded end of the butt plug up against my little hole and started to push. I arched my back and tried to relax as she eased the plug in and out going a bit deeper each time. "God this thing is big." She whispered. She ran her fingers over my hairless pussy lips and I gasped and wiggled my ass in the air as she pushed harder on the plug and it slipped in a little more. She teased her fingernail over my clit and I cried out; the plug slid all the way into my ass and my stretched asshole clamped down on the narrow part at the base of the plug.  
  
My legs weakened as the plug popped into my stretched asshole and Tina stood me up and wrapped her arms around me holding my naked body against her. I could feel my pussy start to itch as Tina held my naked tits against her covered ones and slid her hands over my bare ass cheeks. When I got myself together and could stand up, Tina let me go and turned me around so she could look at my ass.  
  
"When he sees that big plug sticking out of your ass, he's gonna fuck you legless." She laughed perhaps a little jealous.  
  
"Oh my god!" I yelped, "He fucked me with a smaller plug up my ass and I thought I would go out of my mind. If he fucks me with this big plug up my ass, he'll split me in two."  
  
Tina smacked one then the other ass cheek and said, "Lucky girl. Let me know how you make out tonight." She kissed me on my cheek and I kissed her back. "I'll let myself out. You need to get ready if you want to be at the airport on time."  
  
I got in the shower, washed my hair and paid special attention to my hairless pussy and my ass around the base of the butt plug to be sure there were no lubricants, natural or otherwise left behind. I dried off, did my hair and put on my makeup. I put on a little perfume and my blue four inch high heels. The sundress was sleeveless and came down to the middle of my thighs. I left the top button and the two bottom buttons undone.  
  
I walked around in front of the mirrors and my thighs peeked out of the sundress as I walked. Not enough that you could really see anything, especially since I had no panties on, but enough that it would attract attention as I walked by. Between seeing what I was displaying and the big butt plug up my ass, I was already feeling that tingle between my legs. I wondered if I was going to regret being pantyless. "Since I had no other panties to wear," I giggled to myself, "I would just have to grin and 'bare' it."  
  
I closed up the office and went down to the car for the ride to the airport. When I sat down, the plug pushed further up my ass and I groaned, gripped the steering wheel and closed my eyes. God, that hurt...but it felt so good. I wish Keith were here to watch me suffer. He'll really enjoy my torment on the way home, and probably add some torture of his own, too, I guessed.  
  
I got to the airport with about fifteen minutes to spare and found a place to park right by the baggage entrance. I was glad that, with that big plug up my ass, I wouldn't have to walk too far to meet Keith. I got out of the car and walked into the terminal and up the escalator to the end of the concourse where Keith would be arriving. Thank goodness there were no steps to make the butt plug shift around inside me,   
  
If all the men in the airport were any indication, I chose the right outfit to meet Keith in. I think I was mentally stripped by every man in the airport. I thought about how they would react if they knew what I had on -- or in me, for that matter, under my little sundress. My pussy was starting to tingle and get a little wet so I tried to think of anything else but the men around me.  
  
More people were coming out of the concourse so I knew Keith's plane had landed. I looked down the concourse and saw him coming and I reached my hand over my head to wave to him. He noticed me right away and I noticed it got suddenly cooler around my pussy and ass. Realizing that when I raised my hand, the bottom of my sundress rode up; I quickly put my arm down and I know I was blushing.  
  
I looked around to see if anyone noticed. Since most of the men in the terminal were staring at me anyway, I was sure some of them, at the very least, got a good look at the bottom of my bare ass cheeks and maybe the base of the butt plug up my ass as well.  
  
Keith came out of the concourse and passed the security checkpoint. I moved toward him, staying near the wall. When he reached me I turned my back to the wall to keep my bare ass from being displayed to everyone in the airport and threw my arms around his neck and kissed him again and again. "I missed you so much." I almost cried.  
  
He wrapped his arms around me and kissed me hard and deep. I could feel movement against my belly as his cock started to get hard. Keith missed me, too.  
  
He stepped back from me and looked me over from my brown hair to the tips of my high heel shoes. "You look fantastic." he said softly just staring at me with that smile on his face.   
  
"Uhm...don't we have to get your luggage?" I said finally.  
  
"Oh, yeah." he sighed. He took my hand and we walked toward baggage claim. I had to pull his arm to get him to slow down. With that big plug up my ass, if I walked that fast I was sure I would have an orgasm right there in baggage claim.   
  
Keith slowed down and looked back at me and noticed the open buttons at the bottom of my sundress and my long legs showing almost all the way to the top. He had that look in his eyes again; like he was thinking about things he could do to me.  
  
While we waited for his bag, he told me about the deal he made in San Francisco. It would mean more work; more employees and the company would make a lot of money; always good things.  
  
While we talked, he kept eyeing my legs and my breasts which he could see by looking down the top of my sundress. I was getting excited wondering what he would do when he found out I was naked under this my sundress and I had that big butt plug shoved up my little ass.  
  
His bag came and we walked out to the car. Keith let me walk up ahead a bit and I caught him watching my ass bounce and sway. If he only knew the extra movement was because there was a huge butt plug up my puckered little asshole. He put his bag in the trunk of the car and walked around and opened the passenger door for me and I got in.  
  
He got in the car and started it up and then leaned over and kissed me. He pulled out of the parking space, started out of the airport and asked if I wanted to stop for dinner and I said okay.  
  
When we got on the highway, he started running his fingertips up and down my thigh. He knew this got me wet. He kept moving higher and higher, pushing the hem of my sundress up a little each time, getting closer and closer to my naked pussy. I tried to sit still and not push my hot pussy into his fingers.  
  
His fingers finally reached my hairless pussy and we both gasped as he touched my wet pussy lips. He looked over at me and smiled at me. You know what that smile does to me. "What exactly are you wearing, Heather?" he said with a look of pure lust on his face.  
  
I looked down at my lap with his hand under my sundress and his fingers moving slowly against my wet pussy. "I have on my high heels and my sundress." I said using my little girl voice because I knew it got him hot for me.  
  
"And that's all you have on?" he said, adopting his stern father persona.  
  
"No, sir," I said, still talking like a little girl, "I have a giant butt plug shoved up my ass." The look on Keith's face was priceless. I thought I finally got to him.  
  
"Do you mean the butt plug I left for you to wear each day I was away?" he asked.  
  
"Yes sir," I said, still the little girl, "and it's really big and really stretched my poor naked ass."  
  
My plan to shock him worked but from the look on his face I could tell something was up. He reached into his jacket pocket and still using the fatherly tone of voice said, "That's really a coincidence. I just happen to have the remote for that butt plug right here." Before he even got his hand out of his pocket, the butt plug went crazy up my ass. I started to squirm against the seat and it just drove the plug deeper into my ass.  
  
I looked at Keith and I could tell he enjoyed tormenting me again. The huge plug made my whole body shake. I looked at him pleading with my eyes to turn it off but I knew he was enjoying himself too much.  
  
He used his hand, buried in my bald pussy, to keep me from lifting my ass and taking some of my weight off of the plug rumbling up my ass. He started moving his fingers inside my pussy and rubbing his thumb across my clit. I was frantic; pinned to the seat by his hand in my pussy. Finally I begged, "Oh, please Keith. Turn it off. I can't stand it. What do you want me to do...anything, I'll do it."  
  
"I want you to dance on the pole." he said calmly.  
  
"Dance on the pole? I don't understand. Oh, please turn it off. Oh, god! My ass is going crazy." I almost screamed at him.  
  
"Tomorrow night, say you'll dance on the pole." he said softly turning the vibrator up another notch.  
  
I was trapped. I couldn't stand the vibrator up my ass any more. My legs were trembling, my pussy was soaked and tingling, and even my breasts were bouncing the vibrations were so strong. "Yes," I cried out, "Yes, I'll dance on the pole. Please, Keith, Please turn off the plug."  
  
He turned off the plug and it was like I deflated. I slouched down on the seat gasping for breath. I looked over at Keith and he had that smile on his face and he was looking at me like he tricked me into doing something I would regret.  
  
How could he torture me like that and love me so much? On the other hand, how could I love a man so much who tortured me the way he did? I guess it was because we complimented each other so well; he loved torturing me and I loved being tortured.  
  
I was going to ask him what "dancing on the pole" meant but I was afraid he would use it as an excuse to turn on the butt plug again. I was already wet between my legs and I didn't have any panties to soak up the moisture if I got any wetter. I knew a wet spot on the back of my sundress would show and I would die of embarrassment when we stopped for dinner.  
  
We arrived at the restaurant and had a nice dinner. Fortunately, Keith did not play with his remote -- and my ass -- in the restaurant. We talked about what went on in San Francisco and I told him about Tina's two lunch time visits. I told him that we had talked and asked if it was okay that we talked about what happened to us at the get-togethers.  
  
Keith said that it was okay with him but Tina should talk to Phil to make sure it was okay with him. I told Keith that Tina had helped me put the butt plug in my ass before I left for the airport. In fact, she was the one that pushed the plug up my ass. I even told him that she played with my pussy while she did it.   
  
He looked surprised and asked how I felt about that. I said that I felt a little funny about it, but I was naked in front of her and she was shoving a butt plug up my ass at the time. But it got me wet and excited. I really liked Tina, and I enjoyed being with her.  
  
We finished dinner and walked out to the parking lot to get in the car and Keith gave me a shock in my cute little ass with his remote. I yelped and grabbed my ass and he laughed. I turned and smiled at him and he was smiling that smile at me and I melted. I knew at his first opportunity he would have me naked and put his hard cock in at least one of my poor little holes.  
  
We drove to the house and he teased and tormented my little asshole and pussy all the way there. I was shocked and vibrated until I thought I would go insane. I even got to experience the shocks at the second level, an experience that had me tingling from my toes to my nipples. I was so excited that, as we pulled into the driveway, I took off my sundress without Keith even mentioning it.

He parked the car and came around to open my door for me. I got out of the car and went right to my knees in front of him, naked and in my high heels, just the way he likes me. I opened the zipper on his pants, reached in and pulled out his cock which was semi-hard and getting harder. I took his cock in my mouth and started sucking on him and he moaned and put his hands on the sides of my head and began pumping into my mouth.  
  
He got hard, fast, and started pulsing in my mouth. I wanted him to cum down my throat; but Keith had other ideas. It must have taken a supernatural effort to be that close to cuming and pull his hard cock from my mouth, but he did it. He lifted me up and pulled me to him and kissed me hard and deep forcing his tongue into my mouth where his cock had been seconds before.  
  
His deep kiss took my breath away. He picked me up in his arms and carried me, naked, into the house and up to his bed. He laid me on the bed and turned me on my belly with my knees hanging off the bed and my ass sticking up. He gently but firmly pulled the butt plug out of my ass. I moaned as my poor asshole stretched around the widest part of the plug and when it slid out, I could feel my little asshole gaping open. He turned me over so I was lying on my back and I felt empty as my asshole slowly closed.  
  
He knelt between my widespread legs and reached down and took off my high heels and kissed my legs from the inside of my ankles to the insides of my knees. I was embarrassed thinking of the view he had of my open hairless little pussy and he started to move up my body. Suddenly, he stopped and pushed his head right between my legs. His body stopped me from closing my legs and I was splayed open for him and at his mercy.  
  
He began licking my unprotected pussy lips causing me shudder as the pleasure raced through my naked body. I reached down to protect me bare pussy but Keith grabbed my hands and held them against the bed by my hips and pulled down on them forcing my hairless hole harder against his teasing, probing lips and tongue.  
  
My orgasm hit me and all I could do was cry out, shake my head from side to side and wrap my legs around Keith. He held tight to my hands to keep me from wriggling away and pushed his longue inside me making my pussy quiver and my legs tighten around him. He pushed his tongue deeper and began moving it around inside me. Somehow, he knew exactly where to move his tongue to drive me crazy.  
  
My body was out of control and I cried out, "Please Keith, no more, please, fuck me." But he didn't stop. He pushed his tongue deeper into my poor little hole pushing his lips against my defenseless pussy lips. I came again, screaming and shaking, trying to get out of his grasp.  
  
As the orgasm took over my body, I begged him to stop; begged him to have pity on me. But he continued his assault on my bare little pussy. I begged him to fuck me, but he wasn't done teasing me. He pulled his tongue out of my clutching pussy and wrapped his lips around my clit and gently sucked while he flicked his tongue over the tip again and again.  
  
I exploded and I could feel my fluids gushing out of my pulsing pussy. I couldn't control my legs and they fell to the bed opening me up even more to Keith's attack on my shaved mons.   
  
"Oh god, please Keith, have mercy. I can't take anymore." I cried between screams. "I need your prick inside me. Fuck my cunt; fuck my ass, just please fuck me."  
  
He moved his mouth up over my lower belly licking and biting slowly toward my little belly button. It was tickling and tingling but not as intense as his mouth on my pussy. I was trying to get control of my quaking body when he reached my belly button and probed deeply with his tongue. I moaned but couldn't move because his shoulders were pressing my hips to the bed and he was still holding my hands down.  
  
He paused briefly at my cute inney navel and then work his way up toward my tits. I knew when he reached my tits, his attack would start again and I didn't have the strength to resist and tried to get myself ready to have my breasts bit, licked and sucked. But again I underestimated my Keith's determination to surprise me and have me completely submit to him.  
  
Just as he reached my breasts, he took my left nipple in his mouth and gently bit on it while he ran his tongue across the very tip. I started to involuntarily arch my back when he shoved his hard cock into my wet and open pussy as deep as he could in one stroke.  
  
"Ooohhhhh, god." I screamed as I convulsed through another orgasm.  
  
He released my tit and laid his weight on top of me pushing his cock so far up my poor little hole that I could feel the hairs around his cock on my pussy lips and his balls hitting my hairless asshole. He let go of my hands and propped himself over me crushing my tits against his chest and buried his mouth against my neck, kissing and nipping at me.  
  
He turned my face to his and kissed me pushing his tongue into my mouth and began pumping his hot pulsing cock into me long and slow. I had another small orgasm and as I moaned I wrapped my arms and legs around him, holding on for dear life.   
  
He began pumping faster and harder and I was yelping, "Oh!" each time he pounded into me. He was hitting my cervix with each push and I was sure if he didn't come soon I would surely die of ecstasy. He released my lips and buried his face in my neck again kissing and nibbling my neck behind my ear; just where he knows it makes me crazy.  
  
He was really pounding my poor hairless little pussy now and I could feel his cock swell and throb deep inside me. I held onto him as tight as I could and as I felt another orgasm rushing toward me like a speeding train.   
  
I tried to hold it off but it was no use. I was on sensory overload. Keith's hips banging against me as he thrust his cock deep into my belly, his chest rubbing against my hard nipples in time to his fucking me, his weight holding my defenseless body down on the bed, the heat from his body working hard on top of me, and his warm breath, his lips and his teeth on my throat and neck just overwhelmed me.  
  
My orgasm crashed over me. The muscles in my belly seized so hard they hurt, my pussy clamped down so tightly on Keith's big cock that he could not have pulled out of me if he wanted to, and my arms and legs spasmed clutching him hard to my naked sweating body.  
  
His body shook and he groaned long and deep. His cock throbbed in my tight pussy and he pumped his hot cum deep into my stretched and helpless pussy as he ground the hair around his cock against my hairless, sensitive pussy lips tickling my swollen clit.   
  
When we stopped cuming, I laid there with Keith on top me; listening to him breathing and tears rolled down my cheeks I was so happy. I didn't know what I did to deserve a man who loved me as much as my Keith. He devoted himself to learning what made me happy. When he made love to me he enveloped me like no other man. Yet, when he fucked me, teased me, tormented me and tested my limits I loved that, too.  
  
He started moving on top of me and I kept my arms and legs around him; I didn't want to let him go. He lifted his head and kissed me softly, but deeply, and I could taste myself on his lips and tongue. He put his lips next to my ear and whispered, "I love you so much." and kissed my ear. The tears rolled down my cheeks again, I felt so happy and fulfilled.  
  
He rolled over, holding me against him, onto his side. He held me close; my body stretched along his hard warm body, my head against his chest as he kissed the top of my head, his hand stroking my back from my neck to my ass cheeks. I looked up at him, somehow snuggling a little closer, and whispered, "After all the teasing you did to me in the car, I thought, for sure, that you were going to fuck me up the ass tonight."  
  
"I love teasing you; watching what it does to you; watching you cum." he said softly. He paused for a second and then continued, "I know you would let me take your ass anytime I wanted it, but tonight I didn't want to fuck you, tonight I wanted to make love to you."  
  
"I kissed his chest, looked up into his soft grey eyes and said, "You can take any part of me any time you want. Do anything you want to do to me, give me to anyone you want to, anytime you want to. I know you do things to me, with me, because you know, even though it may not seem like it to me at the time, I will love whatever it is you make me do."  
  
Keith tightened his arms around me and I was in my own heaven. I fell asleep with my head against his chest, listening to his heartbeat.

My Own Heaven Ch. 11

Keith was still asleep when I woke up. He was lying behind me, his arms wrapped around me and his semi-hard cock resting against the crack between my little ass cheeks. I moved and his arms tightened around me. Not hard, but enough to let me know, even though he was still asleep, that he didn't want to let me go. I wiggled my ass against his cock and I felt it pulse. It must have awoken him because he kissed me on the back of my neck, soft and warm.  
  
I wiggled my ass against him again and felt his cock throb and start to grow. He squeezed me to hold me still with his cock now between my ass cheeks and rubbing against my puckered asshole. I started to worry that maybe my teasing him this morning was going to get me the ass fucking I expected last night. Even though I wanted Keith to take my ass, he was so big I was scared.  
  
He relaxed his arms around me and whispered, "You are insatiable."  
  
"Me?" I giggled, "Who has their hard cock poking at my asshole."  
  
"If we had time," he said, "it would do more than poke at you cute little ass. But, we have to go to the office. I have to have that meeting with the department heads that we talked about last night."  
  
"Oh, yeah," I said "First chance to use the new conference room." I stretched, arms over my head, back arched, one leg straight, toes pointed, rubbing my naked body against him. He moaned and his cock was definitely hard now. I loved teasing him with my body. Of course, he always found a way to use my body against me to get even -- it's one of the things I love about him.  
  
"If we don't get up now," he said sounding like he was out of breath, "We'll never make it to work."  
  
I decided to have mercy on him, not that he ever has mercy on me; I turned around to face him. I kissed his chest and said, "You shower first, I have to pick out clothes for work." He got out of bed and walked to the bathroom and I watched his bare ass and muscled back and legs go into the bathroom.   
  
I got out of bed and walked to the closet to pick out clothes. I picked out a nice pink short sleeve blouse and a black skirt that went down to about three inches above my knees; a very conservative outfit for me. Keith came out of the bathroom with a towel wrapped around his waist. He walked up to me and wrapped his arms around me hugged me. The smells of his soap and shampoo surrounded me and my wet pussy was suddenly sorry that we had to go to work.  
  
I went into the bathroom and got in the shower and Keith yelled in that he was going to make coffee and would bring it up when it was ready. I washed my hair and finished my shower, dried off and blow dried my hair. I walked into the bedroom and Keith wasn't back up with the coffee yet.  
  
I walked over to the armoire and opened the drawer with the really skimpy underwear in it. I picked a pink bra that was so skimpy the tops of my dark areola just peeked out and a pink g-string that was nothing more than a few strings and a tiny patch of cloth that barely covered my hairless pussy lips and clit. I went to the closet and picked out black four inch high heels that would match my skirt.  
  
I walked over to the mirror and looked at myself; I was practically naked, even with the underwear on. "I'm going to get in so much trouble for this." I giggled to myself. I went into the bathroom to fix my hair and put on my makeup.  
  
Keith came into the bedroom with a big tray with coffee, cream and sugar and stuff and put it on the table by the window. "Coffee's ready." he called to me.   
  
"I'll be right out." I called back.  
  
Keith was pouring himself a cup of coffee as I walked out of the bathroom. He looked up at me in my scandalous pink underwear and black high heels. He froze and just stared at me as I walked slowly toward him. He overfilled the coffee cup and spilled coffee all over the tray which snapped him out of his trance. He stopped pouring the coffee but still stood there with the coffee pot in his hand, looking up and down my body as I got closer to him with an obvious tent developing in the front of his pants.   
  
When I reached Keith and the table, I looked down at the mess on the tray and said, "Is there any coffee left or did you pour it all on the tray?"  
  
He put the coffee pot down on the tray and said, "My god, Heather, you are the most beautiful, sexy woman I have ever seen." Quite a compliment coming from a man who has seen me in several positions most women have never been in.  
  
"Thank you, sir" I said in my little girl voice, just to be sure and tease him as much as I possibly could.  
  
"But you can't wear that to work." He said almost pleading with me.  
  
"Sure I can." I said, walking to the bed making sure to wiggle my ass as much as I could, and put on the blouse and skirt that I had picked out earlier. When I was fully dressed in the conservative blouse and skirt, I turned to him and said, "See; only you will know that I am practically naked under these clothes."  
  
The look on his face told me that he now understood my plan. I was going to walk around the office, with all the department heads there and only Keith would know how close to naked I was. All he would be able to think of, all he would see when he looked at me, was how I looked in my underwear (what little there was of it) when I walked out of the bathroom. That picture of me would distract him for the whole day.  
  
"You know how these things always turn out." he said softly. "It's you that always pays for your little games. I always find a way to make you suffer in the end."  
  
Still in my little girl voice I replied, "I'm counting on that." And I reached up and kissed him on the cheek.  
  
We got to work and I called all of the department heads and told them there would be a meeting in the conference room at ten. I made sure there was coffee made and cream, sweeteners, spoons and the other stuff set up. I also had to make copies some of the documents from Keith's meetings for each department head.  
  
I buzzed in each department head as they arrived and escorted them to the conference room. Every one of them had their eyes glued to my ass and legs as they followed me. Keith was right about the high heels; they did make my legs and ass look great whether I was naked or not.  
  
I sat in on the meeting to take notes. I sat right next to Keith at the head of the table. Since he was the only one who could see, I let my skirt ride up my legs well past mid-thigh. I knew my bare legs were distracting him, especially since he knew how little I was wearing under the blouse and skirt; so I made the skirt ride even higher up my legs.  
  
Toward the end of the meeting, Keith slid me a note, like we were in elementary school; all it said was, "Let's see how perky you are tonight on the pole. I love you, Keith.  
  
'Oh, damn;' I thought, 'I forgot all about the promise I made to get him to stop torturing me with the butt plug yesterday.' I had no idea what "dancing on the pole" meant but it appears my teasing Keith was only going to make my ordeal worse. Way to go, Heather!   
  
The meeting ended, I stood up my skirt dropped into place above my knees so no one knew what I had been putting Keith through during the meeting. Keith asked to see Phil in his office and I escorted the rest of the men out of the executive offices area. Phil was in Keith's office for about forty five minutes. I could see the lines lighting up on the phone so whatever they were doing, they had to make several calls.  
  
We ran out for a fast lunch and when we returned I had a few voice mails. Most were from department heads asking me to email or copy additional information from the meeting but one was from Tina. All it said was "Call me, girl. I don't know what you did but, call me." I took care of the requests from the department heads and then called Tina.  
  
"What did you do, Heather?" Tina asked without even saying 'Hello'.  
  
"I don't know what you mean, Tina." I answered totally confused. "What are you talking about?"  
  
"Phil called me around eleven-thirty and said we were going to Keith's tonight." She explained. "He told me to be sure I was showered and thoroughly shaved and ready to leave by six-thirty. He even told me exactly what to wear." She paused to take a breath. "He only does that if we are going to one of his groups' get-togethers. But he said we are going to Keith's house. Aren't you going to be with Keith tonight? You guys didn't have a fight did you?"  
  
"No...no we didn't have a fight." I answered slowly trying to process all of the information she gave me. "I've been teasing him all day." I said and told her about the underwear, the spilled coffee, and letting my skirt ride up during the meeting.  
  
Suddenly, remembering the note he passed me at the meeting I said, "Oh my god. Tina, he made me promise last night that I would 'dance on the pole' tonight. Do you know what that means?"  
  
"No, I have no idea." Tina said, "But we'll find out tonight. I don't understand why they want me there. I've never attended one of their get-togethers where there was more than one sub."  
  
"Uh-oh." I gasped. "I told Keith about our lunches and that we talked about our relationships and a little about what was done to us at the get-togethers. He didn't seem to mind, he said to tell you to mention to Phil what we talk about and to be sure it was okay with him."  
  
"That can't be it, I told Phil what we talked about after out first lunch and he said the same thing Keith said." Tina replied.  
  
"Even when I told Keith that you helped me put in the butt plug, he didn't say anything." I added.  
  
"Well, we'll find out tonight. I just hope we can sit for brunch on Sunday morning." She giggled. "See you tonight, Heather."  
  
I said goodbye and we hung up.  
  
Keith walked into my office around two-thirty, came around my desk and kissed me on my cheek. He smiled at me -- you know, THAT smile -- and said, "Hey, Kitten, could you be ready to leave around four?"   
  
His kiss, his smile and calling me Kitten, I've grown to love that nickname, and all my worries were forgotten. I was ready and willing to do whatever he wanted. "Sure," I said, "Four o'clock it is."   
  
He started to walk out, but stopped and turned back to me and said, "You know what? Since you enjoyed teasing me during the meeting with your beautiful legs, why don't you spend the rest of the day showing me the whole package? Take off your blouse and skirt. You can spend the rest of the day in your underwear."  
  
"But, Keith," I said with a little shriek, "Here at work? What if someone comes in and sees me?" I knew no one could come in, but I was trying to get out of spending the rest of the day in my skimpy underwear. Somehow, I knew Keith would turn my teasing him into humiliation for me.  
  
"No one can come in unless we let them in. Take them off and bring them into my office." He said walking into his office.  
  
I stood up at my desk, I was sure I was beat red, and took off my blouse and skirt. I felt so naked walking through my office in underwear that covered practically nothing and in four inch high heels, too. I picked up the blouse and skirt and walked into Keith's office. The look on his face was not the shock I saw in the bedroom this morning. The look on his face was pure lust.  
  
As humiliated as I was, knowing Keith wanted me made me feel better about having my body on display. He stood up and I handed him my skirt and blouse and he put them in a desk drawer. Now, there was no way for me to cover up in a hurry. I was totally humiliated. So why was I getting that itch between my legs? And why were my nipples so hard?  
  
Keith came around his desk and took me into his arms and squeezed my almost naked body against him and kissed my softly and deeply. The itch between my legs was replaced by wetness. If it wasn't for the tight little piece of cloth from the g-string holding my bare pussy lips together, I was sure my juices would be running down my thighs.  
  
He eased his arms from around me and stepped back. I think I was swaying a little and he said, "Let's get finished up here so we can go. If you're good, I'll give you your clothes back before we leave." He sat down behind his desk and I stood there with my mouth open and blushing from my hairline to the tops of my almost naked breasts.  
  
He looked up at me like he was waiting for me to say something. Fortunately, I was able to control that little demon inside me that always gets me punished. I said "Thank you, sir.", and walked out of his office feeling his eyes on my long legs and bare bouncy ass cheeks.  
  
I was humiliated and embarrassed. I guess it was because I never expected to be in my scandalous underwear and high heels in my office. Even though I knew no one could see me, I felt like I was being ogled by a bunch of men.   
  
I went around my desk and sat down. "Oooohhh!" I yelped; the leather seat was cold on my bare ass. I could hear Keith chuckle in his office; that just humiliated me even more. I was nearly naked, humiliated and Keith had my clothes in his desk drawer; so why was I so excited?  
  
It was difficult answering the phone sitting in my skimpy underwear. I felt like everyone I talked to could see me. After a while, imagining that the person on the other end of the line COULD see me just got me more excited. Walking into Keith's office was another ride on the sexual roller coaster. It was embarrassing being almost naked while he was fully dressed. The look in his grey eyes told me that he was just imagining what he would like to do to my warm, soft and available body and that excited me even more. Finally a little before four, Keith came into my office and said, "Are you ready to go, Kitten?"  
  
"Yes, sir." I said standing up and walking around my desk to where he was standing. He took my hand and starting walking toward the door. I stopped and said in my little girl voice, "Please sir, can I have my clothes back to wear home? I tried my best to be good."  
  
He turned and looked my nearly naked body over from head to foot. I could see the lust in his face and I got all tingly and I could feel my nipples get hard just trying to imagine what he had planned for me. "It seems like a shame to cover up such a perfect body;" he said causing me to blush yet again, "But I guess since we are leaving the office, I should give you your clothes."  
  
He went back to his desk and got my blouse and skirt and brought them to me. I could see he was disappointed as I covered up but, I couldn't take a chance on someone seeing me leave the offices almost naked. We went down to the car and he held the door for me as I got in. A minute ago he was going make me walk out in skimpy underwear and high heels; now, he holds the car door for me. I think the inconsistency of the things that Keith does to me is a big part of what gets me so excited. I never know what to expect.  
  
When we got home, Keith said happily, "You go up and shower and shave. Make sure your body is completely hairless and smooth. Do your hair and makeup and put on your robe and come back down. I'll make us something to eat."   
  
I did as I was told and when I came down; Keith had put out some snacks and some wine. While we ate, I asked, "Keith, what is going to happen to me tonight?"  
  
"Well," he said casually, "Phil and Tina are coming over and some other guests. We are going to have a little party."  
  
I hesitated, but finally had to ask, "At the meeting, your note said that I was going to dance on the pole tonight."  
  
"Last night you promised you would."   
  
"But I don't know what dancing on the pole is." I was almost pleading, "And I didn't know there were going to be other people here."  
  
"You'll find out soon enough what dancing on the pole is." he smiled. "As for the guests that I added;" he paused and took a breath, "when you decided to tease me with your beautiful body; I decided that when such a gorgeous creature as yourself is going to be performing, she should be made to perform in front of as many men as possible."  
  
So I was going to spend another night naked, at the very least, in front of a bunch of men I don't know. My stomach started doing flip flops. Not because I was scared, I knew Keith would never let anything really bad happen to me, I just didn't know WHAT was going to happen to me. And why was Tina going to be here? Her watching whatever was going to be done to me would certainly add to my humiliation. Was that why she was being brought along?  
  
We finished eating and Keith asked, "Would you mind cleaning up the kitchen while I go up and shower before our guests arrive? I'll put out what I want you to wear, too."  
  
"Okay." I said and got up to start the cleanup -- not that there was much to do. At least it looked like I wasn't going to start the evening naked. Of course, with my Keith, you could never be sure. The last time he put out "what he wanted me to wear"; it consisted of a pair of five inch strappy black high heels.  
  
I finished cleaning up and went up to the bedroom. There were clothes on the bed; that made me feel a little better. There was a very skimpy white lace bra and g-string; almost identical to the set I wore to work. There were five inch white high heels with cute little ankle straps; my poor feet. And a cute pink and white sundress that went down to a little below mid-thigh. 'Not too bad' I thought and started getting dressed.  
  
Everything was fine until I got the sundress on and realized that there were a few buttons missing; two at the top and three at the bottom to be exact. My skimpy bra and most of my breasts would be visible every time I bent over even just a little bit. When I walked, my legs were exposed almost all the way up; if I walked quickly or took longer steps, everyone got a glimpse of my little white g-string. 'Ooooooo, that Keith' I said to myself, 'when he dresses me up it's worse than actually being naked.'  
  
Keith came into the bedroom wearing black slacks and a grey dress shirt. He walked over to me, took my hand in his and twirled me around with my hand over my head. "You look beautiful." he said softly as he kissed my cheek. "We just need to add one thing. Could you raise your skirt and remove you panties?" he asked calmly as though he asked me to close the door.  
  
"What?" I said raising my voice slightly.  
  
"You heard me, Heather, raise your skirt and remove your panties." he repeated but using his stern Father voice.   
  
"Yes, sir." I replied falling into my role using my little girl voice. I raised my skirt and lowered my g-string until it fell to the floor around my five inch heels. I stepped out of my g-string, picked it up and held it in my hand as Keith approached me. He removed a chrome cylinder about four inches long and an inch and a half in diameter with rounded ends from his pocket. "Another of your specialty items?" I asked sarcastically.  
  
"Why, yes it is." Keith said, "And since you seem so interested, I'll turn it up a bit." He took the cylinder and held in front of his face and twisted both ends. When he was satisfied with his adjustment, he walked over to me and said, "Spread you legs, Kitten."  
  
He knelt in front of me and leaned in and ran his tongue over my bare pussy lips and I shuddered and had to hold onto his shoulder. He probed my little hole with his tongue and I could feel myself getting wet and I spread my legs a little wider. I felt the cylinder at the entrance to my bare wet pussy.   
  
Being metal, I expected it to be cold but I guess Keith warmed it in his hands. He pushed it in slowly until the entire cylinder was inside me. Then, he pushed it in a further with his fingers until it was as far inside me as it could go. It felt different than the dildo he had used on me before. This was lodged deep inside me but there was nothing keeping my pussy lips spread. In fact, when Keith took his fingers out of me, my pussy lips closed up tight trapping the cylinder inside me.

He kissed my smooth pussy once more, nuzzling against my clit and I moaned and dropped my g-string because my legs started to shake and I had to hold onto Keith with both hands. Keith pick up my g-string and held it in front my feet. I lifted one foot into the g-string and then the other. Keith pulled them up my legs and spread the tiny little patch of cloth over my pussy lips and clit.  
  
He stood up and I dropped my skirt in place, covering my bare ass and my pussy covered by a thin strip of cloth that was my white g-string. He started to walk away and I said, "Keith, aren't you going to tell me what you just pushed up inside me?"  
  
"Of course," he said taking my hand and walking out of the bedroom toward the stairs. "I disconnected the doorbell and wired it so that every time someone pushes the button at the front door, you will get a five second shock in your pussy."  
  
"What?" I screamed. "Are you serious? How could you do this to me? You know those shocks will drive me crazy. What if I can't get to the door fast enough and they ring the bell again?"  
  
"To answer your last question first," he said calmly, "Each time they press the button for the doorbell, you will get a five second shock. I guess you should try to get to the door before they decide to ring again.  
  
"To answer your other questions, yes, I am serious." He paused as we reached the bottom of the steps. "As for how can I do this to you; I can do it because you know I would never let any harm come to you and you know that you'll love having your pussy tortured."  
  
"After the first few shocks, I'll be so excited everyone will know what's happening. I'll be so humiliated." I said starting to think about how I would react to the shocks.  
  
"That's the plan." Keith said with that smile on his face.  
  
I realized that Keith had set this up so that I would be tortured and humiliated but not directly by him. Each guest will get to torture me and not even know they were doing it.  
  
"I even set up a very tiny light over the bar. It looks like part of the bar lighting but the light goes on for five seconds when the doorbell is pushed so I'll always know when you are being shocked." he said very proud of himself.  
  
"Is this what you meant by making me dance on the pole?" I asked him.  
  
"No, no, Kitten," he said lifting my chin with the side of his finger, "That'll come later." and he kissed me quickly on the lips and led me into the game room.  
  
The game room had been set up as a large living room with sofas, chairs and small tables set up in groups around the room. The bar was still there from my "poker night" but the card table was gone. There was also a long buffet table with all types of appetizers and small sandwiches along one wall.  
  
We walked into the room and he said, "You and Tina will serve drinks. If a guest asks you to get him something from the buffet table, you or Tina will, of course, get it for him but your primary responsibility will be serving drinks and clearing away empty plates and glasses..  
  
"You and Tina will permit the guests to do anything they like to your bodies short of any type of intercourse. The guests have been told what they can and can't do to each of you and will abide by the rules. Also, Phil and I will monitor the activities to be sure that the rules are obeyed. And, you will obey any orders I give you and Tina will obey and orders she is given by Phil.  
  
"Phil has explained all of this to Tina so when she arrives she will know what to do. Do you understand your instructions?"  
  
"Yes, sir; I understand." I said softly. It was going to be quite a night for me and Tina.  
  
I walked to the bar to get familiar with what was stocked there when a million ants were turned loose in my pussy. "Oooowwww." I cried holding onto the bar to keep from falling. It was the longest five seconds of my life. I looked at Keith and he was smiling at me and I realized my nipples were hard and I could still feel the tingle from the shock to my pussy.  
  
"Heather," he called, "I believe there's someone at the door."  
  
I suddenly remembered that if I didn't get to the door, whoever was there would ring the bell again. I started for the door which was on the other side of the house; a good fifty feet taking the turns in the hall into consideration. I was sure Keith used the game room because it was the furthest room from the front door and the five inch heels on my poor feet didn't help my cause.  
  
I was almost to the door when another shock ravaged my poor little pussy. "Uuuhhhhnnn!" I moaned holding on to the entry table. I felt that one down to my toes but the pain was getting me excited. Was Keith testing the masochist in me?  
  
I opened the door and it was Phil and Tina. "Hello, Heather, you look beautiful as always." Phil said and kissed me on the cheek. "Is Keith in the game room?"  
  
"Yes, he is." I answered. I pointed down the hall and Phil was off. Tina was dressed in a sundress similar to mine but in blue. She had the same buttons removed as I did and it was exposing her the same way. She was wearing white five inch heels that made her 36C breasts jiggle as she walked. She had a really hot body; taller and almost skinny which made her breast seem even bigger than they were.  
  
I closed the door and grabbed Tina's hands. "Did he make you wear really skimpy underwear?" I asked her.  
  
"Oh god," she said rolling her eyes, "I might as well be naked underneath."  
  
We started walking toward the game room, "Do you know what's going on?" I asked almost whispering.  
  
"I was told that I would be serving drinks and some food. I would let the guests do anything they wanted to do to me and I was to follow Phil's orders without question or hesitation. But I know there's going to be more, Phil gave me two huge enemas this afternoon and that usually means my ass is going to be the focus of some attention." she said smiling.  
  
"I know Keith is going to humiliate me tonight." I predicted. "He already put a chrome dildo in my pussy and every time someone rings the doorbell my pussy gets shocked. And, I still don't know what 'dancing on the pole' means but I'm doing it tonight."  
  
Tina got a smile on her face and said, "You mean, when I pushed the button to ring the doorbell your pussy got shocked."  
  
"For five seconds," I sighed, "Both times."  
  
Her smile got bigger, "Now, I know why Phil made me ring the doorbell. I'll bet he knew and wanted me to be the one to shock you."  
  
I grabbed onto Tina's arm as the shock raced from my pussy, through my clit and down to my toes. I moaned and my legs weakened as she looked at me in surprise. "Someone at the door?" she said smiling.  
  
"You better go to the game room and get ready to take care of the guests. We don't want to give them an excuse to punish us this early in the evening. I'll get the door." I said a little out of breath from the jolt to my poor hole.  
  
I opened the door and it was Joe from the poker party. He was the one that took off my bra and pinched my nipples. I blushed remembering the feeling and said, "Good evening, sir; everyone's in the game room. I'll show you the way."  
  
As he followed me to the game room I could feel his eyes traveling up my legs from the five inch heels to my tight little ass. I looked down and realized that I was walking too fast as my little white g-string was showing with each step I took. What a dilemma. If I walked slow enough to keep my panties hidden, someone at the door would probably ring more than once and my pussy would get another shock. Keith was an evil genius and, despite what my poor pussy was being put through, I loved him for it.  
  
As we almost got to the game room, the cylinder in my pussy came to life again. I bit my lower lip but was able to keep walking as it felt like a million ants were running around on and in my pussy. I had to continue on to game room with Joe and then go back to answer the door. I knew whoever was at the front door was going to ring again before I could get there.  
  
I pointed Joe into the game room and hurried back toward the front door. I couldn't move very fast in the five inch heels but I was going fast enough that the movement of my legs against the unbuttoned skirt was showing the tiny g-string between my legs. My pussy was going to be exposed or shocked and, at this point, exposed was winning.  
  
I got to the entryway when the tube up my pussy went off again. My pussy clamped down all by itself making sure that there was a nice tight connection between the delicate lining of my tiny hole and the intruder in my pussy. I held on to the table in the entryway and quivered and moaned until the tingling in my body stopped.  
  
I opened the door and there was a man I never saw before standing there. "Good evening, sir." I said pulling the door open and stepping aside to let him in. "I'm Heather; thank you for coming. Please follow me to the game room." I closed the door and led him to the game room feeling his eyes trying to look through the back of my sundress all the way.  
  
I stopped at the door to the game room to let the latest guest enter. He walked in and was greeted by Keith who called him Jake. I looked into the room and I could see Phil sitting in one of the chairs. Tina was standing next to him and Phil had his hand up under her skirt.   
  
His hand must have been doing something because Tina was trying to wriggle away but she was stopped by Joe who was so close behind her that when she moved, she ground her ass into the front of Joe's pants. She had her tray in one hand, her mouth was open and she was moaning, "No...no" every few seconds.  
  
I was staring at Tina when the cylinder in my pussy jolted me back. I moaned and wriggled my hips much like poor Tina and started the long walk back to the front door. It was going to be a long night.

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I got to the door before they hit the doorbell a second time but this going back and forth and trying to walk quickly in my five inch heels was taking its toll on my feet and lower legs. There were two guys at the door. I was glad because it was one less trip I would have to make and one less shock to my now wet and tingling little pussy.  
  
I greeted the guys and led them to the game room with them staring at my legs and ass all the way. Judging by what was happening to Tina, the guys were probably imagining what they would do when they could get their hands on my body. I shivered imaging what it would be like being felt up and probably stripped naked in front of not only the assembled men, but Tina, too.  
  
Keith was standing outside the game room and he greeted both men and they went in to join the festivities. Tina was behind the bar and her face was red. From where I was, at the door to the game room, I couldn't tell if she was blushing from embarrassment or flushed from having her body played with.  
  
Keith kissed me on the cheek and asked, "How are you making out, Heather?"  
  
"My feet are a little sore and my pussy is still tingling from people pressing the doorbell," I said with a smile. "But it isn't as bad as when I first started."  
  
Keith smiled and said, "See, I told you I wouldn't let any harm come to you. That little buzzer is one of our more popular items. Of course, connecting it to the doorbell was my idea."  
  
I gave him a mock smile since my poor little pussy was the recipient of his inventiveness. "What were they doing to Tina a few minutes ago?" I asked.  
  
"Anything they wanted." Keith answered. "Phil has given them pretty much carte blanch as far as she is concerned."  
  
"Does she know that? Does she know they can do what they want to her?" I asked, my voice raising a little.  
  
"I'm sure Phil gave her instructions when they arrived and he'll be here to stop any activity he disapproves of."  
  
"Well...what about me?" I asked, my voice shaking. "Can they do anything they want to me, too?"  
  
"Not anything," he said, smiling that smile and touching my cheek, "I told you earlier, anything short of intercourse of any kind. Phil didn't put that restriction on Tina.  
  
"You mean they can have sex with Tina?" I gasped, "In front of all the other men?"  
  
"Yes, to both questions." he said. "In fact, if our previous meetings are any indication, by the end of the night, she'll probably have had sex with all of the men here, sometimes with more than one at a time." He paused and smiled at me. "I'm not comfortable with letting anyone go that far with you."  
  
I looked at Keith and said, "How many men are coming?"  
  
"Not counting Phil and my self, there will be eight. You and Tina will be very busy tonight. Have fun." he said with a chuckle and walked back into the game room.  
  
My pussy got another shock and I trembled for five long seconds. I started for the front door to let another guest in but I didn't make it before they rang again, shocking my tight and tingling pussy. I walked the guy back to the game room and the shocks and walks to the front door was repeated a few more times in fairly rapid succession. There were seven guests here and my poor pussy was buzzing even when I wasn't being shocked.  
  
When I got to the game room with the seventh guest, Keith told me to help Tina serve the guests. "But one guest hasn't arrived yet." I told him.   
  
"That's okay, I'm sure you'll know when he arrives." Keith said with a grin.  
  
I walked to the bar where Tina was serving drinks. She was flushed but seemed to be enjoying herself. "Are you all right?" I asked her.  
  
She smiled at me and said, "Phil must have given these guys road map of my body. Every one of them seems to know exactly where to touch me and what to do to really get me crazy. God, Heather, I'm already soaked and my nipples are so hard they hurt."  
  
"You seem to be enjoying what they're doing." I said a little surprised.  
  
"Wait until they start on you." she said with a big grin, "You'll be begging them not stop just like I will before the night's over."  
  
Tina loved what the guys were doing to her; I wondered if Keith told them how to get to me, too. I walked over to where the men who had just arrived were sitting and asked if they'd like a drink. They ordered their drinks and one of them said, "We were debating what color underwear you had on this evening. May we take a look and see who wins the bet."  
  
I blushed, but reached down to lift the bottom of my sundress to show them the little patch of cloth covering my pussy when one of the other men laughed and said, "Nonsense, the bet was all of her underwear." He walked up to me and unbuttoned the few buttons that were left on my sundress. I looked at Keith who nodded at me and smiled and the man took off my sundress. "See," he said happily, "I told you it would be white."  
  
Suddenly, I was almost naked in a room with nine fully dressed men counting Phil and Keith and Tina who, while she'd been felt up for almost an hour, at least still had her dress on. One of the men behind me patted my bare ass cheeks and said, "Thank you, my dear." I walked to the bar to get the drinks.   
  
While I was making the drinks I looked at where the men were gathered and I saw Tina standing in the middle of the floor with several of the men around her talking. I could't hear what they were saying, but they all laughed and one of the men unbuttoned Tina's sundress and pulled it off of her.   
  
"Ooohhh!" she squealed and tried to cover herself with her hands. Considering her underwear was as skimpy as mine, it was an impossible task. One of the men, standing behind her, slapped her ass with a resounding "Pop" and Tina squealed again moving both hands to cover her ass cheeks.  
  
A few of the guys reminded her that she was not permitted to cover herself and she blushed and dropped her hands to her sides. She walked toward the bar as I was taking the guys who took my dress their drinks and as we passed, she winked at me.  
  
'That bitch,' I said to myself, 'she's loving every minute of this and is pretending that she's embarrassed'. I delivered the drinks to the guys who took my dress. Unlike the poker game, they were obviously free to touch me anywhere they wanted.   
  
One guy was rubbing his fingers along my wet pussy lips through my tiny g-string when the cylinder in my pussy sent a shock through me that caused me to gasp and him to jump and pull his hand away from my pussy. He stood shaking his hand while I endured the full five seconds of electrical "stimulation".   
  
He looked at me with a surprised look on his face. When the shock to my poor pussy ended and I stopped shaking, he asked, "What was that? Was that an electric shock?", still shaking his hand with a skeptical look on his face.  
  
"Yes sir." I explained trying to hurry before the guest at the door decided to ring the bell again. Keith has put an electrical device inside my pussy and every time someone rings the doorbell I get a five second electric shock inside my little pussy."  
  
"You mean your pussy gets shocked as bad as what I felt on my hand - and it lasts for five seconds? How do you stand it without screaming every time the doorbell rings?"  
  
Before I could answer, Keith walked up behind me and said, "Actually, the shock she gets in her pussy is much stronger because the walls of her tight little cunt are wet and make direct contact with the device. And, of course, the inside of her pussy is much more sensitive than your hand."  
  
This was so humiliating. Keith and three men were discussing my pussy with me standing right there. Suddenly the cylinder activated again inside me and I moaned and quivered through another five seconds of torture. When I recovered, Keith smiled at me like he was proud that I was enduring this torture for him and said with a chuckle, "You better go answer the door while you can still walk."  
  
"Yes sir." I said and hurried out of the game room while the men asked Keith about purchasing similar devices for their subs. When I got in the hall, I realized all I had on was the skimpy white lacey bra and white g-string that covered almost nothing and my five inch white heels. I didn't want another shock so I hurried down the hall to the front door.  
  
I didn't make it. I got another shock before I reached the door. My stomach, ass, and pussy convulsed with the shock and I was glad this was the last guest arriving. I opened the door and it was one of the men from the poker game but I didn't remember his name.  
  
He slowly looked over my nearly naked body from my white high heels to my brown hair. Finally he said, "Sorry I'm late." He looked over my nearly naked body again, "I see the party's already started. I was worried no one would hear the doorbell."  
  
I smiled, thinking of my still tingling pussy, "Oh no, sir; I knew you were at the door as soon as you rang the first time. We're all in the game room and it's a long walk to the door, especially in these heels." I turned sideways pointing my toe inside the five inch heel and bending my knee slightly giving him a sexy look at my leg all the way up to my bare ass.  
  
He followed me down the hall. I could feel his eyes on me and who could blame him. From the back I was naked except for the little string running between my ass cheeks and across my hips and the tiny straps holding my bra on. I'm sure that my legs in the five inch heels and my ass wiggling with each step were responsible for the bulge that appeared in his pants by the time we got to the game room.  
  
While I was answering the door and getting my pussy tortured, Tina was dealing with five of the guys who decided to see just how much stimulation she could stand. They had removed her bra and two were sucking and biting on each of her tits, two were spanking each of her ass cheeks and one was teasing her pussy through her little blue g-string.  
  
She was holding onto the shoulders of the two guys who were teasing her tits and moaning. The guys spanking her ass were pushing her pussy up against the fingers of the guy teasing her barely covered pussy. Her ass was hot pink and she looked like she was close to coming. I couldn't imagine that much stimulation all at once.  
  
Keith stood up and asked for everyone's attention and the guys stopped what they were doing to Tina. She moaned, "Oh no. Please don't stop now." and tried to get the guys to continue playing with her body. Her ass was as red as were her nipples and the little piece of cloth that was the biggest part of her g-string was soaking wet. Phil went over and led her up to where Keith was standing. Her 36C tits stood up proud and she looked so sexy in her high heels and tiny g-string.  
  
Keith asked me to join him and I walked to the center of the game room. "Yesterday," Keith began, addressing the men, "Heather promised she would dance on the pole for me tonight." The men applauded politely. I could feel my face turn red and I wasn't even sure what was going to be done to me. I hoped this wouldn't be too embarrassing, I wasn't a very good dancer but, knowing Keith, he would make it as humiliating as possible for me.  
  
"Shortly, we'll all go to the next room where Heather will fulfill her promise." he continued. "But first, she must be prepared; and the lovely Tina", he nodded to Tina who was still flushed wearing only a blue g-string and high heels, "will help get Heather ready."  
  
Keith took a step away from me and said, "Tina, will you strip Heather naked, please?"  
  
There were ten men and Tina in the room and I was going to be stripped by the other woman. Ten minutes ago I was humiliated because of the skimpy underwear I was being made to wear and now I was humiliated because the skimpy underwear was going to be taken from me.  
  
Tina walked up to me and whispered, "I'm sorry, baby, if I don't do it, Phil promised I'd be tortured by these guys all night." She unsnapped my bra and slid it off my arms dropping it at me feet. I gasped as she caressed my breasts and tweaked my nipples for the entertainment of the men and to increase my humiliation.  
  
Tina, being a woman I guess, knew exactly how to tease my tits to have the greatest effect on me. My nipples got hard and I could feel my pussy get damp. Tina sure did have great hands. She ran those hands slowly, lightly, down my sides tickling me and played with the strings on my tiny panties. The guys were encouraging her to go ahead and take them off, some even suggesting what she should do to me after they were removed; mostly involving her tongue and fingers and my hairless pussy.  
  
She took the strings at my hips in each of her hands and slid the panties down as she knelt down in front of me. All of my charms were now fully displayed for the men who had been undressing me with their eyes for the past hour. They were cheering and saying things about my body and what they'd like to do to it when Tina leaned in and put her mouth on my hairless pussy lips. It was like a French kiss; her lips on my pussy lips and her tongue teasing just inside the entrance to my pussy without actually penetrating my, now, very excited little hole.  
  
I groaned and grabbed Keith's arm to keep my balance. I even spread my legs a little more to give Tina better access much to the delight of the men gathered around enjoying the impromptu show. She put her fingers inside my pussy and I moaned as she reached into me and pulled out the cylinder that had been the source of my torment for most of the night. Tina stood up taking her lips from my wet pussy and I moaned again, this time in frustration.  
  
Phil stepped up behind Tina, reached around and grabbed her nipples between his thumbs and forefingers and squeezed causing her to yelp. "Keith said he wants her naked," he said squeezing her nipples even harder and giving them a little twist, "Take off her high heels, too." He let go of her and I could see tears in her eyes but she didn't touch her angry red nipples. I could see that she'd do whatever they told her to do to me to try to avoid punishment.  
  
She knelt down in front of me again and unbuckled first one, then the other five inch heel and I stepped out of them. Tina was a couple of inches taller than me; and, with me barefoot...all over... and her in her five inch heels, she towered over me. Keith handed Tina padded white ankle cuffs. She knelt in front of me again and put the ankle cuffs on me. When they were buckled tightly, Tina stood up.  
  
"Now that Heather is ready," Keith announced, "Shall we go into the next room where Heather will entertain us?" He took me by the hand and we all walked to the next room: me, naked as the day I was born; Keith, Phil, and Tina and eight men most of them strangers to me.  
  
The room was as big as the game room and there were very comfortable chairs and sofas set up in a circle around a round a stage about five feet in diameter lit by spotlights leaving the rest of the room in semi-darkness. Most alarming to me was what was on the little stage.  
  
In the center of the stage was a pole sticking up about three and a half feet. The bottom half of the pole was metal; the top half was a hard rubber inserted into the metal portion of the pole so the height could be adjusted. On the top of the hard rubber pole was a dildo about seven inches long and about six inches around. I knew exactly where Keith intended for that dildo to go.  
  
I squeezed his hand and looked at him, pleading with my eyes not to make me do this. He leaned down and whispered, "Trust me, Kitten, before your little dance is done, you will be enjoying it. You may even thank me."  
  
I did trust him. But looking at that dildo, my cuffed ankles, being totally naked, and ten men and Tina watching; I didn't think I would be thanking any one. He took me onto the stage and led me up to the pole. Tina came on stage and knelt at the pole and lowered it until I could stand over the dildo. She raised the pole just enough so the dildo was rubbing against my wet pussy lips.  
  
The dildo rubbing against my pussy felt good and I moaned and the guys began to laugh and make comments about my being so excited. What could I say; they were right, between the stimulation from Tina and now the dildo and the humiliation of being stripped naked in front of all these men, I was excited – very excited.  
  
Tina put a little lube on the dildo and then raised it until about five of its seven inches were buried in my bare and very vulnerable pussy. I gasped and Tina ran her fingers up and down along the inside of my thighs getting me even more excited.   
  
Tina told me to spread my legs until my feet reached the clips in the floor. I hadn't noticed them before; the clips were about thirty-six inches apart with me in the middle which spread my legs fairly wide and gave the guys a great view of the dildo going into my pussy. As I spread my legs the dildo sunk a little deeper into my exposed pussy and I was starting to feel really stretched and full.  
  
Tina locked my ankle cuffs to the clips on the floor and now I was trapped on the dildo with my legs spread. I could move my hips because the rubber part of the rod holding the dildo was flexible enough to allow some movement but as long as my feet were locked in place I wasn't getting off of the dildo.  
  
Keith was standing back a little watching Tina work on me. Now, he came forward and put a leather harness over the front of my shoulders. The best way I could describe it is to say it was like wearing a backpack, but there was no backpack. In place of the backpack was a leather pad with a D-ring attached. Keith attached a chain from the ceiling to the D-ring; it was not holding me up, but I could not lower myself. Basically, it would prevent me from losing my balance and falling.  
  
While Keith did this, Tina raised the dildo until a ball at the base of the dildo was resting against my already excited clit. I hadn't noticed the ball before but it had long fine rubber bristles all over it to tickle my clit. Tina made another adjustment; the dildo was deep enough and wide enough in my poor pussy to make me feel full but not uncomfortable.  
  
Keith stepped behind me and attached leather binders to both my upper arms. I couldn't see what he was doing but he attached my left wrist to the binder on my right upper arm and my right wrist to the binder on my left upper arm. This effectively crossed my arms behind my back pushing my breasts out highlighting my now hard nipples and keeping my arms and hands up high enough so as not to obstruct the guys' view of my cute, bare, little ass that they hoped would soon be wiggling and shaking.  
  
I could hear the guys talking about my body and how being naked, shaved and spread made me look. They noted the position I was in and described, in great detail, some of the things they would like to do to me. Their comments, while embarrassing, were getting me even more excited.  
  
Being completely naked, spread and unable to stop anything from happening to me had me so excited and humiliated I unconsciously started rotating my hips on the big dildo. I was rubbing the dildo against those oh so sensitive spots inside my wet hole. This was not missed by the guys sitting around the stage and the things they said to me got me even more excited and I could feel wetness leaking out of my stretched pussy.   
  
I found that if I rose up on my tip toes, I could move my clit away from the ball with the long bristles which helped stopped the stimulation to my clit, at least. However, going up on my toes caused my legs and ass to tense up making them look even sexier for my audience's pleasure.

Keith asked for their attention and everyone quieted down. "Gentlemen," he began, "Heather has kindly offered to entertain us this evening by dancing on the pole for us. In fact, as you have noticed, she has already started." There were some chuckles in the audience and Keith continued. "Please feel free to shout encouragement to her and suggest what you would like to see her do – or do to her. When I get off of the stage, it will rotate slowly so that everyone will get a full 360 degree view of Heather's body and can enjoy her dance from every angle. Remember, no touching. That is what Tina is here for. If you feel the urge to do something to Heather, just do it to Tina instead."  
  
Tina's eyes opened wide and she looked at Keith and then at me. I just smiled at her. She put me in this position and while I had to deal with a seven inch dildo up my little pussy and a bristly ball against my clit, she would have to deal with the eight horny guys getting watching me.   
  
"Tina, take off your g-string. We wouldn't want anything to be in the way of our friends enjoying themselves, would we?" Keith said.  
  
Tina blushed, and looked to Phil who told her to do what she was told. She removed her g-string and now, with the exception of her five inch heels, she was as naked as I was. She was, indeed, a beautiful woman and I could see the men couldn't wait to get their hands on her. I wasn't sure who was going to be tortured more. Me, tied to this dildo and on display for all these men; or Tina, who would be in among the men completely naked and unable to stop anything they wanted to do to her.  
  
Keith helped Tina off the stage and then stepped off himself. A couple of the guys grabbed Tina and pulled her over their laps. I heard the sound of a hand smacking a bare ass and I heard her squeal and I saw her high heels kicking in the air. Just then the stage started to rotate and I lost sight of Tina but I could hear her squealing and the men laughing.  
  
At the rate I was turning, it took about three minutes to get back around to where I had started. The guys were not shy about their assessments of my body or my situation. Comments ranged from "Look at how beautiful she is." and "Keith is a really lucky guy." to "I'll bet that dildo feels good in your pussy." and "Shake that shaved cunt for us."  
  
I tried to stay as still as possible but despite my best efforts I was wriggling a little. Just after I passed the starting point, where I could see Tina was being held down on a sofa while one of the guys was eating her pussy and another had his dick in her mouth, one of the guys yelled, "She isn't dancing very much, maybe she needs some encouragement."  
  
Suddenly, the little ball with the bristles resting against my clit started to vibrate. Not real strong, but enough to cause a tingling from my clit through my pussy. "Oh, my!" I said out loud with a gasp and started rotating my hips making the dildo hit all the good spots inside my pussy. That got a rise out of the guys yelling, "Oh, yeah, there she goes." and "Now the real show starts."  
  
They could tell how excited I was getting. Try as I might, I couldn't stay still. The comments from the guys were coming from all around me. While some guys had a great view of my pussy and my tits, others had a view of my ass shaking as I wiggled and danced on the dildo and the vibrating ball trying to relieve the unending tickling between my legs.  
  
Again, Keith knew just how to make it worse. The ball began to vibrate faster and I yelped and my whole body shook making my tits swing from side to side. "Oh, no faster, please." I begged as I could feel an orgasm building up already.   
  
As much as I promised myself that I would not put on a show for these guys, I couldn't help myself. I wiggled, I squirmed, I writhed, and I twisted. I moaned and I thrust my hips side to side and back and forth both, displaying my most intimate parts in search of approaching orgasm and trying to elude it at the same time, so I would not cum in front of all these men.  
  
Finally, I came crying, "Oh god, oh god." and shaking violently but the vibrations didn't stop. My only hope was to get away from the bristly ball that was tickling my clit, but that meant I had to get up on my toes tensing my ass and legs which would delight the men who were enjoying my humiliation.  
  
Too late! While I was trying to clear my head enough to decide what to do, another orgasm crashed into me. Keith had turned the vibrator up another notch. This time I screamed and rotated my hips grinding on the dildo and the men cheered.  
  
The spasms from my orgasm had not stopped and I could feel another orgasm coming even before I recovered from the last one. I was, indeed, dancing on the pole. I was gyrating and wiggling my body. I could feel the cheeks of my ass bouncing and my hands tied behind my back made my proud little tits jiggle and bounce on my chest so much that they hurt. The men were laughing at my torment and taunting me in my misery.  
  
I could hear Tina begging for the men to please stop and her voice being cut off by the unmistakable sound of a hard cock being shoved into her mouth. I rethought the question of who was in the worse predicament, Tina or I; now I wasn't sure.   
  
Another orgasm was coming fast and I wasn't recovered from the last one. I had to stop the vibrations on my clit. I started to raise myself up on my bare toes and as my clit moved away from the ball, I got an appalling surprise; the vibrating rubber bristles were long enough to lash my swollen clit as I tried to get up on my toes. The whipping brought on another orgasm. I came down hard off my toes, crushing my swollen clit into the vibrating ball and I wailed, "OOOOOHHHH, No, No, Please wait. Not again." But no one came to help. In fact they laughed and cheered as I came yet again and shook and trembled and danced on the pole.  
  
I tried to close my legs pulling on one ankle cuff, locked to the floor, and then the other. Of course there was no way I was getting my feet loose. My trying to get my feet free made it look like I was dancing from one foot to the other, an observation not missed by many of the guys in the audience and a source of great amusement for them and humiliation for me.  
  
The vibrator continued to work on my clit and I knew I couldn't stop the orgasms if I didn't get my clit off of the vibrator. The insides of my thighs were glistening with my juices and I was sweating from the gyrations my body was driven to by the vibrator, the dildo, the humiliation and the thrill of being put on display while I was forced to cum.  
  
I couldn't take anymore. I lifted onto my toes to get my clit away from the vibrator and I had to endure another clit whipping. "OOOOOHHHH! Please, somebody help me." I cried as the bristles whipped my swollen super-sensitive clit. No one moved to help me, but I managed to get on my very tippy toes and I was raised high enough above the vibrator to stop the vibrations and the whipping of my clit.  
  
The men were telling each other how sexy my legs and ass looked all tensed up as I stood on my toes. My feet and calves were starting to hurt from the strain of holding myself high up on my toes, but it was better than letting myself down onto the vibrator and those cruel bristles again.  
  
Suddenly, Keith was standing in front of me. "Are you having fun, Heather?" he asked looking at me quivering, naked, and on my toes.  
  
God help me! The little masochist inside me got loose and I couldn't stop her. "Much better now, sir; I can stand on my toes and stop my clit from being tortured; as long as I stay on my toes, no problem. Is this another one of your little inventions?" I said mockingly.  
  
"No," he said smiling, "This isn't my invention. However, some of the modifications are mine. Like the vibrating ball with the little tentacles and adjustable speed. But, we can't have you avoiding torture without some price for you to pay, can we?" He produced the clover clamps from his pocket and put them on my nipples.  
  
"EEOOOWWWW! No, no. I'm sorry." I screamed as he stood watching me shaking my tits trying to get the clamps off while struggling to stay on my toes to spare my pussy more torture.  
  
He took two springs out of his pockets and I knew what was coming. The little masochist was gone and my poor, hairless, naked, body was left behind to pay for her taunting remarks.  
  
He hooked the springs to the clamps and I started to beg him not to hang weights from my nipples. The guys in the audience heard me begging and, of course, they thought weights hanging from my nipples was a great idea and cheered for Keith to do it.  
  
He took two weights out of his pocket and held them up and all the guys shouted and applauded for Keith to do it. He looked at me and smiled and said, "Only two ounces each since this your first time."  
  
"Noooo, please." I whimpered in my little girl voice trying for his sympathy, but he hung one from each spring. "Arrrggghh" I groaned as the weights pulled at my perky little nipples and the guys cheered again.   
  
I tried to stay as still as possible to save my poor tits but my legs were starting to tremble from the strain of being on my toes. The weights on my nipples, while relatively light, just added to the pressure on my body to come down off of my toes. The guys were talking to each other about how beautiful my body was and how they wished they were allowed to fuck me or at least touch me. I was getting more and more excited by what the guys were suggesting.   
  
As I rotated around to where a group of guys had Tina, she was draped over the lap of one guy who was spanking her ass which was bright red by now. One guy had an impressive cock in her mouth and she had her hands wrapped around the dicks of two guys standing on each side of the guy she was sucking. She was moaning and sucking the guy in her mouth and pumping up and down on the cocks in her hands. She raised her ass for more punishment and if the guy spanking wasn't quick enough, or hard enough, she wiggled her ass into the air daring him to hit her ass again. She seemed to be enjoying herself.  
  
But I had my own problems. My feet were starting to ache and I could feel myself lowering onto the dildo stuck up my stretched, wet pussy. Coming down off my toes slowly earned me a long painful clit whipping as I tried to stay on my toes. "Oh, no" I wailed trying to get back on my toes without success. "Please, Oh no, my clit, oh god, it's going to whip my clit off."  
  
I was wriggling and thrusting my hips on the dildo and vibrator and the weights on my nipples were bouncing around to the delight of the guys in the audience. Despite the torture being inflicted on my poor hairless and naked body – maybe because of the torture being inflicted on me? – I came again and my entire body vibrated almost as fast as the vibrator buried again against my clit.  
  
I screamed, "Not again! No more, Please not again." I shuddered and squirmed causing the weights attached to my nipples to bounce adding more pain but now the pain was exciting me more as the guys pointed out to each other how the weights stretched my tits down and then bounced up and how they bet it really hurt. They were right; it did hurt. But the humiliation of them watching me in pain and enjoying it so much excited me even more.  
  
I was trying to keep myself under control and to endure the vibrator's torment of my clit. I guess Keith felt my performance needed some incentive because the vibrator's speed picked up dramatically. "AAHHHEEEEE" I screamed and rose up on my toes earning me another clit whipping and I screamed again.  
  
The weights were bouncing on my tits and the guys were cheering. Again they talked about how great my legs and ass looked all tensed up. They teased me about how tight they bet my asshole would be on their cocks while I was on my toes and again their taunts got me even more excited.  
  
I couldn't see Tina, but I could hear her crying, "Oh, god. Oh, yes. Fuck me harder, please, fuck me harder."   
  
My legs and feet started to give out. I tried to stay on my toes but I could feel myself sliding slowly down on the dildo. The bristles started whipping my clit again and I cried out, "Oh, please make it stop. I can't cum again. I can't take anymore. Please somebody help meeeee."  
  
My heels slowly lowered to the top of the stage. My clit was whipped all the way down and the dildo was again buried deep in my tight hairless pussy. The vibrator, now on a very high speed was causing me to vibrate from my knees to my tits causing the weights to bounce merrily from my burning nipples.  
  
The men cheered as I ground my pussy in circles on the dildo pressing the vibrator into my clit. I was out of control. The pain and the pleasure merged in my mind and body. Combined with the cheering men and the humiliation of being forced to have these men see me cum again and again – my most personal moments made so public- overloaded my body emotionally and sexually.  
  
I could feel the huge orgasm coming. I couldn't stop it. I knew I would bounce and shake and scream and cry but I couldn't stop it. I had been forced to endure so much. I was humiliated, but the guys shouting encouragement, taunts, and compliments and detailing the degrading acts they wanted to perform on my body had me excited beyond my ability to reason. It was a good thing Keith had declared that I was not to be touched because I would have let the guys do anything they wanted to me. That is why I needed Keith to take care of me.  
  
The orgasm was almost on top of me and I tried to get my clit off of the vibrator but my legs and feet were too weak. All I got for my efforts was another clit whipping, the weights bouncing happily from my poor distended nipples and the orgasm that hit me was so powerful the muscles in my ass and stomach spasmed and my pussy clutched at the dildo so hard that I thought I would rip it from the stage.  
  
I screamed and begged. I pleaded for mercy and then for help and finally I cried, "Fuck me, somebody, please fuck me." over and over again and I could hear the guys cheering and applauding and whistling.  
  
The harness that Keith had put on my shoulders was holding me up as I slowly became aware of what was going on around me. The men had left. The vibrator had stopped and the nipple clamps were gone. My arms were hanging at my sides and Keith was kneeling in front of me and removing the ankle clamps freeing my feet. He stood up in front of me and I threw my arms around him and kissed him.  
  
He put his arms around my still naked body, impaled on the seven inch dildo, and returned my kiss. "Oh, Keith," I said softly, "You tortured me for the enjoyment of your friends. All those men watched me cum over and over. I was so humiliated; but I was so excited even though it hurt so bad. At the end, I was so excited I would have let those men do anything to me. Am I a masochist? Are you ashamed of me? Do you still love me?"  
  
He kissed me again. His kiss was so soft and deep and he held me so close but so gently that I knew he still loved me. When he slowly moved his lips from mine he whispered, "Yes, you are a masochist, and an exhibitionist, and a submissive. And I love you for all of it. I'm not ashamed of you. I'm proud of you and so glad that the things I do to you give you so much pleasure. You're so beautiful when you cum; whether I am torturing you or making love to you."  
  
He released the harness that was holding me up and carefully lifted me off of the dildo that was still buried in my now sore pussy. He lifted me with his hands under my arms like someone would lift a baby out of a crib. I wondered how strong he really was to be able to lift me with just his arms and shoulders.  
  
He set me down on my feet just long enough to shift his arms around me and lift me like a bride going over the threshold. He stepped off of the stage and there was Phil with his arm around Tina, helping her to walk. Tina was still wearing her five inch heels and nothing else. Her tits and hairless pussy were red and the insides of her thighs were wet with her juices and men's cum that had leaked from her pussy and maybe her asshole, too. I know her ass was red and sore from when I saw her while I was dancing on the pole. Her hair was down and wet in spots, probably with cum, and her makeup was smeared around her lips and eyes.  
  
Keith said to Phil, "You know where the guest rooms are, don't you?" Phil said that he did and that he would see us in the morning and helped Tina off to the guest rooms.  
  
Keith carried me up to our bedroom and laid me in the bed. He undressed and climbed in next to me and I reached for his semi hard cock. He pulled me up and kissed me pulling my naked body tightly to him but I still held onto his stiffening cock.   
  
"As much as I want to fuck you, Kitten, after all your beautiful little pussy has been through, I'm afraid any more might injure you."  
  
I kissed his chest and said in my little girl voice, "Oh, daddy, after all you did to me tonight, after all those times you made me cum; I can't let you go to sleep with this big hard cock."  
  
I pushed him onto his back and slid down and took his nine inch cock in my mouth and began bobbing my mouth up and down on it getting it as wet as I could. I sucked on his beautiful cock as hard as I could and I ran my tongue up and down on that big vein that pulses along the length of it. Just before he came, I was able to get just the head of his cock into my throat without gagging. He groaned and I knew that I wanted learn to take his entire cock down my throat.  
  
He didn't last long and came down my throat thrusting his hips in the air and I rode his cock with my mouth until his cum stopped shooting down my throat. I licked his cock clean and when I took my mouth off of his cock. He pulled me up on top of him and wrapped his arms around me and kissed me so hard that I had one more little orgasm.  
  
He rolled onto his side, taking me with him. Then, he turned me so my back was to him and pulled me close pushing his still wet and semi-hard cock between my ass cheeks. He kissed my neck behind my ear, knowing it was a sensitive spot for me and whispered so softly that I almost didn't hear him, "I love you, Kitten."  
  
I knew belonged to my Keith and he would keep me safe. He could do whatever he wanted to do to me or with me, and I wouldn't have it any other way.

My Own Heaven Ch. 13

I woke up Saturday morning snuggled up to Keith in the huge four poster bed. He was lying on his side and I was curled up next to him with my head up against his chest. I could still smell his after shave from last night. I looked up at his face and he was awake and staring at me.  
  
I'm sure I looked a mess after all he put me through last night. Surprisingly, I wasn't sore anywhere; I expected a few parts of me would be rather tender, but they weren't. Looking up at Keith I said, "What?" with a giggle.  
  
"Nothing," he said softly, smiling at me (and I do love when he smiles at me like that), "I just like watching you sleep."  
  
I blushed! Can you believe it? The man has seen me naked and in some really humiliating positions; that he put me in. He has examined, tasted, teased and tortured every square inch of my body; paying particular attention to my most private parts. And, has done things to me that I could not have dreamed of six weeks ago; and loved every single thing he did. Yet, all he has to do is say something soft and sweet to me and I go to pieces for him.  
  
He gathered me up in his arms with my head against his chest and kissed me on the top of my head. "How do you feel this morning?" he asked his voice still soft and deep, sending a tingle through me.  
  
I turned over placing my back against his hard body and wiggling my soft warm little ass against his soft but still impressive cock. His cock immediately starting growing and getting harder; I have that effect on him. "You see," he said laughing, "And then you wonder why I think of ways to tease, torture and humiliate you."  
  
"You tease, torture and humiliate me because when I finally submit, beg for mercy and promise to do anything you want; you love fucking my brains out." I said giggling again.   
  
"And you don't love it when I fuck your brains out?" he asked.  
  
"Worse." I said wiggling my ass against his now formidable and semi-hard cock, "I love the teasing, the torturing, the humiliation and the ways you fuck me. I love it all!"  
  
He closed his arms around me again grinding his cock against my little asshole making me squeal and then moan. He kissed the back of my neck and my shoulder and said, "I'm going to shower, then I'll go down and put on coffee and see if Phil is up yet." He got out of bed pulling the covers up over me like he was tucking me in.   
  
I had forgotten all about Phil and Tina staying in the guest rooms last night. I wonder how Tina feels this morning. From what I saw, those eight guys really worked her over last night. Of course, I was really getting worked over myself so I only caught glimpses of what they were doing to her.   
  
Keith came out of the bathroom, naked with his broad chest, narrow hips, big dick and muscular legs on display. He walked over to me and sat on the bed and I could feel my pussy getting wet and I felt like I was getting a hot flash. He leaned over and kissed my cheek and I could smell the soap and shampoo from his shower.  
  
"I'm going to go down and make coffee. Do you want me to bring it up or do you want to come down? I'll make breakfast if you're hungry." he asked.  
  
"Breakfast sounds great." I said. Then, I couldn't resist even though I knew I would pay for it, I reached out and took his cock in my hand, squeezed it a little and said, "I was a little busy last night and didn't get to sample the buffet."  
  
"I'll give you something to sample tonight." he said pulling his cock from my grasp and hitting my ass through the covers.   
  
I squealed even though I couldn't really feel anything through the covers. "I'll shower and be right down." I said.  
  
"Okay." he said and went to his closet, put on a pair of shorts and a shirt, threw me a kiss and went down to start breakfast.  
  
I got up and took a nice hot shower and examined myself in the mirrors. There was not a mark on me and I felt great. Considering what Keith did to me last night, I expected, at least, some aches and pains. I put on my soft, fluffy "Heather" robe and went into the bedroom. I could smell coffee and bacon cooking so I decided to get dressed after breakfast and I went down to the kitchen.  
  
When I got to the kitchen, Keith was busy making bacon and Phil was making waffles. They had the table set and, while I'm not a real big breakfast person everything smelled wonderful. Phil pointed me to a place at the table and I sat down and he filled my mug with coffee. "Is Tina still sleeping?" I asked.  
  
"No she's up. She's in the shower." Phil said. "I heard Keith in the kitchen and I smelled the coffee so I came in and we decided we were going to make breakfast. So, just sit, relax and enjoy your coffee. Would you like some juice?"  
  
I opted for orange juice; it was cold, fresh and delicious. As I was drinking the juice and coffee, enjoying the experience of having two men waiting on me, Tina came into the kitchen. Phil kissed her and directed her to the place opposite me at the table and gave her coffee and juice, too.   
  
Even without makeup, Tina looked as beautiful as ever. She had on a thin, mid-thigh, silky robe and didn't seem any worse for the wear after last night. I was anxious to hear what happened to her.  
  
Keith invited them to spend the day with us; just hanging by the pool and relaxing. I liked the idea, it would give Tina and I a chance to compare notes from last night. Phil said that they had plans for tonight; they were meeting his parents for dinner but they'd love to stay until they had to go and get ready for tonight.  
  
Tina said, "I don't have a swim suit with me."  
  
"That's not a problem for Heather," Keith said as he put the bacon on the table, "She's not allowed to wear anything out on the deck or by the pool without permission anyway."  
  
Before I could say anything, Phil spoke up, "Well then, Tina's not allowed to wear anything either. Problem solved." And it was settled without either of us having a say. Tina and I would spend the day naked by the pool. Phil put the waffles he made on the table and we all had breakfast.   
  
Keith mentioned his cabin in the mountains to Phil and how they hadn't been up there since early spring. He said he heard they had gotten the first autumn snow and he liked to take a trip up there.  
  
Phil said "A trip to the mountains would be great. Fresh, clean air and no neighbors for miles makes it peaceful and relaxing. Maybe we could take the girls up there with us; just the four of us."  
  
Tina gasped, and I looked at her. She had a surprised look on her face.  
  
"That sounds like a great idea." Keith agreed, "How about next weekend, we can even try to get away early on Friday. Do you have any plans for next weekend?"  
  
Phil looked at Tina who shook her head still looking shocked. "Sounds great; a weekend in the mountains is just what we need to unwind from work." Phil said. And it was settled.  
  
I really liked Tina, she was fast becoming like a big sister. I knew Phil was great guy from work, but he was even more fun away from the office. At work he was stiff and all business but here he was relaxed and kept us all laughing.  
  
After breakfast, we cleaned up the kitchen, agreed to meet at the pool in fifteen minutes, and went to get ready. Well, the guys went to get ready. All we girls had to do was strip naked. Silly as it may sound, I was nervous about being naked in front of Phil and Tina even though they have both seen me naked in much more humiliating circumstances than lying by the pool.  
  
We went up to the bedroom and Phil put on his swim trunks and I took off my robe and we were ready. We got some towels from the bathroom and headed down for the pool. We stopped in the pantry and Keith got a couple of bottles of suntan oil. We walked through the kitchen and out onto the deck.  
  
I had not been on the deck since the work had been done. The deck and the pool were now enclosed so you could go out anytime and not be bothered by insects or rain. There were screen panels all around and the roof of the deck area was solid providing a nice shaded place to sit and relax. The pool area's roof was clear Plexiglas so you could lie by the pool and work on your suntan without being bothered by bugs.   
  
It was almost eleven so the sun was almost directly over head. The roof made the deck cooler so, even in the afternoon when it got really hot in the summer, you could sit out there and not be too uncomfortable.  
  
We went down to the pool and if you closed your eyes, you wouldn't even know the pool was enclosed. The sun beat down as hot as ever and the light breeze blew across the pool unimpeded by the screens.  
  
Phil and Tina came out almost right behind us. Tina was naked and I could tell she was no stranger to nude sunbathing. Not a tan line in sight. What was in sight was her beautiful body. At five foot six, she was two inches taller than me but 'model' thin. Not really skinny, but you could tell there was not an ounce of excess fat on her body. Her legs were long and shapely and her tits, at 36C, on her thin body really stood out.  
  
Tina and I lay down on a pair of lounge chairs next to each other while Keith and Phil walked around the pool and deck marveling at the wonder of wood and aluminum screen. I turned to Tina and said, "They have two beautiful, naked women here who'll cater to their every whim and they're fascinated by pool and deck enclosures."  
  
Tina laughed and replied, "You have to remember, honey; they're men. They're easily distracted by anything new or shiny. That's why we girls have to spend so much time keeping ourselves looking so good."  
  
We both laughed and I called to Keith, "You have us out here, naked, in the hot sun. Do you think, while you're on your inspection tour and pass the kitchen, you could get Tina and I something to drink?"  
  
Keith waved and yelled, "Will do."  
  
I asked Tina, "Do you think they'll remember?"   
  
"Sure they will," she replied, "By the time they get up on the deck, they'll be thirsty, too." and we both laughed again.  
  
"Tina," I said, "What's with the cabin? Why were you so surprised by the four of us going up there?"  
  
"The cabin has been the guys' safe haven away from us girls. Almost like the boys' tree house when we were kids. You know, 'No Girls Allowed!" she said. "I was just surprised when Phil mentioned the four of us going up there and shocked that Keith agreed."  
  
"Maybe the 'boys' finally realized that it isn't so bad having the 'girls' around." I giggled.  
  
"Wait," she said holding her hand up like she was stopping an oncoming car, "Keith certainly did agree to this break in one of their 'holiest' traditions awfully fast, didn't he?  
  
"I don't know," I said not sure where Tina was going with this, "Phil mentioned it and Keith said it was a good idea. Why, what are you thinking?"  
  
"I think," she said wrinkling her brow and wagging her finger at me, "That we're being set up."  
  
"You mean they're going to have a bunch of guys up there when we get there?"  
  
"No, I don't think that's it." she said slowly. "They would tell us if there were going to be other guys there; and they wouldn't do that to us for a weekend, especially without talking it over with us first."  
  
"So...what?" I asked, "What do you think they have planned?  
  
"I'm not sure." Tina said with a smile on her face, "But I am sure that next weekend is going to be very um...interesting for us."   
  
We both lay back in our lounge chairs to soak in the sun and I lowered my voice and asked, "So, what happened to you last night?"  
  
"Well, thanks to you," she giggled, "I got more dicks stuck in me than pins in a pin cushion; thank you very much."  
  
"Thanks to me?"   
  
"Sure, don't you remember? Since Keith didn't want anyone touching you, he told the guys to do to me what they really wanted to do to you." She paused with a sigh. "And, girl, with the show you put on, they wanted to do some nasty things to you."  
  
"Oh, gosh, I'm sorry." I gushed remembering the things the guys were saying they wanted to do to me. "But I couldn't help it. Keith really had me going crazy. And the worst part was, the way he had me, I tortured myself. If I stayed on my tip toes I wasn't being tortured and I could stay still. But, I could only stay that way for so long before my legs and feet hurt so bad I had to come down and get tortured again. That, and those clamps and weights Keith put on my nipples pulling me down." I said rubbing my nipples remembering how they hurt but felt so good as I got more and more excited.  
  
"I got well and truly fucked, I'll tell you." she said with a smile and a wistful look on her face.  
  
"You bitch!" I said, raising my voice in mock insult. "You loved it didn't you? You loved all those men fucking you and making you satisfy their every whim."  
  
"You got me." she laughed. "But it was still your fault. The men couldn't touch you, I was available, and you were up on that stage moaning, crying, begging and cuming and then starting all over again. God, Heather, 'I' wanted to fuck you!"  
  
I blushed at that and we both laughed. I remembered how she touched me when she took off my underwear and took the electric cylinder out of my pussy. I had never thought about sex with a woman, but Tina sure made me feel good.  
  
"So really," I asked excitedly, "I was on the stage and you saw what Keith did to me; what did those guys do to you?"  
  
"Everything." she said with a sigh. "I was fucked in every hole...often. At one point I had one guy in my mouth, one in my pussy, one in my ass and one in each hand. My tits were sucked, pinched, slapped and caressed. I was spanked more often and with more things than I thought possible.  
  
They were all pushing and pulling at me and I couldn't stop coming. Phil watched them do all those things to me. I know he likes watching me enjoying myself, but I think he only lets me do it because he knows that I'm the one that really loves it."  
  
"Keith told me he is not ready to let another guy fuck me; and I am not sure I want to have anyone but Keith fuck me." I said almost apologetically.  
  
"You don't have to feel bad or like you have something to be sorry for." Tina said. "It's not right or wrong, it's just different people like different things. Not everyone would understand our relationships. That doesn't make them wrong; it's just what we like."  
  
"Well, I sure like the things Keith makes me do and I'll do whatever he makes me do." I said enthusiastically.  
  
"And Phil and I know each other so well we can anticipate what the other wants. I knew something was up last night. That was the first time they had more than one sub at one of their gatherings; I was glad it was you and me." she said reaching over and touching my hand.  
  
Just then the guys came back and they were carrying drinks. Keith sat on the foot of my lounge chair and Phil sat at Tina's feet. They told us how great the pool and deck enclosure was and we giggled.  
  
They asked what was so funny and Tina said, "You have two completely naked women, and I mean naked," she indicated her shaved pussy, "and you guys are interested in pool enclosures."  
  
They looked at each other and without saying a word they picked us up and threw us both in the pool amid much screaming and pleading on our part. They jumped in after us and we swam around and played in the pool. I don't know about Phil and Tina, but I was thoroughly felt up, teased and probed by Keith.  
  
We got out of the pool and the guys dried us off. I think it was just another excuse to get their hands on us – and they took full advantage of us. When we were dry, Phil mentioned that we were starting to get a little red so we should put some sunscreen oil on.   
  
I picked up one of the bottles and went to hand it to Keith and he said, "I don't need oil on me, let Tina oil you up, and you oil Tina up. Phil and I will make sure you don't miss any spots."  
  
Tina and I both gasped. We both knew exactly what the guys were up to. We looked at each other and I walked over to Tina with the bottle of oil in my hand and motioned for her to turn around. She presented her back to me and I rubbed oil into her skin from her shoulders to her feet.  
  
Keith said, "You missed a spot." pointing to the crack between Tina's oily ass cheeks. She saw where he was pointing and moaned softly.  
  
I poured some oil at the top of her ass and worked the oil down slowly between her ass cheeks being sure I spent extra time rubbing the oil into her puckered asshole because I knew that's what the guys wanted to see. Tina moaned and bent over slightly to give me better access to her ass.  
  
When I finished, Tina did the back of my body leaving my ass for last. She rubbed the oil into my ass cheeks and dribbled the oil between them and across my little asshole. She was pushing more and more oil up into my ass along with her fingers and a moan escaped from me before I could stop it; her fingers felt so good.  
  
When she took her hands from my ass, Phil said, "Now the front."  
  
I turned and we faced each other each armed with a bottle of suntan oil. I bent down and did Tina's feet and legs almost up to her shaved pussy; then, she did the same for me. I started on her shoulders and arms and she didn't wait for me to finish, she was going to do me at he same time.  
  
We did each others chest and Tina started rubbing oil into my breasts. She was gently squeezing and rubbing my breasts and I was getting excited since my breasts and nipples are so sensitive. I started doing her breasts. They were slippery because of the oil and they felt so firm and soft. She started teasing my nipples and I started to tremble.  
  
The guys were watching and really enjoying what we were doing to each other. I started tweak her nipples with my oily fingers and she moaned and started to tease my nipples. I kept rubbing her breast and pinching her nipples; her nipples got hard and more sensitive because she started moaning, "Oh...Oh." each time I pinched one of her nipples. She started rubbing oil into my sides and belly working down my body.  
  
This had turned into a race to see which of us could get the other more excited and the guys were cheering us on. Tina was moving quickly oiling her way down my belly toward my hairless little pussy. I knew from last night's experience, if she got to my pussy first, I was lost and started to oil my way down her body.  
  
With her head start, she got to my poor little pussy first and rubbed her oily hands across my pussy lips. I didn't realize how excited I was and when her oily fingers touched my clit I shook and cried, "Oohhh, nnnooooo." and had to hold onto Tina's shoulders to keep from falling.  
  
"Ohhhh god, Tina, why are you doing this to me?" I whimpered looking at her. She looked at me and then at Keith and Phil and I knew that they made her do this to me.  
  
With my hands on her shoulders, I wasn't able to tease Tina like she was doing to me. My poor little pussy was quivering and every time her fingers slid over my clit it was like she was touching me with electric wires. She bent down on her knees in front of me and my legs spread a little all on their own. I had to lean over to keep my hands on her shoulders so I wouldn't fall down because my legs were weak from what her fingers were doing between my legs.   
  
She now had both hands working between my legs. One hand on my pussy with two of her oily fingers inside my bare pussy, her thumb strumming on my clit; and the other hand was pressing on my ass keeping me in place while she inserted a finger in my slippery little asshole pushing even more oil up my puckered little asshole.

I was trembling and Keith and Phil were watching and enjoying Tina's manipulation of my helpless body. I was getting close to cuming and all I could think about was how humiliating to cum at Tina's hands with the guys watching. I was desperate and I started begging. "Please Tina...no more...please; you're going to make me come."  
  
I looked down at her and she was smiling at me. She enjoyed playing with my body and wanted to see me cum. She found my g-spot and wouldn't stop rubbing it. I started panting and wiggling my pussy around trying to stop her from using me so easily but all that did was get me more excited. Tina was going to make me come in front of Phil and Keith.  
  
And that's exactly what she did. I screamed and wiggled and shook through my orgasm holding onto Tina's shoulders to keep from falling. Keith touched Tina's shoulder and said softly, "That's perfect, thank you, Tina." and she took both of her hands from me leaving my pussy, clit and asshole empty and untouched. She stood up and kissed me, tweaked my nipples which made me moan again and stepped away from me.  
  
Even though I had just cum, I wanted, no, I needed more. I looked at Keith as he walked over to me and put his arms around me. The way Tina looked at me; confirmed that the guys, or at least Keith, had put her up to this. I didn't care; I needed to cum again and I whispered to Keith, "Please take me up to our room, I need you so bad, anything you want; I need to cum again so bad, please."  
  
Keith turned to Tina and Phil and said, "If you'll excuse us, Heather has something I need to help her with." Phil said "I understand. Tina got her all worked up like we told her to. I'll see that she gets what she has coming to her." Tina moaned and threw her arms around Phil as Keith and I started walking towards the house.  
  
I heard loud smack and I turned back and Tina was naked and oily over Phil's lap. He was spanking her bare and oily ass for all he was worth and she was squealing and kicking and crying, "But you made me do it. Please my ass is so sore." as Keith and I entered the house.  
  
As we went up to the bedroom, Keith's hands were all over me. I was so oily that his hands glided over my body, between my legs and inside my oily and now very wet pussy and even had a finger inside my slippery and very loose and oily asshole.  
  
He put a second finger in my little pussy and started pumping my pussy fast and hard with his thumb teasing my clit. Being so excited from what Tina had done to me, I came with a scream before we reached the bedroom and my pussy sucked at Keith's fingers and I could feel my asshole spasm on the finger from his other hand in my ass.  
  
He led me through the bedroom, into the bath and into the shower stall. He held me against the wall of the shower stall with one hand with my breasts and belly pressed into the wall of the shower. I squealed from the cold tile against my naked tits but Keith held me in place while he loosened his swim trunks and let them drop to the floor of the shower.  
  
I couldn't believe how strong he was. I was struggling and squirming with my whole body, trying to get away from the cold wall of the shower and Keith was able to hold me in place with one hand. Even with the oil all over my body, I wasn't able to slip away.  
  
When he was naked, he grabbed my wrists and held them against the wall higher than my head right above my shoulders; almost like he was a cop and was going to frisk me. I felt his cock, which was very big and very hard, sliding along the small of my back, then the tops of my ass cheeks and then my ass cheeks in the oil that Tina had poured all over me as he lowered himself behind me.  
  
He slid down a little more and he started kissing my neck and ear. His now oily cock was worming its' way between the cheeks of my heavily oiled ass. He was sliding back and forth against me. My breasts, belly and pussy were being crushed against the shower wall and his hot cock rubbing against my oily puckered little asshole was really getting me excited. He had to be all oily, too, from rubbing against me.  
  
H e stepped back from me just a little bit, his hands holding my hands up in place against the wall. His hard cock slipped down my between the cheeks of my ass and I suddenly knew why Tina had put so much oil inside my little asshole. Keith was going to fuck me up the ass, and he had Tina make sure there was plenty of oil on and in my ass.  
  
When Keith stepped in against me his cock didn't slide up between my ass cheeks, his huge hard cock pressed against my tiny little virgin ass hole. "Ohhhh", I cried feeling the pressure against my hairless and oily rear hole. He pushed a little harder and I could feel the giant head of his cock, aided by all of the oil, start to force my little hole open. Keith kissed my neck behind my ear – he knows how that excites me – but I was scared about his huge cock stretching my little asshole. He used his body to hold me in place and he whispered, "Relax, Kitten, try to relax your ass and the pain will stop faster."  
  
Tina had said that getting fucked in the ass always hurt at first, but that once the initial pain was gone it really felt good. In fact she said she loved it. On the other hand, she was surprised when I told her that Keith was much bigger than the dildo he was making me use to prepare myself for this. But her comment ended with, "Lucky girl!"  
  
I wasn't sure how lucky I was right at this moment. Keith's cock was pressing against my tiny asshole and I went up on my toes to try and get away but he just followed me with his cock. I felt my asshole start to open as the head of his cock pushed in lifting me off of my feet, trapped between the shower wall and Keith's hard body.  
  
The head of his cock slipped into my ass and I could feel my asshole close on the shaft of his cock behind the head. I literally slipped down another inch or two of his cock until my feet touched the floor of the shower. I stood on my toes and cried, "Oh my god, it's too big, too big."  
  
Keith held me in place, against the shower wall with his cock up my ass, and waited while I wiggled and moaned. God, it hurt, I felt like I had a baseball bat in my ass. Keith was behind me kissing my neck and shoulders and whispered, "Relax, Kitten, it's going to hurt at first but the more you relax the faster the pain will go away."  
  
He was right; it still hurt, but when I wiggled my ass to try to get away I could feel his cock moving around inside me and, like the butt plugs, the feeling of something that big in my ass was exciting. I let myself down off of my toes and that let another inch or two of his cock slide up my ass. Keith didn't move, but he moaned long and deep when I came down off my toes and knowing my ass must feel so tight on his cock sent tingles through me.  
  
I was stuffed and I only had less than half of his cock up my ass. The pain had eased quite a bit, I had to remember to thank Tina for all that extra oil, but Keith really didn't move yet. I gently tried wiggling my ass and it hurt a little but I could feel the head of his dick lodged up my ass and it was starting to feel good. It was rubbing against places inside me that set off sparks that went through my body like little electric shocks.  
  
I rose up on my toes and I could feel his cock sliding out of my ass a couple of inches; and when I came down off my toes; it drove his cock back into my once virgin asshole. But, this time it kinda felt good and Keith moaned again; that got me more excited. He still didn't move making me fuck myself up the ass with his cock.  
  
I tried bending my knees a little, forcing a little more of his big dick up my ass and I felt like I was completely full. I reached behind me with one hand and there was still a good four inches of Keith's cock sticking out of my ass. I moved up onto my toes again and I could feel his cock sliding out of my ass. It felt like the butt plug up my ass, but bigger and hotter and throbbing.  
  
Keith moaned again as I slid down on his cock and gasped, "Oh god, Heather, your ass is so tight. It feels so good around my cock, I can't hold out much longer."  
  
I guess I am a submissive because hearing Keith moan, feeling his cock throbbing up my little ass and knowing it made him feel so good sent shivers through me. Even though it still hurt a bit, I started moving up and down on his big dick. He moaned again and buried his face in my neck and shoulder, kissing and nipping at me.   
  
I guess he was losing control because he started moving slowly and gently in and out of my ass. I stopped moving up and down and stayed up on my toes but I couldn't help moving my little ass in circles; it just felt too damn good. Keith wasn't moving any deeper into me but he was pulling out until just the head of his cock was in my little asshole and then pushed back in. He started moving in and out faster. I was, again, grateful for all of the oil Tina had used on me.  
  
I wasn't close to coming but, god, this felt really good but different from when Keith fucked my bare pussy. Even more exciting, I knew it was driving Keith crazy. I could feel him trembling behind me and his hot cock up my ass throbbing and expanding. Slut that I am for Keith, I started to wriggle my ass more and tried to tighten my asshole even more on his cock.  
  
"Ohhhh sshhiiiiitttt!" he cried out as he shot his load up my ass. It felt like he shot a gallon of cum up my poor little ass and I could feel every pump, throb and pulse of his orgasm. I didn't cum, but I felt warm and satisfied as his cock started to soften in my no longer virgin ass. I was so happy that my body could give him so much pleasure.  
  
When he pulled out of me, I could feel his cum and some of the oil drip down my thighs from my widened asshole. Keith turned me around with my back to the shower wall and kissed me long, soft and deep. He put his arms around me and moved us into the center of the shower and turned on the water. We washed each other slowly between kisses.

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We got out of the shower, dried each other off and lay in Keith's huge, comfortable bed just holding each other. We decided that we would have dinner at the restaurant that I like where we can watch the boats; but that was for later. Right now, we just wanted to enjoy being close.  
  
"I really want you to stay here with me, Heather." he whispered. "I hate it when you're not here; when you have to go to your apartment."  
  
I snuggled a little closer and teased, "Why Mr. Monroe, are you offering to make me your little live in sex toy?"  
  
"And if I am?"  
  
"Well, I do get lonely sleeping without you holding me; but I bet if I take you up on your offer," I said wiggling my little butt against his big cock and giggled, "You'll find a way to push your big dick all the way up my poor little ass next time."  
  
"Now that you mentioned it, if you'll stay with me, I'll be sure to include that in my list of things to do to you." he said pulling me closer to him.  
  
"Oooooo," I giggled, wiggling even more, "You have a list for me? Things you are going to do to me? Am I going to like them?" suddenly using my little girl voice.  
  
"I guess you'll have to wait and see, won't you." he said keeping his arms around me and tickling my sides making me squirm and screech with laughter driving his thickening cock between my ass cheeks.  
  
He stopped his tickling and when I caught my breath I said, "Well, everything you've done to me -- everything you've made me do -- has been so exciting...and humiliating. But, that's why I love what you do to me. You've done some pretty bizarre things to me and I never once even thought of using my safe word. Do your plans include more teasing, torture and humiliation for me?"  
  
"Why, yes it does, Kitten, and a lot worse; and probably more punishments, too." he said in his stern daddy voice.  
  
"Oh, goody!" I squealed, spinning around, hugging him and kissing his chest and shoulders.  
  
He wrapped his arms around me and said with surprise, "Do you really want me to do more to you?"  
  
"Not just more," I sighed, "I want things that will be harder and harder for me to do. Torture me and tease me until I think I am going out of my mind, do things that are harder for me to endure, more intense. I want you to do things to me that will make me beg and plead for mercy. I want to be so humiliated and embarrassed that I will blush for days just thinking about the things you made me do. I want to be YOUR little slut."  
  
He tightened his arms around me and kissed the top of my head and sighed, "Well, it's a tough job, but someone has to do it."  
  
We both laughed and I snuggled against him. We slept for a couple of hours and then went to dinner.  
  
The restaurant was more crowded than usual, it being Saturday night, but we were seated where we had a great view of the boats going in and out of the harbor. Dinner was wonderful, as usual.   
  
We talked about my moving in with him. We both wanted it and, in reality, I was already living there and just visited my apartment. I was concerned because I had just signed a one year lease two months ago. Keith said he would make arrangements with the owners if it was okay with me. I said that would be great and since I rented the apartment furnished, we wouldn't have to worry about moving furniture. He told me to pack my things and he would have them taken to our house when I was ready.  
  
I was concerned about work and if it would be a problem because it wouldn't take long for everyone to find out we were together. He smiled and said, "Anyone who knows me knew you had me months ago."  
  
I blushed and said, "Do you really love me that much?"   
  
"More," he answered, without hesitation, "Much more."  
  
I had to change the subject or I would have raped him right in the restaurant. "My birthday is coming up and I was thinking of inviting my parents and my sister down. Do you think that's a good idea?"  
  
"Your birthday is more than six weeks away, isn't it kind of early to be planning already?" he asked with a smile.  
  
"Well, it's not every day a girl turns nineteen." I said sticking my tongue at him. He frowned at me. "No, really," I continued, "My Dad has to make arrangements to be away from his business and my sister has to arrange to be out of school -- senior year in high school, you know -- and I have to make plane reservations and hotel reservations..."  
  
Keith held his hand up, stopping me in mid sentence. "If your family is coming down from Oregon, they are not staying in a hotel while we have our big house with all of those empty bed rooms. Besides, I can't wait to meet your parents and your sister." He paused, smiled and then said, "Of course, you'll have to wear clothes around the house while they are here."  
  
I blushed again. How was he still able to make me blush? After all he's done to me; after putting me in the most humiliating situations, he can still make me blush. "Okay," I said, back to the little girl, "I'll wear clothes if you insist."  
  
"You make all the arrangements for their trip and charge everything to the company." he said. "I insist. It's one of the advantages of owning the company."  
  
"Oh, Keith, thank you so much." I cried out. He had a surprised look on his face. I lowered my voice and said, "My Dad hates to travel and he always comes up with an excuse. His two biggest complaints are: he hates hotels and he hates the expense. Now he has to come. I love you!"  
  
Keith smiled and said, "We'll have to find a way for you to make it up to me."  
  
I smiled, "Anything you want, sir; anytime." and looked down at my plate.  
  
We finished our dinner and ordered dessert. Keith said we would have to go shopping this week to get me warm clothes for me for our weekend trip to his mountain cabin with Phil and Tina. Seeing as how I love shopping, I readily agreed.  
  
We finished dessert and left the restaurant and walked out onto the pier, all the way to the end to watch the boats coming in and out. We talked more about my parents visit, my birthday and the trip to the mountains but I didn't ask Keith why Tina and I were going along.   
  
Tina told me that she thought something was up since the cabin was like a male sanctuary. He and Phil agreed too quickly to taking us up there and she believed they had something planned for us. I hoped so!  
  
Keith and I walked, hand in hand, back toward the car. "I was surprised you didn't make me do something to humiliate me while we were on the pier. I kinda suspected that was why we went up there." I said to him with an impish grin.  
  
"I could have, but I thought your weekend had been busy enough already; besides, I know you like to watch the boats."  
  
"Oh, no, I loved everything you did to me." I said squeezing his hand. "Good lord, Friday night you tortured me by using the doorbell, of all things. Then, you made me tease and humiliate myself and then cum -- more than once - in front of all those men. How do you come up with these things?" I asked giggling.  
  
"I have an active imagination." he chuckled. "But now that you want me to go further, I can really turn my kinky little mind loose."  
  
"I'm a little nervous about that; I hope I can handle whatever you plan for me. But, I do trust you to take care of me; so, do your worst." I said, putting on a brave front.  
  
We got in the car and drove home. As soon as we got inside, Keith made me strip naked. Not that he had anything in particular planned, he said; just because he could make me do it. And I did it, leaving my clothes in a pile by the front door.  
  
We watched a little television. You can't imagine how humiliating it is to be naked in front of someone who is fully dressed. We cuddled on the couch and, of course, he took full advantage of my nudity. By the time he carried me up to bed, my little pussy was dripping, my nipples were so hard they hurt and I was so horny I would have fucked Keith on the stage of the Hollywood Bowl if that was what he wanted.  
  
Fortunately, or unfortunately depending on how you look at it, Keith didn't want me naked in public. What he did want was to torment me. He carried me up to the bedroom, laid me on the bed and went over to the armoire. He opened one of the locked drawers. Whenever he takes something out of one of those drawers, I end up being tortured.  
  
He took out the black wrist and ankle cuffs and walked back to the bed where I laid naked as the day I was born. He started putting the cuffs on my ankles and I asked, "What are you going to do to me, sir?"  
  
"Does it matter?" he said, his voice deeper and a bit rougher than before. "You can't stop me. All you can do is endure whatever I have planned for you."  
  
I wasn't afraid. I knew Keith would never injure me and whatever he had planned would excite me beyond my wildest dreams and leave me with warm memories and a satisfied little pussy. But that didn't mean I wouldn't be paying for the pleasure he gave me.   
  
He put me in the center of the huge bed, closer to the bottom, attached ropes to the wrist and ankle cuffs and attached the ropes to the bedposts at each corner of the bed. I was not getting loose, but I wasn't tied particularly tight, either. He leaned over my naked body and kissed me lightly on the lips. God, that man could kiss, I tingled all the way down to my painted toenails.  
  
He went to each corner of the bed, starting with my ankles, and tightened the ropes stretching me out a little more. He climbed on the bed between my outstretched legs and kissed the insides of my thighs and I groaned and wiggled trying to get my wet pussy closer to his mouth. After running his tongue along my thighs and a few little nips with his teeth that had me squirming in my ropes, he stood up again and went to the bedposts at the foot of the bed.  
  
This time, he pulled on my ankles until they were and even with the foot of the bed, then went to the top of the bed and tightened the ropes on my wrists. He came back to the bottom of the bed and tied the rope on my left foot about three feet up on the bedpost lifting my foot into the air. Then, he did the same thing to my right foot. Now I was stretched out on the bed with my legs wide apart and my feet lifted in the air displaying my poor bare pussy to Keith standing at the foot of the bed.  
  
He climbed on the bed between my legs and moved up toward my exposed pussy. I groaned pushing my pussy up as best I could offering myself to him but he bypassed my twitching little hole and kissed my belly just below my cute little belly button. I groaned, now in frustration, and wriggled in my bonds while he worked his way up past my navel, dipping in his wet tongue just to hear me gasp.   
  
He moved up to my bare breasts, sticking up because of my arms tied to the upper bedposts, and gently kissed each breast intentionally avoiding my rock hard nipples. I squirmed wildly. His teasing was driving me crazy.  
  
He stopped again and I whined "Please Keith, you've been teasing me for over an hour. I need you so bad." My plea had no effect on him and he went to the top of the bed and tightened the ropes attaching the wrist cuffs to the top bedposts stretching me even tighter. He climbed on the bed and kissed me again, a little harder than before, and I whimpered. He had me completely at his mercy and he knew it.  
  
He left me again and went to the foot of the bed. He pulled on my right ankle pulling it a tighter and tied it off to the bedpost. He did this to my left leg, too, and now I was spread really wide. He looked down at me and smiled. I blushed knowing the view he must have of my naked hairless body and tried to close my legs and move my arms with almost no success.  
  
Keith climbed on the foot of the bed again and moved up toward my tied body. I thought he was going to attack my breasts again but he suddenly dived on my unprotected little hole and pushed his tongue inside pushing his lips against the swollen lips of my pussy. My body arched leaving just my shoulders on the bed and hanging by my suspended ankles and I cried out from the sudden attack.  
  
He moved his tongue around in my wet pussy and it felt like something alive had gotten into my little hole. His lips were crushed against the bare lips of my pussy and he kept bumping his upper lip and nose against my quickly swelling clit. I was gyrating like a mad woman against the ropes and Keith's teasing mouth and tongue. He pulled away from me again and I collapsed onto the bed gasping for breath.   
  
He got off the bed again and went to head of the bed and started tightening the ropes holding my wrist cuffs even more. I suddenly realized what he was doing. He was teasing me to get me to squirm around so he could get the ropes tighter and tighter. He finished tightening my arms and moved to the foot of the bed. I didn't think he could stretch me any tighter, but my Keith knew better.  
  
He took my left ankle and pulled it almost to the bedpost and lifted it even higher than it was before and tied it off. He moved over to the other side, took my right foot in his hand, bent down and kissed the top of my foot near my toes and then ran his tongue along the arch of my foot. I gasped as an electric tingle ran from his tongue on the arch of my foot, up through my leg and right to my swollen clit.  
  
Keith smiled down at me spread, naked on his huge bed, as he pulled my foot toward the bedpost spreading my legs until I was almost doing a split. He raised my foot and I could feel my ass rise off the bed as he tied my foot to the bedpost.   
  
Keith walked to the bathroom and I tried to assess my situation. I was tied, stretched out on our huge bed. I could wiggle my hands and feet and move my head but the rest of my body was stretched so tight, I couldn't move. My feet were tied high on the bedposts at the foot of the bed which pulled my ass just up off the bed and my legs were spread so wide I was almost doing a split. Suddenly, I realized that I was spread so wide, that my bare pussy lips had opened exposing my pink little hole and I could feel my juices trickling slowly toward my puckered asshole.  
  
Keith came back in holding one of the big fluffy bath towels. He folded it in half, climbed onto the bed between my outstretched legs and slid the towel under my ass. "I thought we may need to try and keep the bed dry since you are going to be leaking a lot tonight." he said with a grin.  
  
"Please, Keith, what are you going to do to me?" I whimpered, totally at his mercy.  
  
"We are, well at least I am, going to have a lot of fun." he said staring right at my wet, open little hole.  
  
"Please," I asked, hoping for a little mercy, "my legs are spread so wide, my lips, down there," I tried to point to my pussy with my head which was the only thing I could move, "are pulled open. I'm so exposed. I can't close them." He looked down between my split legs with a look of pure lust in his grey eyes. I blushed; and knowing he wanted me that bad just got me more excited.   
  
He reached down and squeezed my lips together and I gasped at this sudden handling of my tender lower lips. He released his grasp and shook his head, "See, they just pop open again."  
  
"Please, sir," I begged feeling the submissive in me taking over, "Could you loosen my legs so my pussy can close? This is so humiliating."  
  
"Nonsense," Keith said with a wave of his hand, looking right at my now dripping hole, "You never looked more beautiful...or more fuckable. I bet all of the guys that were here last night would love to see you like this. Maybe I should call them and see if they would like to come over."  
  
"Noooooo." I wailed trying to move but only able to wiggle my hands and feet.  
  
"Okay, I guess we'll just have to find some other way to amuse ourselves." he said looking at me with that hunger in his eyes, again.  
  
He walked around to the side of the bed, climbed on and leaned over me. He kissed me, lightly probing my mouth with his tongue. I wanted to writhe so badly but Keith had tied me perfectly and I couldn't move. He lifted his lips from mine and whispered, "Do you know how beautiful you look? How exposed and vulnerable you are? I can do anything to you and all you can do is suffer."  
  
Why, oh why, does that little masochist in me always sneak out at the worst times? She seems to show up at the times I am most vulnerable, does just enough to make my situation worse and then leaves me to bear the torment. Before I could stop her she said. "Do your worst, sir, I can endure anything you can think up."  
  
Keith raised his eyebrow and a little smile formed on his face. Just as quickly as she surfaced, the little masochist was gone, leaving me to pay for her taunting my Keith. I opened my mouth to try to explain that it wasn't me that dared Keith to take advantage of my predicament but I knew that it was me; the inner me that craved the pain, and the torture, and the humiliation.  
  
Keith went around to the foot of the bed and stood looking down at my bare, spread pussy. I knew my face was bright red and I could not remember ever being this exposed, open and humiliated. He climbed on the bed between my wide-spread legs and moved up putting his hands on each side of me by my belly.  
  
He leaned down kissing my belly. I started to moan when his fingers were suddenly wiggling along my sides tickling me. I tried to move, but Keith had done an excellent job tying me and all I could do was scream and waggle my hands and feet and shake my head. His fingers wandered over my sides and up to my armpits. He kept it up until I was gasping for breath and he stopped.  
  
"Please, no more." I gasped. "I can't move and I'm all spread open. This isn't fair."  
  
"Fair?" Keith whispered, "The girl who dared me to do my worst? No, no," he laughed, "We've just started." Before I could say anything, his fingers were twirling around over my taut belly and I was laughing and screaming, pulling at my unrelenting ropes, at his mercy again.  
  
'He knows exactly where I am most ticklish.' I thought to myself as I fought to catch my breath, 'How does he know?' I thought back to one of our first nights together; how he explored my body and playfully noted where I was most ticklish. He knew exactly where I was most susceptible to his tickling fingers. Suddenly, I remembered his fascination with how ticklish the backs of my knees and especially my feet were. And he tied me so my legs and feet were totally defenseless. It was going to be a long night.  
  
He leaned into me and I braced myself for another tickling attack when he placed his lips on my hard little nipple sitting proudly on my left breast. He sucked on my tender nipple and then started to scrape his teeth gently along the sides sending tingles through my quivering belly down to my now soaked pussy. I strained against the ropes holding me in place and he took his lips from my nipple only to kiss his way across my chest to the other nipple and suck and scrape making me pull at my restraints and groan in frustration.  
  
Keith kissed my belly right below my belly button and my body was so super excited that I quivered just from his slight touch. He got off the bed and in my tied position I could not see where he was. Despite my struggles while I was being tickled and while my breasts were being teased, my predicament had not changed.   
  
I was tied with my arms tied to the posts at the head of the bed and my feet were tied to the posts at the foot of the bed. My legs were spread so wide that my hairless pussy lips were open exposing my pink, wet little hole. My feet were tied high up on the post lifting my cute little ass just off the bed and Keith had placed a folded towel under my ass and pussy promising me that my pussy, and the towel, would be very wet by the time he released me.

Keith came back to the foot of the bed and I screamed, "Oh, no, sir. Please not that. I can't stand anymore. Please don't use them on me." He was carrying two long feathers. One was long and stiff and the other was even longer and very soft like a feather duster. I tried pulling on my ropes but I couldn't move more than an inch or two no matter how hard I tried.  
  
He put the big fluffy feather down and climbed on the foot of the bed and knelt between my well spread legs. He leaned his body over my naked, stretched body and kissed me on each cheek and then softly on my lips. "You're so beautiful, Kitten," he whispered, "Your body just begs to be tortured."  
  
He had that look in his eye like he was really going to enjoy my torment. I only hoped I would be able to take what he had planned for me. He pushed himself up onto his knees right in front of my dripping pussy and held up the stiff feather. He brought the tip down on my left nipple and twirled it over my nipple and the tip of my breast. I gasped and fought to control my self; to resist giving him the satisfaction of seeing how his feather was driving me crazy.  
  
I tried resisting, but Keith could read me like a book. He knew I couldn't hold out. He moved the tip of the feather across my chest to tease and tickle my right breast and nipple and I lost the battle for self control. I started squealing and pulling against the ropes. Since any real movement was impossible, he took his time moving that evil feather from nipple to nipple across my vulnerable breasts. He saw my nipples get even harder and he watched my face because that is where he could see the effect he was having on me.  
  
There was a look of panic on my face. I couldn't move and the feather felt like an army of ants marching around on my tits. I thought I would loose my mind when he ran the feather down the side of my breast and into my arm pit and he twirled the feather between his fingers. My body went completely stiff and I screamed with laughter.  
  
He slid the feather down my side and across my belly and I pulled and pulled at the ropes holding me in place but they wouldn't give an inch. He twirled the tip of the feather in my navel and it was driving me crazy. I tried pulling my belly in to get away from the spinning feather but he followed my stomach and it tickled even more.  
  
He slid the feather slowly down the center of my lower belly heading straight for my over-excited, spread open pussy. "Oh, no, please not my pussy." I gasped trying to get myself under control.  
  
He slipped the feather past my pussy and went down the inside of my left thigh to the knee and then back up towards my pussy; then down my right thigh and back, going back and forth. The feather was tickling my legs but it wasn't as bad as when he tickled my tits and my belly. I giggled and panted as I tried to catch my breath  
  
Keith still had that lust filled look in his eyes. And why not, I was tied to the bed, I couldn't move, and my legs were spread so wide that my pussy lips were open for him. He smiled at me and I felt the feather glide up the back of my thigh. I was so concerned about how spread my pussy was, I didn't realize that my ass cheeks had spread open as well.  
  
Keith, unfortunately for me, noticed. He slid the feather between the cheeks of my ass and tickled the tip against my defenseless asshole. I howled at the incredible sensation but I couldn't move to stop it. "Please sir," I wailed, "I can't stand it, please, anything but my poor asshole."  
  
He kept it up for a bit, then took the feather from between the cheeks of my trembling ass. I opened my eyes and looked down at him. "Anything?" he asked. He paused holding that infernal feather, and then he reached down and ran the length of the feather up between the lips of my open pussy and across my clit.  
  
"EEEEEIIIIIYYYAAA" I screamed at the top of my lungs. I could feel each stiff little hair of the feather rub across my open pussy lips and then across my clit. I could feel my pussy gushing and my stomach tighten into one big knot but I still couldn't move. I thought I would die before the entire feather passed over my swollen tender clit but the feather finally left my poor hairless pussy.  
  
But my relief was short lived. He slowly dragged the feather through my open pussy slit again being sure my clit felt each hair on the feather. I couldn't scream anymore. "No, no, no, please, sir, I beg you; no more." I moaned. I shook my head, wiggled my toes and clasped and unclasped my hands. The only movement I could manage.  
  
Keith ran the feather through my slit on more time just for fun -- his fun. He watched my agony with relish and I must admit, even though it was torture for me, I loved that look in his grey eyes and the small smile on his face. I thought he would run the feather through my slit again, but he was too diabolical for that.  
  
He took the tip of the feather and slowly put it inside my hairless open hole and tickled just inside my bare spread lips. I tried to scream or yell or beg, but all that came out was gibberish. He tickled just inside my tender little hole. I could feel the tip of the feather lightly caressing the sensitive membrane at the entrance to my most personal place. It tickled so bad I was vibrating against my ropes.  
  
The orgasm came out of nowhere but it hit me like a huge warm wave. It hit me so hard, I could feel my pussy gush and run down between the spread cheeks of my ass. When I recovered and was able to raise my head and look down at Keith he had the feather in his hand. The upper part was drenched from the juices that poured out of my pussy. He laid it aside and said, "Well, I guess we can't use that anymore."  
  
I thought Keith was finished torturing me but he picked up the big fluffy feather. "Oh, please no more tickling." I begged. "I'll do anything; you can do anything else to me but please no more tickling." I was frantic.  
  
He paused, looked at me and said softly, "Like what?"  
  
He was going to make me tell him what to do to torture me. Before I could stop myself, I said, "You have me tied to your bed, naked and shaved, legs spread, and my poor little pussy open for you. Can't you think of anything you'd like to do to me."  
  
I don't know why I do this. Why do I taunt him when he has me at such a disadvantage? Honestly, I know the answer. I love when he tortures me like this. I love that he makes me scream and howl and beg. I love being forced to submit to his every whim and the worse the things are that he does to me, the more I love it.  
  
He didn't say a word. He just took the big fluffy feather and ran it down the back of my leg from the cheek of my elevated ass to the back of my knee and tickled the back of my knee -- one of the most ticklish spots on my body.  
  
I screamed and started laughing hysterically which pleased him to no end. He suddenly stopped and got up off the bed. I didn't know what happened but I took the opportunity to try and catch my breath. When he came back to the foot of the bed, I looked down my tied naked body; between my breasts and wide spread legs and saw Keith with two big fluffy feathers.  
  
All I got to say was, "Please sir, not two at once, I can't..." and he started tickling the backs of both knees at the same time.  
  
I laughed, I cried, I screamed and I begged. I did everything but move. Tied as I was all I could do was endure the tickling. I thought it couldn't get any worse than this for me until he moved the feathers to the soles of my tiny defenseless feet. I wiggled my toes and feet as much as I could as I shrieked with laughter.   
  
As fast as he started tickling my feet, he stopped. "We can't have you wiggling your feet so much." he said almost merrily. He jumped off the bed, leaving those two wicked fluffy feathers lying between my lifted and stretched legs.  
  
He came back with two long pieces of string. He came to the side of the bed and tied one of the strings to my hard, distended left nipple. Then he came around the other side of the bed and did the same to my little right nipple. He tied the string tight and it hurt a little but not as bad as the nipple clamps he used while I "danced on the pole" for him.  
  
I couldn't figure out what he was doing as he walked back to the foot of the bed. He picked up the string attached to my left nipple and started to tie it to the big toe on my petite left foot keeping the string taut but not pulling on my poor nipple. He picked up the other string, attached to my right nipple, and as he tied it to the big toe on my right foot, I realized what he was going to do to me.  
  
Keith wanted to keep my feet, the most ticklish part of my body, still while he tickled them. He was too diabolical to just tie my feet so I couldn't move them, the man I love tied my toes to my nipples so if I moved my feet, I would pull on my nipples. He was going to make punish my own poor nipples if I moved my feet while he tickled me.  
  
He picked up the feathers and started running them up and down the soles of my bare feet. Even though I knew what would happen, I couldn't help it and wiggled my feet, bending my toes. Just like he planned, the string pulled on my nipples and I laughed and screamed at the same time.  
  
Keith was smiling; he was proud of his ingenuity. He kept those soft fluffy feathers moving on the exposed soles of my naked feet and my wiggling toes pulled my nipples so hard my breasts were pulled into points. It seemed like he took great pleasure in my torment. He experimented with different ways to use the feathers on my bare feet; all of them causing me to howl with laughter and pain.  
  
Meanwhile, I couldn't think straight. I knew if he kept this up, I would go out of my mind, either from the pain I was causing my tits or hysteria caused by Keith tickling my feet. As horrible as this was, I could feel a rapidly growing itch and I was getting very, very wet between my legs. Keith's torture was getting me excited -- really excited.   
  
There was nothing else I could do. I had to try to get him to stop. I started saying anything I could think of to get him to stop the torment. "Please, Keith," I cried between screams of pain and howls of laughter, "I'll do anything. You can fuck me up the ass; stick your big dick all the way up my ass. Or, I'll blow you, shove you cock down my throat and make me gag."  
  
He wasn't stopping; I was losing control of my body and I could feel another orgasm bearing down on me. I had to get him to stop or I would lose my mind. I had to offer him something -- anything -- to get him to stop. "Fuck my tits." I begged, "Put your cock between my tits and come on my face. He speeded up the feathers on the soles of my feet. I screamed as my toes cramped and I thought the strings were going to pull my nipples off.  
  
"You can make me fuck all of your friends." I pleaded. "Bring them over and tie me like this and make me fuck each one of them. Oh, please, no more, sir. I can't believe I'm going to come. I'll suck your friends off. Anything, sir, please."  
  
I was wailing now. I couldn't control my feet. As they moved the string would pull and release my nipples. "Stuff my pussy and ass with ice like you did before. Push ice into me until you can't fit anymore. Pleeeeeeeease, I can't stand anymore tickling."  
  
I was on the verge of a huge orgasm when suddenly the tickling stopped. I gasped to catch my breath and almost instantly Keith was naked above my tautly tied body. I could feel his hot, hard cock heavy on my belly. I looked up at him and his lust filled grey eyes looked right into my head. He slid down my body slightly and I could feel his cock fall between my spread legs. He pushed up and his cock slid into my open, soaked pussy.  
  
He pushed his fat nine inch cock into my hairless little hole in one slow, long, agonizing stroke spreading the inside of my pussy as much as the outside was spread. I groaned and I felt like I was floating. Without letting any other part of his body touch me, he slowly pulled out his cock until just the fat head was just inside my little pussy. He quickly released the strings from my throbbing tits. The pain of the blood flowing back into my tiny hard nipples was dulled by the full length of his dick slowly forcing its' way back into me until I could feel the hair at the base of his cock tickle my pussy lips and clit.  
  
Forgetting I was tied to his bed, I tried to wrap my arms around him but I couldn't move. "Please sir, press your body down on me." I whimpered. "I love the weight of your body holding me down when you make love to me."  
  
"But I'm not making love to you; I'm fucking you." he said as he leaned down and kissed me softly but firmly.  
  
He started fucking me harder and faster and his kisses got harder and more urgent. The only places he was touching me was his hard, hot cock in my pussy and his mouth on mine, yet he possessed me completely.  
  
I came, screaming into his mouth. He started thrusting into me harder and faster and before I recovered from my orgasm, another one hit me. True to his word, he was fucking my brains out.  
  
Keith's was banging into me frantically and I could feel his cock, bulging and throbbing, stretching my already over-filled hole. He drove into my bare pussy hard and deep and I could feel his come splash hot against my cervix. He held his cock deep inside me and groaned long and loud. Feeling him tremble above me, knowing he could get that much pleasure from my body, left me with a warm satisfied glow.  
  
Keith recovered and kissed me softly. The look of lust I saw in his eyes while he tickled, teased, tortured and fucked me was replaced by a soft look of love. He pulled his cock out of me and quickly untied me and massaged my shoulders, arms, legs and hips even though I told him I wasn't sore, just weak from the torture and the fucking he gave me.  
  
When he was satisfied I was okay, he gently used the towel that he placed under me to dry between my legs and ass which were wet, and not only my juices, but with Keith's come as well.  
  
Surprising me again with his strength, he lifted me easily, even though he was on his knees on the bed, and moved me up to the top of the bed and placed my head on the pillows. He lay down on his back next to me, pulled the covers up over us and pulled me to him with my head on his chest. I threw my leg over his and rubbed my pussy against his hard muscled thigh.  
  
"You're insatiable." he chuckled as he kissed the top of my head and tightened his arms around me.  
  
I kissed his chest and was asleep in moments.

My Own Heaven Ch. 15

I woke up to the smell of fresh coffee. I was alone, naked, in Keith's big bed. The sheets right next to me, where he sleeps, were still warm so I knew he hadn't been up long. We'd laughed about how big the bed was and how we used only a very tiny part of it since we sleep holding each other. I moved over to where Keith slept so I could feel his warmth and smell his after shave in the pillow.  
  
He came in wearing his undershorts, carrying a tray loaded with a coffee pot, mugs, cream, sugar and all the utensils needed for that first morning cup of coffee. He set the tray on a cart next to the bed, and sat beside me. He leaned over me, kissed me on the cheek and then moved down to my neck, right behind my ear, where he knows I love to be kissed.  
  
"Good morning." I said, holding his head and basking in the feeling of him nibbling at my neck.  
  
"You look so beautiful in the morning;" he whispered, "All soft and warm and cuddly."  
  
He sat up and watched me as I stretched; arms above my head, arching my back, curling one leg and stretching the other leg pointing my toes. He once told me I stretch like a cat, part of the reason he calls me "Kitten". My stretching pulled the covers down to my waist exposing my bare breasts.   
  
Before I could get my arms down Keith was on me again, softly kissing my bare breasts sending tingles from my nipples to my shaved little pussy. I put my hands on his head, and running my fingers through his hair I moaned, "This is a great way to wake up."  
  
He gave my right nipple one more little kiss and sat up, sitting next to me on the bed. "I'd love to spend the rest of the day exploring your beautiful little body, but we're meeting Phil and Tina for brunch." he said softly, pouring a mug of coffee, adding cream and sugar, and offering it to me.  
  
I sat up in bed pushing the pillows behind me, letting the covers fall into my lap exposing me all the way down to below my little belly button and took the mug of coffee. I could see a tent starting to form in the front of Keith's undershorts, so I knew I was having the effect on him that I wanted. Sometimes, I'm such a BAD little girl.  
  
"I'm going to shave and shower while you finish your coffee." he mumbled staring at my bare breasts and belly.   
  
"Hello," I said giggling in my little girl voice, "I'm up here."  
  
He blushed; I don't think I ever made HIM blush before. When he stood up, I could see by the rather large size of the tent in his shorts that I was definitely having an effect on him. He leaned over and kissed my cheek and went into the bathroom.  
  
I sipped my coffee and it was perfect. He knew exactly how I liked my coffee. That shouldn't surprise me though; sometimes, I think he knows more about me than I do. I was savoring my first cup of coffee when I heard him turn on the shower.   
  
I put down my coffee mug and jumped out of bed and ran naked into the bathroom – I told you I was a bad little girl. I opened the shower door and he looked back over his shoulder at me as I stepped into the large shower and pressed my soft body against his muscled back and firm ass. I wrapped my arms around him and spread the soap around on his chest and hard stomach with my hands.  
  
I quickly let my hands drift lower until I got one hand wrapped around his cock and stroked it back and forth aided by the slippery soap. He wasn't hard, but even soft; he was more than a handful and growing quickly. He moaned and took my hand from his dick and turned to face me holding my hands at the wrists, trying to protect himself from my wandering hands. I pouted, sticking out my lower lip.  
  
He let go of my wrists and pulled me against his naked body crushing my soft, bare breasts against his hard stomach. "You're not making this easy for me, Kitten." he chuckled kissing the top of my now wet head, "Aren't you sore from last night?"  
  
"Oh, no daddy," I said giggling in my little girl voice, "Thinking about last night is what's making me so horny." I reached down and grabbed his cock as best I could since I couldn't get my hand around it in its, now, semi-hard state.  
  
He pulled my hand away from his growing cock and said in his stern fatherly voice, "If you don't be good, I'm going to have to punish you."  
  
"Oh, goody!" I cried out jumping up and down making my tits bounce and clapping my hands. His fairly stiff cock jumped and now I was starting to get excited.  
  
He smiled and shook his head and said, "Seriously Kitten, Phil and I are hoping to bump into a guy who is getting ready to manufacture a new computer component. We'd like to be the company that makes this component for him. If it wasn't for that, I'd take you right into the bedroom, spank your naughty little ass and fuck you legless."  
  
"Well," I said, still the little girl, "Promise you'll do that later?"  
  
"I promise." he said pulling me under the shower and soaping up my body. We washed each other with no more fooling around. After all, business is business. We dried off, and I finished in the bathroom and went into the bedroom to decide what to wear.  
  
"Keith?" I called, as he was still in the bathroom, "What should I wear? I mean is this like a business meeting or are we casually going to bump into him?"  
  
"We don't want it to look like we're waiting to ambush him, so I guess casual is the way to go." he said walking into the bedroom. He went to his closet and got out his clothes, a pull over shirt and a pair of slacks, and went back into the bathroom.  
  
The exhibitionist in me decided that I wanted tease Keith today to make sure he "punishes" me later. I went to my armoire and picked out a scandalous white g-string, too skimpy to be called a thong, which barely covered my shaved pussy lips and had nothing more than little strings to hold it in place. I decided not to wear a bra. I picked out a cutoff pink sleeveless top and a white low rise mini-skirt. I finished this off with white, four inch, strappy, high heeled sandals.  
  
I went to the mirror and was stunned at the girl looking back at me. I couldn't have looked sexier if I went to brunch naked. My flat belly was bare from just under my breasts to about three inches below my belly button accenting my girly, hourglass figure. The skirt, what little there was of it, only covered about the top four or five inches of my thighs and if I bent over a little too far, the bottoms of my naked ass cheeks were clearly visible. My long legs looked stunning in the four inch sandals and I knew when I walked, all the right parts would jiggle and bounce.  
  
Keith came out of the bathroom and stopped and stared at me. I couldn't read the look on his face. I didn't say anything, waiting…hoping, for him to say what he was thinking. He finally closed his mouth and walking toward me saying, "Is that for me, or for our business contact."  
  
"If you mean for looking, it's for everyone." I said, hoping I hadn't upset him. "You know what an exhibitionist you've turned me into." I paused, again trying to get a feel for what he was thinking. "If you mean who does this belong to;" I continued, waving my hands down my almost naked body, "You know this belongs to you; and you can do anything you want to do with it."  
  
He smiled and a look of relief came over his face. "You know you don't have to do this… I mean, I would never use you to… I would never make you… I would never let anyone touch you unless…"  
  
He wasn't upset with me! He was worried about me. No wonder I love him so much. Keith was worried that I thought he wanted me to exhibit myself, or even offer myself to this guy to close the deal. Funny, I probably would do it if he told me to; but I knew his possessive and ferocious protective nature as far as I was concerned, would never permit that. I walked over to him, making sure my hips swayed and my breasts bounced. Despite my four inch heels, I had to stretch up on tip toes to kiss him on his lips and I whispered in my little girl voice, "You promised to give me a spanking; I wanted to be sure you remembered to punish me."  
  
I turned and walked back to my closet being sure he saw my little ass wiggle. "I'll keep my promise." his voice deep and rough, "I remember some of things you offered me last night to stop tickling you. Maybe I'll try some of them."  
  
My cheeks reddened thinking back to last night. I offered him my body in some pretty bizarre ways hoping to end the torture he was putting me through. He walked to the armoire and opened it getting out the keys for the drawers he kept locked. "Maybe we don't have to wait until later to start your punishment;" he said with that smile that makes my pussy wet, "Come over here."  
  
I walked over to him wondering what I had gotten myself into. He couldn't do much; after all, we were going to brunch to try to meet a potential client. He was digging through the drawer and I walked over to him. "Do you have panties on?" he asked, matter of factly.  
  
"Well, sort of," I replied, remembering my g-string barely covered my shaved pussy lips and nothing else, "After all, this is sort of a business meeting."  
  
He turned and looked me over; from my head, down my practically naked little body, to my four inch strappy sandals. I really didn't look like I was going to a business meeting, unless my business was illegal. He didn't say anything, but that smile was still there, and so was the bulge in his slacks. "Raise your skirt, and lower your panties." It was an order and not a request; I complied immediately.  
  
He had two silver balls in his hands about the size of golf balls connected by a wire about an inch or so long. "These are Ben-Wa balls" he said rolling them in his hands, "But, of course, I've made some modifications to them."  
  
‘Modifications,' I thought to myself, ‘and I'm sure you'll enjoy testing them on me.' I knew where they were going, why else would I be standing here with my skirt up and my g-string around my ankles. I hoped he let me keep the g-string. After all, the skirt was really short and while the g-string didn't cover much, it would at least keep my hairless little pussy lips from being on display.  
  
"Open your legs a little." again an order, and my knees parted almost by themselves. He placed the first ball at the entrance to my pussy. It was cool but not cold; I guess that's why he was rubbing them in his hand. I was already wet and it slid right in spreading my little hole, the connecting wire pulling the second ball up against my pussy lips. A slight push from Keith and both balls were inside me. He pushed them in deeper, sliding his finger inside me and I grunted; they felt a lot bigger in my tight little hole than they looked in his hand.  
  
"Pull your panties up," he said, emphasizing the word "panties" knowing it would embarrass me since there was really nothing to them. Keith watched me as I bent over and pulled my tiny g-string up my long legs settling the little scrap of silk over my now stuffed pussy and pulling the strings over my hips feeling the string in the back tickle my puckered asshole. It was humiliating having to pull up my "panties" while Keith watched. That's probably exactly why he stood there and watched me.  
  
"Let's go meet Phil and Tina." he said like he had just asked me to change my shoes instead of having just shoved two golf ball sized metal balls into my bare pussy.  
  
I turned and started for the door. As I took my first few steps, the balls inside me moved and banged into each other sending metal on metal vibrations through my poor pussy. "Oh." I yelped grabbing hold of the dresser as my legs got weak.  
  
Keith stopped at the bedroom door, turned and waited for me offering me his hand. I let go of the dresser and gingerly walked to him taking his hand. We walked down the steps toward the front door and the balls were dancing around inside me. "Oh my god, Keith, I don't know if I can stand this. Those balls are relentless. Every step I take teases me…makes me more excited. They're going to make me cum. I can't help it." I whimpered.  
  
"Okay." he said, kissing the back of the hand he was holding. "Enjoy yourself and try not to be too embarrassed if anyone notices."  
  
I gasped and blushed at the same time. "You're going to leave them in me while we have brunch."  
  
"Probably for the rest of the day; we haven't even tried the modifications yet."  
  
He was doing it to me again. Every time I try to get the better of him, like dressing sexy to tease him, he finds a way to turn it around and remind me I am his submissive. If I came, and I was pretty sure I was going to, and anyone noticed, he knew I would be completely humiliated. The humiliation would excite me more, making me cum again – a vicious cycle.   
  
I had butterflies in my stomach knowing what was going to happen to me, but at the same time, I was excited in anticipation of my humiliation. Keith, my little devil, knew just how to push my buttons.  
  
We walked out to the car; I don't know how I made it without cuming but I was really close. It was a beautiful Sunday morning. The sun was shinning but it wasn't hot yet; a perfect day to sit out on the deck at the golf club. Keith opened the car door for me but before I could get in the car, he took hold of my arm and pulled me toward him and kissed me softly. He looked into my blue eyes and whispered, "I love you."   
  
I couldn't even answer him. I could feel my eyes tear up as I got into the car. Even while he was teasing and torturing me, he never let me forget. He closed the door, walked around the car and got into the driver's seat. He looked over at me and smiled that smile that warms me up and I knew I belonged to him completely.  
  
We got to the golf club and Phil and Tina arrived minutes behind us. Tina was wearing a sundress and sandals and looked really pretty. Let's face it, with her body she could wear a potato sack and guys would stop to look at her.   
  
We walked through the dining room to get to the deck, the metal balls in my pussy bouncing merrily and every man in the room was looking at us. I whispered to Tina, "Looks like we're giving the old guys a thrill." "Not me," she whispered back, "I'm not the one practically naked. These old guys will be fucking their old wives tonight thinking of you." We were both laughing as we walked out onto the deck.  
  
We sat down and I was relieved that I made it without cuming in front of everyone even though my g-string was drenched with my juices and my nipples were like little pebbles on the end of my breasts. The waiter was there immediately with coffee and juice. I noticed that when I sat, my skirt was too short to fit under my ass. As a result, it was my bare ass that made contact with the cool seat of the chair. I squirmed a little and Keith looked at me and I mouthed "Short skirt, bare ass." and he smiled enjoying my discomfort.  
  
The waiter brought the fresh fruits, breads and pastries and while we ate we talked about going to the cabin next weekend. The guys decided that we'd leave from work around lunch time on Friday and take Phil's four wheel drive jeep in case there was more snow than we expected. Tina gave me advice about what clothes to get. Since we weren't actually going to ski, she suggested avoiding ski wear since, if you weren't skiing, it was uncomfortable.  
  
Phil spotted the guy they were hoping to see and the guys excused themselves leaving Tina and I at the table. "How was dinner with your parents" I asked.  
  
"Forget about that," she said moving her chair closer to me so we could talk, "What happened to you after we left; your positively glowing."  
  
"The short story is," I said lowering my voice even though there was no on else on the deck to hear me, "We went to dinner, came home and Keith fucked my brains out." and I popped a piece of melon into my mouth.  
  
"Oh, no, I need the longer version."  
  
I told her about Keith making me strip at the door and how he teased my naked body for over an hour while we watched television. How he carried me upstairs tied me spread, very, very wide, on our big bed, tickled me until I offered my body in the most obscene ways while I begged for his mercy and then he fucked my brains out.  
  
"Tickling drives me crazy." Tina said. "Phil knows I'm ticklish, but I don't think he knows what it does to me. I could cum just from being tickled."  
  
"Maybe I'll mention it to him." I said.  
  
"Don't you dare." she cried, "Between him and Keith, they'll design some way of tickling me all day. I'd cum until I passed out or went insane."  
  
My pussy tingled at the thought of having to endure being tickled all day. "Maybe I better not mention it then," I told her giggling, "After last night, I'm sure Keith would want to do it to me, too."  
  
The waiter came by with a fresh pot of coffee and more cut up fruit and left. "Speaking of selling out your friend, you knew Keith was going to fuck me up the ass and you oiled me up and got me all excited just so he could do it and never warned me…some friend."  
  
"I couldn't warn you." she said apologetically, "Phil told me what Keith was going to do and told me to get you oiled up. I thought getting you all excited and getting lots of oil up your ass would make it easier for you. Was I right?"  
  
"Well, he only got about half his cock up my ass before he came, and it did hurt at first, but when the pain stopped, I really liked it. And Keith really liked it too, that's why he didn't last long."  
  
"Why didn't he put his cock all the way up your ass? Once the pain of being stretched stops, the deeper he goes the better it feels for me."   
  
"I think I was so tight it made him cum. And he's so big; I need to be stretched a little more to be able to take his whole cock."   
  
"Bigger than that plug I helped put up your ass last week? You're a lucky girl." Tina laughed.  
  
The guys came back to our table with a man about fifty or so. He was about five eight, a little pudgy with salt and pepper hair that was starting to thin. Keith asked him to join us and he said that he didn't want to intrude on our breakfast. I jumped up, forgetting about the metal malls in my little hole, and moved my chair to make room for him between Tina and me. The balls moved around banging into each other sending electric shocks through my already excited body. My nipples got instantly hard, sticking out through my little cut-off top. His eyes got big and he stared at my hard little nipples, rest of my nearly naked body and the way I was almost dressed.  
  
"Let me get you a chair." I said. I started to take a step to get a chair from the table next to us and the balls inside me hit each other sending more tingles from my tits to my toes. Rather than move my legs again causing the balls to move even more, I leaned over and reached for a chair from the next table. As I reached over to slide the chair between us, the back of my short skirt rode up giving him a great view of the bottom half of my bare ass cheeks.   
  
The balls jiggled around anyway and I gasped and I could feel the inside of the tops of my legs were getting damp. He probably thought the gasp was from moving the chair but Tina, having heard that gasp before, knew something was going on.  
  
I put the chair between Tina and me and sat back down. He could see from where he was standing that the back of my skirt flipped up as I sat and my bare ass was making contact with the seat of my chair.  
  
He was staring at my bare legs and belly and he had a good view down my cut off top from where he was standing. Keith introduced him, "This is Bill Wagner and this is Tina, Phil's wife, and Heather, my fiancée."

He shook both our hands but I was in shock. Keith introduced me as his fiancée. By the time my head cleared, they were talking about the computer part that he had invented and how Keith and Phil really wanted to be the one's manufacturing it.  
  
Tina had let the skirt of her sundress ride up giving Mr. Wagner a generous view of Tina's gorgeous legs. I spread my legs a little so my little skirt rode up to where another inch or so and he would see the thin strip of white, almost transparent, silk that covered my shaved and very excited pussy. He may have been talking to Phil and Keith, but his mind, and eyes, were on our exposed bodies.  
  
After about fifteen minutes, Mr. Wagner stood and said he had to get back to his friends and that he was pleased to meet all of us. From the bulge in his pants, I think he was happier to meet Tina and me than Phil and Keith. As the guys walked Mr. Wagner back inside, Tina put the chair back at the other table, slid her chair closer to me and giggled "Alright Heather, what's going on? What's Keith doing to you?"   
  
I blushed and whispered, "He put Ben-Wa balls inside me before we left the house. I was teasing him. Between you and me, I really wanted him to do something to me; I was so horny after last night."  
  
"Two silver balls; about the size of golf balls connected by a wire about an inch long?" she asked.  
  
"Yeah," I replied, surprised she knew about them, "Has Phil used them on you?"  
  
"Has he turned them on, yet?"  
  
"Turned them on? You mean there's more to them than them bouncing around inside me? It was all I could do to get to the table without cuming." I was starting to panic.  
  
"Did he tell you how long he was going to make you wear them?" she asked placing her hand on mine trying to calm me down.  
  
"He said the rest of the day."  
  
"All I can say is you're going to have a GREAT day and you'll sleep good tonight." she said with a smile.  
  
The guys came back and Phil stopped between Tina and me and groaned, "Oh, Hell!"  
  
"What's the matter?" Keith asked.  
  
"Remember I said Bill seemed like he wasn't really paying attention to us when we were telling him why we should be the one's to manufacture his invention?" Phil said shaking his head.  
  
"Yeah, like his mind was somewhere else." Keith said.   
  
"Come around here," Phil said starting to chuckle, "I think I found where his mind went."  
  
Keith walked around to our side of the table "Oh my god," he laughed as looked at the vast amount of young female flesh on display on our side of the table, "You girls could have killed that poor guy. No wonder he had to get back to his friends."  
  
"I hope he stopped in the men's room to do something about the crotch of his pants first." Tina said and we both giggled.  
  
"She started it." I moaned in my little girl voice, "She pulled her skirt up so he could see all of her long legs."  
  
"You bent over and let him see your bare ass." Tine retorted.  
  
"Only the bottom half and it was an accident." I said, like that excused what I had done.  
  
"Girls, girls;" Phil said holding up his hands like a traffic cop. "You both know what you did was wrong. You teased poor Mr. Wagner and more importantly, you did it without our permission."  
  
We both suddenly got quiet.  
  
Keith picked up where Phil left off. "And since you did let another man see you without our permission, you should both be punished."  
  
Tina turned to me and whispered, "I think we've been set up."  
  
They both sat down and went back to their coffee, fruit and danish, talking about how their talk with Mr. Wagner went. Tina and I looked at each other and picked at our breakfasts not knowing what was in store for us.  
  
When breakfast was done, the guys paid the check. While we were waiting for the waiter to return, I felt a little buzzing between my legs. At first I wasn't sure I felt it, but it got steadily stronger until the metal balls in my little hole were vibrating just enough to bounce and vibrate against each other.   
  
I gasped out loud as a tremor ran from my pussy to my clit and I could feel my face get red, and not from embarrassment. Tina looked at me and said, "He turned them on, didn't he." I nodded my head because I was afraid if I talked I would moan. I looked at Keith and he had a little smile on his face.   
  
"Please sir," I said; grateful that there was no one else on the deck, "I won't make it through the restaurant without coming. Could you please turn off the Ben-Wa balls you put in my pussy." I was humiliated to make this request in front of Phil and Tina, but I thought it was better than coming in the restaurant.  
  
"I can't turn them off," he said, "But I can turn them up and maybe you'll come before you get to the restaurant and you can hold off your second orgasm until we get to the parking lot."  
  
"No, no, please don't." I cried. "I'll try to hold off my orgasm until we get outside."   
  
The waiter returned Keith's credit card and we all got up and started off the deck to walk through the restaurant to get to the parking lot. In a final act of defiance, Tina had unbuttoned all but three of the buttons of her sundress so when she walked her legs, almost up to her pussy, showed through the opening in her skirt and her tits threatened to bounce out of the top.   
  
Considering my skimpy outfit, I didn't have to do anything to attract attention; but the Ben-Wa balls dancing inside my most tender place made my nipples hard, my face and chest flush and my poor pussy so wet I could feel the inside of my thighs slipping against each other.   
  
Keith was holding my hand and I pulled him close to me and whispered, "Please sir, I'm going to come. I can't hold it off any longer. The balls bouncing as I walk and the vibrating against each other are more than I can stand."   
  
He put his arm around me holding me up and kissed me on the forehead. While it kept me from falling, the feel of his hard body against me did nothing to help me fend off my orgasm. I was completely humiliated because I was sure every knew that I was cuming right there in front of them.   
  
I bit my lower lip to keep from screaming out but I could feel my pussy clamp down on the nerve-racking balls inside me and I am sure everyone could see the muscles in my stomach convulse as my orgasm wracked my shaking body. Needless to say, all of the men noticed me as we walked through the restaurant.  
  
As soon as we left the restaurant, the balls in my poor little pussy stopped vibrating. I wanted to say something sarcastic to Keith about how he should have done that before I came for the crowd but I was afraid he would turn them on again and leave them on. I had never had anything get me so excited so fast and I thought if he turned them on again, it would only be a matter of minutes before I came so hard and so often that I would pass out.  
  
We went out into the parking lot and walked to our cars. Keith opened the door for me. My legs were still shaking as I got in. I could see Phil and Tina get to their car, which was parked in the row in front of us. I thought Phil was going to open the door for Tina but instead, he said something to her. She shook her head ‘No' and Phil said something else to her and she slowly unbuttoned the last three buttons of her sundress, took it off, and handed it to Phil.  
  
With the exception of her high heeled sandals, she was standing, naked, next to their car. She looked beautiful, standing proudly, completely naked in the bright sunlight. Phil took the sundress and walked casually to the back of the car, leaving her standing nude in the golf club parking lot. He opened the trunk and put her sundress in, then closed the trunk and walked back and opened the door allowing her to get in the car.  
  
It looked like we were both being punished.  
  
Keith got into our car and we pulled out and headed for home. "I'm really sorry, Keith." I said my voice still shaky from the giant orgasm, "I hope we didn't interfere in the deal you and Phil were trying to work out."  
  
"I'm sure you didn't," he said smiling, "Bill probably can't wait to meet with us again as long as you and Tina are there."  
  
"Keith…" I paused, not knowing exactly how to bring this up.  
  
He looked over at me suddenly concerned, "What's wrong, Kitten, are you okay?"  
  
"I'm fine, it's just that…" I paused again looking at the floor.  
  
We hadn't left the parking lot yet and he pulled into an open spot and turned toward me. "Are you sure you're okay? Were the Ben-Wa balls too much for you." he asked. There was a look of panic on his face. He ran his fingers along the side of my face, along my cheek.  
  
Well…when we were at the table," I stumbled for the right words. This wasn't fair to Keith. He was beside himself; he thought something was wrong, or I was sick but he needed to know what it was before he could help me.  
  
I gathered my thoughts and tried again, "When we were at the table and you introduced me to Mr. Wagner;" I paused but forced myself to continue, "You introduced me as your fiancée."  
  
The panic and fear were gone from his face, replaced by…disappointment? "You noticed that, huh?" he asked.  
  
"A girl doesn't miss something like that." I whispered looking at the floor again.  
  
"You see, I…" Keith started to say.  
  
"I understand that you weren't sure exactly how to introduce me. I mean, dressed the way I am, I could see why you didn't want to tell him I was your personal assistant, with him being older, he may not have understood. You were on the spot and it was the easiest way to explain who I was. You didn't want to be ashamed. And then Tina and I teased him and he saw my bare ass, even though it was an accident, I mean, you certainly…" I was babbling and he put his finger to my lips like he was telling a child, "Shhhhh." to shut me up.  
  
"First," he said his voice back; he was in charge again, "I was not ashamed of you. I have never been ashamed of you. In fact, showing you off, or making you let other people see you, my doing things to you and you letting me do them to you makes me love you more. You do them for me.  
  
"Second, and I told you this when I offered you the job, you are my personal assistant because you are smart, competent, organized and I trust you completely. The fact that you are the most beautiful woman, dressed or undressed, that I have ever seen in my life had nothing to do with it. Well, maybe the fact that just thinking about you sometimes gets me hard had a little to do with it." he said with a smile.  
  
"But I was hoping you missed me introducing you to Mr. Wagner as my fiancée because…"  
  
"You don't have to explain. I understand you were in a spot. He was a business contact and…" again the finger softly to my lips.  
  
"You never let me finish, maybe I should add that to your punishment" he sighed. My pussy tightened on the metal balls and a tingle went through my body.  
  
"In some ways I'm an old fashioned guy, especially where family and respect are concerned." he began. I had no idea where this was going, but I wasn't going to interrupt him again.  
  
"I wanted to wait until your Mom, Dad and sister got down here for your Birthday. I wanted to ask your Dad's permission to marry you. Corny? Yeah, I know but it shows your Dad the respect he deserves, and it shows respect for you, too. If your Dad gave his consent, and I'm pretty sure he will, I was going to ask you to marry me at your Birthday party in front of your family and our friends." he paused for a second then asked with a smile, "You aren't going to turn me down in front of everyone, are you?"  
  
Okay, I was crying. I leaned across the seat and kissed him softly on his lips. I rested my arms on his chest and I was sobbing against his shoulder.  
  
He took me by the shoulders and kissed both my cheeks under my wet eyes and set me back in my seat. My face was still wet from crying and I was trying to get myself under control.   
  
"I got you a ring." he said softly, like he was telling it looked like rain.  
  
"WHAT?" I was screaming again and I turned to face him in my seat.  
  
"I got you a ring." he said calmly, "I picked it up on Friday. I was going to ask you to marry me next weekend while we were at the cabin, but you mentioned your Birthday and wanting to have your family down and it just seemed so perfect I was going to wait. Do you want to see it?"  
  
I was actually dizzy. It was all happening so fast. "You can't wear it until after I talk to your Dad and propose to you at your party, but if you don't like it, at least I'll have time to exchange it."  
  
"What...exchange it?" I asked trying to sort out in my head what was happening to me, "You are such a man."  
  
"Oh…Thank you…I think?" now he was confused.  
  
"The ring you picked out shows the world that you love me." I was starting to sob again. Why do I cry when I'm happy? "I don't care if it's a cigar band, as long as it came from you."  
  
"Well then; I'll exchange it for a cigar band." he said with a grin.  
  
"I'll beak your arm." I said firmly and we both laughed.  
  
He reached across me and opened the glove compartment and took out a ring box.  
  
"Oh, my god! Oh, my god! Oh, my god! Oh, my god!" was all I could say.  
  
"This wasn't the way I planned this," he said - and yeah, I was crying, again, "and I'll do it again at your Birthday party. – maybe better." He paused and turned the ring box toward me, still closed – he did know how to torture me.  
  
"Heather, I have loved you since the day you made me sit in my own waiting room at work." Okay, I was bawling now. "At first, I thought that someone as beautiful as you wouldn't want to be bothered with someone like me. But then, as I got to know you, I found out that your beautiful face and your beautiful body were just a part of what makes you the most lovable and loving person I have ever met.  
  
"I know you love me; you give of yourself every day showing me how much you love me. I have never met anyone like you and I can't imagine my life without you beside me. Sharing your life with me, letting me love you, letting me care for you, letting me protect you and making you smile is how I want to spend the rest of my life." he paused and took a deep breath, "Heather, will you marry me?"  
  
He opened the ring box. It was shiny but I was crying so hard I couldn't even see the ring. It didn't matter. Even I was surprised at how much I didn't care about the ring. It was that man sitting next to me that I wanted; the one that stirred up all those emotions inside me and kept them at a boil.   
  
I threw myself across the seat and wrapped my arms around his neck and kissed his lips, his cheeks, his chin, anywhere I could reach. I squeezed his neck so hard I thought I might choke him. I was crying so hard my whole body was shaking.  
  
"Is that a ‘yes'?" he whispered.  
  
I pulled my face away from his shoulders and look into his soft grey eyes and screamed, "YES… YES…Yes…Yes…yes." and kissed him hard on his lips driving my tongue into his mouth. I pulled my mouth from his and said, "I love you so much, if we weren't in this parking lot, I'd show you how much I want to marry you."  
  
He settled me back into my seat and offered me the open ring box. My eyes had dried enough so I could see clearly. The ring was beautiful, a big heart shaped diamond on a white gold setting (I later found out it was platinum) surrounded by eight diamond chips. My hands were shaking so bad, I couldn't get it out of the box.  
  
He took the ring out of the box and took my hand and slipped it on my finger. It fit perfectly, which, by now shouldn't have been a surprise, but not only did it fit perfectly on my finger, the stones and the setting were just the right size for my hand. It was beautiful, perfect, like my Keith. He put a finger under my chin, lifted my face up and kissed me softly.  
  
"Do you know how much I love you?" he whispered.  
  
I was sobbing again, "I know…but I'm afraid to believe it. I'm afraid I'll wake up and it'll all disappear."  
  
He kissed me again, soft and long. He pulled out of the parking lot and headed for home. "You know, I'm sorry, but you can't wear the ring outside of the house; we can't let anyone know until after I talk to your Dad and propose at your Birthday party."  
  
  
"What makes you think I'm going to let you out of the house between now and the birthday party?" I said looking at the front of his pants. He started laughing and I had to laugh with him.  
  
"How about, we go back to the house and relax by the pool? Tonight, I'll make you the finest barbeque grilled chicken dinner you've ever had."  
  
"Do I have to lay by the pool naked?" I asked with a smile.  
  
"If you like." he answered, "You know I like it."  
  
"Okay, I said, "Sounds like a plan."  
  
‘Mr. Monroe,' I thought to myself as we drove back to our house, ‘when we get home, the future Mrs. Monroe, metal balls in her shaved little pussy or not, is going to fuck you within an inch of your life and in every room of our house…including the pool and the deck.'  
  
We never did have that chicken dinner.

My Own Heaven Ch. 16

I woke up early Monday morning as the first streaks of sunlight were creeping across our big bed. Keith was still sound asleep next to me even though we went to sleep fairly early last night. He was exhausted; I couldn't keep my hands off of him after we got home from our brunch with Phil and Tina.  
  
I cuddled next to him listening to his deep steady breathing. I carefully looked down at my left hand and the ring was still there. It hadn't been a dream, Keith wanted to marry me; he truly loved me.   
  
Keith is usually up before me, so this morning; I wanted to make coffee for him like he usually does for me. I quietly got out of bed and went to the bathroom to shower. I thought about yesterday when he gave me the ring.   
  
It wasn't his original plan to give me the ring yesterday. It wasn't his second plan either, but you have to go back to the previous chapter to see how all that happened. To make a long story short, after some stumbling conversation, and one of the most beautiful off-the-cuff proposals a girl could ask for; he asked me to marry him and gave me the ring. But, looking at the relationship Keith and I have; stumbling and off-the-cuff was perfect.  
  
The only problem is we can't tell everyone about our engagement so I can't wear the ring outside of the house. He wants to ask my Dad's permission to marry me first, and propose at my birthday party six weeks away, in front of my family and friends. So old fashioned, so cute, you can see why I love him.  
  
While I showered and since it was early and even though I didn't need to, I decided to shave my body, just the way Keith likes it. I thought back to my 'disgraceful conduct' after we got home. I wanted him so bad after what he said in the car.   
  
Keith took the Ben-Wa balls out of my pussy and we went out to lay by the pool; with me naked, of course. I got Keith to come into the pool with me and I took off his shorts and...let's say I encouraged him to take advantage of me on the pads from the chairs around the pool.  
  
A little later, he was showing me the guest wing of the house. While I've been at the house a lot since we've been together, I never really got a tour, and the house is so big, you need a tour or you could get lost. I chose to take the tour naked and, of course, he didn't object. Thanks to Keith, I've learned that I am an exhibitionist and I love the look he gets in his eye as my little body jiggles as I walk.  
  
We went through the kitchen, past the game room - there were a lot of memories in there - and up the steps into the guest wing. There was a large guest room with a king size bed and a big bathroom with a Jacuzzi. Not as big as our bathroom but big and luxurious nonetheless.  
  
There were three other fairly large guest rooms; each with a queen size bed. The rooms share a large bath with a stall shower and a big bath tub. There was also a small foyer at the top of the stairs with a sofa and two chairs, tables and a few lamps. Kind of like a sitting room for the guests. We went back to the main guest bedroom, and I tricked Keith into letting me suck his cock. Some trick, he was already hard from staring at my naked body. He didn't have a chance.  
  
I knelt down in front of him, and took his cock as deep into my throat as I could which was just a little more than half. I loved the sounds he makes when I suck his cock and I resolved to do it more often and learn to take as much of his cock as I could down my throat.  
  
Keith was moaning as I moved up and down sucking as hard as I could. The only thing that could have made it better for me was if my hands were tied behind my back. Since I wasn't tied, I put my hands on his tight ass instead and pushed my mouth down on his cock as far as I could.  
  
I moved my head up and down on his cock licking the underside as it slid over my tongue. I could feel his cock throbbing and I knew he was close to coming. "You're making me come." he moaned and tried to pull his cock out of my sucking mouth. I tightened my grip on his tight ass pulling him into me and sucked harder. I was rewarded with his cum spurting into my mouth and down my throat.  
  
Since this was his second cum in about two hours, it seemed like there was less than he normally shoots, and I was able to swallow it all. If it was his normal amount of cum, I'm sure I wouldn't have been able to swallow fast enough to swallow it all, but that would have been good, too.  
  
Being naked, on my knees in front of Keith with his cock in my mouth, is the most submissive position I can imagine. Being a submissive, I loved it. Having him stand over me is even better than him sitting down. He towers over me and I look up at him with his cock in my mouth. It is dominance and submission personified. I love doing it and I plan on doing it more often.  
  
And that's the way the afternoon went. I wanted him so bad, and I just couldn't get enough of him. I teased him while we watched T.V. in the living room. I kept opening my legs just enough so he could see my bare pussy. I toyed with my nipples making them red and hard and rubbed my naked body up against him every chance I could.   
  
Finally he grabbed me and held me down on the couch and ate my bare pussy and sucked my swollen clit until I came at least four times. He kept it up until I begged for mercy - he loves when he can make me beg - and he finally stopped, leaving me breathless and trembling. The man can dominate me with his tongue, lips, and teeth (sigh!).  
  
You would think that was enough, but no. Later, in the kitchen I taunted him; wiggling my cute little naked ass at him and he acted like he was going to fuck me up the ass. There was no lube and I was really scared; his big cock hurt when he used lots of lube. Dry, he would have split me in two. Finally, he made me promise to be a good girl and he bent me over the counter in the kitchen and fucked my little pussy so hard he lifted my feet up off the floor. I came screaming as he came up my hairless little hole.   
  
Finally, we went to up to our bedroom and showered together and went to bed which brings me to here, in the shower again, early Monday morning. I finished my shower and dried off, fixed my hair and went down to make coffee, still naked. I said I would be good last night; this was a whole new day.  
  
When the coffee was ready, I set up the tray and brought it upstairs and set it on a cart near the bed. I went over and sat on the bed and woke Keith. When he opened his eyes, he smiled that smile that sends shivers through my body. I guess he likes getting up to a naked eighteen, almost nineteen, year old submissive - who wouldn't.  
  
I kissed his cheek and went over to the coffee tray and bent over, knees straight, with my back to him and my legs slightly spread giving him a clear view of my bare ass, puckered little asshole and shaved pussy. I heard a soft groan that sent tingles through me. I can't help it, I love knowing he lusts after me.  
  
I made him a mug of coffee and wiggled over to the bed giving him the front view as he took the mug of coffee I offered. "You're going to eventually kill me, you know." he said with a smile.  
  
I looked at the lump in the covers where his cock was, and pointed at the lump and said in my little girl voice, "But not today." and jumped off the bed before he could grab me and walked to my closet to get dressed. I knew he would make me pay later for teasing him, he always did.  
  
He got up and went into the bathroom taking his coffee with him and I made myself a mug of coffee and got dressed for work. When he was done in the bathroom, he came out with a towel wrapped around his hips; his big chest and muscled stomach were showing to below his navel and I could feel my pussy twitch and my nipples get hard.  
  
I picked up the coffee tray, pretending his near nakedness had no effect on me (but I'm sure he knew it did). I told him I would meet him in the kitchen when he was ready to leave for work. By the time I cleaned the stuff from the coffee tray and put it away, Keith was down and ready to go to work.  
  
We had a busy week planned at work especially since we were going to leave for the mountains at lunch time on Friday. We also had to go shopping since I needed warm clothes to wear up there since they had already had some snow.  
  
When we got to the office, we were immediately buried in work. I was answering the voice mail and email messages and then the regular mail arrived. I started going through the mail; sorting the junk from things Keith needed to see. Around ten-thirty, Mr. Wagner called for Keith and I put the call through because I knew Keith would want to talk to him.  
  
Keith came out of his office a few minutes later and said that Bill, Mr. Wagner, was going to come in tomorrow at ten to see our manufacturing operation. Mr. Wagner was bringing his head computer engineer so Keith wanted Phil and Ted, Ted Proctor one of our best engineers, in on the meeting and the tour.  
  
"By the way," he said, "would you mind if we had lunch here, I was swamped before and now with Wagner coming in tomorrow, I'm buried."  
  
"Sure," I said, "I'll order for about twelve-thirty, Okay."  
  
"Great, thanks, Kitten" he smiled and went back into his office.  
  
I put in our lunch order, and went back to work. It seemed like ten minutes later when the bell rang at the door to the executive suite. It was the guy from the restaurant where I ordered lunch; it was after twelve already. I set up our food in the kitchen and went and got Keith. At least we got to have a fast lunch together before we both went right back to work.  
  
We finally left the office around five. Since I was moving into the house with him, Keith suggested that we stop by my apartment and get any personal items I wanted and then he could have someone pack the rest of my stuff and deliver it to the house. We stopped by my apartment and I got most of my things from my bathroom even though Keith had duplicated almost everything I used when he set up the bathroom at the house for the first time I stayed there.  
  
I packed my underwear even though I would probably never wear it again since the underwear Keith got me was more to his liking - skimpy. I just didn't want anyone touching my underwear, it's a girl thing. I tried to sneak my vibrator out of the night table so I could get rid of it but Keith caught me.  
  
He took it out of the box, held it up and said with a smile, "Whoa, what's this; competition?"  
  
It was a seven inch long vibrator covered with bumps and tiny rubber fingers that tickled and teased when I put it in me. I used it, sometimes thinking of him, before we started seeing each other, then I realized he was much better. I couldn't tell him that, of course, I was already humiliated by him just finding it.  
  
"We need to keep this," he said putting it in the box and closing the lid, "I want to see what kind of response it gets if I use it on you."  
  
I blushed, my stomach fluttered, and my pussy lips were suddenly wet. The vibrator really got to me when I used it on myself. There was no telling what it would do to me if I had to use it with Keith there, or worse, if Keith used it on me. I didn't object; I hoped, unrealistically, that he would forget about it, but I knew he never forgets.  
  
We filled two boxes, and he loaded the boxes into the car. When we got home, Keith carried the boxes up to our bedroom. He took the vibrator and put it in one of the locked drawers in the armoire. My little pussy twitched; so much for him forgetting.  
  
Keith went down to the deck to make the grilled chicken dinner that we never got to have yesterday. I put on my ring, my hand felt naked without it, and unpacked the boxes. I threw out most of the underwear but I did keep a little pair of white bikini panties with red trim that said "bad girl" in red across the ass. I knew Keith would love them, especially because they were a little small for me.  
  
After I unpacked the boxes, I went down to the deck where Keith was making dinner. We stayed on the deck and had the chicken, a salad and a nice bottle of wine. We talked about the trip to the cabin. Since he was going to propose there, and that plan changed; I thought he may want to cancel the trip, but he still wanted to go.  
  
We talked about my birthday, too. Since my birthday, December 6th, fell on a Saturday we decided to have my party on my birthday. I would try to get my parents and sister to come out a few days early so they could get to know Keith. He loved the idea; he couldn't wait to meet them.  
  
After dinner, we watched some television, and we went to bed. We cuddled and we talked and quickly fell asleep. I was tired, and I think I wore out poor Keith; I hope I didn't break him (giggle). It was the first time we slept together and didn't have sex of some kind. Keith still held me close, with my soft bare ass against his big cock.  
  
We got up the next morning, and went through our normal routine. Keith woke me after he showered, made coffee and brought it up for me. I showered and dressed and we were off. We had a big day, Mr. Wagner was coming in and hopefully they would close the deal.  
  
I ordered danish and croissants set up the conference room and put on a big pot of coffee for the meeting. Mr. Wagner and his engineer arrived shortly before ten. I let Keith know they were here and let them in. I escorted them to the conference room and asked if they would like coffee and offered them the danish and croissants.   
  
"Pardon me," said Mr. Wagner, "but aren't you Heather, the young lady I met at the golf club on Sunday? I thought you were Keith's fiancée, you work for him, too." I guess he didn't recognize me with my clothes on. That wouldn't surprise me, other than when Keith introduced us, his eyes never got any higher than my breasts.  
  
"Yes," I smiled, "Keith and I are engaged, and I am his executive secretary and personal assistant. We have a very close relationship."  
  
"I see." he said. He really didn't see. If he knew what our relationship was like, he'd probably have a heart attack.  
  
I brought their coffee to the table and he said, "Well, congratulations, and I apologize for not congratulating you when we first met. I was involved with Keith and Phil and I neglected my manners."  
  
I thanked him as Keith, Phil and Ted, one of our engineers, came into the conference room. Mr. Wagner wasn't such a bad guy, but Sunday, he wasn't paying attention to Phil and Keith. He was paying attention to me, practically naked, and Tina, who had her legs exposed almost to her hips. Any guy would have been distracted under those circumstances.  
  
I left them to their meeting and the tour of the building. I had a lot to do; Keith wasn't kidding when offered me the job, and said I would be a lot busier than I was at the receptionist's desk. They came back up a little before noon and Phil came into my office and said, "Tina is bringing in lunch. These guys will be leaving soon; we can all have lunch together."  
  
"Great." I said, and Phil was gone.  
  
The guys were in the hall outside the conference room when Tina came to the door and rang the bell. I looked on the computer, and she was there with two bags of food. The problem was she was wearing white short-shorts, a low cut, tight black top, and black four inch high heels. With her long legs and 36C's she looked incredible. Mr. Wagner and his computer guy couldn't take their eyes off of me and I was wearing normal business clothes; if they got a look at Tina, they would never want to leave.  
  
I went out to the door and let Tina in telling her to be quiet and hustled her into one of the empty offices by the door. I told her about Mr. Wagner and his computer guy and she thought it was funny but appreciated me getting her into the office before they saw her. "I think he saw more than enough of me on Sunday." she giggled.  
  
The guys walked by the office; thank god I closed the door. When it sounded like they had gone, I looked out into the hall and the coast was clear. I helped Tina with the bags of food and we went into the kitchen to get lunch set up. Keith and Phil came in a few minutes later.  
  
Tina was standing at the counter with her back to the door. When Keith and Phil walked in, they had a great view of Tina's tight ass in the white shorts and her long, long legs in the black high heels. "Wow," Keith said with a low whistle, "I figured that was Tina at the door, but I couldn't figure out why you two disappeared. Now I can see why."  
  
We put out the food, sat down and started eating. Keith mentioned that my parents were coming up in December, right after Thanksgiving for my birthday. He said that he was having a big party for me and of course they were invited.  
  
Tina asked about where the party was going to be and Keith said that he hadn't made the arrangements yet. "Can I help you make the arrangements for the party, Keith?" she asked excitedly. "There'll be all kinds of things to do, guest lists, invitations, keeping track of responses, food, decorations and all kinds of things. You won't have time to take care of everything."  
  
Keith looked at Phil who nodded his head indicating that it was okay. "I'd appreciate the help." Keith said, "But you have to remember that this is a family and friends party, not the um...private kind of party we have."  
  
"I understand," she said still excited, "I'll get your okay on everything I do."  
  
We talked about the trip to the cabin in the mountains and both of the guys got really interested in the conversation. I had to agree with Tina, something was up and the guys were going to make the weekend interesting for us.  
  
We finished lunch and the guys asked if we would mind cleaning up. We told them to go and we would take care of it. While we cleaned up, we talked about the mountain trip and my thoughts for the birthday party. I was dying to tell Tina about Keith's proposal and the ring but I promised that I wouldn't tell anyone.  
  
I asked Tina about the way she was dressed coming to the office. She normally dressed very conservatively when coming in to see Phil at work. She said that now that she could come in through our private parking lot, and no one could see her, she could wear things that she knew Phil liked. I told her Keith liked it, too, and she really had a beautiful body.   
  
She kissed me on the cheek and said, "Thanks, I think we are going to get to see a lot of each other's bodies this weekend. The guys have things planned. I don't know what, but it will be exciting -- for all of us." We both laughed and hugged each other and she left and I went back to work.  
  
We left the office a little after five and decided that, after the big lunch we had, we'd go home, make ourselves comfortable, have a light dinner and relax. We went up to the bedroom and Keith said he would make us up a salad while I showered if I would clean up after dinner while he showered. I agreed and went over to my armoire to pick out what to wear.  
  
Keith was walking by to go down and make dinner. I had the underwear drawer open and he spotted the panties that I brought from home; the white ones with the red trim and "Bad Girl" across the ass in red. He lifted them out of the drawer and held them up with that smile on his face. "Wear these." he said.  
  
"But Keith," I whined, the little girl again, "They're too small for me, they make me look like a little kid."  
  
"Perfect." he said.  
  
"I can't wear just those little panties." I whined again. I could tell the panties put ideas in his head by the look on his face and that smile. I was trying to get out of wearing those panties so I could play the little girl trying to get out of something. The panties put ideas in my head, too.

"You're right." he said. He walked to my closet and opened it taking out my red five inch high heels and handed them and the little panties to me. "See you at dinner, twenty minutes." he kissed me on the cheek and went down to make dinner.  
  
I showered, dressed, as little as there was to put on, and looked at myself in the mirror. The panties were tight but you couldn't see through them. Not so tight that I looked squeezed into them, but tight enough that you could tell they were too small for me. Also, the outline of my shaved pussy showed in the material pressed against my pussy lips.   
  
The red five inch heels made my legs look even longer than they really were and they stretched up to my cute little ass. The panties stretched over my ass leaving the bottom third of both cheeks bared with the words "Bad Girl" centered right across my butt. My flat belly and little belly button led your eyes up to my breasts, standing up proud, topped by my sensitive little nipples.  
  
It's hard to explain, but at first glance, I did look like a little girl; a little girl that was trying to look grown up -- and doing a really good job of it. Keith was going to love seeing me dressed, or more accurately undressed, like this.  
  
I went downstairs and Keith had the kitchen table set, candles and all. He heard my high highs clicking on the tile floor and he turned to look at me. Having looked in the mirror, I knew what he was seeing and the look in his grey eyes told me I was right. He liked what he saw -- a lot. I could tell that I was getting laid tonight; I just wasn't sure what he would make me do, or do to me, first.  
  
Tempting fate, I guess the little masochist that hides inside me was trying to escape, I raised my hands over my head causing my belly to tighten even flatter and my breasts to rise while I slowly twirled giving Keith the full look of my body in the too small panties and the five inch red heels.  
  
I couldn't tell if the look on his face was shock or lust. Either way, I liked it. "I thought we were going to eat on the deck." I said, fully expecting to spend at least dinnertime almost naked outside again.  
  
He grinned and said, "We were, I like making you go outside naked, but it's breezy and I couldn't keep the candles lit."  
  
I laughed out loud out how silly, yet practical, it sounded. I walked over to him, heels clicking on the tile, making sure my hips swayed and my breasts bounced and wrapped my arms around his waist, got up on tip-toes, and kissed him.  
  
He pulled me close to him, molding my soft, almost naked body to his hard, covered body, as he ran his hands over my sides, back, and half-covered little ass. Okay, I was ready to skip dinner, but he knew delaying whatever he had planned would only get me more excited.  
  
Dinner was really good; even though, with the exception of anything he could make on the barbeque and salads, Keith cannot cook. The salad had all kinds of veggies and things cut up into bite sized pieces tossed with a light dressing that didn't hide the tastes of all the good things he put in the salad.   
  
I could see how Keith stayed in such great shape eating like this and I knew I would keep my figure or maybe even get better, a girl always sees flaws in her body, eating with Keith. I have to admit, living in my apartment I resorted to take out food a little too often.  
  
When we finished dinner, Keith went up to shower, and I started cleaning up the kitchen. He was pretty neat when he prepared a meal except that when he made a salad, he dirtied every knife in the house. For some reason he wasn't capable of using a knife to cut tomatoes, rinse it off and then cut celery. He had to use another knife. He's such a man (sigh).  
  
I went into the living room, turned on the television, and sat on the sofa. As I flicked through the channels, I realized that I was getting used to, no, I liked the way Keith kept me naked -- or nearly naked around the house. He certainly liked looking at me, and, exhibitionist that I am, I liked being looked at.  
  
Keith came into the living room wearing a pair of shorts. My too small panties covered a lot less than his shorts, but at least he wasn't fully dressed compared to my almost completely naked. He knew being naked or nearly naked while he or others were fully dressed was humiliating for me; that's why he did it to me. He sat at the other end of the sofa. He wanted me to come to him; his way of reminding me I was his submissive.   
  
It worked! I could feel my pussy lips moisten and I got up on the sofa cushions on my hands and knees and crawled over to him. Since I had to keep my red high heels up off of the sofa, my cute, barely covered, little ass was sticking up in the air. If I was crawling away from him, my tight little panties would have given him quite a view.  
  
I snuggled up next to him with my head on his bare chest and shoulder. He wrapped his arm around me with his big hand on my naked side and hip. I could smell his soap and shampoo; it was like an aphrodisiac, I wanted him -- bad -- but I knew he would make me wait just to torture me.  
  
I realized that he let me keep the remote for the television, so I started going through the channels, one at a time. Once I'd gone through all the channels, I went back to the beginning and started going through them again. I know he doesn't care what's on the television; he'll watch whatever I want to watch, but he doesn't like it when I go through the channels again and again and never actually watch anything.  
  
Keith was letting me direct this evenings 'events'. By doing things, or saying things that I knew would get Keith to react in a certain way, I could determine my own fate, if you will. What happened to me tonight would be the result of how I acted and what I said. It was like I was using Keith to dominate myself. So, I kept changing the channels with the remote.  
  
I knew what was going to happen. I knew my channel surfing was going to get me in trouble. Keith was a patient man, but if I kept it up and didn't pick a show, he would get annoyed. Considering what little I was wearing, and the "Bad Girl" across my ass; I had an idea about what I wanted to happen to me if I didn't pick a show. My little ass tingled in anticipation.   
  
I wanted to keep the 'little girl' persona going. I had to get Keith into his stern father mode to complement my little girl. It was my fantasy to be spanked, and more, by a stern father figure. Not my father, but a male in authority over me. I suspect it's almost every girl's fantasy at one time or another. I needed to get Keith to pick up on my fantasy.  
  
I kept going through the stations and finally said, "Heather, pick a station. There has to be something on you can watch."  
  
"Oh, daddy," I whined like a little girl, "There's nothing good on T.V."   
  
"There's over a hundred stations to pick from; there has to be something you can watch until the top of the hour. Then you can go through the stations again." he said his voice a little more deep and annoyed.  
  
"But daddy," I whined again, squirming against him, rubbing my bare breast against his bare side and hard stomach, "I want to watch something, now."  
  
"It seems to me, my baby girl is spoiled." he said his voice stern and a little louder, I think you can wait a little bit until the next programs come on. It's only another twenty minutes."  
  
He got it; he was my 'daddy' and I was his 'little girl'. "But daddy," I was in full whine mode now, "What'll I do for twenty minutes."  
  
"I'll keep you busy for twenty minutes, little girl," he growled, "And maybe next time, you'll pick a show without clicking through the stations over and over." With that, he produced my black leather wrists cuffs from between him and the arm of the sofa. I didn't even see him carry them in with him. Apparently this wasn't only my fantasy.  
  
He strapped on the wrist cuffs and I continued to whine, "Oh, daddy, I'll be good. I'll pick a show. You don't have to keep me busy." Meanwhile, my pussy was getting wet and tingly and my nipples were getting hard.  
  
He got both cuffs on easily; I wasn't resisting him. After all, he was 'in charge' of me. "Stand up, little girl." he ordered.  
  
I stood up, and my barely covered little pussy was right in front of his face. He put his hands on my hips and turned me around so I was facing away from him. I wasn't sure if he had a plan or he just wanted to get a good close look at my ass cheeks hanging out of the too small panties.  
  
I should have known my Keith would have a plan. He pulled both of my wrists behind my back and clipped the cuffs together. He put his hands on my hips and made a show of reading the back of my panties. "Bad girl," he said, "You certainly are a bad girl. And you know what we do to bad girls..."  
  
"Oh no, daddy, please, I'll be good, please don't." I cried spinning around facing Keith in my too small white panties and red, five inch high heels, with my hands tied behind my back. I was shifting from foot to foot making my long bare legs flex and my naked tits bounce.  
  
We have to get mirrors in this room I thought to myself. I remembered being forced to watch myself get spanked in the mirrors in the game room, and how much it excited me. Keith's voice brought me back to the present, "Please don't what, baby girl?" he boomed.  
  
He wanted to make me to say it. Oooooo, he was good. He was making me name my own punishment. "Please don't spank me, daddy" I sobbed.  
  
"Don't you think you deserve a spanking, little girl; the way you played with the remote? And look at the way you're dressed. Do you think that's the way a good girl would dress in front of her daddy? I think, from now on, every time you wear those panties, I'm going to spank you."  
  
Did I hear him right? Was that my daddy talking or was that Keith telling me when I wanted to be spanked, to wear these panties? He slid forward on the sofa, grabbed me by the waist, lifted me off my feet, and laid me over his lap with my little ass in the air. God, he was strong; even sitting down he lifted me like I was a feather.  
  
"No, no daddy, please..." I cried kicking my feet still wearing my red high heels with my hands cuffed behind my back.  
  
I was so humiliated. I was really getting into my little girl fantasy. In my mind, I was a little girl and Keith was my 'daddy' getting ready to spank my cute little ass. "Since you wanted to be kept busy for twenty minutes," my daddy/Keith announced, "Instead of counting spanks, I'll just spank you for twenty minutes.  
  
Oh, gosh, I hadn't planned on having my ass spanked for twenty minutes. I remember how my ass burned after Keith and his friend spanked me ten times each at the poker game. Twenty minutes seemed extreme.  
  
I was kicking my legs and trying to wiggle off of his lap but he put his hand on the small of my back and I was locked in place. His hand also kept me from moving my cuffed hands down to protect my soon to be warmed ass.  
  
He gently rubbed his free hand over my ass, which I am sure presented a very delightful target. (We definitely need mirrors in this room.) I was really worried; twenty minutes. Would I finally need to use my safe word?  
  
He lifted his hand and I heard the smack and I could feel the warmth spread across my right ass cheek. Keith didn't hit me hard at all. It stung a little, but nothing like the spanks I got at the card game. 'Ouch', now my left ass cheek was warm. I should have known my Keith would never really do anything that would injure me. My poor little ass would be sore in the end, but I think I could take twenty minutes of this.  
  
One more to each cheek and my ass was starting to tingle. I was kicking my feet, "No more, daddy," I cried, "I'll be good."  
  
Again, one more on each cheek, "I'm sorry, baby girl, you wanted something to do for twenty minutes." my 'daddy' said evenly.  
  
I kicked and squirmed and wiggled as daddy/Keith applied his hand to my poor ass. His smacks stung, but each one was exciting me more and more. By about the twentieth stroke, I noticed something poking into my lower belly. His cock was hard; he was enjoying my punishment. To be honest, my ass was hot, but the heat had spread, and my pussy was very wet. I tried to wriggle against his hard cock to try to get his mind on doing something else to me, or with me.  
  
He stopped spanking and stood me up and tuned me so my heated ass was facing him. He gently kissed the bottom of both of my ass cheeks where they were sticking out of my panties and said, "My, my, what a lovely shade of pink." We HAD to get a mirror.  
  
My ass was hot and tingly. He wasn't hitting me so hard that my spanking would have to be over quick. He wanted to drag it out. He loved watching me suffer almost as much as I loved suffering.  
  
He stood up and said, "Look what you've done." looking down at the front of his shorts, "You've made daddy all uncomfortable." I looked down, and I thought he was talking about the wet spot on the leg of his shorts. The front of my panties was so wet from my overheated little pussy that it soaked onto his shorts.   
  
He unbuttoned his shorts and his big hard cock sprang out pointing right at me. He dropped them to his feet and kicked them to the side. I felt his cock rubbing against me through his shorts while he was spanking me. Now that he was comfortable, he sat down and grabbed my hips and started to put me back over his knees.  
  
"Oh, noooo, daddy," I whined, "Please no more; and not with your thing all sticking out. You know it makes me wiggle when it pokes at me while I'm being spanked." I could feel his cock before, but his shorts made it feel like a bump rubbing against me. With his bare cock rubbing against my bare belly, I knew it would only get me more excited.  
  
Of course, my whining did no good. He lifted me onto his lap again with my pink little ass in the air. But Keith's devious little mind always manages to go a step further. As he laid me across his lap, he wrapped his arm around my waist and held me up a little. That little space between my belly and his muscled thighs was just enough for the head of his cock to slide between my legs and rub against my pussy each time I moved.  
  
He started spanking me again and I kicked and wiggled and my poor little ass started to get warmer and warmer. Worse, as I kicked and wiggled, the head of his bare cock rubbed against my panty covered, hairless pussy sending tingles down my legs and up to my hard nipples. It felt like a thick, hot, metal poker rubbing against my pussy lips and clit through my little girl panties.  
  
He kept spanking me as I cried and wiggled. Each time I thought his cock rubbing against my pussy was going to make me come, he would lift me up just enough so his cock would stop rubbing against me and I would moan in frustration.  
  
I was going out of my mind. My ass was on fire, and so was my pussy, but a totally different kind of fire. I was squirming and kicking like crazy but Keith was so strong that he held me with ease. Finally my flailing legs kicked off one of my shoes and he stopped spanking me.  
  
He stood me up and I tried to rub my sore ass but with the wrist cuffs clipped together, I couldn't reach my ass. "Go and put your high heel back on, baby girl." he said. Every time he called me that, or 'little girl', it sent a tingle through me.  
  
I walked to the other end of the sofa, where my shoe had landed and used my toes to try and stand the shoe up so I could slip it on. Keith was watching me, nearly naked, hands tied behind my back, tits sticking out, wiggling around trying to get my high heel on and he said, "What a lovely shade of red you cute baby ass is."  
  
I got my high heel back on and as I walked back and stood in front of him I mumbled, "At least you weren't brave enough to spank my bare bottom."   
  
As soon as the words left my lips, my panties were around my ankles. He lifted me over his lap again, arms around my waist, and now his hard bare cock was pushing against my bare hairless little pussy. The angle was all wrong for him to enter my little hole, but every move, every wiggle rubbed his big cock against my pussy and clit and was driving me crazy.  
  
He started spanking my bare ass and I couldn't tell if the panties had provided some protection or Keith was hitting me just a little harder but my ass was on fire. "Oh, daddy, please stop." I cried. "My ass is on fire, and your thing...your cock is rubbing against my pussy."  
  
I couldn't believe what this was doing to my body. I was kicking and wiggling and his hand was beating a steady tempo on my bared ass cheeks; left, right, left, right. My ass was on fire; I was so excited I couldn't think straight, and I was frustrated because Keith wouldn't let me cum. My hands, locked behind my back, were opening and closing like they were trying to reach for something. My legs were kicking up and down and my ass was wriggling and reaching up for the next spank.  
  
I wanted to come so bad I would have done anything. "Please daddy," I wailed, "Please no more spanking. Please rub you big cock against my naked pussy. Please, please let me come."  
  
The spanking stopped, but my ass was still reaching up for more. Moving the arm that was around my waist, he moved his hand under me and moved his hot hard cock away from my pussy. I moaned when he moved his cock away from my little pussy, but I could still feel it pressing against my belly, and my ass was still reaching for the hand that was spanking me. The things he was doing to torture me were the things that I wanted more of. Maybe I really was a masochist.   
  
The spanking started again, not hard but my ass was still on fire and it caught me by surprise. "Oh, no daddy, please no more! Your little baby slut is so sorry." He reached the hand that had moved his cock under me again and ran his finger along my gushing little slit. I started kicking my feet wildly, and I was grabbing the arm that was around my waist with my cuffed hands.  
  
My spanking continued, and with each spank I would press my belly down on his lap and feel his stiff cock pressing into my bare belly and his fingers rubbing my naked pussy. Then I would raise my ass for another spank. My body was out of my control; it was just reacting to the things Keith was doing to me.  
  
Suddenly, Keith pushed two of his fingers into my pussy. I was so wet they slid right in until his hand was pressed against my pussy lips and clit. I groaned and raised my ass and the fingers started to slide out of my hot wet hole. His other hand came down on my ass with a 'pop' and my hips drove down forcing the fingers into my stretched hole.  
  
When his hand rubbed against my clit, my ass raised into the air to try to get his fingers out of my stretched little hole, his other hand smacked my upraised ass cheeks driving me down on his fingers again. "Oh my god, daddy. You're making me fuck myself on your fingers." I cried between spanks, "Please daddy, no more, I'm begging you. You're going to make me come."  
  
But he didn't stop. I could feel the orgasm approaching as I kicked my legs, wiggled my fingers, and shook my head as I cried and begged for mercy.   
  
I came so hard my whole body stiffened, straight as a board, across Keith's legs and I cried out, "Yes, daddy, yesssssss. Your baby's cuming for yooouuuuuu."  
  
I collapsed across Keith's lap and I could still feel his hard cock under me. His hand was lying on my burning ass cheeks, but they were cooling quickly. "Thank you, daddy; thank you for punishing me." I whimpered.

My Own Heaven Ch. 17

When I got my breath back, Keith lifted me up. I found myself standing in front of him completely naked in red five inch heels with my hands cuffed behind my back; Keith's favorite outfit for me.  
  
He stood up in front of me letting his nine inch cock rub against my belly. Looking down at me he said. "Has my baby girl learned anything from this?"  
  
"Yes daddy," I said, "Your little girl is a spoiled brat, and she needs to be punished so she can learn to be a good little girl." I paused for a few seconds, and then I said softly, "Please daddy, you worked so hard to teach me a lesson; I want to thank you for my spanking and making me cum."  
  
"And how would you like to thank me, little girl?" he asked staying in his daddy role.  
  
Looking down at his very hard, almost painful looking, cock, I said softly, "Please daddy, could I suck your cock until you cum in my mouth and then make me swallow all of your cum?"  
  
"I think that would be the perfect way for you to thank me." he said with a smile.  
  
Suddenly, he reached out and took hold of my left nipple and squeezed it between his thumb and finger. He pulled me into the center of the living room by my tit. I followed as quickly as I could, but between the high heeled shoes and my hands cuffed behind my back, my tit still got pulled and twisted.  
  
When we got to the middle of the living room, he let go of my tit and turned to face me. He didn't say a word; he just looked at me and I knew what he wanted -- what I wanted. I carefully got down on my knees in front of him; not easy in high heels with your hands tied behind your back. I couldn't sit back on my heels because Keith is so tall that I wouldn't be able to reach his cock. I still had to kneel up straight, and even then, I had to stretch to reach the tip of his cock. He was so excited his cock was almost standing straight up along his stomach.  
  
He was looking down at me and I was looking up into his eyes as I reached my face up and took the head of his cock into my mouth. He moaned and his cock jerked in my mouth. His moan and his body responding so powerfully to my mouth made me feel so good it was almost like a little orgasm.  
  
I started moving my head up and down on his cock getting it wet with my saliva to make it slide into my mouth easier. I could feel Keith struggling not to move. He knew that I was not real experienced at sucking cock; especially a cock as big as his, and I know he didn't want to hurt me.  
  
My head was spinning I was so excited. I was on my knees, kneeling up straight completely naked except for a pair of red five inch high heel shoes and wrist cuffs locking my hands behind my back. Half of Keith's cock was in my mouth and he was going to cum down my throat. The little submissive in me, or the exhibitionist, or the masochist or maybe all three were in heaven. I just wished I could see what I looked like. We definitely needed mirrors in this room.  
  
Keith was struggling to keep from pushing his cock into my face, and I was struggling to get as much of his cock into my throat as I could. I got over half, maybe a little more, into my throat after gagging a few times when Keith gasped, "Oh God, Heather, I'm gonna cum. Let my cock go or I'll shoot off in your mouth."  
  
But, I wanted him to shoot his load in my mouth and down my throat. I wanted to be his slut. I wanted to feel his come in me, and on me. He put his hands on my head; I sucked his cock as hard as I could, and was rewarded with a long, deep moan and more cum pumping into my mouth and throat than I could possibly swallow.  
  
Some of the cum dripped out of my mouth a landed on my chest and tits. His come in my mouth and on my chest and tits and his long deep moan made me come again. Not a gut wrenching screaming orgasm, but a soft rippling one that warmed my body. I felt like I had given Keith a gift. A gift we both enjoyed.  
  
I kept his cock in my mouth and licked and sucked on it as it softened in my mouth. It felt so different when it was soft than it did when it was hot and hard. I reluctantly let Keith's cock slip out of my mouth and I looked at it. Hard, it was huge and almost scary; soft, it was big, but almost cute. I would never tell my Keith his cock was 'cute'; he wouldn't like that. It's a man thing.  
  
I was kneeling in front of Keith, looking at his cock as he recovered from his orgasm. He pulled up on my head gently with his hands to let me know he wanted me to get up. Before I got up, I softly kissed the head of his dick, like I was kissing it goodbye. I stood up in my red five inch high heels with my wrist cuffs still linked behind my back and Keith held me by my shoulders and pulled me to him and kissed me softly on my lips.  
  
"Has my little girl learned her lesson?" he said still daddy like but his voice was soft.  
  
"Oh, yes, daddy," I said, still the little girl, "Every time I wear my bad girl panties, you're going to spank me and then stick you big hard cock in one of my little holes."  
  
"And what does my baby girl think about that?" he asked.  
  
"I can't wait to wear my 'bad girl' panties again." I giggled.  
  
He put one of his arms behind me between my back and my tied arms, and swept the other arm behind my knees lifting me like a baby. He carried me up to our bedroom; hands tied, wearing my red high heels, and laid me on the bed.  
  
He started toward the bathroom and I said, "Aren't you going to untie me?" He stopped and turned toward me on the bed and smiled, "Eventually." and went into the bathroom.  
  
I heard the water running in the sink and I thought, 'Oh, god. What is he going to do to me now?"  
  
He came out of the bathroom naked (God, he had a beautiful body) carrying a towel, a wet washcloth and a jar. He sat next to me on the bed and used the warm washcloth to wipe his cum off of my neck, chest and breasts and dried me with the towel. I swallowed a lot of cum and I was surprised at how much had escaped my mouth and dribbled onto my chest and breasts. I did like the feel of it though; it made me feel like a 'dirty' girl.  
  
He turned me over on my belly and opened the jar and started to rub some of the cream from the jar onto my bare little ass cheeks. It was cold, at first, on my warm ass cheeks, and I squealed. I knew I had been thoroughly spanked, but Keith never hit my ass really hard, he just kept it up for over twenty minutes. I blushed thinking how I loved every minute of it.  
  
Keith massaged the cream into my ass until my skin had absorbed most of it. Girls, you haven't lived until you've had your hands tied behind you, laid naked, face down on your bed, and your man massages you little ass checks with his big strong hands. I was quivering when he stopped.  
  
He got up off the bed and pulled off my high heels and dropped them on the floor. He climbed into bed and pulled me close to him, face to face, and pulled the covers up over us. "Um...Keith, my hands are still tied." I whispered.  
  
"I know." he smiled and he kissed me soft and deep. I moaned and wriggled my naked body against his hard nakedness trying to get my hands free. I needed to touch him, or hold him or something.  
  
His hands were free; boy, were his hands free. One he kept behind me, in the small of my back, to keep me from getting away from him. The other slid gently over my side, my hip, my belly and eventually down to my bare, defenseless little pussy. And, all the time, he was kissing me, doing amazing things to my mouth with his lips and tongue.  
  
The fingers on the hand between my legs easily found their way into my wet pussy as he moved his lips across my cheek to my neck. My whole body was trembling. He had two fingers buried in my wet little hole, and his thumb was flicking back and forth across my engorged clit.  
  
My hands tied behind my back made me helpless and totally at his mercy. He could do whatever he wanted with me and I couldn't stop him -- not that I wanted him to stop what he was doing. His lips and tongue and teeth were making a trail down my neck and across my chest heading for my breasts and the hard little nipples topping them while his thumb and fingers played between my open legs.  
  
"Oh, Keith," I pleaded, "Please untie my hands, you're driving me crazy."  
  
He lifted his face from just above my right nipple, softly kissed my quivering lips, raised his head, and looked at me with his smoldering grey eyes, and whispered, "No." He bent his head back down to my chest and captured my left nipple with his lips while he drove his two fingers deep into my dripping hole.  
  
"AAAahhhrrrgggg," I cried out as I shook from him exploring my naked body. He was playing with me like I was his favorite toy, and, tied as I was, there was nothing I could do but endure his probing fingers. His teasing lips and teeth moved from my left nipple to the right and back again and his fingers found that spot inside my pussy that makes me loose all control.  
  
The orgasm was on me before I knew it and I came hard; screaming and begging as my body spasmed. Keith's strong hands and arms held me firmly in place and, with my hands tied, I couldn't move making me cum even harder.   
  
When I stopped quaking, Keith took me in his arms and held me against his hard body. My head was against his chest and I was whimpering from the after shocks of my hard cum. I kissed his chest since, with my hands still tied I couldn't move and, it was the only way to show him how grateful I was for what he did to me.  
  
He rolled over onto his back pulling me on top of him and I laid my head on his chest as my breathing slowed down to normal. He reached behind me, and unclipped the wrist cuffs that kept my hands locked behind my back. I brought my hands in front of me as he rolled me onto my back with him above me.  
  
He kissed me softly and I held my hand up so he could remove the wrist cuff. "No, they stay on tonight. They'll remind you what happens to bad little girls."  
  
He rolled onto his side beside me, wrapped his arms around me and pulled me into his hard, warm body. My ass was still a little sore and little tremors were still running through my body from my last orgasm. I'll remember what happens to 'bad little girls'.  
  
I woke up the next morning as Keith was bringing in the tray of coffee that had become our normal morning routine. I was lying on my stomach and Keith slid the covers down my body to the tops of my thighs. He sat on the edge of the bed and leaned over and softly kissed both of my ass cheeks.  
  
I moaned moving closer to him and he kissed my cheek and nuzzled my neck just behind my ear; my favorite 'nuzzling' place. "Your cute little ass is still pink;" he whispered, "How does it feel?"  
  
"Better since you kissed it for me." I giggled throwing my arms around his neck.  
  
He kissed my forehead and got up, poured me a cup of coffee and brought it to me and said, "We have a busy day ahead of us. We have to go shopping this afternoon so we need to get as much done this morning as we can."  
  
He walked to the door of our bedroom and said, "I'll be in the office;" indicating the home office next door to our bedroom, "I want to get a head start. When you're ready to go come and get me."  
  
He was right, of course. Now that the business employed almost two hundred people, Keith felt a responsibility to make the business prosper and insure those people's jobs. Since I was his 'right hand man' it became my responsibility, too. I got my pink little ass out of bed and headed for the bathroom.  
  
As I passed the mirror, I noticed I still had the wrist cuffs on from last night. Just thinking of last night made my little pussy quiver. I shook myself back to the task at hand, removed the wrist cuffs and headed for the shower.  
  
Forty-five minutes later, we were on our way to the office. I put on coffee in the kitchen and we both got to work. I grabbed coffee for Keith and myself, and brought it into his office. As I put his mug on his desk he rubbed his hand over my ass and said, "Are you sore? You got quite a spanking last night."  
  
I blushed and said, "Not really, I can't wiggle around in my chair, but other than that I'm fine. Besides, I loved everything that happened to me last night." I leaned over and kissed him quickly on his lips, and, as I walked to the door, I flipped up the back of my dress showing him my pink little ass and my skimpy white thong.   
  
As I walked to my desk I heard him yell, "I think that's sexual harassment, you know!" I giggled as I sat down gently and jumped back into the pile of mail on my desk.  
  
A little after eleven, Keith called me into his office. "Tina needs to pick up a few things for our trip to the cabin and Phil asked if she could go along, is that okay with you?"  
  
"Sure," I said, "Girls love to shop in packs. You're coming with us, right?"  
  
"Yeah," he said with a sigh, "We have a big order going out today and either Phil or I need to be here. We flipped a coin to see who goes with you and Tina -- I lost."  
  
"We'll see what we can do to make it worth your while." I said with a coy little smile and went back to my office.  
  
Tina came to the office a little before noon. She was wearing a cute little blue sundress and three inch heels; very conservative considering the way she was dressed yesterday. We stopped at a little place around noon for a fast lunch and then we were off to the ski shop for some warm clothes. Tina is so much fun to shop with; at least I thought so. We went into the dressing room to try on some outfits and she noticed my pink little ass. "Ooooo, somebody's been a bad girl." she teased.  
  
I blushed, "How do you know that's not from sitting in the office chair all morning?" I challenged.  
  
"Heather," she laughed, "My ass has been that color the next morning, and several shades darker, too. The most important thing is did you enjoy it?"  
  
"Oh, yeah," I sighed with a big smile, "And I liked what he made me do after the spanking even more."  
  
"You're a lucky girl, Heather." she said.  
  
'More than you know.' I said to myself.  
  
We modeled different snowsuits for Keith and we seemed to attract a crowd of other shoppers in the store who appreciated our little fashion show. It probably helped that we twisted and bent over and moved in various other enticing ways just to be sure the snowsuits fit correctly. At one point, I even opened the jacket part of the snowsuit, revealing my skimpy bra, to show Keith how nice the lining was. Keith appreciated the show, and so did the other men shopping in the store.  
  
Tina got a blue two piece snowsuit with matching boots. She already had some winter clothes at home, she just loved to shop. I got two, white with red trim and pink with white trim, both with matching boots. I loved the boots, Keith recommended them; they were well insulated, and had real soft flannel lining inside so you didn't even need socks when you wore them.  
  
We stopped at a mall and Keith bought me a white, full length, furry coat. It wasn't real fur. In the mountains with the snow, dirt, tree sap and the like, real fur would get ruined. It went all the way down to my ankles. I tried it on for a minute in the store, and I started to sweat. It would keep me warm but it was kind of dressy, too. Keith said I would need it since we were going to the lodge on Saturday night for dinner.  
  
Next, to my surprise, Keith took us to a very sexy lingerie shop. He bought us both matching little -- and I mean little -- nighties. They where almost see through, sleeveless, low cut at the top and would just about make it to our hips. The tops wouldn't even reach the matching g-string panties that covered almost nothing. If we stood up straight, the top would come down far enough to cover half of our bare asses. He got each of us two of them; one in black and one in white.  
  
He took us back to the private dressing area in the store and made us try them on for him. Fortunately, the other people in the store couldn't see us since when we tried on the nighties, we were almost naked. Keith really liked them, and made us try both of them on even though they were identical except for the color.   
  
He made us stand there, and turn slowly round and round so he could see us from every angle. I think his real purpose was to humiliate us since we were both worried someone would walk in and see us (even though, secretly, I was hoping someone would come in). After what seemed like forever, it was really on a couple of minutes, he let us go back and put our clothes back on.  
  
As we changed back into our clothes, I asked Tina, "I know why I let Keith made me go out there almost naked; why did you do it?"  
  
"Phil told me to be good and do what Keith tells me. While I'm with Keith, I know he won't let any harm come to me so, if he wants to have some fun teasing or humiliating me, Phil would be all for it." she said, like I should have known that. "Besides, I love letting people 'accidently' see me naked."   
  
Keith paid for our nighties; they fit in these tiny little bags. The little bag reminded me how naked I would be wearing them. As we left the shop, Tina whispered, "Well, now you know what we'll be wearing for most of the weekend."  
  
Our next stop was a very erotic shoe store. Keith sat us down and talked to the salesman. The salesman measured our feet and then went in the back. He didn't even ask us what we were looking for; which was okay, since we didn't know what we were in the store for anyway.  
  
Keith leaned over to us and said, "The salesman is being very helpful. I want you both to be sure to keep you legs open, and be sure he gets to see your panties while he waits on you." Tina smiled, but I blushed and started to protest; my little g-string left very, very little to the imagination, but a look from Keith made me decide to do as I was told.  
  
The salesman came out from the back carrying a bunch of shoe boxes. He sat in front of Tina and opened one of the boxes and took out a black pair of high heels with a strap that went around the ankle. She'd need that strap, too; the heels had to be six inches high.   
  
She lifted her leg up onto the stool the salesman was sitting on. Her sundress rode up her leg, and with her legs separated, as per Keith's instructions, the salesman had a clear view of her panty covered pussy. The salesman put the high heels on her feet and buckled them without once taking his eyes off of her legs and pussy. He offered her his hand to help her stand up.   
  
She stood, a little shakily, in the heels and even in her sundress that came down to almost mid-thigh, her legs looked incredible. Keith told her to walk around: she was a little shaky but she didn't do badly.  
  
The salesman took out an identical pair of heels in white and Keith had her try them on, too, much to the salesman's delight. He got another look up Tina's dress, and by now his face was getting red.  
  
Then the salesman sat in front of me and opened a box and took out a pair of black high heels that were just as high as Tina's were. I looked at Keith and decided I better follow Tina's lead and do as I was told.  
  
I put my foot up on the salesman's little stool. I couldn't open my legs as much as Tina since my skirt was too tight for that, but he still got a great view of my little pussy hidden behind the little strip of cloth that was my skimpy g-string. The salesman was actually sweating as he put the black high heels on my feet and offered me his hand. I stood up but I could hardly keep my balance. I looked down; the heels were so high I was almost standing on my toes. He couldn't expect me to walk in these.

Wrong again, Heather. Keith told me to walk around in them. Surprisingly, they didn't hurt as bad as I thought they would, but balancing was difficult as I stumbled around trying to walk in them. I looked at Keith with a pathetic look on my face and he said, "You'll learn to walk in them."  
  
The salesman took his time putting the white pair of high heels on me. He also seemed to have to touch my calves and ankles a lot to get them on. They fit fine, considering I was almost on my toes, and the salesman, after 'feeling up' my feet, ankles and calves, and staring at my legs and pussy a little more, put my shoes back on.   
  
We all stood up and walked to the counter where Keith paid for the shoes. The salesman thanked Keith over and over again; he said to be sure and bring us back. I asked Tina if the salesman seemed to touch her a lot. She said "He sure did, and I loved teasing that poor man. I'm sure Keith told him what to expect and how far he could go. That's why Keith was watching him so closely; to be sure he didn't go too far."  
  
I should have known Keith was behind this. I also should have realized that he would have never let the salesman touch either of us unless he had set us up.  
  
We left the store with four pairs of six inch high heels. Each of us had two pair, one black and one white. As we walked to the car, Tina said with a smile, "At least we got a look at our wardrobe for the weekend."  
  
"So what are you so happy about?" I asked a little concerned.  
  
"Relax," she giggled, "We have the snowsuits for when we go out during the day. We'll be dressed to go to the lodge for dinner. I'm not sure how much they'll let us wear, but it'll be more than the nighties...I hope - it's cold up there. And, don't worry about the high heels; with those little nighties, we'll spend most of the weekend with our legs in the air anyway."  
  
We went back to the office and, after showing Phil what we bought - without the fashion show - Tina and Phil went home. We spent another hour at the office finishing a few things up, and we left the office. We decided to stop at the restaurant near the water that I like for dinner.   
  
On the way back to the house, Keith said that, if it was okay with me, he was going to invite Phil and Tina over for dinner tomorrow since he and Phil had stuff they needed to go over for work before we left for the weekend. He thought that if they could get everything done, we might be able to stay over at the cabin until Monday. He even offered to cook.  
  
"Does that mean were having something barbequed for dinner?" I teased.  
  
"Hey," he said with that smile I love, "I do what I know I do well."  
  
"Since you and Phil will be busy, why don't Tina and I cook dinner? But, you guys have to clean up." I offered.  
  
"Sounds good, but I'm not sure how much Tina knows about cooking." he laughed.  
  
When we got home, Keith suggested that we pack what we could for the weekend since we'll be busy tomorrow night. We went up to our bedroom and Keith had new set of luggage for me. I was so excited, he always thought of ways to surprise me. "Does this mean I have to take my clothes off to pack?" I asked playing shy, but hoping he would make me stay naked for him for the rest of the night.  
  
"I think that's an excellent idea," he smiled, "And you can decide if you wear high heels or not. While you strip yourself bare, I'll go down and make us some drinks."  
  
I took off my skirt and blouse and my skimpy underwear. I decided the blue four inch heels would be perfect; Keith loved seeing me naked in high heels. I looked in the mirror and I could see why Keith liked me like this. I looked so sexy. Naked, and in heels, always made me feel like I was Keith's little slut; and I loved the feeling.  
  
Keith came back with a big pitcher of margaritas and two glasses. He looked at my naked body, and that look was in his eyes again. You know, the look that ends up with me being teased, tortured, and eventually thoroughly fucked. He filled the glasses, and handed me one. "I was thinking," he said walking over to the armoire "We never really got to test those Ben-Wa balls the other day. We got a bit distracted. I think we should try them again, but this time, really test them."  
  
I downed half my drink, slipped into submissive mode, and said, "Whatever you say, sir." I wondered if the high heels were such a good idea, they really made my hips sway and my ass wiggle. With those Ben-Wa balls inside me, the heels would only make the effect of the balls more intense.   
  
Keith took out the Ben-Wa balls, and I walked over to him and spread my legs slightly for him. He reached down and slid his finger along my hairless pussy and I gasped. My pussy was wet. I wanted him to do this to me but I didn't realize I was wet already. I blushed as he smiled at me. He knew...he knew I loved it when he tortured me.  
  
He knelt down on one knee in front of me, and slid the first ball into my shaved pussy. I gasped and held onto his shoulder to keep my balance. He looked at me; wanting to be sure I was all right. "Thank you, sir." I whispered. He smiled and pushed the other ball into my tight little hole. He stood up, kissed me softly, and gently ran his fingers along my jaw line.   
  
He broke the kiss and said, "Let's get started." He opened the suitcases and put them on the bed, and went to his closet and started getting out his clothes for the weekend laying them on the bed. I finished my drink and turned to go and refill my glass from the pitcher. After two steps the balls were bouncing against each other sending shockwaves through my little hole.  
  
I filled my glass and walked back to my armoire to start picking out clothes. Each step caused the balls to bang into each other sending vibrations though my bare pussy and down my legs to my pointed, painted toenails. "You better bring some bikini panties and bras with a little more to them than I normally like to see you in for under your snow suits" he suggested.  
  
I got two sets of my older underwear for under the snow suits and some of the scandalous ones for the rest of the time, and turned to walk to the bed. The Ben-Wa balls were teasing my pussy from the inside; spurred on by the extra sway and wiggle provided by the four inch high heels. All of the movement inside my poor pussy was driving me crazy; I gasped as I just made it to the bed and held on to the suitcase waiting for the balls to stop moving inside me.  
  
Keith was instantly by my side. "Are you okay, Heather?" he asked, he arm around my naked waist, and a look of concern on his face.  
  
He knew what the Ben-Wa balls did to me, how excited they got me; why would he look so concerned? Then, I remembered; the last time he used them on me was on Sunday at the golf club, when he introduced me to Bill Wagner as his fiancée. I was upset until he explained -- and proposed (sigh) -- but, at first, he thought it was the Ben-Wa balls had hurt me. He was afraid that the Ben-Wa balls were hurting me now.  
  
That's why I know I can trust him. He always makes sure that I don't get injured. That doesn't mean he doesn't hurt me, my still pink little ass is proof of that. Sometimes, he is too careful and I wish he would go further, but we were still learning our limits. Besides, I still had my safe word; not that he ever came close to making me use it.  
  
Anyway, I needed to let him know I was okay without breaking the mood. "I'm fine, sir." using the most submissive voice I could manage, "It's those big metal balls you shoved up my little pussy. Every time I take a step they bounce and vibrate inside me; it gets me so excited sometimes I have to stop and get myself under control"  
  
That seemed to satisfy him. He smiled "I'm glad the balls are working properly. By the way, I don't want you to cum unless I give you permission." He went back to the closet to get more of his clothes.  
  
He really knew how to torment me. Every time I moved, little shocks went through my body from those metal balls in my little hole; driving me closer to orgasm with each step, and now, I couldn't come without his permission. I knew, before long, I would be begging him to let me cum -- and so did he.  
  
I went to my closet to pick out more clothes, when he called to me, "Heather, come over here, I have something for you."  
  
My first thought was that he was going to do more to my naked body to tease or torture me, but he was at his closet and not near the armoire where he keeps his "toys" that he uses on me. I walked over to him the metal balls bouncing merrily inside me. The tingles were running down my legs and I could feel the tops of my thighs getting wet.  
  
When I got to his closet he pulled out a beautiful blue crepe dress. It had short sleeves, but I could see there was a deep V-cut in the front that would reveal a lot of my breasts. It was longer than the skirts and dresses he usually got for me or made me wear, too.  
  
I turned to the mirror next to his closet and held it up against my naked body. "Oh, Keith," I gushed, "It's beautiful. The color matches my eyes perfectly."  
  
"Here try it on, I think I go the size right." he said taking it off the hanger. "I thought you could wear it to the lodge when we go to dinner on Saturday night."  
  
Since I was already naked I slipped it over my head and it did fit perfectly. It left no part of my body to the imagination. It clung to my breasts, hips, thighs -- all the curvy parts men love to look at. Of course, because of the deep v-cut front, if I wasn't careful, my breasts would be peeking out for all to see. "Oh Keith, it's beautiful. "I said softly, "But it's so tight and clingy; I won't be able to wear anything under it. I won't be able to wear any underwear."  
  
"That's my plan" he said with a smile.  
  
I took a step toward the mirror and gasped, but this time not from the Ben-Wa balls dancing in my pussy. The dress did come almost down to my knees; much longer than I normally would wear and definitely not what Keith would usually pick out for me. But, when I took a step toward the mirror, my left leg was exposed up to my hip. The dress had a slit all the way up the front of the left thigh almost to my hip bone.  
  
"Keith," I said, "If I wear this dress, I'll spend most of the time trying to make sure my breasts don't slip out of the top, or this slit doesn't show off my bare pussy."  
  
"And I'm hoping you fail at both tasks." he smiled.  
  
"But people at the lodge will see me. If I'm not careful, I'll be practically naked." I exclaimed.  
  
"Yes, but it'll be people we don't know. People we'll never see again."  
  
He was right. He promised that he would never do anything to damage my reputation and the people that would see me wouldn't know who I was. They may go home and talk about the girl they saw at dinner at the lodge, and the dress she was wearing. They may even get a glimpse of my tits and maybe even my hairless little pussy. But all they would have is memories and a story to tell.  
  
He knew that, deep down inside, this is what I wanted. I wanted him to make me expose myself, to humiliate me, and he found a way to do it to me. "Thank you, sir." I said as I kissed him on his cheek and he smiled.  
  
I took off the dress. I didn't want to wrinkle it or get it dirty, and I was rather wet between the legs by this point. He took the dress, put it on the hanger and said, "We'll put this in the garment bag instead of a suitcase so it doesn't get wrinkled." and hung it in his closet.  
  
I started back to my closet to finish packing when he said, "I almost forgot, we still need to test the Ben-Wa balls."   
  
Before his words even registered in my brain, the metal balls inside me went crazy. They started bouncing and vibrating even though I had stopped walking and was holding onto the doorframe to the bathroom. "Oh, my god." I cried out looking at Keith.  
  
"I guess it works, huh?" he said holding a little remote no bigger than you would use for a car alarm. "Don't forget," he smiled, "No cuming without permission."  
  
He would have to have a degree in electronic engineering. One of the balls in my tight little pussy was vibrating like crazy. They were bouncing around and bouncing against each other sending tingles and tremors from pussy to my tits and down my legs to my pointed toes in my blue four inch heels.  
  
"Please Keith, I begged, "Please sir, turn off the vibrator it's too much, it's going to make me cum."  
  
"Now, now," he reasoned, "If I turn them off, we'll never see what the other two settings are like. And besides, you're not allowed to cum without permission. Now, let's finish packing."  
  
He wanted to finish packing? I had two golf ball sized metal balls in my pussy vibrating and bouncing like crazy. I was afraid to move because I knew it would only add to the stimulation between my legs, and he wanted to finish packing.  
  
Wait a minute! Did he say two other settings? "Sir," I asked trying to control my quivering body, "Can these balls shock me like the dildos you used on my pussy and ass did?"  
  
"No," he said calmly, "There isn't enough surface area on the balls to expose to the inside of your little pussy. The shocks would be too concentrated and I was afraid they might injure you. Of course, we could use bigger Ben-Wa balls..."  
  
'Oh, no, not bigger Ben-Wa balls' I thought. My pussy spasmed just thinking of those balls inside me being even bigger.  
  
"Anyway, we can make one or the other ball vibrate, that's what your feeling now, or we can make both of the balls vibrate, and, of course, we can vary the speed."  
  
It was almost surreal, clinging to a doorframe while Keith discussed the ways he could torture my bare pussy. I could have stopped him of course, but I didn't want to stop him. I wanted him to test me, test the Ben-Wa balls in me. I wanted him to see how far he could make me go.  
  
"We better finish packing," he said, "We have a big day ahead of us tomorrow."  
  
I started to walk to my closet and the balls quaking inside me were causing tremors all the way down my legs. I should have left off the high heels, but I knew Keith wouldn't let me take them off now.   
  
Walking only made the torture worse (better?). I gathered some clothes and carried them to the bed so I could start packing my suitcase. "Is that everything you'll need?" he asked looking at our clothes on the bed.  
  
"I'll want to take these high heels, they go perfectly with my new dress, and I'll just need my toiletries and stuff, and but I'll get them tomorrow morning after my shower." I said my voice wavering as I tried to keep my excitement down since Keith wasn't going to let me cum.  
  
"Great, could you pack my stuff in my suitcase, too." he said as he walked over to the drink tray and filled both of our glasses.  
  
"Yes, sir." I said, and started to put his clothes into one of the suitcases while trying to keep my tingling body under control.  
  
He brought me my drink and I took a long drink from the glass and put it on the night table next to the bed. As soon as I put the glass down, the inside of my pussy rumbled like it was the epicenter of an earthquake. I looked at Keith begging for mercy without saying a word.  
  
"That's both balls vibrating; I can tell that you like the feeling." he said smiling at me.  
  
My poor pussy was vibrating so much I could feel it in the cheeks of my naked ass. I was so wet that the insides of my thighs, right near my tortured hole, were soaked. I pulled myself together and slowly continued packing. "It feels very nice, sir. Thank you for letting me test them." I said, my voice wavering.  
  
I finished packing Keith's suitcase and he moved his suitcase off of the bed while I finished putting my clothes in my suitcase. "Please, sir," I asked softly, "Could you, at least, turn off one of the balls? I'm so close to cuming; I don't think I can stop it."  
  
"Let me see if I can help you with that." he said. I moved to the foot of the bed and held onto the bedpost that, a few nights ago my foot was tied to as Keith tickled me. Thoughts like that were not helping, and I had to bite my lower lip to hold off the impending orgasm.  
  
Keith took my suitcase off of the bed and came over to me and took me into his arms and held my naked quivering body against his clothed body. Being naked while he is dressed is so humiliating for me for some reason. It wakes up the submissive in me and makes me want more humiliation and more things done to me.  
  
"Please, sir," I moaned, "I'm so close to cuming, may I please cum?"  
  
"No, Heather, not yet." he said with authority.   
  
His deep voice, ordering me not to cum, just made me want to cum even more. He crushed my naked breasts against his shirt covered, hard stomach and he ran his hands over my ass cheeks holding one in each hand. "I can feel the vibrations from your pussy in your ass cheeks." he said with some amazement.  
  
"I can feel it all through my body, sir. Its sending shocks down my legs into my toes and the high heels make it tingle even more. Please, can I take them off?"  
  
"No, you can't. But, let's try turning up the speed of the vibrations."   
  
The vibrations increased and I moaned into his chest, clinging to him, trying to fight off the orgasm that was trying to envelope me. "Oh, no...oh, god. Please turn it down. Please let me cum. I can't stop it." I screamed rubbing my body against him. He held me tightly, and wiggling against his hard body only excited me more but I couldn't stop..  
  
I could feel his cock, pushing long and hard, against me belly. It added to the stimulation my body was being forced to accept but I knew that Keith was excited, too. "Please let me cum, sir. I'll do anything; you can do anything you want to me, please." I begged. I didn't know how long I could hold off; I needed to cum so bad.  
  
Keith didn't say anything. He pushed me back on the bed and started taking off his clothes. Watching him strip off his clothes, showing me his hard muscled body, a little bit at a time, just added to the turmoil raging throughout my tormented body.  
  
When he was naked, he grabbed my ankles, and spread them wide. He looked down at my spread legs and my wet, open, quivering, pussy like he was going to devour me. His cock looked bigger and harder than I ever saw it. He knelt up onto the bed between my legs, still holding my ankles wide apart.  
  
"So, do you really want to cum, my little slut?" he asked, his voice deep and foreboding.  
  
"Oh, yes, please, please can I cum?" I pleaded. The muscles in my thighs and stomach were so tight they hurt with my efforts to keep from cuming.   
  
"I have a better idea." he said and I groaned. I didn't think I could hold myself off if he added more torture. "Let's see how many times I can MAKE you come."  
  
As soon as he spoke, the metal balls in my little hole went crazy as he turned up the speed. My whole body stiffened pushing my hairless little pussy up at Keith. I couldn't control my body and he took advantage of it by letting go of my ankles and burying his face between my wide spread legs.  
  
I gasped and bucked against his tongue that quickly found my wet open hole. Before I could even get my hands down to try and protect my most private parts, I came...hard. I screamed and tried to get away from the tongue that was buried inside me, but he reached under me and held one of my ass cheeks in each hand holding me in place, keeping my hairless pussy pushed up against his mouth and invading tongue and vulnerable to his whim.  
  
As soon as the first orgasm crashed into me, I was hit with another right on top of it. I was screaming and shaking but his grip on my ass and his face buried between my legs held me in place. The vibrations seemed to increase and another orgasm hit even before the second one began to fade.  
  
My hands, which I had finally gotten down between my legs to try and push his head away, fell uselessly to the bed at my sides. I was quickly losing the battle for control over my body. The vibrating balls inside my poor little hole would have been enough to drive me crazy; as would Keith eating my hairless exposed pussy. Together, I didn't have a chance.

He pushed his tongue deeper into me making his upper lip and nose rub against my swollen and supersensitive clit. I cried and begged for mercy. The orgasms were hitting me, one right after another, and I couldn't make them stop.   
  
Every nerve in my body was overloaded. My nipples were like little rocks on the tips of my breasts. Just the air brushing against them was unbearable. Keith's mouth and tongue buried against my pussy and clit became the center of my world. I could feel my legs shaking and my toes, held pointed down by the high heels, pushed to curl under even further.   
  
I was screaming for Keith to have mercy on me. Every time I thought I couldn't cum anymore, he would find something different to do with his lips and tongue and now -- Oh my god -- he was gently scraping his teeth along my clit and another huge orgasm crashed over me.  
  
I thought I had passed out because I couldn't feel Keith between my legs and I was too weak to look down and see if he was still there. Suddenly, he was over me. He was holding my useless hands over my head and he was pressing his body down on me.  
  
I could feel his cock pushing against my hairless pussy lips. It felt like hot steel forcing its way inside me. The vibrating balls in my pussy reminded me that there was no way his cock would fit in my pussy with the Ben-Wa balls inside me. I tried to tell him I was already to full but all that came out of my mouth was moans and whimpers.  
  
I felt his cock spread my pussy lips wide as it pushed inside of me. His cock head pushed against the still vibrating balls pushing them deeper into me and another huge orgasm hit me. My legs wrapped around my Keith all on their own and all I knew was that I wanted his cock in me and I didn't care if he pushed the vibrating balls into my chest.  
  
He pushed his cock into my stretched pussy until I felt the balls vibrating against the back of my tortured hole. I could feel them vibrating against my cervix and I came again moaning and begging him to fuck me. He started moving in and out of me slowly and he was only pushing in far enough to make the rumbling Ben-Wa balls bounce against the back of my pussy, but it was enough to make me cum again..  
  
"Oh, please Keith, please fuck me, I can't take much more. I want to feel you cum." I whimpered. I lost track of the number of orgasms I had, and I was struggling to keep from fainting.   
  
The vibrating metal balls and Keith's hot, huge cock were driving me crazy. I couldn't imagine what my pussy clamping down on Keith's big cock and the vibrations felt like to him. He was careful not to force himself into me too far and possibly hurt me but he was fucking me with that snap to his hips that was making his cock rub against that spot inside my stretched pussy.  
  
I was just starting to recover from yet another orgasm when I felt his cock expand inside me and I knew he was going to cum. He pulled his cock out of me and rested his hot throbbing cock along my hairless unprotected slit. He humped his cock along my bare wet pussy lips and clit; it felt like he was rubbing a hot poker between my legs.   
  
His cock throbbed against my clit; he moaned, and I felt his cum shooting on my belly and all the way up to my tits, and I came again. I loved knowing that the things he did to me got him so excited, and somehow, the new feeling of him cuming on me seemed to me like proof that he enjoyed using my body.  
  
I was vaguely aware of the vibrations stopping inside me and Keith releasing my hands and getting up. I felt him using a warm wet washcloth to clean his cum from my stomach and breasts and a soft fluffy towel to dry me off. He must have removed the balls from inside me because I couldn't feel them anymore when he lifted me and put my head on the pillow at the head of the bed.  
  
He took off my high heel shoes and climbed into bed rolling me onto my side facing away from him and worked his way up my body kissing my leg, hip, pink ass cheeks, side, shoulder and neck as he lay down behind me. He pulled up the covers and gathered me into his arms and I sighed cuddling my ass against his warm cock.  
  
In one evening, I had been made to strip naked; I was humiliated, teased, tortured, and had my poor little pussy used to test one of his 'toys'. I was told not to cum, and then forced to cum more times than I could count. I had my pussy eaten, tongued and sucked and my clit licked and teased; I was held down and fucked, and finally, cum on by the man that loves me totally and unconditionally. I am one lucky girl.

My Own Heaven Ch. 18

The next morning, I woke up and stretched under the covers. Despite all that Keith had done to me last night, I felt great. Of course, I slept like a log; the man exhausts me (smile). I jumped out of bed, and into the shower. Keith was already up, and we had a lot to get done before we left for our trip to the mountains tomorrow.   
  
When I was done in the bathroom, I went in to the bedroom to get dressed, naked of course, and Keith had a mug of coffee ready for me. Doesn't every girl have a big, strong, handsome man bring her coffee in the morning? I highly recommend it.  
  
"How do you feel this morning?" he asked.  
  
"You mean after all of the nasty, kinky things you did to my naked little body last night?" I asked with my back to him so he couldn't see the satisfied smile on my face.  
  
"I thought you enjoyed what I did to you. You seemed so excited, I..." he stammered.  
  
I turned and he saw the smile on my face and stopped talking. I ran, almost skipped, over to him knowing he enjoyed watching all my 'girly' parts jiggle. I threw my arms around him pressing my naked body against him, my head against his chest; I could feel his heart beat.   
  
"Keith, I love what you do to me. I love that you make me scream and beg for mercy, and then I love that you show me no mercy and do what you want to do to me anyway." I said into his hard chest.  
  
"But if I'm hurting you..."  
  
"But you hurt me in a way that 'hurts' good. It excites me. I want you to hurt me like that." I said. "I love being your tortured little slut. I don't want you to hold back. If there is something wrong, I have my safe word, and to tell you the truth, with all we've done, I've never even thought about using it."  
  
"Never," he said, "Even when I fucked you up the ass?"  
  
"Well, it hurt, but I liked it, and I could feel how much you liked it." I sighed, "You never tried again and you only put yourself halfway in. Didn't you like using me like that?"  
  
"You were so tight, I was afraid I was too big and I was hurting you." he said softly.  
  
"I was disappointed that you never did it to me again. I know you'll prepare me so when you do it you won't injure me. Promise you'll fuck me up the ass again, soon. And I want you to do anything else you can come up with." I paused to let what I said sink in.   
  
"I'm sure you have lots of ideas or other little 'inventions' to use on me. Use them on me; make me scream and beg and cry. If it's too much, I know how to let you know."  
  
He had his arms around me now. "If you're sure that's what you want." he said, "I like hearing you scream and beg, and I love watching you squirm and wiggle. And I really like teasing you, and, finally, making you cum -- sometimes more than once. I have lots of things I want to do to you. As long as I know you'll use your safe word if you want it to stop."  
  
"I promise." I said, kissing his chest.  
  
We separated, and I went to get dressed for work and he went to his office. I dressed in a very businesslike skirt and blouse with three inch high heels and went to Keith's office. "Ready to go to work, boss." I said. He got up, walked over and kissed me, and we went to the office.  
  
It was the busiest day in the office since I became Keith's personal assistant. Phil was in and out all morning as were some of the senior engineers. There were several projects that were close to completion and, while they were ahead of schedule, both Keith and Phil wanted to be sure they didn't fall behind.  
  
While everyone was running around, Keith was calm and sure of himself. Making decisions, giving orders and giving advice and, most importantly, knowing when which was appropriate. I could see why people respected him and why the people who worked for him were so loyal.  
  
Keith and I ran out for a quick lunch just to decompress. I told him I spoke to Tina and we decided that after work, he and Phil would go to the house in Keith's car so they could do the work they had to do. Tina and I were going to stop and get what we needed for dinner, then come home and cook. Keith thought that was a great idea.   
  
Keith spent the afternoon meeting with everyone working on projects that were in development. Phil was in and out; as were the engineers that were leading each project. Most of what they discussed was over my head, but I could tell that, while most of the projects were things in development for other companies, some of them were 'special' projects for individuals or for limited distribution. After our talk this morning, I knew I was going to become intimately involved with some of the 'special' projects. I couldn't wait.  
  
Tina came in around four-thirty and we left to pick up the things we needed for dinner. We decided on fish, vegetables, a salad and wine, lots of wine. Since it was a beautiful night, we were going to eat on the deck, complete with candles.  
  
The guys were already working when we got to the house. We told them dinner would be ready at six-thirty so they should be ready to take a break around then. We went into the kitchen to start cooking.  
  
Tina was a whiz in the kitchen. I was surprised at how much she knew about cooking after what Keith said about her not being able to cook. We had the fish on and she was getting the vegetables ready. I was making the salad and uncorked the wine. It was a beautiful night; very warm but not so hot that it was uncomfortable.   
  
We were setting the table and I said, "The guys must really be busy, a beautiful night like this and they're letting us stay dressed."  
  
She laughed and said, "The night's not over yet. When those two get their heads together, who knows what they'll come up with to do to us?"  
  
I told her about last night. The Ben-Wa balls, making me pack naked, and the dress he got me for dinner at the lodge on Saturday night. She said that Phil had told her pack a specific dress for dinner, too, but it was low cut and short, but if she didn't wear underwear it would be almost impossible to keep from flashing her breasts, pussy and ass at people.  
  
"I'll bet there are going to be a lot of happy men and jealous women at the lodge on Saturday night." she giggled.  
  
"Do you really think they'll make us wear those outfits without underwear and let perfect strangers see our...uhm...private parts?" I asked.  
  
"First, our...uhm...private parts," she said mimicking me with a giggle, "Aren't really that private, are they? And, second, making us expose ourselves when we are with strangers is the perfect time to do it. They don't know us, we don't know them, and we'll never see them again. And, best of all, it is soooooo humiliating and embarrassing."  
  
"So, Phil has done that to you before...and you like it!" I exclaimed with a grin.  
  
"I love it; and if I don't do it to his satisfaction, he punishes me. Sometimes he punishes me where people can see me being punished, and, god, that just makes me crazy." she beamed.  
  
I thought about Keith making me show my ass or breasts or pussy in front of strangers. It gave me butterflies in my stomach, but, at the same time, I could feel little tingles in my pussy, too. "Do you think they would make us do something like that at the lodge?" I asked not really sure I wanted to know the answer.  
  
"Considering they'll have three days to play with us, I would say the lodge won't be the only place our bodies are going to be put on display." Tina smiled.  
  
'Where else could they make us show ourselves?' I thought to myself, 'The cabin is isolated; unless they plan to take us somewhere else.' I was getting excited just thinking about it.  
  
Dinner was ready and we called the guys and started bringing the food out onto the deck. Dinner was really good and I had to give most of the credit to Tina. After we finished the food we sat around and finished off two bottles of wine while we talked.  
  
The guys had just about finished the work they needed to get done tonight, and we talked about what needed to get done tomorrow morning. Keith said we would take our suitcases to work with us. Phil would take his car, the one with four wheel drive, to work and we would transfer our suitcases to Phil's car and we could leave right from the office.  
  
Even though we made dinner, we offered to clean up so the guys could get their work done. We were putting the dishes away when Tina said, "Did you notice they never mentioned what they had planned for the weekend?"  
  
"Maybe they just want to go up there and relax." I offered.  
  
"Oh, they'll be relaxed." she rolled her eyes, "The question is; what will they be doing to us while they are relaxing?"  
  
"Do you really think they are going to spend the weekend teasing and torturing us?" I asked with a hint of anticipation in my voice.  
  
"You little slut," she said with a laugh, "You're looking forward to it."  
  
I blushed and put some dishes in the cabinet.  
  
"I have to admit, I'm looking forward to it, too." she said lowering her voice. "I just didn't realize you liked it as much as I do."  
  
We finished cleaning up the kitchen, refilled our wine glasses and went into the living room to watch television. The guys came in about an hour later. I got them each a glass of wine and refilled Tina and my glasses.  
  
We talked about plans for my birthday. Keith and Tina decided, since they were planning the party, that we would have the party at the restaurant by the pier that I like so much. I thought it was a great idea, but wondered if the owner would close the restaurant to the public on a Saturday night.  
  
They all said it'd be no problem since the owner was a member of their little group and there'd be more than enough people there to cover the expenses. Phil even said the owner would just want to cover expenses, and would probably not be looking to make a profit. Keith added that he'd be sure the cooks, waiters, busboys and the rest of the staff -- especially the valets - are very well taken care of.   
  
I blushed and Keith and Tina laughed. Phil had no idea what was so funny. Remember, the guys don't talk to each other about what they do to the girls, but I told Tina about it. Tina said she would explain it to Phil on the way home if it was okay with me. What could I say? I told her just be sure and tell the real story, don't leave anything out.  
  
We all laughed, but I don't know if was because my comment was funny or the three bottles of wine we finished. Either way, Phil and Tina decided to go home because they had to finish packing. We walked them out to their car, and said our goodbyes. After they pulled out of the driveway, we walked back into the house.  
  
We went up to the bedroom and Keith said, "Take off all of your clothes, Kitten; I want you naked before I come back in."   
  
He walked into the bathroom and I thought, 'Uh-oh, I wonder what he has planned for me tonight.' I could hear the water running, but it was too much water for the sink and didn't sound like the shower. It could only be the big bath tub. Maybe this wouldn't be so bad after all.  
  
I quickly stripped off my blouse, skirt and skimpy bra and panties, kicked off my heels, and I was naked. I really don't seem to wear many clothes since I started seeing Keith, and the clothes I do wear don't cover as much as they used to. But, that's the way Keith wants me; easily accessible, visible and touchable.  
  
Keith came into the bedroom, took my hand, and led me into the bathroom. The bathroom was steamy from the hot water in the tub and smelled faintly of vanilla. He led me over to the tub and held my hand indicating that I should step in. Because the bathroom was so warm, I thought the water would be too hot, but I put my foot in and it was perfect. I sat in the tub and the smell of vanilla was stronger now; it was something Keith put in the water.  
  
The water was somehow softer than normal and felt soothing to my skin. I asked Keith about it and he said it was a vanilla bath oil to soothe and soften my skin. I have to admit, it did feel good. You know how we girls always want our skin smoother and softer, especially when so much of it is usually on display.  
  
Keith knelt by the tub and got a washcloth and soap, also smelling of vanilla, and began to slowly and gently wash me. I liked this special treatment; even though I suspect that he spent more time cleaning my breasts, belly, ass and pussy than was necessary.   
  
The vanilla scent in the air was making me relax, and Keith had stopped washing me and massaged my body from my neck to my toes, the oil in the bath water acting as a lubricant. The tub was so big I was able to turn over and he was able to massage my back and little ass, too.  
  
When he was finished, he let the water start to drain from the tub and took my hand to help me stand in the tub. He took a big fluffy towel and patted my body dry, again taking extra time on his favorite places, much to my delight. He dropped the first towel on the floor and took another big towel and wrapped me in it. He picked me up right out of the tub, carried me to the bed and laid me down. He used the towel to gently dry my feet and lower legs since they were still wet from standing in the tub. I ran my hand across my belly and my skin was warm and soft and smooth, and the scent of vanilla lingered around me.  
  
Keith dropped the towel on the floor and sat on the bed next to me. He was still dressed; he knew that keeping me naked, while he was dressed, humiliated and excited me. He leaned over me and kissed me softly on the lips and then on the cheek, then gently rolled me onto my stomach. I was so relaxed that I just let him move me where ever he wanted me.  
  
I felt him get up from the bed and then I felt his lips on my right ankle and his fingertips softly caressing the back of my lower leg. His lips drifted down across the sole of my foot, his tongue teasing down to my toes. I thought he was going to tickle me again, but he had other plans.   
  
He slowly and softly kissed and licked and nibbled his way up my leg to the back of my knee then, he switched to my other foot and slowly worked his way up. He passed my knee and slowly, teasingly, worked his way up to the little crease where my leg met the little cheek of my ass never missing a square inch of skin. I was getting excited and I could feel my shaved little slit get moist.  
  
He moved back to the other leg starting at the back of my knee and worked his way oh, so slowly, up my leg, but he didn't stop at the top of my leg. He continued up over my little ass and kissed and nibbled my perky ass cheeks. Needless to say, I was starting to get very wet now, and it was hard to stay still while he explored every inch of my naked, hairless body.  
  
After thoroughly exploring the soft cheeks of my ass, he let his tongue drift between them and tickled my puckered little asshole. I quivered and moaned as Keith put his hands on my ass cheeks to spread them and, at the same time, hold me still. His lips and tongue danced along the sensitive sides of the crack of my ass from the top of my ass down until he just missed the beginning of my wet tingling little pussy.  
  
He used his tongue to tickle my poor little asshole one more time sending little shocks down my legs to my toes. Then he moved up along my back and sides, again, not missing a square inch of the back of my body with his lips, tongue, and teeth. When he reached my shoulders and neck, I was beside myself. I was moaning and quivering, and I could feel his warm breath on my ear as he whispered, "Do you know how much I love you?"  
  
I couldn't answer, only moan. I was so relaxed and excited I just gave myself to him to do with as he pleased. He gently turned me over onto my back; he was over me kissing my neck, face and finally my lips, softly and deeply. I tried to wrap my arms around him, but I was so relaxed I couldn't move them fast enough. He was on the move again, this time down my neck and across my shoulders onto my chest.  
  
My breasts were already tingling and my nipples were like little pebbles, hard and sensitive. He kissed, licked and nibbled around my breasts, one to the other, back and forth, working closer and closer to my nipples. Finally, he took one between his lips and sucked gently, then harder. I cried out and arched my back offering my breasts to him like some kind of sacrifice.   
  
As I relaxed, he moved to my other nipple and attached his lips. My backed arched again, offering my body and cried out, "Oh, Keith, you're driving me crazy. Please don't tease me." He kept teasing my nipple until my body relaxed and then he continued his tour down across my bare belly and sides.  
  
He reached my little belly button and teased it with his lips and probed it with his tongue. I was moaning almost constantly now and he had to use his hands to keep me still so he could continue his explorations.  
  
I put my hands on the sides of his head, running my fingers through his soft hair, not to try to stop him, but more to hold on as he slowly moved down my lower belly to the spot that was itching for his attention. He held onto my thighs to keep me still as he worked across my belly, from hip bone to hip bone. He nipped and nibbled making me squeal. He reached the point where he would have encountered hair had he not made me shave my pussy completely bare and I spread my legs in anticipation of his attack on my wet pussy lips.  
  
But Keith wouldn't give me relief that easily. He worked his way down the inside of my thigh right near my wet pussy lips, but he avoided touching my pussy. I still had his head in my hands, but I was too weak to move his lips where I wanted them so desperately.  
  
He worked his way up to my lower belly again and down the other side carefully avoiding my throbbing clit and pussy lips but kissing and nibbling my inner thigh. "Please Keith, don't tease me anymore, I need you so bad." I moaned.  
  
Instead of giving me the satisfaction I needed, he worked his was down my inner thigh, then worked his way over the top of my thigh to the outer part of my thigh, back and forth moving slowly toward my knee. His hair slipped from hands as he moved away from my neglected little hole, and my hands fell uselessly to the bed at my sides.  
  
He worked his way down my left thigh, teasing and kissing, to my knee; then suddenly moved up between my legs only to start the agonizing trip down my right thigh neglecting my wet quaking little pussy. I gasped as he approached my bare little hole, and moaned as he came ever so close only to start his taunting trip down my right thigh.  
  
He passed my knee and worked his way down my lower leg, my ankle and onto my foot. He kissed and licked the top of my foot around to my ticklish arch then down to my little painted toes kissing each one before moving up to my left knee and starting the trip down again.  
  
It seemed like he had been teasing me for hours. Every nerve in my body was super-sensitive to any and all stimulation. Even the air moving across my hard nipples was bombarding my overloaded brain. My body tingled like there were millions of ants crawling all over me and I could feel each one of their little feet touching me.  
  
Keith had reached my foot and he was softly kissing each of my little toes. I was so excited, I was in tears. I never wanted Keith so desperately. Suddenly, he was not touching me. My body was sending so much information to my brain; it took me a few seconds to realize that he had stopped his torment.  
  
Just as suddenly, his mouth was on my bare, open pussy and his tongue was deep inside me. I came hard; the muscles in my stomach, ass and legs tightened so hard they stood out through my skin. The orgasm was on me without warning and took my breath away. I couldn't scream or moan or gasp but his lips and tongue never stopped.

As the orgasm started to ease, I was able to gasp for breath and the muscles in my body began to relax, but Keith never stopped his manipulation of my most secret parts. I was able to put my hands on his head again and, just as my fingers filled with his soft hair, his lips locked on my burning clit and I came again screaming and convulsing against his devouring mouth.  
  
I begged him to stop; I did. I pleaded with him to fuck me. I tried to move away, but he was too strong. He grabbed one of my little ass cheeks in each of his big strong hands and held me in place, exciting me even more. I offered him anything and everything I could think of. He was like a wild animal between my legs and, I offered to let him do obscene, and some would say very kinky things to me, but he never stopped.  
  
I asked Keith to show me some mercy, and I begged god to help me. My legs were shaking, out of my control, and the muscles in my belly were so tight they hurt. Finally I screamed as loud as I could, "Please, Keith, fuck me. I'm yours, please fuck me."  
  
And he was gone. I gasped for breath and when I opened my eyes and he was naked and looming over me like he was doing push ups. He had that smile on his face, which only made me want him more. He lowered himself on top of me and I could feel the head of his huge, hot cock rub against the hairless lips of my convulsing wet pussy.  
  
I looked into his eyes and whimpered. "Please, fuck me; I need you inside me."   
  
He put his weight on me, I love the feeling of being trapped under him, and he whispered, "I love you too much to fuck you tonight." and he shoved his huge cock into my bare, very wet, little pussy in one long, slow, agonizing thrust until he hit the very bottom of my poor, stretched, hole.  
  
I came again throwing my arms around his muscled back and my legs around his waist, holding on to him as hard as I could. As I got some control of my body, I opened my eyes and Keith had a look of adoration in his grey eyes. He closed his eyes and kissed me softly, his tongue searching for mine. He started moving his hips and I could feel his swollen, throbbing cock slide out of my pussy until just the head was inside me, and then slid back in until I was completely full. He started pumping his hips driving his cock in and out of my burning, itching hole.  
  
I could feel his cock throbbing inside me and I knew he couldn't last long. In a final attempt to have, at least, some control over his conquest of my naked little body, I squeezed his cock with the muscle inside my pussy and he moaned and shuddered and I cloud feel his cock explode inside me.  
  
The explosion between my legs caused another orgasm to erupt inside me that I felt from the roots of my hair to the tips of my painted little toes. My body convulsed so hard that my arms and legs locked around Keith and my toes curled so hard my feet and legs trembled.  
  
Keith lay on me gasping for breath. There were times when Keith fucked me, and there were times when he made love to me. I guess that's what he meant when he said that he loved me too much to fuck me tonight. Tonight, he made love to me.  
  
My arms and legs were still wrapped around him when he opened his eyes and his breathing was getting close to normal. He kissed me gently on the lips and dropped his head down and kissed my neck behind my ear; he knows how I love that. My pussy tightened on his softening cock and held me tighter and whispered, "I love you, Kitten."  
  
He started to move off of me and I tightened my grip on him with my arms, legs...and pussy. He moaned and smiled, "You have to let me up or I'll have to spend the night on top of you."  
  
My pussy convulsed on his cock at the thought of him on top of me all night and I said softly, "Mmmmmm that sounds good to me."  
  
He started kissing my face, my eyes, my cheeks, the tip of my nose and my chin. I finally untangled my arms and legs from around him and, with his cock still inside me; I stretched under him like a cat; back arched, arms over my head, legs straight, rubbing my body against him in all the right places.  
  
Keith's body shuddered and I could feel his cock jerk inside my stretched and sensitive little hole. "Ohhhh, my god, Kitten." he moaned, "You're going to kill me."  
  
I never felt more like a woman. I loved the effect my body had on him and I loved what he did to my body. He wrapped his arms around me putting one of his big hands on my ass and one behind my back, and rolled onto his back without slipping his cock out of me. He held me tightly up against him, his cock still pulsing, buried inside me, and that's how we fell asleep.  
  
I woke up the next morning. Keith was already out of bed, as usual, and I could smell the coffee. The man never seemed to be tired. He was always up, in more ways than one, and ready to go. He would be the death of me yet (sigh); but what a way to go.   
  
I had my back to the door, but I heard him come into the room. The smell of the coffee got stronger. The mugs and silverware on the coffee tray clattered as he put the tray down, and I could feel him sit behind me on the bed.  
  
He kissed me on my naked shoulder and worked his way toward my neck. Before he reached my neck and really got me going, I turned onto my back and looked up at him. He was already showered and dressed. Where does he get his energy?  
  
He kissed my cheek, "You are so beautiful in the morning", he whispered.  
  
I blushed, "You're only saying that because I'm naked."  
  
"You're naked?" he smiled, pulling the covers down to my hips exposing my bare breasts and belly.  
  
"Hello," I said giggling, "This is where you say how I'm beautiful, dressed or undressed; or something like that."  
  
"Huh? Oh, yeah, okay. Dressed or undressed." he mumbled staring at my bare breasts and my cute little inney belly button.  
  
"You need some work on your pillow talk." I giggled, wiggling closer to him.  
  
"I'm a man of action; not talk." he said pushing his arms under me and pulling my naked upper body up against his hard chest, my face on his shoulder. I could smell his soap, shampoo and after shave as his strong arms held me; his shirt rubbing against my bare hardening nipples. He knows how it excites me when he is dressed and I am naked, and I could feel the tingle between my legs.  
  
It almost made me cry to do it, but I pushed myself away from him and sat up on the bed, "We have a lot to do before we leave for work, and a lot to do at work before we leave for the weekend."  
  
"Well, you sitting there like that is NOT going to encourage me to get a move on." he said staring at me.  
  
I look down and could see what he meant. The covers had fallen onto my thighs leaving nothing -- and I mean nothing -- to the imagination. He had that look of lust in his eyes; like he was thinking of things to do to me. I loved that look.  
  
I pulled the covers up to cover me from the neck down like I was surprised and shocked that he had seen me naked. We both burst out laughing and he got up to get me a cup of coffee. I got out of bed and when he turned with the mug of coffee, I was standing there in all of my naked glory.  
  
He scrutinized my body from my painted toenails to my bed tussled hair like an animal deciding what he wanted to attack first. I was getting wet just from the way he was looking at me.   
  
One of us had to be strong, and from the look of the bulge growing in his pants, it had to be me. I took the mug of coffee from him, and scampered to the bathroom being sure he got a good look at my bare little ass jiggling as I ran. In the shower, I shaved my body, since I knew if Keith had his way, I wouldn't be wearing a lot of clothes this weekend. I finished in the bathroom, went into the bedroom, and I could hear him talking on the phone in his office next door.  
  
I put on jeans, sneakers and a long sleeved blouse so I'd be dressed to leave right from the office. I finished packing my toiletries and last minute items, and closed the suitcase. I went over to Keith's office and asked him if he wanted me to finish packing for him. He said he'd take care of it and would I mind taking the coffee tray down and he'd bring the suitcases.  
  
He came down just as I was putting away the things from the coffee tray. "I could've finished packing for you." I said as he came into the kitchen.  
  
"That's okay," he replied with a grin, "I had a few...uhm...last minute things I needed to pack." and he went out to the car to load the suitcases and the garment bag into the trunk of the car.  
  
I think I got a little pale and my stomach fluttered a little bit. I knew if he needed to pack 'a few last minute things', and he didn't want me to see them, they were things he was going to use on me -- or in me. 'This is going to be a fun weekend,' I thought to myself, 'he's going to torment me for three days and I can't wait."  
  
We got to the office and Phil's 'SUV' was already there. When Keith said we were going in Phil's car because it had four-wheel-drive; I thought of an old truck kind of thing like you see when guys go hunting. This was a big, beautiful SUV; a Cadillac something-or-other. I looked inside and it had leather seats and plush carpets and a DVD player in the roof. Nothing like what I imagined.  
  
We went up to the office and got to work. The sooner we got everything done, the quicker we could leave.  
  
Keith and Phil met in the conference room with all the department heads, and let them know they would be back on Tuesday. Keith gave them numbers where he and Phil could be reached, but made it clear they did not want to be disturbed unless it was an emergency.   
  
Keith came into my office about ten-thirty and said, "Are you ready to go?"  
  
I jumped up and grabbed my jacket and we met Phil in the parking lot. They moved the suitcases and the garment bag into Phil's car and we left for Phil's house to pick up Tina.  
  
Tina was ready to go when we got there. They loaded Phil and Tina's luggage, and Phil and Keith rode in the front with Tina and I in the back. We were on the highway in a matter of minutes and I could see the mountains way off in the distance.  
  
Phil said that if there was no traffic, we could be there in about four hours. Tina and I went through the DVD's that Phil had put in the compartment in the back seat. There were quite a few XXX rated ones, but we chose something more mainstream and settled in for the ride to the cabin.

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Phil's SUV had a little panel in the roof above the windshield. Okay, so maybe that isn't a big deal. But the fact that it displayed the direction we were traveling, and, more importantly, the outside temperature, fascinated Tina and I. We watched the movie we picked out with one eye, and the digital display with the other.  
  
When we left Tina and Phil's house, the temperature was eighty-one degrees (that's Fahrenheit for those of you who use that other temperature). As we drove toward the mountains, it got up to eighty-three, but as soon as we got to the base of the mountain, it started to drop.   
  
We were making good time, too, according to Phil. By three o'clock, we were off the highway and taking little two lane roads up the mountain. That's when the scenery got interesting. The houses seemed to be built on little plots of land cut out of the dense woods surrounding the road.   
  
Some of the houses had little signs outside of them identifying the goods or services offered by the person living in the house: Tool Sharpening, Firewood, Dog Groomer, and Chain Saw Repair, just to name a few. It was like we changed time zones, and had to set our watches back about...fifty years.  
  
As we got further up the mountain, we started to see piles of snow on the sides of the road and the thermometer read fifty-four degrees and it was almost four in the afternoon, the hottest part of the day. We stopped at "Frank's General Store", which was also the only gas station between the highway and Keith's cabin. We all got out to stretch our legs, and meet the owner, Frank – what a surprise. Frank was nice man; he didn't look at all like the seventy-two years old that he kept telling us he was.  
  
He was glad to see Keith, and, while Phil gassed up the car, Keith, Tina and I went into the store to look around. It was like the general store you see in the old movies. Old wooden shelves, big wooden barrels, even a big, old cash register with a crank on the side.  
  
Frank told Keith that the cabin was stocked up like he asked, and if we needed anything, just let him know. He said they were expecting snow tonight, only about four to six inches, but it was good thing we brought up the SUV. We piled back into the car and we were off on the short last leg of our journey.   
  
After about ten minutes we pulled off of the paved road and onto a gravel road. There was a sign that said, "Private Property – No Hunting." I asked who owns this property and Keith said, "We do. I bought almost a thousand acres about four years ago. It's not fenced because fences interfere with the animals, but there are signs posted marking it as private property. Since there is no hunting, we rarely see anybody up here."  
  
After about a half-mile, the gravel road turned into a dirt road and after another half-mile we turned into a clearing and there was the cabin. It was almost four-thirty and the temperature was forty-nine degrees.  
  
The cabin was really big, but it was a still a log cabin. I guessed we were going to spend the weekend roughin' it. There was a lake about fifty yards to the west with a little dock and a path that led from the dock to a large porch on the front of the cabin. Phil pulled the car up next to the cabin so we could walk up the side steps onto the porch.  
  
The guys were getting the bags out of the back of the car; Tina and I walked up onto the porch. It was cold, but not bitterly cold and I began to wonder if the snow suits wouldn't be overdoing it. Then again, Frank said it was going to snow tonight.  
  
The wooden porch looked old but well maintained. No broken slats, or splintered wood. In the summer, you could walk barefoot out here without fear of getting a splinter. Tina and I tried to look inside, but there were curtains on the windows. We looked at each other and we both said, "I hope there's indoor plumbing." and started to laugh.  
  
Keith yelled up to us, "The door should be open. Go ahead in and leave the door open for us."  
  
We went to the door and Tina opened it and walked in with me behind her. We both stopped and looked around in shock. It was hard to believe that this was the inside of the same cabin we saw from the road. It was big, beautiful and ultra modern.   
  
On the far wall, there was a giant stone fireplace with chairs and a sofa facing it and the traditional bearskin rug in front and some other furry rugs scattered around. Above the fireplace was a not so traditional wide screen flat panel television. There was a modern, eat-in kitchen and a dining area, Rugs on the floor in the living room and hardwood floors in the kitchen and dining area.  
  
Keith and Phil stumbled in carrying the bags. "We're only going to be here for three days." Phil said, "Why do they need so much stuff?"  
  
"Come on, Heather, I'll show you the bedroom." Keith said, carrying the bags. He walked toward a set of steps that went up one side of the cabin. "There are two bedrooms and a bath up on this side and two more bedrooms and a bath on the other side." he said nodding to the other side of the cabin.  
  
Phil was carrying their bags toward the set of stairs on the other side of the cabin. 'At least we'll have separate baths and some privacy in bed at night' I thought to myself. I offered to take the garment bag from Keith but he said he was fine; it's a macho guy thing.  
  
We got to the top of the stairs and walked down the walkway, like a catwalk, that overlooked the entire first level of the cabin. It had a beautiful redwood rail with posts every eight feet or so. It reminded me of the saloons in the old cowboy movies; somebody always gets shot off the walkway and falls over the rail and onto a bunch of cowboys sitting at a poker table.   
  
We walked past an open door; it was a nice sized bedroom with what looked like a queen sized bed. We walked to the end of the catwalk and through a door into a huge bedroom. There was beautiful wood furniture, closets and a king size bed, and a beautiful area rug over the hardwood floors.  
  
Opposite the door we came in, there were big sliding glass door leading to a small wooden deck. There were two redwood chairs and a redwood table on the deck. It would be great to sit out there in the summer and watch the sun go down over the lake; right now, it was about fifty degrees out and a bit chilly to be sitting out there.  
  
On the wall where we came in was the bed and, of course the door out of the bedroom. On the opposite side of the bed on the same wall was the door to the bathroom. The bathroom was modern with a big vanity, sink, bathtub, a stall shower big enough for two, and mirrors, lots of mirrors, a girl can't have enough mirrors.  
  
From the outside, this place looked like a big hunter's cabin; but inside it was like a five star hotel. The fears Tina and I had about "roughing it" were unnecessary. This was going to be a great weekend.  
  
Keith put the bags on the bed and we started unpacking. He took my dress out of the garment bag and hung it in one of the closets; I hung what few things I had that needed to be hung in the same closet. I put the rest of my things in the drawers of one of the chest of drawers while Keith put his things in the other closet and chest of drawers.  
  
I noticed a leather bag, the size of a briefcase in Keith's suitcase. He took it out of his suitcase and put it in his closet, but never opened it. I remembered he had to pack a few "last minute things" that he didn't want me to see. My pussy tingled as I thought about what could be in that bag.  
  
"Why don't you get undressed, take a shower and come on down while Phil and I decide what to make for dinner?" he said.  
  
"Great!" I said, thinking a shower would be nice after work and sitting in the car for over four hours.  
  
The shower was wonderful. Somehow, the water felt different. I later found out it was well water, pumped from underground, filtered and softened. It was plenty hot. In fact, the whole house was very warm; there had to be a heating system other than the fireplace downstairs.  
  
I threw on some skimpy underwear, a pair of jeans and a blouse and went downstairs. I didn't bother with shoes since it was nice and warm in the house, most of the floors had rugs, and we weren't going anywhere. I was walking down the steps when I noticed Tina standing in the kitchen wearing slacks, a sweater and low heel shoes. She had her hands clasped behind her back and she was looking down at her feet.  
  
I walked into the kitchen to ask what was wrong when Keith looked at Phil, "Apparently neither of our girls can follow simple instructions." Phil was nodding in agreement.  
  
Confused, I looked at Keith, but before I could say anything he said, "I told you, and Phil told Tina, to get undressed, shower and come down here, isn't that correct?"  
  
"Yes," I said, "And that's what I did." I answered not understanding what the problem was. As the words left my mouth, I realized what I had said. Tina was right; this weekend was going to be our submissive weekend. We were going to be Keith and Phil's little sex toys all weekend. I got butterflies in my stomach, but my pussy tingled, too.  
  
Keith told me, and Phil told Tina, to get undressed, shower and come down. They didn't tell us to get dressed. They wanted us both naked. That's why the cabin was so warm. "I'm sorry sir, may we go upstairs, get undressed and come back down naked, as we were told?"  
  
Tina looked up at me and her eyes lit up when I said that. Apparently, she didn't pick up on what we had done wrong and she was told to wait until I came down to see if I could figure it out.  
  
"You and Tina will go up and strip naked, and I mean NAKED," Phil said, "While we decide on an appropriate punishment."  
  
I took off for the stairs. It took Tina a few seconds to move, so Phil smacked her on the ass and that got her moving with a yelp. I ran up to the bedroom, stripped off my clothes and put them in the drawers.   
  
Keith knew how humiliating it was for me to be naked in front of him when he was dressed; now I was going to naked in front him and Phil. Tina was going to be there, but she would be naked, too, so it might not be as bad. I got to the bottom of the stairs as Tina came out of her bedroom. I got to the kitchen area and stopped and watched her naked body jiggle down the steps. She was a beautiful, sexy woman.  
  
When we were both in the kitchen, Keith said, "We have decided that an appropriate punishment would be having both of you walk the line."  
  
I had no idea what that meant, but I was sure I would soon find out. "And to make it interesting," he continued, "The first one of you to finish, will be allowed to wear underwear for the rest of the evening."  
  
Before I or Tina could ask what "walk the line" meant the guys had wrist cuffs out; Phil was approaching Tina, and Keith was attaching the cuffs to my wrists. I was starting to feel a tingle between my legs and my nipples were hard.  
  
When our wrist cuffs were buckled, they locked our wrists behind our backs and walked us to the window at the front of the cabin. Keith had us look out the window and said, "You see those ropes stretched between those trees?" He continued without waiting for an answer, "Each rope is twenty-seven feet long with knots every twelve inches; that's twenty-five knots."  
  
Out the window, we could see the ropes. They each started on different trees but they were both tied to one tree, kind of making a horizontal "V" pointing away from the house toward the lake. One rope seemed a little higher, but other than that, they seemed identical.  
  
"You will each be placed at one of the trees, with the rope running between your legs." he continued calmly. "You will go from your tree, to the tree in the middle and then backwards to your starting point. The first one to walk the line, from one end to the other and back, will be the winner."  
  
"But it's freezing out there!" Tina wailed.  
  
"Not exactly," Keith said, looking out the window at the thermometer on the front porch, "Its forty-eight degrees. Phil, would you grab my coat?"  
  
They were taking us outside naked and Keith wanted his coat. They were going to make us perform some silly stunt for their amusement, and make us compete against each other. Keith and Phil put on their coats and took us by the arms and led us to the door.  
  
Phil opened the door and they led us out on the porch. God, it was cold. It was like walking into a refrigerator, but naked, and it was a huge refrigerator. I don't know what was worse, the cold air on my bare body or the cold ground on my bare feet.  
  
Keith led me to one tree and Phil led Tina to the other. As we got close, I could see that the rope was higher than it appeared to be from the cabin window and Tina's was a little higher than mine. I was shivering now and as we got to the tree, Keith lifted me, throwing one of my legs over the rope and setting me down.  
  
The rope came almost waist high on me if I were standing next to it. Unfortunately, I was standing with the rope between my legs rubbing into my hairless, unprotected pussy. I went up on my tiptoes and leaned back onto the tree to try to relieve the rope pressing into my pussy lips. I could see why Tina's rope was a little higher than mine since she was a little taller than me.  
  
"Oh god, please Keith, don't make me do this." I begged. I could hear Tina wail, too but I couldn't hear what she was saying.  
  
I quickly tried to evaluate my situation. I was standing with a knotted rope between my bare legs pressing into my shaved little pussy. I was going to have to walk from this tree to the tree where both ropes were tied, about thirty feet. Between me and the other tree were twenty-five knots in the rope, each about a foot apart, which I was going to have to get over. Each knot was going to punish my poor little pussy. Then I was going to have to do the whole thing again – backwards. The only relief I could see was, as I got to the middle of the rope, the tension against my bare pussy would be less as the rope naturally sagged between the trees even though the rope was very taut.  
  
I was starting to shiver from the cold and my legs were starting to shake from staying on my toes to try and save my pussy from the pain of the rope. Keith said, "Don't forget, the one who completes the course last, will stay naked for the rest of the night. Are you ready ladies?"  
  
"Keith, please. I'm so cold and the rope is digging into my pussy. Please don't make me do this." I begged.  
  
"Oh, and I forgot to mention, you will not go back inside, win or lose, until you complete your walk." he said, zipping up his coat to the top.  
  
"On your mark, get set, GO!" Keith shouted.  
  
I pushed myself off of the tree and tried to stay on my toes as I went over the first knot. Even though I tried to go even higher on my cold little toes, the knot rubbed against my clit as I went over it. If I stopped, the knot pushed into my poor little hole. There was some kind of lubricant on the rope, which took away roughness of the rope, but the lubricant was very cold from sitting outside.  
  
As I moved forward, the knot passed between the cheeks of my ass giving me a thrill I was not expecting. The rope was really cold between my legs and there were twenty four knots to go. I started walking on my toes struggling over the knots as they passed teasingly over my clit and pussy lips and spreading the cheeks of my cute little ass.  
  
I looked over at Tina and she was a little ahead of me. I was getting closer to the center of the rope, and I hoped to be able to go faster as I got to where the rope sagged between the trees. I was cold and really humiliated, but excited, too. I could imagine how I looked, naked with my hands locked behind my back, a knotted rope passing between my naked thighs, shivering in the cold, tiptoeing over the knots from one tree to another.   
  
As I got closer to the middle of the rope, I realized that the pressure of the rope was not easing like I thought it would. The ground was not level! There was a little valley between the trees so that as the rope sagged, the ground got lower and the pressure on my poor little pussy stayed the same. Now, I hoped the ground rose up as I got closer to the other tree or my poor bare pussy and clit were really going to get punished.  
  
As I passed the halfway point Tina and I were about even. I was really cold now and my feet were freezing because the grass was wet. I looked over at Keith and he was enjoying my torture. He was close to me and even in the fading sunlight, I could see him looking at me like he was planning how he would have me when the contest was over.   
  
He was teasing me; telling me how great I looked, naked in the woods. How cute my little ass cheeks and tits looked all red from the cold, and how sexy my legs looked all stretched with my toes pointed like I was wearing high heels. He asked me how it felt to have the rope and the knots moving between my legs and rubbing over my naked pussy and clit. I don't know if it was the talk or all the 'activity' between my legs, but I was getting really excited.  
  
I noticed that he kept himself where he would be ready to catch me should I stumble or loose my balance. He wanted to torture me, humiliate me, but he didn't want me to cause myself any serious injury. I knew he would watch over me.  
  
I passed the halfway point, and the ground started to rise again toward the other tree. At least the rope wasn't going to rub against my naked little pussy any harder than it already was. The knots were driving me crazy; I don't know whether they were good or bad. I could feel the cold rope as it passed between my pussy lips, but the knots rubbed up against my clit even though I tried to raise myself over them sending little shockwaves down my legs and up to my cold little nipples.  
  
As I approached the tree, and the end of the first part of our race; I could hear Tina yelping and begging Phil to stop because she was going as fast as she could. I looked over to Tina and she was a little behind me now. Phil had picked up a short, thin stick and was flicking it across Tina's bare ass to get her to move faster. He wasn't hitting her hard, but if Tina's bare ass was as cold as mine, I'm sure it stung something terrible.  
  
I finally reached the tree, and as I went over the last knot my tits rubbed up against the tree. I moaned as my freezing, rock hard nipples rubbed against the cold, rough bark. I looked over and Tina still had a few more knots to go. I was surprised I was ahead of her since she seemed to like pain so much more than me.  
  
Keith was watching my face as I started to move backwards on my aching tiptoes. I hit the first knot and got another shock. Going forward, the knots rubbed against my clit then across my little pussy and rubbed between the bottoms of the cheeks of my ass. Going backwards, the knot spread my ass cheeks enough so the knot pushed between the cheeks of my ass and scraped against my puckered little asshole.  
  
My eyes got big and I gasped and shivered as the cold knot passed over my asshole, spread the lips of my pussy, rubbed into my quivering little hole and then across my clit. Little shocks flew down my legs to my cold pointed toes and I could feel the wetness forming between my legs.  
  
'Oh, my god,' I thought, 'I have to do that twenty-four more times.' I tried to keep moving backwards but I was going slower because, in addition to the pain, there was the teasing pleasure of the knots on my most private parts.  
  
At one point, I had to come down off of my toes. The ground was really cold and wet on my bare feet, and you know how sensitive my feet are. Standing with my feet flat also pressed the rope harder into my tender pussy, and, just my luck, I stopped with a knot right at my shaved little hole. The cold knot pushed up into my hole and I gasped and shuddered at the sudden invasion of my body.

Keith smiled at me and said softly, "Having fun, Kitten?" He knew the torture and humiliation was exciting me, and him letting me know he KNEW I was humiliated and excited, just humiliated and excited me even more. I got back up on my toes and as I started moving on the rope again, I could feel the knot pull out of me sending little shocks through my body from my toes to my tits. I moaned and Keith smiled, knowing that I loved being his sexy little plaything.  
  
Tina was crying and begging again and I looked over and she was still behind me in the race but was closing my lead. Probably because she was going backwards, too, and Phil was flicking his stick across he bare breasts and he belly. An incentive to move faster, I'm sure.  
  
I really couldn't look back to see how many more knots I had to endure because if I tried to twist my body, the rope and knots would dig in between my legs. Besides, all I could think about was getting the rope from between my naked legs and getting back inside out of the cold.  
  
I kept moving, trying to get as high as I could as I passed over the knots. Despite the torment between my legs and the cold, I was really excited and my pussy was leaking onto the rope. I thought I might cum before the race was over.  
  
Just as I thought I was going to totally humiliate myself by being tortured to orgasm; I felt the rough bark of the tree rub against my cold tender ass cheeks. I had finished the course before Tina.  
  
Tina had about six more knots to go and Phil said, "See, Heather is finished already. I'll just hit your tits to keep you moving until you finish, too."   
  
He started flicking the stick on her nipples and she screamed and started to move back on the rope even faster while she tried to avoid the stinging stick. Her trying to avoid the stick caused the rope to bounce and move side to side and I shuddered to think what the rope was doing to her unprotected pussy.  
  
Keith lifted me up, and my poor pussy was free from the rope. I was glad the pain was gone, but with no more stimulation, I knew I would not be cuming for a while. He set me down in a patch of snow on the ground; I know he did that on purpose. I squealed and he held my arm to keep me from moving and getting my bare feet out of the snow.  
  
Now that there was no more pain between my legs, my body focused itself on the cold. My feet, of course were freezing, standing in the snow, and the rest of my body was cold just being naked in the cold air. The worst was between my legs and my ass cheeks. I had gotten so excited on the rope that I was very wet, and being wet in the cold air just made it worse. But, even that torture was keeping me excited.  
  
Tina reached the tree and gasped when the rough tree bark rubbed against her cold ass, but at least Phil stopped flicking the stick against her tits. He lifted her off of her rope as Keith led me toward the cabin.  
  
We got inside and Phil and Tina were right behind us. The warmth of the cabin felt wonderful on my cold naked body. My whole body was pink from the cold and Keith had that look in his eyes again, like he was ready to eat me alive. I love that look.  
  
Tina came in with Phil right behind her. Her body looked so sexy; pink from the cold with faint red marks on her tits and ass from Phil's stick. I was kind of jealous of her red marks, and I wondered if the cold made me look that good, too.  
  
The guys told us to go up and get cleaned up while they made dinner. Phil told Tina she had to stay naked because she lost the race. She said, "Yes, sir" looking down at her feet and ran for the steps to their bedroom suite.  
  
I took Keith aside and asked if I was to stay naked, too. He said, "You beat Tina in the race, so you can wear a bra and panties."  
  
"Well, do I have to wear bra and panties?" I whispered in my little girl voice.  
  
"You can wear what you like." he said softly, "But you know how I like to keep you."  
  
"Thank you, daddy." I whispered, still the little girl, went up on tiptoes and kissed his cheek, and ran for the stairs being sure he could she my cute pink little ass wiggle all the way. I got to our bedroom and decided a quick warm shower was in order. I decided that if this was to be a submissive weekend, I would dress – or undress – the way Keith liked me.  
  
I wished I had thought to bring my "Bad Girl" panties; I know what happens to me when I wear them but I didn't bring them. I chose my four inch white high heels and perfume. It would be embarrassing to be naked in heels in front of Phil, but I knew it would drive Keith wild. After what they did to Tina and me outside, I wanted to tease the guys a little to get back at them. Besides, the worst that could happen would be Keith fucked my brains out, and that would be fine with me.  
  
When I got downstairs, Tina was setting the table. She was completely nude as ordered by Phil. Keith told me to help her so I went to the table to give her a hand. The red marks on her breasts and ass were practically gone already, and, as usual, she looked so sexy.  
  
"I was so cold out there," she giggled, "The rope and those knots rubbing against my clit and pussy drove me crazy. You got ahead of me when I had an orgasm and had to stop. That's when Phil started tapping my ass with that stick to keep me moving. The only problem was, his hitting me only got me more excited."  
  
"I was cold, too," I told her, "But maybe growing up in Oregon, the cold didn't bother me as much as it did you, since you grew up in southern California."  
  
"So exactly how much time did you spend naked in the snow in Oregon?" she asked with a smile.  
  
"What? Well none...no...I meant..." and we both started laughing.  
  
"Anyway, you may be right." she said. "By the way, why are you naked? Didn't the guys say you could wear underwear tonight?"  
  
"Yeah, they did. But Keith said I could wear what I want and he likes me naked in high heels. Usually, when I'm like this, it's only a matter of time before he fucks me senseless." I giggled.  
  
"Well, looking at the front of their pants, I don't think that's going to be a problem for either of us." Tina said.  
  
The guys came in and started putting the food on the table. Phil opened two bottles of wine and we sat down and had dinner. It was a little strange. Being naked at the table with Keith was not unusual for me, but having Phil and Tina there would take a little getting used to.  
  
When we finished eating, Keith told Tina and me to clean up and they would start a fire in the fireplace. The guys, being guys, dirtied most of the kitchenware making dinner. When we were finally finished, we went into the living room and they had a roaring fire going and they made some warm drinks that they served in mugs. I don't know what they were, but they were good and they warmed me up inside and out.  
  
We all lay on the furry rugs in front of the fire. I don't know if it was the warm drinks or the things they did to me outside, but I cuddled up next to Keith and couldn't help but rub my soft, warm body against his hot, hard body. His hands were roaming over my naked body. His hands and fingers and sometimes his lips were exploring places that made me squirm and moan. He knew just how to tease me.  
  
We were drinking and talking and watching the fire; interrupted by the occasional moan or squeal or giggle from Tina or me caused by the guys roaming hands and fingers. I occasionally lost track of the conversation. Keith was teasing my bare pussy, ass and breasts and running his fingers up and down my smooth soft legs. I was going crazy because as soon as I was close to cumming, he would back off until I calmed down and then start up again.  
  
Tina started talking about our little race, and how excited we got being taken outside naked in the cold. She said that her pussy was still a little red from that cold, rough rope and the knots they made us take between our legs, but she didn't know that the cold would get her so excited.  
  
Phil said he thought it wasn't the cold as much as he and Keith MADE us do it, and that started a discussion about our being submissive, exhibitionists and masochists and the guys being dominants, voyeurs and sadists. It was interesting to hear the guys' feelings about the things they had us do and how they really put a lot of thought into what they did to us.   
  
They wanted to make sure what they did excited us, and them, of course, but they needed to be sure we were safe, too. That was the idea behind their little group. They also didn't make us expose ourselves when we where near home. They did, however, make us wear outfits that a gust of wind or bending over could give some lucky guy an 'accidental' view of our bare ass or braless tits. Tina and I could have the fun, excitement, satisfaction and humiliation, without us having to worry about our safety or our reputations.  
  
The guys made sure our mugs were always full, and the warm drinks were working their magic. I was warm, happy, safe and very horny, and I know Tina was, too.  
  
Keith went to the window and said, "Hey, Frank was right! It's snowing."  
  
We all went to the window and the snow was really coming down. "How much snow did he say we were going to get?" I asked, my memory a little fuzzy from the drinks and the teasing my poor little body was getting.  
  
"Frank said about six inches and he's usually right." Keith put his arm around my waist pulling me close. It's those little signs of affection that let me know he is always thinking about me.  
  
"I think I'm gonna turn in," Keith said, "We've had a long day and we have a lot to do tomorrow. You coming, Kitten?"  
  
I took his hand and we said our good nights to Tina and Phil and headed for the stairs. Keith let me go up the stairs first. I thought it was so he would be behind me on the stairs since I was a little tipsy and wearing high heels, and I'm sure that was part of it. The main reason was so he could run his fingers over my hips and legs and my cute little ass which was wiggling right in front of his face as we went up the steps.  
  
As we got to the top of the steps, he held my hips stopping me on the top step. He leaned into me and kissed the small of my back, just at the top of each cheek of my ass. It was very soft and very gentle and after all the teasing he had done to me tonight, it sent tingles up my spine. I giggled and ran to our room with Keith right behind me.  
  
Keith closed the door behind him as he came into the room and looked at me like he was a lion and I was his prey. He came toward me slowly, stalking me, never taking his eyes off of me. I had never seen that look in his grey eyes before, and I was a little frightened as I backed away from him, naked in my white high heels, towards the far corner of the room. I felt the walls in the corner on my bare ass cheeks and I knew I was trapped.  
  
He reached out and pulled me to him; wrapping his muscled arms around my naked body; crushing my bare breasts to his chiseled chest and stomach. One of his hands grabbed my hair on the back of my head and pulled my head back so I was looking up at him. He put his lips on mine and kissed me softly and deeply with his tongue searching my mouth. I was captured, trapped, naked, and at his mercy.   
  
He let go of my hair, putting his arm across my back while his other hand drifted lightly down my spine until his large hand was able to cup both of my bare little ass cheeks and press my shaved pussy against him. My nude body was trapped, molded against him while his lips and tongue explored my mouth, cheeks and finally my neck.  
  
He kissed and nibbled his way to my neck, right behind my ear, where he knew it sent shockwaves right down to my already wet little pussy. I reached up and threw my arms around his neck; even though I knew that left my entire naked body vulnerable to roaming hands and probing fingers.  
  
He whispered behind my ear, "I love you so much, Heather" and squeezed me even tighter as he nibbled the soft skin on my neck. My whole body quivered in what I could call a mini-orgasm.   
  
He held me close for a few minutes, just holding me. He loosened his grip, and I leaned back from him, keeping my bare belly button pressed against his hard and rapidly growing cock under his pants. "I thought you were going to attack me." I said softly, "You had a look in your eyes like I've never seen before."  
  
"Well, I did, sort of." he said with that smile on his face. "The more I'm with you, the more I want you; the more I want to do to you. I just can't get enough of you."  
  
"Well, don't hold back on my account," I almost moaned, "The more you do to me, the more I want you to do."  
  
He took a step back and twirled me around until my back was to him and we were looking out the sliding doors to the little deck outside our bedroom. His arms were around me again, and he pulled me against him, holding me with his hard cock at the top of my ass cheeks, one arm across my bare breasts, and the other arm across my naked hips and pussy.  
  
We could see the lake with the quarter moon peaking through the clouds as the snow continued to fall. Judging by the amount of snow on the table out on the deck, about two inches had fallen already. I was surprised, standing so close to the glass door, that I could not feel the cold from the outside, especially since I was naked.  
  
Keith said that when he bought the place, he had a lot of work done and he had paid particular attention to insulation including triple insulated glass in the windows and doors. "It certainly paid off," I said, "It's hard to believe that it's cold outside."  
  
"Would you like to go out and see how cold it is?" he chuckled reaching for the handle on the sliding door.  
  
I spun around, pressing myself to him, "No...No thank you, sir. I've had enough being outside naked for today."  
  
"Okay," he said softly, "Tomorrow's another day." He picked me up, carried me to the bed, and laid me down. He took off my high heels and started to take off his shirt, and he had that look in his eye again, but this time I didn't want to get away. I just watched him expose his hard, muscled body bit by bit for my gratification.  
  
When he was naked, his cock looked bigger and harder than I had ever seen it before. It seemed to be throbbing with his heartbeat. Was he this excited by what we had just done, or what he had done to me earlier, or what he planned to do to me? I wanted to know so I could be sure we do it again.  
  
He climbed into bed and enveloped me in his arms. He lay on his side and just pulled...lifted me onto my side and pressed my naked breasts against his warm, hard chest. He kissed me on my forehead and whispered, "Did you have fun today, Kitten?"  
  
I felt so safe and warm and loved and protected. I snuggled up against him and said, "You mean did I enjoy your torturing me today?"  
  
"If that's the way you want to describe what happened to you today." his arms tightened around me ever so slightly.  
  
"Well, it is more accurate." I said softly. "But to answer your question, I did enjoy what you did to me today. Even though, when it was happening, I was so cold, and certain delicate parts of my body were hurting, but I was so excited, I almost had an orgasm on the rope. Going over the knots drove me crazy. I was almost sorry when I finished."  
  
"And how about being taken outside naked in the cold?" he asked.  
  
"Oh, my god. When you opened the door and made me step out onto the porch, I thought I was going to die." I gasped. "It was so cold, but the cold on my naked body became like a challenge. Like I was a tortured spy, or a princess and you were trying to make me tell you some secret."  
  
He chuckled and said, "And do you have a secret to tell me?"  
  
"Maybe you'll have to find more ways to torture me to get me to talk." I giggled. "I liked everything you did to me today, but I have to admit, if you told me in advance, I would have said, 'No way'" I sighed. I felt his cock throb against my belly. I think he is finally really getting into torturing me.  
  
"What did you mean when I didn't want to go onto the deck and you said tomorrow's another day?" I asked.  
  
"Do you think it is worse to have things done to you by surprise, or know in advance what is going to happen to you?" he asked with a sinister grin.  
  
"I don't know," I said almost whining, "What are you going to do to me tomorrow?"  
  
"I don't usually do this, but if you promise not to tell anyone, especially Tina, I'll give you a little preview."   
  
"I won't tell anyone." I promised, not sure I really wanted to know.  
  
"Tomorrow, we are going for a little hike. There is a little ridge about a mile and a half from here where there is a great view of the valley almost out to the ocean. There are also some salt licks and feeding spots on the way where we'll probably some deer and other animals."  
  
"That doesn't seem so bad." I said.  
  
"On the way back," he continued, "You and Tina are going to be stripped and have to walk back to the cabin naked. In fact, you are going to beg to be naked before we get back."  
  
"But Keith, it's snowing out. There'll be snow on the ground. It'll be worse than tonight on the rope." I whined.  
  
"You're probably right." he pulled me up to him and kissed me silencing my protests.  
  
His hands started to wander over my body and my little pussy was wet again. I pictured myself in the woods, naked, and shivered just thinking about it. Keith had started kissing my breasts and I tried to get myself out of tomorrows torment. "Keith," I said softly, "My poor little pussy is still red from that rope and the knots. Do you think you should expose me, naked, to the cold again so soon?"  
  
His response was not what I expected (it never is, *smile*). He slid down my naked body and opened my legs so he was looking at my hairless and very wet pussy. It was dark in the room so I knew he really couldn't see much, but he really wasn't trying to see if I was still red.  
  
The man moves with speed of a cat. Before I could react, his mouth was locked on my pussy lips and his tongue was pushing and wiggling inside me. "Aaahhhhrrrggg." I cried as my hands flew down to his head between my legs, too late to protect my open pussy. I grabbed at his hair above his ears but he would not be stopped.  
  
I could feel his tongue moving inside me while he sucked at my little hole. My legs were trembling and the muscles in my stomach were hard as rocks. Tremors were rumbling through my body from my pussy to my tits, and, in a matter of seconds, I was helpless. It was the attack I saw in his eyes earlier. I was his prey and he was taking what he wanted from me.  
  
He started moving his hips over my splayed leg, and around so that his hips were moving toward my shoulders. I could see his cock, big and hard and throbbing coming toward me. I reached out my hand and wrapped my fingers around it as best I could. My little hand couldn't close all the way around it, and I only covered maybe a third of its' length.  
  
Taking his cock in my hand was like closing a circuit in my body. Shocks seemed to be running through my body from my toes to the hair on my head, and from my spasming pussy to my hand holding desperately to Keith's cock.  
  
Keith moaned against my pussy and the vibrations went right though me. I came against his mouth as my body shook beyond my control.  
  
He pulled me over on top of him in the classic sixty-nine position with his mouth buried between my legs and his beautiful cock in front of my face. I kissed his cock, teasing the head. He smacked my ass with his hand and pushed his cock against my lips. I backed away and he smacked my ass again.   
  
I jerked my hips forward from the smack and he buried his face deeper into my shaved pussy. Another smack and I took the head of his cock in my mouth. He moved his mouth down and took my clit between his lips and flicked his tongue across the very tip. I lifted my head up and moaned, "Oh my god, Keith, you're driving me crazy. Please fuck..."

Another smack on my ass interrupted my begging, and I took his cock back into my mouth. He started sucking on my clit while he slid a finger into my dripping hole. I screamed, "Oh no, please; I can't take anymore." and I was rewarded with another slap on my bare and reddening ass.  
  
I took his cock back into my mouth and, through the fog of pleasure that clouded my head I realized that every time I took my mouth off of his cock, he slapped my ass. I either sucked Keith's cock or got my ass smacked until I did suck his cock. Either way, I was going to suck his big cock.  
  
He took his mouth from my clit and worked back pushing his tongue into my little hole and I moaned around his cock in my mouth. I tried to concentrate on getting as much of his cock into my throat as I could. In this position, with me on top, I could experiment with taking him deeper and pulling back to get air when I needed to.  
  
He started moving off of my pussy toward my puckered little asshole. I lifted my head and cried, "No, sir, not my asshole, please, you know I go crazy when you tease my asshole." I was rewarded with another smack on my ass, but I didn't go right back on his cock and I got another hard smack on my ass.  
  
I took his cock in my mouth and screamed around it as his tongue attacked my hairless little rear hole. I was close to cuming and he moved back down to my pussy and started teasing my lips without actually entering me.  
  
He was getting me to the edge of an orgasm and then easing up and making me hang. I took my mouth off of his cock, and laid my head on his stomach with his cock against my face. He smacked my ass and I didn't move. He smacked me again harder and drove his tongue into my poor pussy and I screamed, "Please sir, beat my little ass. Make me suck your big cock."  
  
He hit my ass three times in a row as he wrapped his lips around my clit and I came hard grinding my pussy against his chin as he sucked and nipped at my clit. He continued to spank me as I came and I could feel the heat in my ass cheeks. I put his cock in my mouth and took it as deep as I could down my throat.  
  
Keith moaned and jerked his hips up driving his cock a little deeper into my throat. I gagged a bit and, as I started to pull back a little, he came in my mouth with most of his cum pouring straight down my throat. I swallowed as much as I could, but a little dribbled down his cock.  
  
I licked it up and cleaned his cock as he kissed and gently licked me from my clit to my quivering little asshole. I took his cock in my mouth again to feel it get soft. When it got soft enough, I took his whole cock in my mouth just to see what it would feel like to have my nose buried in his pubic hair with his cock in my mouth. I liked the feeling, and I again promised myself that I would learn to take his hard cock all the way down my throat.  
  
I lay with my head on his stomach basking the afterglow of my orgasm, while Keith kissed my pussy and inside my thighs. He eventually rolled me onto the bed, turned around and climbed into bed next to me. He pulled me close to him with his cock between the cheeks of my sore ass and wrapped his arms around me.  
  
"Are you really going to make me strip naked out in the snow tomorrow?" I asked softly  
  
"You are going to beg me to let you strip naked in the snow tomorrow" he corrected kissing my neck where it meet my shoulder.  
  
I fell asleep wondering how he was going to get me to beg to take my clothes off in the snow and what else he was planning to do to me tomorrow.

My Own Heaven Ch. 20

I was floating in that place between asleep and awake. I could smell coffee, but I wasn't in my own bed. It was a very comfortable bed, but it wasn't mine. I was lying on my stomach, naked, under the covers and I heard, no sensed, someone come into the room, and the smell of coffee got stronger.  
  
The bed moved and I was more awake now than asleep. Someone was sitting next to me on the bed and I could feel the covers moving down my bare back until they were just covering my naked ass cheeks. I could smell Keith's after shave as he leaned over and kissed my side at my waist and kissed his way across my lower back just above my ass cheeks. I moaned and raised my little ass up to meet his lips and my legs spread without me even thinking about it.   
  
"Good morning, Kitten" he said softly.  
  
"Good morning." I whispered turning over onto my side facing him. I stretched; raising my hands over my head, arching my back ,and pulling one leg up toward my tummy while stretching the other leg as straight as I could pointing my painted toes. The way I stretched in the morning was one of the reasons Keith called me "Kitten".  
  
He watched me stretch, pushing my naked breasts up at him, with a little smile on his face. It is such a boost to my ego to see how much he loves to just look at my body. It's the reason he likes to keep me naked, and he keeps me naked when he's dressed, because he knows it humiliates and excites me.  
  
"Time to get up, we've got a lot to do today." he said now nibbling on my bare belly just below my navel.  
  
"You must mean for me to get up," I said putting my hand on the front of his pants and giving a little squeeze, "I can see you're up already."  
  
"You are such a bad girl." he said laughing.  
  
"Remember that tonight, daddy." I giggled, becoming his little girl.  
  
"Phil and I are making breakfast, it should be ready in about twenty minutes." he said offering me a steaming mug of coffee.  
  
I took the coffee, "I won't be late; should I dress for breakfast?" still the little girl. His look let me know that "dressed" was not an option. He blew me a kiss and closed the door on the way out.  
  
I got up and went into the shower. I shaved my entire body making sure I was perfectly smooth. Not that I needed it, but I figured since I was going to be naked for most of the day, I might as well look my best.  
  
I finished in the bathroom and was drying my hair when I looked out the window and noticed there was a lot of snow on the furniture out on the deck outside our room. It looked like more than four to six inches to me. I finished drying my hair and, checked myself in the mirror.   
  
I had to admit, I did look cute naked. Doing my hair in pigtails or a ponytail, and just the right outfit or naked and moving just right way and I appeared a lot younger than my almost nineteen years. I loved playing the little girl, and if the other night, when Keith spanked my poor little bottom, was any indication; Keith liked playing that game with me, too.  
  
I went down to the kitchen with a couple of minutes to spare. Breakfast smelled great, and not just because I was hungry; pancakes, sausage, bacon, four different kinds of syrup, fresh juice and coffee. We all ate a lot; I guess the fresh air gave all of us an appetite. Of course, as I recall, Tina and I got more "fresh air" yesterday than the guys did.  
  
Phil said there was a little over eight inches of snow out there. More than had been predicted.  
  
"Are we going to be stuck here for longer than we planned?" I asked unable to hide the excitement from my voice.  
  
"Sounds like somebody likes it here." said Keith with a chuckle. "But, no, it'd take a lot more than eight inches of snow to keep us up here.  
  
"Oh, darn." sighed Tina and I at the same time.  
  
We all laughed and Keith said, "We'll clean up," indicating himself and Phil, "You girls go up and get into your snow suits and we'll go out and make a snowman."  
  
"A snowman," Tina asked a little disinterested, "Aren't we a little old for snowmen?"  
  
"Let's give it a try," I encouraged, "Maybe it'll be fun."  
  
Tina shrugged and we went to our rooms to get dressed. I put on the underwear that Keith had recommended for under the snow suit. The bra covered a lot more than I was used to and the panties were full size; much bigger than the thongs and itty-bitty bikinis panties I was used to.  
  
I put on my pink snowsuit with the white trim. It was pants that zipped up the sides and a coat with a furry collar. It had boots to go with it, too. It was really warm when I tried it on in the store; now we'll see how warm it is in the real cold.  
  
When I got downstairs, the guys were bringing in extra firewood and piling it by the fireplace. I walked to the door and looked at the thermometer and it was twenty-nine degrees, but it was only nine-thirty in the morning.  
  
I stepped outside and it was cold, but I only felt it on my hands and my face; the only parts not covered by the snowsuit. I had my gloves in my hand so I put them on and that solved the cold hands problem.   
  
Tina came out onto the porch wearing her blue snow suit. Her snowsuit was much more...uhm...form fitting. She looked like a sexy little snow bunny. I was wondering if it would keep her warm as the guys came out on the porch.  
  
"Okay," said Phil, "Let's get to work." and he started off the porch onto the open area in front of the house.  
  
The first thing I noticed was that the ropes that were strung between the trees for our 'punishment' were gone. I knew Keith had more planned for me, and I was pretty sure Tina was not going to escape their devilish plans, either.  
  
Tina had never built a snowman, being a Southern California girl. I had some experience, growing up in Oregon, but I was still a girl and that kind of thing was what I watched the boys do. The guys, on the other hand, really knew what they were doing. Of course, they had us doing a lot of the work, but it was fun and we spent most of the time laughing.  
  
When we were done, we had a very good, six and half foot tall, facsimile of Frosty the Snowman. We didn't have a top hat, so we used one of Phil's old knit caps, there was no coal, so we used small rocks we had uncovered gathering snow to build the snowman for his eyes, nose, mouth and buttons, and we used branches for his arms.  
  
The guys decided to call him Fred. No reason other than Frosty was already taken. How could they be so original in business and other aspects of their lives (torturing Tina and I, just to name one area) and name our snowman Fred?  
  
It was a little after eleven when we finished and we all took pictures with 'Fred'. We headed inside and I stopped on the porch and checked the temperature -- thirty-three degrees. I was not cold at all, but we were building the snowman and moving around tends to keep you warm.  
  
"Why are you so interested in the temperature?" Tina asked coming up behind me.  
  
"Just curious, I guess." I shrugged. She didn't know what Keith had told me last night. That we, or at least I, were going to be stripped while we were out in the snow. Keith was right; it was worse, knowing in advance what was going to be done to me. The butterflies in my stomach, and the hard nipples, and tingling between my legs every time I thought about it was torment in itself.  
  
The guys said we were going on a hike and they were going to make sandwiches and stuff to take with us. Tina and I went to our rooms to freshen up while the guys packed lunch. I cleaned up and looked in the mirror. My face had a glow and my cheeks were pink from the cold. I wondered if the rest of my body was going to look as cute when we got back from our hike.  
  
'Of course, after we "walked the line" Tina and I both looked sexy with our skin all pink.' I thought to myself as Keith walked into the room. He took me in his arms and kissed me, giving me a little squeeze and said, "You about ready, Kitten?"  
  
"For the hike or what happens to me after?" I giggled, "Are you really going to strip me naked out there in the snow?"  
  
"No, you are going to beg me to strip you naked in the snow." he corrected, swatting my snow suit covered bottom, "Let's get a move on."  
  
"You know," I whispered, "I think it is worse, knowing what's going to happen to me."  
  
"I know." he smiled taking my hand.  
  
We went downstairs and Keith and Phil packed up sandwiches and thermos bottles into two backpacks. For a minute, I thought they were going to make Tina and I carry them, but they put them on their backs as Tina came down the stairs.  
  
The sun was out and it felt warmer than the thirty-five degrees the thermometer showed. We started down a trail and in ten minutes, I was lost. I mean, if I had to find the cabin again by myself, I was in trouble. The path was snow covered and, if it wasn't for the guys, I had no idea which way to go. The guys had been up here many times and knew exactly where we were and where we were headed.  
  
We passed a few feeding stations and saw all kinds of small animals. Keith said that he paid Frank to keep the feeding stations stocked and since there was no hunting, it had become almost a game preserve. I asked Keith and Phil if they were against hunting.  
  
"Absolutely not." said Phil, "I'm against getting shot. And since weekend hunters have been known to shoot at anything that moves in the woods, and we like hiking and exploring, we don't want to be shot, mistaken for a deer or something."  
  
"Besides," added Keith, "Phil would look really bad mounted over some fireplace."  
  
We walked a little further and Keith said that if we hoped to see any deer, we would have to be quiet. The deer weren't as afraid of people as they would normally be, but if we were loud and talking they would be long gone before we got close to the salt licks.  
  
Sure enough, we saw deer and two bucks as we passed some of the feeding stations and salt licks. We stayed quiet and steered clear of them, but they kept their eyes on us to make sure we didn't pose a threat. I've seen deer and bucks before at zoos and stuff, but, somehow, out in the wild, the deer seem more graceful and the bucks are more majestic. Just seeing them was worth the hike.  
  
But there was more in store for Tina and me. We broke into what we thought was a clearing but we quickly realized it was the end of the woods and a cliff. It looked to the west, back where we lived, and it looked like we could see forever. "It looks like we're in an airplane" I gasped.  
  
"We're not even five thousand feet up," Keith said, "but it's pretty much the same view."  
  
We decided to have lunch right there looking out toward the ocean. We couldn't actually see the ocean, but we could make out the changes in colors on the ground; the ocean was a dark blue, almost black color and the ground was different shades of brown and green.   
  
We ate the sandwiches and drank the same drink the guys had made for us last night. It was definitely made from rum, but it had like a cinnamon kind of taste, too. Whatever it was, it warmed me up.  
  
We gathered up all our wrappers and stuffed them back into the backpacks which were now practically empty. It was after one, and had gotten warmer when we started off back into the woods on our way back to the cabin.   
  
It could have just been the sun, or the fact that we were walking, or the rum, but I was definitely not cold and I mentioned it to Tina. She agreed and mentioned that she was warm in her snow suit, too. Keith overheard us and stopped and he and Phil poured drinks from the thermos bottles.  
  
Tina took the offered cup and between sips said, "I don't see how this is going to cool us off."  
  
I took the cup Keith offered and drank it in silence; I knew what was coming, but Tina, apparently, did not.  
  
We emptied our cups and they guys put them in their backpacks and Keith looked at me, "Now, take off the top of your snowsuit." Phil, behind me, said, "You, too, Tina."  
  
I heard Tina gasp and then I heard her zipper coming down. "Keith," I whined, "its cold out here." He just put out his hand for the top of my snowsuit.  
  
I unzipped my top and looked back at Tina who was in her normal skimpy, lacey bra, and I felt sorry for her. At least my breasts were covered by the regular bra I was wearing. I took off my top and handed it to Keith who put it in his backpack. He removed my white wrist cuffs from the backpack and I knew my naked walk in the woods was beginning as Keith had promised.  
  
He put the wrist cuffs on me and clipped them behind my back, and Phil did the same to Tina. It wasn't enough to be displayed; they wanted to be sure there was no chance to cover ourselves. "But sir, what if we meet someone on the way back to the cabin?" I pleaded.  
  
"They'll get quite a treat." he chuckled as he started walking again.  
  
Phil and Tina led the way with Keith behind me. I followed along feeling the cold on my bare belly, arms and shoulders, and Keith's eyes on my partially naked body. It wasn't as cold as I thought it would be. Of course, it could have been the sun, the drinks, or the humiliation and excitement I was feeling.  
  
Phil stopped and said to Keith, "I think they're still a little warm, don't you." Keith agreed and before I could protest, he was unzipping my pants on both sides. The zippers went from ankle to waist and, when unzipped, the pants just fell off, which is exactly what happened. Now I know why Keith picked out this style of snowsuit.  
  
I was in my underwear and boots with my hands cuffed behind my back in the middle of the woods. I was cold, and there were some goose bumps in some unexpected places. It was humiliating to be bound and stripped in the woods. I could imagine how I looked, my pink skin contrasting with the pure white of the snow.  
  
I looked over at Tina, who really had a problem. She had lacey, frilly underwear on that covered almost nothing. Her bra only covered the barest minimum of her breasts, and her panties were just cute little bikini panties. Cute under most circumstances, but under these conditions, they offered no protection whatsoever.  
  
We walked a little further, and the path widened so Tina and I could walk next to each other with Phil behind Tina, and Keith behind me. I was sure that they were behind us so they could ogle our nearly naked bodies and panty covered asses. "They planned this, you know," Tina whispered, "They planned this all along. They're going to torture us all weekend."  
  
I looked over at her expecting to see an angry scowl on her face, but instead, she had a little smile and her cheeks were red. They weren't pink from the cold like most of our naked bodies, she was enjoying this!  
  
The guys made us stop again and took the thermos bottles out of their back packs and poured us cups of the warm rum mixture. Since our hands were cuffed behind our backs, they had to hold the cups for us while we drank. We appreciated the warm drinks and I could feel its warmth spread though my nearly naked body.  
  
"You know, they really look silly in their underwear and those boots." Phil said as he put his thermos in his backpack.  
  
"Yeah, you're right." Keith agreed. I knew where this was going and I didn't like it. "Let's take off their boots." Keith decided.  
  
Tina and I both started pleading at the same time. "Oh, please Keith, don't take off my boots. You know how sensitive my feet are, you know how I get when you do things to them." I begged. "I'll be barefoot in the snow." Tina implored Phil, "You already have me practically naked. My feet will be in the snow; it'll be so cold on my feet, please Phil."  
  
Our pleading and promises of other things they could do with us when we got to the cabin did no good. Keith knelt in front of me and put his hand out for my soon to be bare foot. He slipped my boot off and I groaned as my bare foot hit the wet snow. He took off my other boot and I was stripped to my underwear.  
  
Tina continued to beg Phil. He sat her down, and she screamed as soon as her tiny panties hit the snow. My feet were cold and wet, but I'm sure it was ten times worse on her cute little ass. Phil pulled off her boots, put them in his backpack and stood her up. He stood her up and she had that smile on her face again.  
  
We started walking again, each step torturing our bare feet. I looked at Tina and whispered, "You love this don't you! This is really exciting you, isn't it?"  
  
"Oh my god, yessss," she breathed, "My panties were wet before he sat me in the snow. The only thing that could make this better is if somebody could see what they're doing to us."  
  
What she said shocked me. Then I thought about it as we walked, cold and almost naked, down the path to the cabin. I was concentrating on the cold, even though I wasn't as cold as I thought I would be, and didn't realize that I was excited, too. I hadn't even thought about anyone else seeing us, but thinking about it now started that tingle in my cold, little pussy.  
  
We were in a little clearing with the sun shining down on us. Phil and Keith were walking behind us again, enjoying, I'm sure, the view of our almost naked bodies. Phil said, "I'll bet they'd look even better if they were naked, what do you think, Keith?"  
  
Before he could answer, Phil told us to stop and walked up to Tina. She stopped and turned to face him but kept her eyes on her feet. "What do you think about being naked for the rest of the walk back to the cabin?" he asked. "Do you think you'd enjoy that?"  
  
"I don't think I would enjoy it, sir. I would be very embarrassed, especially if someone saw me, but I know you would enjoy making me strip naked for you."  
  
"That settles it then." he said happily, as he stepped behind Tina and unclipped her wrist cuffs. He stood back and took off his backpack and opened and held it out to her. She blushed and unclasped her bra and removed it, putting it in Phil's backpack with the rest of her clothes. Her nipples were rock hard, and not just from the cold. She slid her panties down her long smooth legs and I could see that her hairless pussy was moist and her clit was pushing out at the top. She put her panties in the backpack and Phil clipped her wrist cuffs behind her back again.  
  
Meanwhile, Keith walked over to me and removed his backpack and started to unclip my wrist cuffs. "Please sir, don't strip me naked. It's cold and I've never been naked out in a place this open. Anyone could come by and see me. Please don make me do this." I begged.  
  
Keith walked around in front of me and gently lifted my face by the chin and looked into my eyes. His soft grey eyes were penetrating me, reading me, deciding if he should stop or if I just needed to be pushed a little further. "All right, Heather," he said, "I won't take off your bra or panties until you ask me to." He clipped my wrist cuffs behind my back and waved his arm indicating that we should continue our walk back to the cabin.  
  
I started to walk and Tina, now completely naked, caught up to me and whispered, "Are you crazy, girl? You know he's only going to make it worse for you, and you're going to wind up naked just like me."  
  
I walked along thinking about what Keith had said last night. He said that he was going to make me beg to be stripped naked in the woods. I wondered how he was going to make that happen and I decided to try and endure whatever he did to keep my underwear on. As I thought about what he might do, a little smile came to my face.  
  
"And you tell me I'm a bitch, because I like being tortured." she smiled, her voice rising slightly. "You know Keith is going to do something to make you beg him to strip you, and you can't wait for him to do it. Girl, you're worse than me."

We came to a spot where the sun was shining brightly through the trees and we stopped again. The guys gave us more of the warm rum from the thermos. Phil was teasing Tina as he held the cup for her. He was pinching her nipples, or running his fingers between her legs, and at one point he pushed at least one finger into her bald wet pussy causing her to rise up on her bare tiptoes and moan and tremble.  
  
They put the cups and thermos bottles away but before I could start walking, Keith took me by the arm to the edge of the path and reach down for a handful of snow. He pulled my left bra cup from my chest and dumped the snow into it and then let it snap back against my body.  
  
I screamed and started dancing and shaking trying to get the freezing snow away from my bare tit but it wasn't happening. He grabbed my right bra cup and filled it with snow and released it and I screamed again, "No, Keith, please it's too cold. My god, it'll freeze my nipples off. Please take the snow off me."  
  
Keith turned to Phil and said, "Could you give me a hand here, buddy?" I looked at Tina and she was watching what they were doing to me with a little smile on her face. She knew I was getting just what I dared Keith to do, and I think she enjoyed watching me being tortured.  
  
Phil grabbed both my arms at the shoulders from behind to keep me still. Keith reached down for another handful of snow and added another handful of snow to each of my bra cups and let them snap back against my freezing tits. I was dancing around and shaking, as much as I could with Phil holding me, and begging Keith to take the snow out of my bra.  
  
"Well, I can't do that," he said with a smile, "But if you'd like me to take off your bra, I could do that."  
  
So that was his game. He was going to use the snow to make me beg him to take off my bra. I wanted to hold out, but my tits were so cold, and the heat from my body was melting the snow and it was dripping down my naked belly and sides. Still, the masochist in me didn't want to let him win so easily.  
  
"No?" he asked, and added two more handfuls of snow to my bra. Now the snow was overflowing my bra and was piled between and on top of my breasts. My tits were so cold I was gasping.  
  
"Well, let's move on." he said as Phil let go of my arms and Keith pointed down the path in the direction, I hoped, of the cabin.  
  
With my hands still locked behind my back, there was nothing I could do to ease the cold on my poor tits. Tina was next to me and she said, "Having fun? I'm naked and I'll bet I'm not as cold as you are."  
  
"Oh my...my god." I stammered, "How do they think of these things?"  
  
She smiled and said, "I don't know, but aren't they great? You're not fooling me, you know, you love being punished as much as I do."  
  
We had gone about fifty yards and I stopped and turned to Keith, thrusting my snow packed chest at him, my face begging for mercy. "What? Is there something I can do for you?" he asked sweetly.  
  
He wasn't going to give me relief until I begged him; just like he promised last night. "Please sir, my tits are so cold;" I begged, my face blushing bright red, "Could you please take off my bra so my tits will be bare for everyone to see?"  
  
Keith smiled at me and reached behind me and unclasped my bra. The he took out a knife and cut the straps going over my shoulders and pulled my snow filled bra from my cold and wet tits. The sun felt wonderful on my bare breasts. I looked own and they were red from the snow and my nipples were hard as little rocks. There was still some snow on my breasts and I pushed them up to Keith hoping he would brush the remaining snow off of them.  
  
No such luck. He just looked at my naked tits and said, "You could shake the snow off if it bothers you."  
  
I stood in front of him, humiliated, and naked but for my panties and wrist cuffs and had to shake my little tits to get the snow off. I guess my wriggling in front of him had some effect, because he grabbed me and took my left nipple in his mouth and gently licked and sucked it. His warm mouth felt like fire on my nipple and I shook from my head to my feet. I even moaned out loud and dug my bare painted little toes into the snow when he changed from the left to the right nipple.  
  
He stood up and indicated that we should continue our walk. I started walking again with a naked Tina next to me. We had only gone a few feet, when Keith said to wait a second. He came up behind us and grabbed the back of my panties and pulled the waistband away from my back. I turned my head to look behind me and he and Phil started filling the back of my panties with snow.  
  
"Oh no, Keith, please don't; not again. It's so cold on my bare ass." I cried out.  
  
"Do you want me to take your panties off?" he asked softly.  
  
"But I'll be naked. If someone comes along they'll see me...my..."  
  
"Your choice." he smiled as he let go of the back of my panties. The snow pressed into the crack of my ass and against my puckered and now freezing little asshole. He was loving this; the more tormented and humiliated I was, the more he liked it.  
  
We started walking again, and every step made the snow move around. I know why Keith recommended the big, old fashioned, panties; he could get more snow on my little ass and between my poor ass cheeks. Well, he was getting his wish; my ass was freezing, and the snow was pressing against my asshole with every step. He even added a little more snow as we walked.  
  
Tina was walking next to me and whispered, "I can't believe how much you love this; I thought you were going to cum when they started filling the back of your panties with snow."  
  
"I almost did." I confessed, "The front of my panties are wet, too, but not from snow."  
  
"You little slut," she giggled, "And they call ME a masochist. I suppose you are going to try and hold out and see what else he has planned."  
  
"I going to try, but, god, my ass is so cold. I think my little asshole climbed up into my chest." I giggled.  
  
"If I knew what was going to happen if I refused to strip, my underwear would be packed with snow, too." Tina smiled.  
  
We stopped again for more warm rum. Keith put more snow in the back of my panties saying that I had a hot little ass and it was melting the snow. He reached down the outside of the front of my panties and felt how wet I was. "Is that from the melting snow?" he asked me. I couldn't answer, I just lowered my eyes and looked at the ground and blushed.  
  
"Hey Phil, I think I found out why the snow in her panties keeps melting." he called to Phil, who was busy teasing Tina's bare tits and hairless pussy,   
  
Phil left Tina and walked over to us as Keith took his hand from between my trembling legs. He reached down and picked up a handful of snow, then pulled the front of my panties away from my belly. He held the handful of snow right in front on me, directly over the space between my tummy and the pulled waistband of my panties.  
  
"Oh my god; please sir, noooo." I cried out, my whole body trembling now. "Please sir, you know my pussy is shaved bald. The snow is so cold, and there's no hair to protect my pussy. The snow will go right against my bare pussy. There's no protection. I mean, I'm already so wet the snow will go between my pussy lips and against my clit. Oh god...my clit; I won't be able to stand the snow against my clit." I realized I was babbling and struggled to stop myself.  
  
I was begging and pleading, but I didn't back away or try to break Keith's hold on the front of my panties. In truth, my ranting got me even more excited. I was scared, but I wanted to know if I could stand the snow against my bare, little pussy.  
  
Keith smiled at me with one hand holding my panties away from my tummy, and the other hand full of snow right in front of my naked breasts. He looked me right in the eyes as he turned over his hand and the snow fell into the front of my panties.  
  
I screamed and danced from leg to leg with my hands bound behind my back, but never tried to get away from him or get my panties out of his grip. He and Phil filled the front of my panties with snow as I screamed and begged. They even added more snow to the back and sides of my panties. My dancing from leg to leg only helped the snow work its way between my legs as my fears became reality, and the snow was packed against my pussy and clit.  
  
The cold between my legs added to the torment of the snow packed against my little ass and between my ass cheeks. When they had completely packed my panties with snow, Keith released the waistband which only pressed the cold wet snow against my lower belly and up into my hairless pussy.  
  
The feeling of the snow surrounding, invading, my most sensitive parts, had me delirious. Keith had that smile on his face; the one that I love so much. He was enjoying making me suffer and I wanted to endure as much as I could before I finally gave in to him. I knew from the look on his face, and the bulge in his pants, that, when this was over I was going to get the fucking of my life.  
  
He pointed down the path indicating that we should continue walking. I took a few steps and each step rubbed the snow inside my panties against my bare ass and bald pussy. The cold against my bare skin was agony and every step made it worse. I turned to Keith and whimpered, "Please sir, it's so cold, my poor pussy is freezing, please take the snow out of my panties."  
  
"You know I won't do that." he said softly, "You know what you have to do. You know what you have to ask for."  
  
I looked down at the ground not yet ready to submit to him. I knew he wanted me to beg him to take off my panties and make me walk the rest of the way back to the cabin naked. I also knew there was no way I could stand keeping my snow filled panties on the rest of the way. It was just a matter of how long could I endure his torture.   
  
We started walking again with Tina next to me. "So, tell me how it feels." she asked happily.  
  
"Each step is agony." I moaned as we walked. "The panties are pushing the snow up into my pussy and against my clit and into the crack of my ass." I gasped as Phil added more snow down the front of my panties. "My asshole is so cold I think it shriveled up into my stomach. I don't know how much longer I can stand it."  
  
"All you have to do is ask him to take off your panties. It's not like you've never been naked in front of us before, or outdoors, for that matter. But I know that look; you're really enjoying this." she reasoned.  
  
"I know; it's just that...it's the way he looks at me when he tortures me. He enjoys the things he puts me through, and, deep down, I love what he makes me do. He looks at me like he can't wait to fuck me legless and by holding out as long as I can; I can make him wait for his reward. I want to make it last as long as I can." I sighed.  
  
We walked on, Keith or Phil dumping more fresh snow inside my panties, making sure it was always firmly packed against my bare skin. The melting snow was running down my naked legs in rivulets to my cold bare feet and into the snow on the ground.  
  
Tina said, "You know, it's cold being forced to walk, hands tied, naked, through the snow, and I wouldn't recommend it to the average person, but it isn't as bad as I thought it would be. Of course my nipples are as hard as rocks, and the juices dripping out of my tingling little pussy feel like they are freezing on my thighs, but you have to give the guys credit for coming up with this. It's not something they could do to us at home."  
  
Keith had us stop walking. He came up to me and kissed me on the cheek and asked, "How do you feel, Kitten?"  
  
All of a sudden, the little masochist that hides inside me, you know, the one that always gets me in trouble, jumped up and said, "If you want to know how I feel sir, you should put your hand inside my panties, between my legs." and then she was gone; leaving me to deal with the punishment for my smart remark.  
  
"I don't think I'll be putting my hand inside your panties right now," he smiled, "too cold in there." He put his gloved hand between my legs on the outside of my snow filled panties, and pushed up against my poor little pussy. "AAahhrrrgg!" I screamed as he pressed the snow into my bare pussy and clit. I went up on my tiptoes to try to get away from the snow, but he just pushed a little harder. The snow was spreading my pussy lips and the snow was pushing inside me.  
  
"Pleeeeease sir, I'm so sorry, your little slut is so cold, please don't push the snow into my pussy, sir." I cried.  
  
He took his hand away, and I came off my toes gasping for breath. He dumped a few more handfuls of snow into my panties and waved me on down the path. I couldn't stand the cold anymore, especially now that the snow had been push up inside my pussy. I chased after him, tits bouncing, hands clasped behind my back and panties full of snow.  
  
"Master, please, could you take off my panties." I begged.  
  
He looked at me strangely for a second, and I realized this was the first time I called him 'master'. He snapped out of it and said, "But, Kitten, if I take off you panties, you'll be naked out here where someone might see you."  
  
He was toying with me, adding just a little more to my humiliation. He knew he had me just where he wanted me. I was broken and would do whatever he ordered me to do. "Please, master, strip me naked so anyone who comes along can see your naked property."  
  
He had won a complete victory. He told me last night that I would beg to be stripped naked and he made me do it. So why did I feel so happy that he had complete control over me?  
  
He took off his gloves and reached for my hips. He took hold of my panties on each side and eased them down until the fell to my ankles. I stepped out of them but a lot of the snow was still stuck to and inside my pussy and ass.   
  
Keith motioned Phil over and as Keith slowly wiped the snow from the front of my body, Phil brushed the snow from my ass; more feeling my ass than removing the snow. Keith stood in front of me, his cool grey eyes looking into mine as he slowly slid his finger into my ice cold pussy. His finger felt like a molten iron bar poking inside me. I went up on my tip toes and spread my legs as I gasped and moaned.   
  
Phil slid his hand between my ass cheeks brushing the snow away as his finger probed and teased my frozen puckered asshole. Keith had never let anyone touch me like that before; touch me so sexually. With my hands clasped behind my back, there was nothing I could do but moan and try to get higher on my toes.  
  
Phil held his finger against my asshole as Keith's added a finger to my pussy and started pushing them in and out of my stretched hole. I tried to get higher on my toes but my feet and legs were stretched as much as they could go. I must have been quite a sight, naked in the snow, hands secured behind my back, with two men probing my pussy and ass.  
  
Suddenly, Keith's fingers started moving faster inside me and Phil's finger on my asshole started pushing more insistently. My bare tits were bouncing in time to Keith's fingers. He bent down and took my right nipple between his lips, and I was on the verge of a huge orgasm when they both pulled their fingers from my vulnerable body.  
  
I moaned in frustration; my legs trembling and gasping for breath. Keith took my face between his hands and kissed my lips softly, holding my head firmly so I couldn't get away if I wanted to. When he released me, we started back down the path toward the cabin.   
  
We walked about fifty yards, around a bend and into the clearing where the cabin was. I didn't feel how cold I was until I saw the cabin. The guys led Tina and I, still naked and bound in the snow, around to the front of the cabin. "Well, Fred is still here!" called Phil, pointing to our snowman still standing in front of the cabin.  
  
"Yeah, but what's going on with him?" asked Keith leading us into the snow piled in the front of the cabin.  
  
There was Fred, our snowman, but, just where you would expect it to be on a man, was a huge cock made of ice sticking up along his belly. "Looks like seeing you two naked ladies got him kind of excited." laughed Keith.  
  
"Wow, looks like you girls are having quite an effect on old Fred." Phil taunted bringing Tina up next to me to stand in front of the snowman with his huge frozen cock less than a foot away from us.  
  
I had a bad feeling about this, and one look at Tina confirmed that she could see where this was going, too. Fred, the snowman's, cock was pure ice. It was over a foot long but not quite as big around as my Keith's cock. The head was the size of a small plum and came up to my belly button. Surely, the guys weren't thinking...  
  
"It seems to me, the girls running around naked got poor old Fred's cock hard; the least they could do is relieve his condition, don't you think, Phil?" Keith asked calmly.  
  
They were talking about the snowman like he was an old friend of theirs. Worse, they were talking about making one, or both, of us fuck his huge icy cock to 'satisfy' his lust. I shuddered remembering what a few ice cubes felt like up my little pussy; having that huge piece of ice inside me would leave me shivering for days.  
  
"Let's go inside and decide how we should handle this." said Keith leading us toward the cabin.  
  
We went up onto the porch and stopped because Keith said out feet and legs were muddy from walking in the melting snow. I looked over at the thermometer, which was in the shade of the porch and it read forty-six degrees. When I turned around, Keith had taken a garden hose from the front of the house and was on the porch with it.  
  
Phil grabbed Tina, whose hands were still clasped behind her back, by her upper arms as Keith turned on the water and started washing her legs from her upper thighs down. The water must have been freezing and her screams must have frightened every animal within a mile of the cabin.  
  
She tried to wriggle away, but Phil had a firm grip on her and Keith took his time making sure he got all the snow and mud so she wouldn't track any dirt into the cabin. She was whimpering and shivering when Keith handed the hose to Phil.  
  
Keith grabbed my arms and before I could even plead for them not to use that cold water on me, the first icy blast hit my legs. I screamed every bit as loud as Tina as Phil took his time washing my legs down. "Be sure not to miss any spots," Keith said with a chuckle, "You know, she had all that snow on her."  
  
Phil washed me from my tits down to my toes. He even pointed the hose up and washed my poor bald pussy and asshole. They really enjoyed my screams and gasps as Phil pointed the hose at my naked sensitive tits.  
  
By the time they were done, I was gasping for breath. They led us inside the cabin and the warm air never felt so good. The guys got towels and dried us off, spending way too much time on our tits, pussies and asses. Then, they unclipped our wrist cuffs and led us over to the fire place and sat us on the big furry rugs in front of the fireplace and started a fire.  
  
It was, as usual, warm in the cabin and the heat from the growing fire in the fireplace felt wonderful after our little walk in the woods. As we watched the fire build up, Keith and Phil discussed Fred, the snowman's 'problem', and what should be done about it. Even though it was obvious that one or both of us was going to be forced to deal with that huge piece of ice sticking out from his belly, they discussed it, and us, like we weren't even there.  
  
Tina and I were sitting next to each other on the soft rugs in front of the fireplace when Keith said, "We've decided the only way to settle this fairly is with a contest."  
  
"The last time you guys set up a contest, Heather and I were outside, naked with a knotted rope between our legs." Tina said with a giggle.  
  
"This time," Keith said, "The contest will take place right here in front of the fireplace."

Before we could say anything, Phil said, "First, you should know that the loser of the contest will have to fuck Fred while the rest of us watch."  
  
Tina and I both started to object but we both were silenced when Keith and Phil held up their hands like a cop stopping traffic. We looked at each other and I could tell we were both thinking about that huge ice cock and how cold and full our shaved pussies would be. "So what do we have to do?" I asked, almost afraid of the answer.  
  
"Simple, each of you has to try to make the other cum within fifteen minutes. The first one to cum loses, gets taken outside, and has to fuck Fred."  
  
"What if neither of us cums?" I asked, thinking I found a way out of their game.  
  
"Ah," said Phil, "Then both you will have to fuck Fred.  
  
"How do I get Heather to cum?" Tina asked, "Are there any rules or dos and don'ts."   
  
"Nope," Phil said with a smile, "No rules; do whatever it takes to get the other girl to cum. But, keep in mind; it's your sweet little pussies on the line."  
  
'How does she know she's gonna get me to cum?' I thought as I looked at Tina. She looked like she was really looking forward to this. The problem was, I wasn't sure if she was looking forward to fucking Fred or...making me cum.  
  
"When does this little game start?" I asked sarcastically.  
  
Keith looked at his watch and said, "Right now!"  
  
Before I could move, Tina was on me. She pushed me onto my back on the soft fluffy rug, held both my hands by my wrists, trapped on the floor by my head, and sat, pressing he bare pussy on my belly. I was trapped and the game had just started.   
  
She looked down at me and whispered, "I'm sorry baby; I've wanted to do this with you but not like this. I don't want that giant piece of ice in my cunt so I guess it's gonna have to be you."   
  
She leaned down and pressed her lips to mine, her tongue gently probing against my closed mouth. I wasn't completely inexperienced with sex with another girl, a little experimentation in junior high school, but it seemed like Tina had a lot more experience than I did. She rubbed her breasts lightly across mine and the tingles started in my nipples and down my tummy toward my already wet pussy.  
  
I knew if I didn't do something fast, I would be riding Fred's cock in a matter of minutes. I arched my back pushing up, pressing my heels and shoulders into the floor. When I had Tina off balance I rolled to the side and Tina rolled off of me and I rolled over on top of her.   
  
I grabbed her wrists and held them to the floor with her under me. I moved down a little and took her right nipple in my mouth and started sucking for all I was worth. I heard Tina gasp and her body shuddered under me. Her nipples were as sensitive as mine; good to know. I switched to the other nipple, still holding her hands to the floor and she moaned.  
  
Her moan surprised me and I eased my grip slightly on her hands. She broke her hands loose and wrapped them around me pulling me up to her face and rolling us on our sides. I was facing the guys and they were watching us intently and I could see the tell tale bulge starting in Keith's pants.  
  
Tina pressed her mouth against mine again and her tongue was pushing against my lips. I kept my lips pressed together and she loosened her arms around me a little. She quickly slid one of her hands down across my belly and between my legs. She pushed one of her fingers into my wet, shaved, little hole and I gasped involuntarily opening my mouth.   
  
Her tongue was instantly inside my mouth searching for my tongue as she moved her fingers inside my pussy searching for that spot that drives me crazy. I knew if she found my g-spot, this contest would be over. I pushed my hands between us and grabbed both of her nipples and squeezed hard.   
  
Tina yelped moved both her hands to her breasts to try and save her pinched nipples releasing her hold on me and taking her fingers out of my pussy. I pushed her on her back and climbed over her putting my leg between her legs. I ground my knee up against her hairless pussy and I could feel how wet she was against my knee.  
  
She looked up at me and I could see panic and passion in her eyes. I was getting to her. I kept grinding my knee into her pussy and squeezed her nipples harder. Her eyes started to roll up and I thought I had her.  
  
Tina suddenly grabbed both my nipples and pinched them between the fingernails of her thumb and one of her fingers. The pain shot through my entire body and Tina used that split second to push me up and off of her. Before I could recover, Tina was coming towards me.  
  
I put my hands up to protect my tits, but Tina wasn't heading for my chest. Before I could react, she buried her face between my legs. Her lips were locked against my pussy lips and her tongue was so deep inside me I could feel it moving in my tummy.  
  
In a matter of seconds my head was spinning and electric shocks were shooting from my pussy down my legs and curling my painted little toes. She was holding my hips in place, giving her unimpeded access to my open pussy. Her lips and tongue were driving me crazy and I had to do something before she reached my swollen clit.  
  
I tried shaking her loose by shaking and thrusting my hips but she had her arms locked around my waist and I couldn't get her loose. I could see Phil and Keith watching us; they were enjoying the show we were putting on. And what guys wouldn't enjoy it: two young, pretty, and naked submissives squirming and wriggling on furry rugs trying to make each other cum. It was the wrestling match of every guy's dreams.  
  
I threw my arms out to my sides and I felt Tina's leg up near my head. She was bent over me with her hip up near my shoulder. I had never done it before, but I knew I only had one chance. I grabbed her hips and I pulled her to me and buried my face in her beautiful shaved pussy.   
  
Having never eaten a pussy before, I wasn't sure what to do; so I just did what I knew made me feel good. I pressed my lips against her nether lips and ran my tongue around just inside her pussy. She groaned against my pussy and I trembled against her, the vibrations of her groaning against my pussy causing my tummy to tighten. I knew I was getting close to cuming and, judging by how wet Tina was, she was really close, too.  
  
I rolled my tongue around just inside her little hole touching all those sensitive little nerve endings I knew were there. She was moaning and wriggling and I wrapped my arms around her waist holding her pussy against my mouth. She was really wiggling now and I could feel her pussy pulsing against my lips. 'I may not be the one fucking Fred, after all.' I thought.  
  
Suddenly, her tongue started teasing just inside my pussy, just like I was doing to her. Her wiggling tongue hit all the sensitive nerve endings I was hitting in her pussy. I changed my strategy and drove my tongue into her pussy as deep as I could, touching as many places inside her pussy as I could reach.  
  
She mimicked exactly what I was doing to her pussy but she was touching places deeper inside me than I could reach in her. It was like electricity going through my body I couldn't believe her tongue was that long, and I pulled my face from her pussy gasping from the shocks that were running from my pussy all through my quivering body.   
  
I buried my face between her legs again, this time wrapping my lips around he swollen clit and sucking it while I flicked my tongue over the tip. I knew this drove me crazy and made me loose all control when Keith did it to me.  
  
Tina did the same thing to me. Her lips locked onto my super sensitive clit and she sucked on it and ran her tongue lightly over the very tip, Through the riot of feelings my body was sending to my brain, I realized that Tina was doing to me exactly what I was doing to her -- only better.  
  
I was quickly losing all control and was afraid to try anything on Tina that I knew excited me, because she would just do it to me and get me closer to cuming. I was still sucking on her clit and trying to clear my head enough so I could think of what to do. One thing was for sure, I had better think fast or this game would be over and I'd have a twelve inch piece of ice up my little pussy.  
  
Tina's mouth was attached to my clit and her tongue was flicking over the tip driving me crazy. Slowly, she moved one of her hands across my ass and pressed one of her fingers against my puckered asshole. I tried to push my hips up to get away from her probing finger, but my legs were useless.   
  
My poor little pussy was gushing and I was fighting not to cum. I tried to get my mouth back on her pussy but she somehow managed to get her other hand between my legs and pushed at least two of her fingers into my hairless pussy. She searched for, and quickly found my g-spot and started rubbing it in time with her lips sucking my throbbing clit and her fingers rubbing my puckered asshole.  
  
I knew then all was lost, and I would soon be fucking Fred's giant ice cock. I couldn't even keep my head up enough to use my mouth and tongue on her pussy waving in front of me.  
  
She pulled my pussy tighter against her mouth and started to shake her head between my legs and I groaned, moving my legs like I was trying to get away. My arms fell uselessly to the rug beside me. I was beaten; I tried to fight the onrushing orgasm, but that only made the orgasm hit me harder as it washed over me.  
  
My legs and arms started shaking and my little toes curled so hard they hurt. I could feel my pussy cramping and gushing against Tina's lips and tongue. "I'm cummmmiinng" I screamed, as the orgasm enveloped me, but Tina didn't stop. "Oh please no more." I gasped as I slowly came down from my orgasm. But still, Tina didn't stop.  
  
I looked over Tina's bare ass at Phil and Keith and cried, "Please make her stop, I give up, I'll fuck Fred, I'll suck him if you want, just please make her stop I wailed as another orgasm hit.  
  
Finally, Phil was pulling Tina off of me and held her naked body against him. She was panting as his hard cock in his pants rubbed against her. She reached down and was running her hand over the bulge in his pants with a look of pure lust on her face.  
  
Keith lifted me from the rug and held me against him looking down at my naked body and wet pussy. He kissed me and said, "Well, Heather, let's go outside. I wonder if Fred knows what a rare treat he is going to have when he gets the pleasure of fucking you."

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Keith lifted me from the rug and held me against him looking down at my naked body and wet pussy. He kissed me and laughed, "Well, Heather, let's go outside. I wonder if Fred knows the treat that's in store for him when he gets the pleasure of fucking you."  
  
He had a little smile on his face as he took me by the hand and led me, naked, to the door of the cabin. He was pleased with himself about the little joke he made at my expense. Fred, being the snowman we had built this morning, wasn't going to get any real pleasure out of fucking me. I, on the other hand, was going to have a large cock shaped piece of ice in my poor little pussy, and I'm sure Phil and Keith were going to enjoy my humiliation.  
  
As we got to the door of the cabin, Keith got his coat and started putting it on and Phil and Tina caught up to us. Phil started putting on his coat, and Tina stood next to me. I looked over at her and I noticed that her hands were locked behind her back again, and she was flushed and rubbing her thighs together.  
  
"Maybe I should have let you make me cum first." she whispered with a strained voice. "I'm so horny; they've been teasing and torturing us all morning, and then they make us practically rape one another. Now, Phil won't fuck me, even though I begged him, and I'm not allowed to touch myself. That's why he cuffed my hands again. At least you get to fuck Fred."  
  
"Lucky me," I whispered sarcastically, "I get a foot long piece of ice up my bare pussy while everyone gets to watch and make fun of me."  
  
Just then Keith opened the door and took my hand. It wasn't nearly as cold out as it was earlier, but I was sill naked and there was melting snow on the ground. I hesitated at the door and cried, "Please master, don't make go out naked in the cold again. I don't want Fred to fuck me. I don't want to have to take that big piece of ice inside me. Please, I'll do anything else..."  
  
Keith pulled my hand a little more forcefully pulling me out the door. "But it's not what you want, it's what I want. I want to see you fuck Fred. After all, his predicament is your fault." he said with a chuckle.  
  
I took a quick look at the thermometer on the porch and it was over fifty-five degrees. Warmer than earlier, but not warm when your naked, and certainly not warm when your naked with ice up your little hole.  
  
We stepped off the porch and into the snow and Tina let out a little wail as her feet hit the snow. Apparently, being stripped naked and exposed to the cold really excited her. We walked over to Fred and all I could look at was the cock shaped icicle. Keith moved me forward until Fred's 'cock' was up against my belly. It came to about three inches below my belly button so I knew every inch of my poor little pussy was going to feel it.  
  
"Please Keith, don't make me do this." I begged, even though I was starting to get wet between my legs; not from looking forward to it, but from the humiliation. Keith ignored my begging and had me step back just a little.  
  
Tina came up next to me. Her hands were unclipped and she had a tube of lubricant in her hand. She poured a generous amount of lubricant over the ice cock and spread it over the entire length paying special attention to the large 'head'. She moaned and she ran her hands up and down the cock and then she rubbed one of her hands, which was cold by now, against my pussy and inserting two of her cold fingers inside of me.  
  
I squealed, and she pulled out her fingers and stepped back. Keith stepped behind me and lifted me over the 'cock' and I looked down as Phil reached between my legs and spread my hairless pussy lips apart. I gasped, Keith never let anyone else touch my pussy before, and Keith started to lower me onto Fred's cock, and I screamed as the head spread my unprotected pussy lips and entered my little pussy.  
  
I was glad Keith had such a big cock. Not only for the obvious reasons, but because he was wider than Fred's cock and I knew I could handle it. I was worried about the length though, Keith was a good nine inches, but Fred was at least twelve and I wasn't sure that he would fit inside me.  
  
Fred's cock was so cold. Keith putting those ice cube things in me at home was nothing compared to this huge piece of ice slowly sliding into me. I was begging Keith to take me off of Fred's cock, as he slowly lowered me, sliding more and more ice into my tight freezing pussy. Phil let go of my pussy lips and I screamed again as they gripped the frozen cock that was filling me.  
  
My legs were kicking, even though it did me no good as I begged Keith for mercy and offered him my body in some surprising and disgusting ways. It surprised me how imaginative I could be when I'm being tormented, but more and more ice entered my stretched cold little hole. Phil was looking between my legs with Tina standing next to him naked and rubbing against him still hoping for some relief for the fire between her legs.  
  
My feet touched the snow covered ground and I stretched my toes to get some footing. When I could support myself on my toes, Keith let go of me. He took my wrists and wrapped them around Fred's neck and snapped my wrist cuffs together. Now, not only did I have Fred's icy cock in my bare pussy, but my belly and tits were crushed against Fred's snowy body adding to my cold misery.  
  
I looked down between my legs and I was surprised to see only about six inches of icy cock was inside of me. Freezing cold icy cock, but a lot less than it seemed as I was being lowered onto it. I should have known Keith would never have taken a chance on me getting injured.  
  
Keith came up next to me and said, "Well Heather, we can stay out here all afternoon or, you can use that adorable little body of your to make Fred cum."  
  
I looked at Keith and I could see Phil, behind him, ogling my cold, naked body. Tina was looking at me and I couldn't be sure if she wanted to be in my place or she wanted another chance at my naked body. Either way, it added to my humiliation and excitement.  
  
"C'mon Heather, move that ass." Keith teased, smacking both my cold, naked ass cheeks with his big hand, "We're gonna be out here until Fred cums or you freeze."  
  
I gently came down off of my toes and more ice slid into my pussy. I shivered and went back up on my toes again and then gently slid back down, but this time stayed flat footed, my feet in the snow up past my ankles.  
  
I bent my knees a little pushing a little more of Fred's freezing cock into my little hole and I could feel the inside of my thighs getting wet. I thought it was the melting ice, but it wasn't cold. My god, I was getting wet, I was excited. What kind of a submissive little slut was I? I was outside, naked, fucking a snowman with his icy cock up my bald pussy, and I was getting excited.  
  
I shivered and looked at Keith. He had that look in his eyes that drove me crazy. I could see how torturing and humiliating me excited him; not only by the look of lust on his face, but by the very large bulge in his pants. I knew that shortly after I 'made Fred cum', Keith was going to fuck me legless; and I couldn't wait.  
  
I started moving further down on the icy cock taking more into my frozen pussy until I could feel it hit the back of my little hole. It was so cold, but I was so hot and started moving up and down. I was fucking Fred the snowman.  
  
The sun was shinning brightly on Fred and I, and that gave me some warmth in contrast to the snow around me and ice inside of me. The sun also had its effect on Fred and his melting body left my belly, tits and legs cold and wet as they rubbed against him.  
  
Phil and Keith moved around behind me; I'm sure my cute little ass bouncing up and down on Fred's icy cock presented quite a sight for them. Tina stayed in front of me, behind Fred, and watched my face. With the guys behind me and Tina in front of me, I never felt so naked, exposed and humiliated in my life.  
  
My bare tits and naked belly were rubbing against Fred's snowy body. My nipples were like little rocks from the cold and being so excited. Suddenly, I felt something cold and wet hit my naked ass. I tried to turn to look behind me, but with my hands cuffed around the snowman's neck I couldn't turn my body and had to twist my head. I could see Phil out of the corner of my eye, with a big smile on his face, making a snowball.  
  
"That's a great target," I heard Keith say, "Take a shot, Phil. Try to hit her right between her ass cheeks, I'll bet the snow will go right against her little asshole."  
  
"Oh no, please don't" I pleaded as another snowball hit my bouncing ass. It hit the left cheek of my ass, but I knew it would only be a matter of time before one of them hit their target and my already cold asshole would be covered in snow. The snowballs were really soft and didn't hurt as they hit my back, ass and legs, but they were cold and most of the snow stuck to my already cold naked body.  
  
I started moving up and down on Fred's icy cock faster and deeper. In my tormented, frazzled, freezing mind, I thought if I could get Fred to cum, my torture would stop. Bouncing up and down on the icy cock rubbed my belly and tits harder into Fred's cold snowy body, and my hard nipples were making tracks in the snow of his chest. I was cold and humiliated but very excited. I knew the cold would keep me from cuming, but I couldn't stop myself from pumping up and down on Fred's icy cock.  
  
The snowballs kept coming and it wasn't long before the guys got really good at hitting the little crack up the center of my ass. Each hit treated my puckered asshole to another helping of snow and the guys got to watch me shake my cold, wet, naked ass and listen to me shriek and beg for mercy as the snowballs pushed against my unprotected asshole.  
  
My legs were starting to get tired from moving up and down trying to get Fred to cum when I thought I felt something cold spurting inside my abused pussy. I didn't know at the time that the guys had frozen a clear plastic tube inside Fred's cock so they could squirt liquids through the tube to simulate Fed cumming.  
  
I kept bouncing on the icicle between my legs and I felt it again, but a lot more this time. I stopped bouncing, up on my tiptoes, giving the guys a great view of me on my tip-toes, legs stretched, and ass taut.  
  
"Ooohhhh, please make it stop." I wailed, "It's too cold, please, my pussy is freezing. Please make it stop. Please help me."   
  
Whatever was spurting up my pussy was flowing continuously now and running down my legs from my over filled pussy and it was so cold. I tried to get up higher on my toes making my legs and ass look even more inviting to the guys. They even said they wished they were Fred; getting to fuck such a sexy 'piece of ass'.  
  
"You did it, Heather." Keith shouted, "You made Fred cum."  
  
"Of course, being a snowman; he cums ice water." Phil laughed.  
  
The ice water finally stopped spurting up my bare pussy, but it was still running down my legs. I was totally humiliated, yet so horny I could scream. I started moving up and down on Fred's icy cock and rubbing my tits and belly on his snowy body when Tina unbuckled my wrist cuffs.  
  
"Oh, no you don't," Keith said lifting me off of Fred's frozen cock, "It's time we clean you off, take you inside, and warm you up.  
  
My frozen little hole felt so empty even as the last of Fred's 'cum' ran down my legs. Keith led me up onto the porch and I looked over at Tina and Phil was cuffing her wrists behind her back. "I told you not to touch yourself, now I'll have to keep you cuffed so you don't play with yourself." Phil admonished, pushing her toward the porch.  
  
When I got on the porch, Keith washed the snow and mud from my naked legs and feet with the cold water from the hose. The water was running slowly, but it was so cold on my naked body I squealed and danced, much to his enjoyment. He held my arm and pushed the hose up against my hairless pussy letting the water go up inside me. I screamed and tried to get away, but even with one hand, he was too strong for me. The water was pouring out of my poor little hole and running down my legs.  
  
I could hear Tina laughing at my humiliation as the hose was taken away from between my legs. He handed the hose to Phil and Tina started moaning as Phil started washing the mud from Tina's legs and feet. Looking at her face, I realized Tina loved the cold water being used to torture her. Let's face it, Tina was even more of a masochist than I am and I loved being tortured.  
  
"It was funny when Keith put the hose on Heather's pussy." Phil said as though he was just making conversation.  
  
Keith walked behind Tina and held her by her upper arms; her hands still locked behind her back. She knew what was coming, "Oh no, sir. I didn't think it was funny." she said trying to avoid additional punishment, "It was just the way she screamed and danced trying to get away from the water."  
  
As soon as the words passed her lips, she knew she only made it worse for herself. "Let's see how you scream and dance." Phil said as he turned the hose pointing up at Tina's bare pussy.  
  
She screamed and danced trying to get away from the freezing water, but Keith held her tight. Phil pushed the hose up against her pussy until the very tip of the hose disappeared inside her and it seemed like the water stopped running for a few seconds.   
  
"Nooooo, no, please stop. The water is filling me up. Oh god, its freeeezzzzing" Tina wailed. The water gushed out of her now frozen pussy over Phil's hand. He pulled his hand away pulling the hose from her overflowing pussy and the guys laughed at the water running down her legs.   
  
I made sure not to laugh. I knew what it felt like to have the freezing water in my naked pussy and didn't want to have it done to me again. Keith let go of Tina and took me by the arm and led me inside the cabin. The warmth felt wonderful as did the big soft towel he used to dry me off.  
  
I looked at the clock as Keith patted my naked body dry, and we had only been outside about fifteen minutes. It seemed like a lot longer to me, but, of course, I spent the time with Fred the snowman's icy cock in my pussy, having snowballs thrown at my bare little ass, and being washed off...and out...with freezing cold water. So, I guess time does fly when you're having fun.  
  
Tina and Phil came in right behind Keith and me. Phil dried Tina off with a big fluffy towel and we were both led to the big furry rugs in front of the fire place. The guys laid us on our backs on the rugs with our heads next to each other, but our nude bodies facing opposite directions. Tina's hands were still locked behind her back, so she had to arch her back making her beautiful breasts stick up.  
  
The guys added some wood to the fire in the fireplace and the heat from the fire caressed our naked bodies. I looked at Tina and I could tell by the look on her face that she was dying to get fucked; she needed to come so bad. We had been teased and tortured all morning and into the afternoon, and while I had cum during our 'contest' to see who would fuck Fred, Tina had no relief from the fires building up in her tormented body.  
  
Keith knelt next to me and kissed me softly running his warm fingertips over my cold, tight belly. He moved his mouth down capturing one of my cold hard nipples between his warm lips and I gasped as the heat from his mouth sent tingles straight to my excited clit.  
  
I could hear Tina moan, but I couldn't see what was happening to her. Keith moved to my other nipple and I trembled as his warm breath enveloped my cold breast and his teeth teased my tender nipple. I grabbed his head; running my finger through his hair above his ears, wanting the feelings to never stop.  
  
He moved down my belly stopping to probe my little belly button, dipping his tongue in and wiggling it around knowing how it tickled and got me so excited. I moaned as I felt my pussy getting wet with my juices despite how cold it was.  
  
I am sure Tina could hear me moaning because I could hear her, "Please sir, please don't tease me anymore. Please fuck me. I need to cum so bad." she was moaning. I looked over and Phil was lying between her legs and kissing her thighs and lower belly but avoiding her pussy.   
  
Even though her hands were still tied behind her back, she was still trying to push her hairless pussy up, offering it to him. I could see the desperation in her face; she really needed to come. I knew how she felt; Keith loved doing that to me, making me beg for my orgasms. I am so humiliated when he makes me beg. It must be more humiliating for Tina, knowing that lying next to her I can hear her begging.  
  
While I was looking at poor Tina, Keith was moving down my belly. Unlike Phil, he reached under my thighs, pulled my legs up and apart, and went straight for my unprotected little hole. He attached his lips to my hairless pussy lips and buried his tongue inside me. "Ohhhh mmyyyyy ggggoooood." I screamed as giant shudders convulsed my naked body.  
  
Keith had been kneeling next to my chest and as he moved down my body, he kept his knees in place and rested his chest on my belly while his lips and tongue and teeth went crazy between my legs. I couldn't close my legs because his strong hands held my thighs up and open. I couldn't get my hands down to protect my bare and vulnerable pussy because his body was in the way, and I couldn't wriggle away from him because the weight of his body on my belly keeping me in place. I was trapped and helpless as he bit, licked, and sucked my defenseless pussy.  
  
I beat on his hard side and back with my little hands as I screamed and trembled with pleasure, but it had no effect. I looked over at Tina. She was watching me writhe closer and closer to orgasm, as she was being teased and denied the pleasure that was being forced on me. I felt sorry for her, but I couldn't hide the shocks that were running from my pussy down to my toes.   
  
The guys were diabolical. While Phil kept Tina excited and horny, but denied her the orgasm she wanted so desperately, Keith was driving me to orgasm so fast I couldn't catch my breath. Putting us next to each other was torture for Tina watching me, and humiliating for me having Tina see me so easily manipulated.  
  
Keith locked his lips on my puffy little clit and teased his tongue across the sensitive tip and as a huge orgasm crashed into me, I lost it completely. "Oh, please, master. You're killllllling me." I gasped between screams. I grabbed handfuls of my own hair because there was nothing else to hold on to as my body shook and spasmed through my orgasm.  
  
Keith pulled his face away from my throbbing pussy and stood up as I struggled to catch my breath. He started undressing and I knew he wasn't finished with me yet. 'He's going to fuck me in front of Phil and Tina.' I thought, realizing Keith had never fucked me in front of anyone else before.  
  
I looked over at Tina who was so frustrated she was in tears. She was looking toward where Keith was standing and her eyes got wide and she gasped. I turned to look at Keith and he had dropped his pants and was standing over me naked. I knew he had a beautiful body, but that's not what made Tina gasp.  
  
His cock was bigger and harder than I had ever seen it. I was huge and I could see it pulse in time with his heartbeat. I guess torturing me all morning and into the afternoon had its effect on him, too. He took a step down toward my feet and the thought of him shoving that swollen monster inside of my little hole caused me to panic.

I tried to scramble away from him but he grabbed one foot and stepped between my legs grabbing the other foot. He knelt down between my legs spreading them by my ankles and holding them in the air so he could look down on my open defenseless pussy. "Please sir. Please don't fuck me with that thing. It's too big; you're too excited. Please master, you'll split me in two." I begged.  
  
He knelt down, his cock rubbing my over-exposed pussy. He had a look of pure, animal lust on his face as he threw my legs over his shoulders and rubbed the head of his enormous swollen cock against the opening of my drenched little pussy.  
  
I knew he was going to fuck my brains out for the entertainment of Phil and the torment of Tina. "Master, please master." I wailed, "Please go slow, I've never seen you cock so big and hard, please have mercy on my little pussy." He started to push the head of his cock into me, and, as I felt my pussy stretch to let his cock in, another huge orgasm hit me from out of nowhere. I could feel the juices spraying out of my pussy over his cock and dripping down from my pussy and across my ass and asshole.  
  
As Tina had predicted, this was indeed our submissive slut weekend and Keith and Phil were making the most of it. Teasing and torturing us, doing things to one of us to tease the other, and even making us torture each other; and the weekend was only half over.  
  
"Aaarrrrggghhhhhh!" I wailed as he forced his cock into me in one long, slow, agonizing push until I could feel his pubic hair tickling my hairless pussy lips. My body was going crazy. My pussy was so stretched that I though it would never go back to being the cute little hole that I looked forward to being forced to show off.  
  
Keith possessed me completely. I was his slut; his submissive, his. He could do anything he wanted to do to me and I would beg for more. He leaned down and crushed his lips against mine and drove his tongue into my mouth; just another way for him to possess me. I sucked on his tongue, threw my arms around his neck and wrapped my legs around his hips offering my naked pussy so he could get every last bit of his cock inside of me even though my little pussy was stretched beyond its' limits.  
  
I was dizzy. The muscles in my stomach and legs were knotted so tight they trembled. My painted toes were curled from the electric shocks that were shooting down my legs from my overstuffed pussy, and I clung to my Keith for dear life. I was coming over and over and he hadn't even started pumping his cock into me yet.  
  
Suddenly, I heard Tina cry out, "No, no, no. Please master no, please, fuck me."  
  
I looked over at Tina through bleary eyes and I could see Phil naked on top of her. He had her bare feet up around his neck and he was banging his hips into her as hard as he could. She was crying, "No, no, no." It seemed to me like she was getting what she had been begging for.  
  
She looked over at me and must have realized, from the look on my face, that I wasn't able to understand what was wrong. Keith pulled his cock out of my expanded pussy until just the head was inside my pussy. He paused a second and pushed into me fast and hard just as Tina screamed, "Oh god, Heather, he's fucking me up my ass!"  
  
The shock of Tina's words, Keith's huge cock screwing itself into my poor little pussy, and the explosions going off all over my body were too much for me. The orgasms were hitting me one after the other and I couldn't separate real from imagined anymore. I could hear Tina screaming but it seemed different, almost distant.   
  
I remember Phil looking at my naked body like he wanted me next as Keith drove his cock into me harder and faster, and I thought about how it would feel to be gang fucked by a bunch of guys for Keith's enjoyment.  
  
Everything started to swirl and become bright flashes of light. I lost control of my body as I convulsed through a crippling orgasm while Keith's balls emptied into my poor distorted pussy. He overflowed my hole and I could feel his cum on my thighs, ass and asshole.  
  
As my head cleared and my eyes started to focus, I saw Tina lying next to me, hands still cuffed, but with a smile on her face. I guess Phil must have let her cum while Keith fucked me senseless. I was humiliated, being made into Keith's fuck toy in front of Phil and Tina, but, at the same time, I loved being made into Keith's fuck toy; alone or in front of as many people as my Keith liked.  
  
Keith was still on top of me and my arms and legs were locked around his neck and hips. He was still catching his breath, but he was looking down at me like I was his most cherished possession. Even though I was naked as the day I was born and shaved like a pre-teen girl, it made me feel safe and warm all over.  
  
He kissed me gently and then stood up holding me against him like I was a little baby. I keep forgetting how incredibly strong he is. My arms were still around his neck, my legs were still locked around his hips and...oh my god...his semi-hard cock was still buried in my pussy.  
  
He turned so he was facing Phil and Tina in front of the fireplace showing them my spread ass cheeks, my puckered, hairless asshole, and his cock buried in my little pussy. My entire body must have turned bright red as I buried my face in his shoulder. I had never been so exposed to anyone, except Keith, in my whole life. I lowered my legs to try to hold on to some dignity, but it was too late; Phil and Tina had seen all I had to offer and they knew that Keith had his cock buried in me.  
  
"We're going up to take a nap." Keith said to Phil, "Our dinner reservations are for nine, so I guess we should meet down here a little after eight, okay?" I didn't hear Phil's answer; I was wondering how I would ever be able to face him and Tina again.  
  
Keith carried me upstairs – his cock throbbing in my stretched out little hole - through our bedroom and right into the shower. We took a quick shower and dried each other off and got into bed. I buried my face in his chest and whispered, "I have never been so humiliated. You fucked my brains out...you made me cum so many times and so hard in front of Phil and Tina."  
  
He leaned his upper body away from me, and looked down into my eyes with a worried look on his face. For a man, and I mean a big man, who could rock my world, sometimes he was more like a little boy. I snuggled against his chest and whispered, "And I loved every second of it." I paused to see if he understood that I wasn't mad at him.   
  
"You know, you've made me your little slut, don't you?" I sighed, "You can do anything you want to me. Make me do anything you want, in front of you or anyone you want, with anyone or as many as you want."  
  
He pulled me close and I laid my cheek against his hard, warm chest. He wrapped his arms around me, and held me so close I could feel his heart beating against my cheek. "There's something I need to talk to you about." he said softly.  
  
"A few times today you called me 'master'" he began, "I'm not sure I want to be your master; and, for that matter, I don't know that I want you to be my slave."  
  
Now I had a worried look on my face. "You don't like what we've been doing?" I asked. "Don't you enjoy teasing me, and torturing me, and making me do things, and fucking me anyway you want to."  
  
"Oh, no," he whispered quickly, "I love everything we do, I love pushing you to do things; especially because I know that torturing and humiliating you gets you so horny that you want me to torture and humiliate you even more.  
  
"It's just that I love YOU. Not just your body and the sex. I am afraid that if our relationship becomes master and slave, I'll lose the YOU that I love. I fell in love with you long before the first night we went out to dinner."  
  
"And you took me to your house and fucked me; as I recall" I giggled.  
  
"Well yeah, okay, but you're so beautiful I couldn't help myself. I guess, in a way, it was your fault." he theorized.  
  
I bit his chest and he laughed, "Yeah, okay, I sorta planned to fuck you that night."  
  
"Sorta? You had clothes for me, my brand of shampoo and soap in the bathroom and everything." I said still giggling. I put my leg over his and rubbed my still tingling pussy against his muscled thigh, "I'm lucky I was able to finally get away." I could feel his cock start to grow against my belly. I love knowing I have that effect on him.  
  
"Seriously," he said, "I do want you; you know I do. It's just that I don't want you to become some kind of zombie, you know? When we're 'playing' and you're submissive, that's great, but any other time; I want you to be you. Do you get what I trying to say?"  
  
"I think I do," I replied, serious now because I could see this was important to him. "I was so into what you were making me do and feel, that it got me even more excited to call you 'master'. When you get me that excited, I guess it just slips out because that's how I feel. It makes me feel more submissive; acknowledging that you could do whatever you want to do to me and all I can do is submit.  
  
"I get so into being your sex toy...your personal slut...that, for that moment, I am your slave and I must let you do whatever you want to do to me. At that point, calling you 'master' just makes it more intense for me; even though I know I can use my safe word if I need to.  
  
"I'm your slave when we're playing, and I love having you dominate me; but any other time, you always treat me with respect. I know how you feel about me, you've told me more than once; I'm the most important thing in your life, what more could a girl ask from her guy?"  
  
He pulled me up so he could look me in the eyes. There was that look again. He adored me and would do whatever it took to make me happy. I melted against him, my warm, soft body molding itself to his hard, muscular frame and I kissed him, long and deep.  
  
"Can I still call you 'master' when you're torturing me?" I said giggling again.  
  
He gave me a swat on my bare ass cheeks and said, "I may insist on it. Now let's get some sleep; you have a long, exciting and humiliating night ahead of you."  
  
I fell asleep thinking about the skimpy dress Keith bought me for tonight, and wondering how much of my naked body he was going to display to whoever was fortunate enough to be at the lodge.

My Own Heaven Ch. 22

The sound of the shower stopping woke me up. Well, I guess I was already semi-awake listening to the sound of the shower and, when it stopped, I woke up completely. Keith was up before me, as usual. I knew this because the bed next to me was empty -- still warm, but empty - and I could still smell his after shave on his pillow.  
  
I peeked at the clock; it was seven fifteen and the sun was almost down, but I didn't move and closed my eyes again. Keith came into the bedroom and the bed moved as he sat down behind me. He moved the covers down off my shoulder and kissed me softly moving slowly toward my neck. Before he got to that place on my neck behind my ear, the one that gets me crazy, I turned onto my back and smiled at him.  
  
"Do you want me to go make you some coffee?" he asked softly with a smile.  
  
"No," I whispered, "I want you to hold me."   
  
He wrapped his arms around me and pulled me up to his chest like you would hold a baby. Of course, my legs and hips were still on the bed, but he held my breasts up against his hard chest and my head on his shoulder. He stroked my naked back and softly, slowly kissed my face and neck.  
  
I thought about how amazing it was that the man that made me walk naked through the woods in the snow, have sex with my girlfriend, fuck a snowman, then fuck me and make me come until I almost pass out; was now holding me, kissing me, stroking my back and making me feel completely safe and loved. Maybe it's because he can take me from tortured to adored, from agony to serenity, that I love him so much.  
  
"Thank you." I said finally.  
  
He looked down at me and asked, "For what?"  
  
"For taking me here to the cabin," I giggled "I'm having such a great time."  
  
"I should be thanking you." There's that smile again. "Let's face it; you've had some pretty outrageous things done to you since we got here Friday night."  
  
"I know; that's what I'm thanking you for. I love the things you come up with to do to me."  
  
He pulled me tighter to him. "Do you have more nasty things planned that you're going to do to me?" I asked changing to my little girl voice.   
  
"You know I do. We'll see how happy you are tonight when we get back from our dinner at the lodge." he said trying to make me worry about what he was going to do to me tonight.  
  
"I guess I better start getting ready, then."   
  
Keith laid me back down on the bed, stood up and walked toward his closet. He had a towel around his waist and that was all. I jumped out of bed and ran up behind him and threw my arms around his stomach from behind him. I pressed my naked body into his back and reached under his towel and took his cock in my hand. Even soft, I could just about get my little hand all the way around it, and there was enough left over lengthwise for me to wrap my other hand around it if I wanted to.  
  
I could feel his beautiful cock pulse in my hand and start to grow. I loved how I could get him excited so easily. I started to stroke him and he took my hand away from him and turned to face me. "Oh, no you don't." he said with a chuckle, "You be a good girl or the night is going to be worse for you than I planned."  
  
"Oh, Daddy, you don't understand." I said, still his 'little girl', "I want you to make it as bad for me as you can." I went up on my tip toes, kissed him on the cheek and ran to the bathroom making sure he got a good look at my bare ass.  
  
He called into the bathroom, "I'll put your clothes on the bed; you sure you don't want a cup of coffee?"  
  
"No thanks," I called back out to him, "but something cold would be nice, if you could."  
  
"Okay." he said, and I started the shower and climbed in.  
  
As I showered and washed my hair, I thought about what Keith was going to make me wear tonight. I know, if I stood still, the dress looked normal, but as soon as I moved, a lot -- most - of my naked body flashed anyone nearby.   
  
The top of the dress buttoned with hooks and eyes behind my neck and draped across my breasts leaving my back bare. I would be in danger of exposing my bare breasts from the low cut front and from the loose sides if I moved to quickly. And, while the skirt came almost down to my knees, long for me, the slit up the front, over the inside of my left thigh, was so high that if I wasn't careful, just walking would expose my hairless little pussy, much to my profound humiliation.  
  
I had butterflies in my stomach just thinking about being made to expose the most private parts of my body to complete strangers, but I could feel the lips of my pussy getting wet, too. I was afraid of what Keith would make me do, but I couldn't wait for it to start.  
  
I finished in the bathroom and walked into the bedroom. My clothes, such as they were, were on the bed; my blue dress, a pair of nude, thigh high stockings with elastic and lace at the top to hold them up, and my four inch blue high heels. That was all. Even fully dressed, I would be practically naked.  
  
I pulled on the stockings and they fit perfectly. The lacey elastic was just tight enough to hold the stockings up but not so tight as to squeeze my thigh and break the line of my leg and the color was almost a prefect match for my skin. Even naked, if it were not for the lace on my upper thigh, it would be hard to tell I was even wearing stockings. Somehow, I knew that was the effect Keith was going for.  
  
I put on my blue four inch heels, they matched the dress, and the effect they had on my legs and cute little ass would surely attract a lot of attention even if I wasn't being made to appear in public almost naked.  
  
I put on the dress and buttoned to two eye hooks behind my neck; they were the only thing holding up the dress. I looked at myself in the mirror; the dress was beautiful. It fit perfectly and the color matched my eyes. To this day, I am amazed at how Keith can pick things out for me that fit and look better than when I go out and try them on before I buy them.  
  
The top draped over my breasts and if I was standing still and you looked closely, you could just make out my hard little nipples pressing against the fabric. The dress was made of a light, clingy material and it 'clung' in all the right places; it was not tight, but because the material was so lightweight and clung to my hips and ass, everyone would know that I was naked under the dress.  
  
I got my first big shock of the night as I took my first step toward the mirror to check my hair and makeup. With each step, as I expected, my legs were exposed, but what I didn't expect was that if I took a normal length step, the slit opened up to just below the level of my hip bones, exposing my hairless pussy for all to see. Just walking normally would expose my pussy to everyone; I was afraid to think what would happen when I sat down.  
  
I stepped back again and looked at the slit on the dress. When Keith gave it to me and I tried it on at home, the slit didn't seem to be cut so high. I already knew that if I leaned over, the low cut top of my dress would give everyone a full view of my naked breasts, but when I turned sideways, I realized that because the dress had no back, the sides of my breasts were on display.  
  
I turned my back to the mirror and my entire back, down to the swell of my little ass, was bare. In fact, the clingy material of the dress resting on the tops of my ass cheeks was all that held the skirt up in the back. The material clung to my ass highlighting my ass cheeks, even making the crack, between my cute little cheeks, noticeable.  
  
Keith walked in with my drink and I turned to him ready to scream at him; how did he expect me to go out in public like this. The look on his face, in his eyes, as he looked at me left me speechless. His eyes devoured me and the smile on his face told me that he had dressed me for his pleasure alone. Anyone, who was lucky enough to catch a glimpse of my treasures, should consider themselves fortunate, and they could envy Keith his possession at their leisure.  
  
He finally blinked his grey eyes and whispered, "My god, you are so beautiful."  
  
I smiled looking down submissively, "Thank you, sir, and you haven't even seen me walk yet. Is that drink for me?"  
  
"What?" he said, looking at the drink, like he didn't know how it got in his hand. "Oh, yeah...yes it is" he mumbled as he handed me the drink.  
  
Rich businessmen, powerful politicians, huge complicated projects, or complex business deals have no effect on Keith. He is always in charge and in control of himself and the situation. Unless, of course, I happen to appear in some scandalous little outfit -- or less; then his self-control and self-confidence are gone. Even though his vulnerability only shows for a minute or so, I love that it is me, and my body, that flusters his always under control self.  
  
I could actually see him snap out of the fog that seeing me had put him in. "What did you mean about I didn't see you walk yet?"   
  
I turned my back to him and walked to the other end of the room knowing that he could see my naked back and the cheeks of my ass jiggle with every step. I turned and walked toward him, exaggerating the swaying of my hips causing my breasts to peak out of the top of the dress and my hairless pussy to be on display with each step.  
  
I stopped a few feet away from him and said, "I don't remember the slit on this dress being so high."  
  
He smiled, confirming my suspicions even before he spoke. "It wasn't." he said back in control of himself and me, "I had it raised a little after you tried it on. I think it fits even better now."  
  
"But Keith...sir...even if I take regular steps, my bare pussy shows."  
  
"Then I would suggest you take shorter steps." he offered.  
  
"How am I supposed to remember to take shorter steps? It's not like the dress is tight enough to keep my steps short." I protested. The look on his face told me that I had just walked into a trap.  
  
"I can help you with that." he said as he walked to the chest of drawers where he kept his clothes. He opened a drawer, reached in and turned around with a silver dildo in his hand. "Now here's what I'll do," he said walking toward me, I'll put this inside of you, and every time you start to walk too fast I'll turn it on to remind you not to expose yourself."  
  
"Uh, no sir, that's alright. I have enough distractions already..." I stammered.  
  
"You misunderstand, Heather, it's not a suggestion." he said kneeling in front of me, "Now spread those sexy legs."  
  
What could I say? I spread my legs. The dress graciously exposed my legs from my pointed toes in my four inch heels to my bare pussy. I was already humiliated and we were still in our bedroom.  
  
He reached out and ran his finger along my pussy lips and we were both surprised at how wet I was. "I guess I won't need to use any lube for this." he said with a chuckle.   
  
I know my face turned bright red, and my stocking clad legs trembled as he ran his fingers along my sensitive, hairless lips. He rubbed the tip of the silver dildo along my pussy to get it wet. It was about five inches long, a little wider than a vibrator and I was even more humiliated when it slid right up into my little hole. I didn't realize how wet and excited I was and I gasped as I felt it fill me.   
  
It felt like it was metal rather than the plastic I was expecting and I gasped again as Keith used his fingers to push it well up into my body. He pulled his fingers out of me and as he stood up he said, "If you let my vibrator slip out of you tonight, I will have to punish you."  
  
I didn't think slipping out was going to be a problem; it was wide enough that I was pretty sure it was going to stay up inside of me where Keith put it. Then what Keith said hit me, "Did you say vibrator?"  
  
"Yes, I did." he smiled. "It will help you remember to take short steps so you can preserve your modesty. When you are being...uhm...unladylike, it will turn on to remind you."  
  
I took a large swallow of my drink, "And how long will you leave it on?" I asked even though I wasn't sure I wanted to know.  
  
"Five seconds or so to start, but each time you have to be reminded, it will stay on a little longer. Of course, if you really need to get punished, it can be switched over to give you shocks."  
  
"Ohmigod, please sir, no." I cried, "Not out in public, not in front of people I don't know."  
  
"Nonsense," he said calmly, "They'll be no worse than you got when you were getting shocks when people rang the doorbell the night you danced on the pole for us...unless it gets turned up."  
  
"Turned up? Oh master, it was all I could do to control myself when the doorbell rang. I'm not sure I could stand it if the shocks were any stronger." I pleaded.  
  
"Then it looks like it's going to be an interesting night...for all of us." he said kissing me on my blushing cheek. "Now finish getting ready and I'll go see if Phil and Tina are ready to go."  
  
He went to check on Phil and Tina and I walked over to the mirror. I guess I'm getting more experienced at being teased and tortured, because the tingling in my pussy and the butterflies in my stomach when I took each step didn't take me by surprise. That isn't to say that the vibrator buried in my little hole wasn't exciting me, I just knew each step was going to add to my torment.  
  
I also realized that when I get really excited, either while Keith is doing something to me or when he tells me what he is going to make me do, I call him 'master'. We talked about this and he was a little concerned at first, but I explained that when I was really into what was happening to me, calling him 'master' just seems to come out, and saying it out loud just gets me more excited, like I'm admitting out loud my submission to him while, at the same time, taunting him to do more to me.  
  
I finished checking myself in the mirror and headed downstairs. Again, going up or down steps with something shoved into your pussy is an unnerving experience not to mention how it exposed my legs and little pussy. By the time I reached the bottom of the steps I was gasping and my nipples were like little rocks. I knew Keith appreciated my predicament and the show my body was putting on for him by the smile on his face.  
  
Phil and Tina came down a minute or so later. Tina's little red dress -- and I do mean little -- was really cute on her sexy body. It was a one piece dress with straps over the shoulders and cut low in the front showing a lot of Tina's generous breasts. The skirt, which only came down to just above mid thigh, flared out a little at the bottom making it flip up as she walked. I could tell as she came down the steps that Tina wasn't permitted underwear either.  
  
Phil told me how nice I looked and Keith told Tina she was beautiful. Their compliments were heartfelt, but I somehow got the feeling that they each knew what to expect and they had our whole submissive night planned.  
  
Phil went to warm up the car and Keith went to bring in some extra firewood leaving us girls to talk. "I told you they were going to torture us all weekend." Tina said with a smile.  
  
"Well, considering all they've done to us so far tonight can't too bad." I said hopefully.  
  
"I think tonight is going to be more about humiliation than it is about torture." she said thoughtfully.  
  
"Yeah, well you don't have a vibrator shoved your pussy." I said with a giggle.  
  
"Ummm...yes I do," she said with a look of concern, "and a plug up my ass, too. I think they really intend to push our limits tonight. I hope you're up for having strangers get a good look at your body...and maybe even more."  
  
Before I could ask her what she meant, or maybe even knew, about tonight's dinner, Keith came in carrying a load of wood. He put it down by the fireplace and said, "Come on ladies, time to go."  
  
He helped Tina on with her coat, a brown furry one that came down to her knees. Then, he held up my coat, the full length white furry one he bought me, and helped me on with it covering up my barely covered body. We walked out onto the porch, and the temperature had really dropped. It was below freezing already and I hoped that the guys didn't have any more outdoor 'activities' planned for this evening. Considering how flimsy our outfits were, we were both grateful for the warm coats.  
  
Phil was standing outside the car and opened the passenger door for Tina and Keith opened the rear door for me. I got in and heard Tina moan as she sat down. The butt plug up her ass pushed in a little further when she sat down. Sitting through dinner was going to be really uncomfortable for her.  
  
I sat in the back seat and Keith shut the door and walked around to get in the back seat with me. I thought about how the guys were such gentleman, opening doors and stuff, while, at the same time, they make us wear obscene outfits and stick vibrators in our little holes intending to turn them on while we are in a room full of strangers.   
  
It only took us about twenty minutes to get to the lodge. It was much bigger than I thought it would be. There were ski lifts off to both sides going up the mountain and into the darkness and the slopes were lit up and I could see a few brave souls still coming down the slopes. Phil said that the lifts shut down at nine, a little more than a half hour from now, so we still may see a few skiers from inside.  
  
We parked in the lot fairly close to the entrance and Keith whispered, "Sorry Kitten, no valet." and I giggled and blushed. I don't think I'll ever see a valet again without thinking about our first date and how Keith made me expose myself to the valet at the restaurant.  
  
We walked across the lot and into the main entrance and I was stunned by how beautiful it was inside. It could have been used as a movie set. Deep rich hardwood floors, dark wood timbers creating little alcoves along the walls and the wall of each alcove decorated with skis or other winter sports memorabilia.   
  
We went to the coat check window, and with a deep breath, I let Keith take my coat and check it while Phil did the same for Tina. I immediately felt like every eye in the place was on me. They checked our coats, and we headed toward the restaurant.   
  
Not every eye in the place was on us, but Tina and I attracted more than our share of attention. From guys with their wives and girlfriends sneaking looks at our barely covered bodies, to single men, and some women, outright ogling us, our arrival had been noticed. I concentrated on keeping my steps short hoping to keep my shaved pussy hidden. Even with the short steps, most of my legs were exposed atop my four inch heels and the lacey top of my stockings seemed to draw the attention of every male I passed inviting them to enjoy the rest of my exposed body.   
  
The vibrator moving around with each step added to my excitement, I was already humiliated and we had just arrived. I heard Tina gasp and I turned to see her panting and holding tightly to Phil's arm. I wasn't sure exactly what was being done to her, since she had both holes filled, but it served as a reminder for me to keep my steps short so I wouldn't 'over-expose' myself and be suffering a similar fate.  
  
We walked into the restaurant and every male, and a few women, turned to look at Tina and me. The skimpy dress I was wearing made me seem more naked than if I were actually naked; I don't think I could have been more humiliated or excited. To make it worse, I had to walk slowly to keep from exposing myself even more and my four inch heels kept my hips swaying and my ass jiggling, putting on quite a show, I'm sure.

When we finally arrived at our booth, Keith whispered from behind me, "Now that every man in the room has a hard on for you, let's sit down and eat." He had his hands on my hips like he was going to direct me into the booth, but he pulled my ass against him and I could tell that he was one of the men that 'had a hard on for me'. I tingled down to my toes knowing that watching my humiliation excited him so much.  
  
We were seated in a big, leather, semicircular booth that was slightly raised above the tables around it, so we could look out the big picture window facing one of the slopes. Tina and I sat in the middle with Keith and Phil on the ends. This suited us just fine since this would keep our bodies from being displayed from the sides and back while we ate.   
  
Tina sat with a gasp. She had to pull her skirt up and put her bare ass on the cold leather seat to keep her skirt from rising in the front and exposing her pussy. Her legs were completely bare with the skirt just barely covering her pussy from view. The slit on my skirt caused it to fall completely off my legs baring them from my high heels to my hips. Since the slit in the skirt went almost up to my belly button, Keith and Tina, sitting on each side of me, could look down and see the top of my pussy even with my legs closed.   
  
There were two tables against the big picture window right in front of us with a couple sitting at each table. Since our table was slightly raised, if they turned toward us, they could see directly under our table. There were other people around us, but they didn't quite have the view these two couples had. They had an unobstructed view of our bare legs and the lacey tops of my stockings as well as anything that went on under the table. Tina and I both had to keep our legs tightly closed or our pussies would be on display and our secret places wouldn't be secret for long.   
  
The waiter came to tell us about the specials and take our drink orders. I leaned forward to tell him what I wanted to drink and I could feel the top of my dress move. He had a perfect view down the top of my dress and I'm sure he could see my bare breasts and hard little nipples. I quickly started to sit up as the waiter smiled at me and walked away to get our drinks and the vibrator buried in my excited little pussy came alive.  
  
I gasped and looked at Keith hoping he would show me some mercy. The vibrations seemed to last forever, but they really only lasted about fifteen seconds. Still, it was long enough that I had to grab onto Keith's forearm to keep from crying out. That's when I realized both of Keith's hands were on the table when the vibrator turned on and off.  
  
When I was able to talk, I looked at Keith and whispered, "How were you able to turn the vibrator on and off with both your hands on the table?"  
  
"I never said 'I' was going to control the vibrator." he said.  
  
It took a few seconds to register; I looked over at Phil who was holding a little remote control in his hand. Turning back to Keith I gasped, "You mean he gets to torture me all night?"   
  
"Not all night." he grinned.  
  
"That's not fair." Tina said, and I turned to look at her. "Nobody asked us if it was okay to let somebody else have the remote control. After all, we're the ones getting tortured. We should be able to say...Uhhhhggggnnnn." Tina's whole body stiffened; she grabbed the edge of the table in front of her, her eyes opened wide, and her mouth fell open.  
  
I looked at Phil, then at Keith who had a remote in his hand a little bigger than the one Phil had. Keith poked a button with his thumb and Tina sighed and her body relaxed. She was gasping for breath and Keith smiled at me and said, "Tina has a plug in her ass as well as a vibrator, like yours, in her pussy. The plug in her ass doesn't have a vibrate setting, and she seemed to forget her place, so..."  
  
"She's lucky you had the controller," said Phil, "that outburst was uncalled for."  
  
"I'm so sorry, sir." Tina said to Phil. She turned to Keith and said, "Thank you sir, for taking the time to correct me."  
  
The shock she got from the plug in her ass must have been very intense. The look on her face told me she was humiliated to have to grovel to Phil and Keith, but her hard nipples and her flushed cheeks told me that she loved the torture.  
  
We looked over the menu, and made our choices while we watched the last of the skiers come down the slopes. The waiter came with our drinks; Tina and I needed them badly. He looked at me and said, "What will the lady have for dinner?"  
  
"I would like..." I started, but was cut short when the vibrator came alive in my pussy. The waiter, who couldn't possibly imagine what was happening to me, waited patiently for my selection. I tried to compose myself and tried again, "I think I'll have the...", but I was cut short once again as the vibrator's intensity stepped up causing my little pussy to quake from the stimulation. I blushed as I gripped the edge of the table to try and keep from moaning.  
  
Keith, in a rare show of mercy when we were playing, gave the waiter my order and then his. When he was finished, the vibrations stopped and I could breathe again. I looked at Phil who was putting the remote next to his plate on the table. It looked like the remote for a car and meant nothing to anyone but Tina and I who suffered each time one of the guys played with it.  
  
The waiter asked Phil for his order and he ordered for himself. When Phil started to give the waiter Tina's order, Tina gasped and griped the edged of the table. I looked at her, then over at Keith, who had the remote in his hand. I gave him a dirty look as if to say, 'She didn't say anything; you shouldn't be torturing her.'   
  
Almost instantly, the vibrator inside me started. Phil must have turned the intensity up because I could feel the vibrations up into my belly and down into my thighs. When the vibrations stopped and I got myself under control, I noticed the people at the tables in front of us looking at our table. The men were smiling and the women just stared.  
  
Suddenly, I realized that while Phil was torturing me, my legs parted enough to give the people at the tables a perfect view of my bare pussy. I quickly closed my legs, but not fast enough to avoid Phil's notice and he started the vibrator again. I concentrated on keeping my legs together, so I wouldn't give the people at the tables another view of my bare pussy, but that just made my pussy tighten on the vibrator making vibration worse.  
  
The people at the tables were looking at my face now; they knew something was going on but they couldn't know what. Keith motioned to Phil to switch remotes with him and he did, leaving the vibrator in my little pussy running.  
  
I was quickly approaching orgasm. As Keith picked up the remote I said, "Please sir, the vibrator is still on. Please don't make me cum in front of those people."  
  
Keith smiled that smile at me and whispered, "Open your legs and give them a good view of your shaved little pussy and I'll turn off the vibrator."  
  
I'm sure my face turned red. If I didn't show my bare pussy to the four people in front of us, the vibrator would make me cum and everyone around us would know it. I had no choice, I spread my legs just enough to let them see my shaved pussy again but the vibrations didn't stop and wasn't sure how much longer I could hold off the gigantic orgasm that was rushing towards me.  
  
I looked at Keith, begging him with my eyes to show me some mercy. Still smiling he said, "Wider."  
  
I spread my legs wider, offering my naked little pussy for their viewing pleasure. I was totally humiliated. It was worse than being stripped naked in front of guys in Keith's group. At least that was at home, and Keith knew them so they weren't complete strangers.  
  
The vibrator stopped and I tried to get my tingling body under control. My pussy was wet and I knew the people sitting in front of us would know I was excited. "Pull your dress out from under you;" Keith said, "I don't want your wet pussy staining your dress."  
  
"But they'll see." I cried softly. Keith picked up the remote and I quickly lifted myself off of the seat and pulled the bottom of my dress up and behind me and lowered myself onto the seat. The leather of the booth was soft against my naked little ass cheeks. Since I had been sitting on the seat, I didn't get the cold shock that Tina got, but being naked, almost from the waist down had me humiliated and embarrassed.  
  
The waiter came with our salads and as he served the salads he could look down between me and the table and was able to see my spread legs, the lacey tops of my stockings and my bare pussy. My face must have been deep red by now. Every time I closed my legs just a little bit, Keith would reach for the remote and I would spread my legs again.  
  
The two guys sitting at the tables in front of us couldn't take their eyes off of my pussy and the women seemed like they were getting annoyed with them. Knowing the guys were willing to risk getting in trouble with their ladies just to look at my pussy excited and emboldened me. As I started to eat, I spread my legs a little wider and wiggled my ass on the leather seat causing my pussy lips to open and close slightly and my pussy to get wetter and wetter.  
  
I looked down and noticed a big bulge in the front of Keith's pants. Torturing me, and making me expose myself was getting him excited. He was really enjoying what he was making me do. With the exception of my stockings and high heels, I was naked from the waist down and on display for at least four strangers. I was humiliated, embarrassed, very excited and a little afraid of what else Keith was going to make me do, but the little masochist in me, Keith's little slut, couldn't wait for it to happen.

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The waiter came with our dinners and took the opportunity to look at my shaved pussy. He tried to get another look down the top of my dress so he could see my naked breasts, but I leaned back gasping softly as the cold leather of the back of the seat touched my bare back. As long as I didn't lean forward, he couldn't see anything.   
  
After the waiter left our table, Keith looked at me and said, "The waiter wanted to see your tits, when he comes back, you will let him see any part of you he wants to see. And, that goes for any man that takes the time to look you over. If he stares at your tits, let him see them, the same goes for your legs, your ass and your cute, little pussy."  
  
I know I turned bright red. Keith was going to make me expose my body to anyone who shows an interest in seeing more of me than my skimpy dress was already showing. The two men sitting at the tables in front of us, at the big picture window, smiled at me. I'm sure they couldn't hear what Keith said, but they could see I was blushing. I wasn't permitted to close my legs, so they still had an unobstructed view of my naked and wet pussy.  
  
Why was all of this so exciting for me? Being made to expose my private body parts, the cold leather on my bare back, even the way Keith made me dress, all made me want more torture and humiliation.   
  
Was I a masochist? I think I answered that question over the past two days considering the things I let Keith do to me. It was humiliating and painful but I loved it, and I never once thought of using my safe word.  
  
Was I an exhibitionist? Just look at me; sitting here, in a skimpy, though beautiful, dress pulled up around my waist with my legs spread so four strangers could see my bare, shaved pussy -- and it was getting me more and more excited. Even though I was doing it because Keith was making me do it, I still think I qualified as an exhibitionist.  
  
Was I a submissive? I can answer that one for certain. I am Keith's submissive. I would do anything he asks or tells me to do, but that is because I know he loves me and will always protect me; and besides, I love the things he does to me.  
  
My thoughts were interrupted by Phil. He heard what Keith said and looked over at me. He looked down at my lap and saw that my dress was up around my waist and my legs were open. He told Tina that Keith had a great idea and she was to follow Keith's instructions as if they came from him. Her cheeks turned red and she whispered, "Yes, sir."  
  
"And, open your legs." he said so that only the four of us sitting at our table could hear him, "Those guys deserve to see your wet pussy, too." Tina's entire face turned red as she opened her legs exposing her bare pussy to the two couples sitting at the picture window. The bright red blush on our faces told the people at the tables we were humiliated, but that didn't stop the guys from staring at our shaved pussies.  
  
I was totally humiliated, having to sit there while two strangers examined my shaved, wet, little pussy. That's what made it so humiliating; my pussy was so wet and tingly, but not from the vibrator inside of me; that was turned off for the moment. I was excited by Keith making me expose the most private parts of my body to total strangers.  
  
We started eating dinner and watching the last of the skiers coming down the slope; at least everyone but the two guys sitting in front of us were watching the skiers. Every now and then, one of the women they were with would catch them looking at me and Tina and would say something to them or poke them to get them to stop looking.  
  
The two guys kept looking over at us, anyway. Well, they kept looking at the view under the table; our spread legs in high heels leading to our bare pussies. Even though the women kept telling them to stop looking, they still turned to stare at our nudity. It was flattering to know that the guys were willing to risk the wrath of their women just to look at my naked, shaved pussy.  
  
Finally, one of the couples got up to leave and the guy smiled at me and Tina. "Well," the woman said, "at least I'll get some of your attention once we get out of here."  
  
The guy stopped right in front or our table and took her by the arm and said, "Maybe you could learn something from this beautiful lady." pointing at me with a nod of his head.  
  
"What?" she said indignantly, "You would want me show myself off to strangers."  
  
"If you did it to please me...yes" he said softly looking into her eyes.  
  
"But, I would be embarrassed, and so humiliated." she said now more surprised than indignant.  
  
"Do you know what just looking at your beautiful body does to me?" he said, still softly, but loud enough so that we couldn't help but hear him. "Just seeing your long, beautiful legs gets me so excited that I have to rearrange myself just to try to stay comfortable. It would drive me crazy if you let someone see your breasts, or your ass, or your pussy, just to let me show you off."   
  
She was wearing a bulky long sleeve sweater and long pants, so I didn't know what her body was like, but she did have very long legs and she was very attractive.  
  
"But...but letting strangers see me...parts of me..." she sputtered.  
  
"I adore your body." he said softly. "I'm so proud of you; I would love to show you off. Give men little glimpses of the woman who loves me enough to put on a show just to please me."  
  
She paused for a second, looking into his eyes. Then, she reached up and put both hands on the sides of his face. I thought she was going to hit him. But she didn't. She leaned in and kissed him softly on his lips. She moved next to him, wrapped her arms around his arm, pressing her body up against him and started out of the restaurant. As they started moving, he turned to me and mouthed, "Thank you."  
  
We all looked at each other like we couldn't believe what we had just witnessed. "I'll never know what happens to them." I said with a sigh.  
  
"I can tell you she's going to fuck his brains out tonight." Phil said with a laugh.  
  
"Yes, she will," added Keith, "but, when he's fucking her, will he thinking of her or my little Kitten?" I blushed again and smacked Keith's arm, but I was flattered wondering if that guy would be thinking of me while he was fucking his girlfriend. Did Keith making me expose myself to that couple add some needed spice to their relationship? I guess I'll never know.  
  
We went back to our dinners and the busboy went to the table the couple was sitting at to clean it up. I started to close my legs and Keith picked up the remote and whispered, "I wouldn't, if you know what's good for you." I quickly opened my legs; humiliated, once again, knowing it would only be a matter of seconds until the busboy noticed my open, wet pussy.  
  
I heard Tina gasp, drop her fork onto her dish, and grab the edge of the table. Tina had closed her legs, too; apparently, Phil was not the type to give warnings. The clatter caused the busboy to turn toward our table. His eyes got big and his jaw dropped as he got his first look at what was probably his first shaved pussy -- if not his first pussy. Exhibitionist that I am, I looked at him and wiggled my hips shaking my bare pussy at him. I thought he was going to faint.  
  
Tina opened her legs and Phil stopped whatever torture he was inflicting on her. I looked at her and she smiled at me and whispered, "God it hurts, but I love that butt plug." We both giggled and went back to our dinners watching the poor busboy trying to clear the table with two shaved and naked pussies staring at him.  
  
He must have told the other busboys, because three other busboys came to the table and carefully checked to make sure the table was set correctly. The table could have been set with paper plates and plastic cups for all they knew since all they looked at was my -- our -- naked pussies.  
  
It was humiliating; being made to sit there with my legs spread so the waiter and the busboys could look at my nakedness. But, at the same time, I was glad that Keith had made me pull my dress out from under me, because I was getting wetter by the minute.  
  
I thought Keith was watching the final skiers, or the stream of busboys and waiters suddenly interested in the table in front of us. So, being the masochist that I am, I slowly closed my legs knowing he would turn on the vibrator he had shoved up my little pussy if he caught me. I was wrong again.  
  
I didn't even notice his hand move, but, suddenly, my wet little pussy was being shocked and I thought I would go out of my mind. The shocks were running from inside my pussy down my legs to my painted little toes in my four inch high heels. I tried to open my legs so my torture would stop but I couldn't move them.  
  
Keith was smiling at me as I was quivering now from the abuse he was inflicting on my body. "Please, sir," I begged softly holding the edge of the table, "I can't open my legs. The shocks are making me keep my legs closed."  
  
"Well, you better think of something;" he said with a chuckle, "In about ten seconds, I'm going to turn it up."  
  
"Oh Master! Please no." I cried, my voice starting to rise, "I don't know if I can stay quiet if you turn it up."  
  
There was that glint in his eyes; that look of lust. He was enjoying my plight and I loved when he looked at me like that, but I knew if he turned up the intensity of the shocks running through my little hole, I would bring a lot of attention to myself and my predicament.   
  
Just as he reached for the remote, I took my hands from the edge of the table, put them between my trembling knees and pushed my legs open. My hands could almost feel the electricity running down my legs and I wondered what it would feel like if I touched my wet pussy.  
  
Keith picked up the remote and my flat belly knotted and my pussy tightened preparing for a more intense shock, but Keith turned off the silvery bullet. My body relaxed and I moaned, in gratitude and maybe disappointment, too.  
  
I thought back to the night Keith made me dance on the pole. The man that was touching my pussy when the doorbell rang could feel the shocks my pussy was getting. He quickly pulled his hand away to avoid the shocks. It was so humiliating, being shocked while they discussed my pussy. Then, as now, I couldn't 'pull away' to avoid the punishment. I could only endure the torture, completely under Keith's control. I wouldn't have it any other way.  
  
The lights on the ski slopes outside the picture window were turned off making the dining room dramatically darker. Even with our legs spread open and skirts pulled up, it was too dark under the table for our nudity to be seen and enjoyed by the man still sitting at the table in front of us or the busboys, who found it necessary to count and recount the forks and knives on the other, now empty, table.  
  
We finished dinner and Phil suggested that we stop in the lounge for drinks. Keith agreed, and Tina and I knew that our ordeal was not over.  
  
The guys got out of the booth and we started to slide around to get out and I noticed there were very noticeable wet spots on the leather bench where Tina and I were sitting. Tina must have noticed it, too, and she reached for her cloth napkin to wipe the seat. As she picked up the napkin, she gasped and both of her hands flew to her still exposed pussy.   
  
Phil was standing at the end of table with the remote in his hand. "Put the napkin down, sweetheart, and let's go." he said softly.  
  
"But the seat is wet. The busboys will know what it's from and...Ohhh Nnnnooooo." she moaned bending over slightly with a look of pure ecstasy on her face. She trembled for a few seconds then threw the cloth napkin on the table and slid slowly across the leather bench to where Phil was standing.   
  
As she got up, she wrapped her arms around Phil's arm and her skirt, which she had lifted up in the back so she wouldn't sit on it, stayed bunched at her waist for a good five seconds before falling back into place. This gave the entire dining room a full five second look at her beautiful, naked ass.  
  
She gasped, but didn't try to cover herself. She looked up at Phil and whispered, "Please sir, I don't think I can walk with that thing vibrating in my poor little pussy."  
  
"Here," he said with a smile, and, gentleman that he is, he put his arm around her waist to help her walk out of the dining room.  
  
Knowing that I was going to have the same skirt problem Tina had, I reached for my skirt to pull it down before I got up. "Don't you dare!" I heard Keith say, and I quickly took my hands away from my skirt. I looked back to the two wet spots on the leather bench seat and I knew the busboys were going to know that our pussies were dripping while we sat there on display.  
  
Keith offered me his hand; I took it and stood up. As I feared, my skirt stood up with me, bunched at the small of my back. Worse, my skirt, being slit down the front, left me naked from the waist down with the exception of my thigh high stockings and four inch high heels. I heard a gasp, but it wasn't me. It was someone in the dining room; I knew my exposed legs, ass and shaved pussy could be seen by anyone who cared to look.  
  
Keith, holding my hand, started to walk toward the door. I seemed like hours, but in the time it took for me to take two steps, my dress fell into place and my most personal parts were covered again -- well, as covered as the skimpy dress allowed.  
  
I heard Tina gasp and I looked back to see her walking behind us. Phil had his arm around her waist, holding her close. She had a look of passion and panic on her face as she caught up to us. I knew those little inventions of Keith and Phil's could 'distract' a girl just by walking. The one in my little hole was moving around as I walked making my stomach flutter and it wasn't even on.  
  
Tina had one in her pussy like mine, and a butt plug in her little asshole. She had more experience than I did at this kind of thing, but I suspect, I hope, you never get used to it. As we got close to each other, I asked her what was wrong.  
  
"He has the vibrator turned on in my pussy," she whispered between gasps, "I'm going crazy and he won't turn it off."  
  
"It's only on half way" Phil whispered loud enough so we could all hear as we walked.  
  
I glared at Phil, and Keith said, "If you're so concerned, Heather, I'll turn your vibrator on and Phil can turn her vibrator down."  
  
They were doing it again. They were using us against each other to decide who gets tortured and how much torture they get. After what Keith had done to me already, I wasn't sure I could hold back my orgasm if he turned on the vibrator in my tender pussy while we were walking. But, the look on Tina's face told me she wasn't going to be able to hold out much longer either.  
  
Finally, my legs trembling in anticipation, I said, "Okay, but you have to turn her vibrator down."  
  
"No problem." Phil said as the vibrator buried in my flat, little belly came alive, "We'll set them both about a quarter of the way up."  
  
We walked to the dining room exit and I held onto Keith's arm as my legs got weak and my insides shook as the vibrator merrily tormented my wet - and getting wetter - pussy. We got to the door and Keith stopped to thank the maitre d and compliment the food and the service. As I stood holding onto Keith's arm, I realized that in my excitement, I wasn't paying attention to keeping my steps short. I blushed from my cheeks to the top of my breasts knowing that everyone got a good look at my shaved, wet pussy as I walked to the door.  
  
I was trying to control the orgasm that the humiliation and the vibrator was building up in my belly, when Tina came up behind me and whispered, "Look... look at our table." I could hear the humiliation in her voice and I looked back to our table.  
  
The busboy, who was clearing our table, had found the wet spots our tortured pussies had left on the leather seats of our booth and he was calling over the other busboys so they could see, too. They looked at me and Tina standing by the door smiling and pointing us out to the other busboys and waiters. I was totally humiliated and I'm sure Tina was, too. I looked at Keith, hoping we could get out of there and take the sting out of my humiliation, but he smiled that smile at me and continued talking to the maitre d.  
  
He knew what was going on, and by making me stand there, humiliated me even more. Between the vibrator, my humiliation and the things Keith had been doing to me all evening, I knew I was going to cum. I looked at him, pleading with my eyes to take me out of the restaurant and at least spare me the humiliation of cuming in front of all those strangers.  
  
He shook hands with the maitre d and, with his arm around me, we walked quickly out of the restaurant, exposing my shaved pussy for all to see. He walked me around to the side of the restaurant off of the main lobby. He put his hand in his pocket and the vibrator's speed doubled and I opened my mouth to beg, but he pulled me against him, crushing my sensitive breasts against his hard chest and kissed me hard and deep.  
  
I came. I came hard; moaning into his mouth and trembling against his hard body. I could feel his warm hands on my bare back drifting down to squeeze my barely covered little ass. My legs went weak, my insides fluttered and if it wasn't for his strong arms holding me up, I would have collapsed to the floor.  
  
The vibrations stopped and, as I struggled to get myself under control, I reached up to put my arms around his neck. Even in my four inch high heels I had to push myself up on my tiptoes, and kissed his neck. I laid my head on his shoulder, and whispered in his ear, "Please Master, take me home and fuck me, please."  
  
He tightened his arms around me and whispered, "No Kitten, not yet. I don't think you've earned a good fucking yet."  
  
I moaned, "Oh Master, I'll do anything. You can strip me and make me walk out to the car naked. I don't care who sees me -- I don't care how cold it is outside. Please, I need you to fuck me."  
  
"I promise I'll fuck you, but when I think you are ready -- and you're not ready yet." he whispered.  
  
'Not ready yet?' I thought to myself. My quivering pussy is wetting the inside of my naked thighs and that silver thing he shoved up my tiny hole moves around inside me every time I move. Walking is sexual torment and every now and then he puts his hand in his pocket just to make me tense up expecting to be teased or shocked.  
  
Phil and Tina came around the corner. Tina looked like she had calmed down a little; Phil had turned off her vibrator but I could tell he didn't let her cum. Keith took his arms from around me and put one arm around my waist and we all started walking across the lobby to the lounge.  
  
The lounge was on the other side of the large lobby from the restaurant, basically the other side of the building. Walking across the lobby with that silver bullet moving around in my most sensitive place, and still a little tingly from my orgasm, was keeping me excited and in desperate need of Keith's 'attention'.  
  
The lounge was done in dark woods like the rest of the lodge. It had a picture window facing out to the other ski slope, but it was dark and there were no skiers to watch. There was a long, highly polished, wooden bar along one wall, and tables of various sizes scattered around a small dance floor. There was a beautiful, old, Wurlitzer juke box in one corner that had the insides updated to play CD's instead of records.

There were six men, one older man and five young guys sitting at a big round table in one corner and a couple sitting at a smaller table by the picture window. Even though the rest of the lounge was empty, Keith led us to the bar.  
  
The bar stools were a little high to accommodate the height of the bar and Phil and Keith had to help Tina and I up onto the stools. Tina and I sat next to each other and as soon as I sat down, I knew why Keith wanted us sitting at the bar.  
  
Tina had to struggle to keep her short little skirt from displaying everything she owned, and my dress, having a long slit up the front, just fell off my legs exposing me from my shaved pussy down. I sat facing the bar hoping to hide my stocking covered legs from most of the bar, and Tina did the same. If we turned away from the bar, the only thing that would keep our pussies hidden would be keeping our legs closed.  
  
Keith stood next to me and Phil stood next to Tina and we ordered drinks from a very attentive bar tender. And why not, Tina and I had been told to let whoever shows an interest in our bodies see whatever he wanted, and I know he got a good look at my breasts peeking out of the top of my dress. I'm sure Tina was just as 'viewable', but, sitting next to her, I couldn't tell what the bartender got to see.  
  
When our drinks came, Keith put his hand on my thigh and spun my barstool around to face him -- and display my nearly naked legs to everyone in the lounge. I heard Tina whisper "Oh, please Phil, not again." so, I had to guess that Phil was playing with the remote or Tina's stool had been turned, too.  
  
Keith looked down at my legs as I took a sip of my drink. I looked at him over the rim of my glass and I could see that 'I want to eat you alive' look on his face. I love when he looks at me like that, so it certainly didn't help calm me down any. He put his hands between my naked thighs and spread my legs. I gasped as he stepped between them moving closer to me. No more of me was exposed to the people in the lounge, but anyone who looked would have to know that I didn't have any panties on. I moved myself closer to the edge of the seat, hoping he would get even closer when I heard a commotion over by the picture window.  
  
The woman, who was sitting by the picture window, had gotten up pushing her chair back from their table. She looked at me and Tina and said, rather loudly, to the man she was with, "Because I don't need to stay here for the floor show. That's why!" She took her coat from the chair next to her, threw it over her arm and glared her man.   
  
I thought she was going to start tapping her foot impatiently, and she probably would have except the man got up finishing off his drink. She stormed across the dance floor glaring at me and Tina with her man following behind her. He was looking at us, too, but he was smiling and trying to imprint every detail in his mind's eye for later recall.  
  
When the door closed behind them we started to laugh and the men sitting around the table by the wall were laughing, too. Keith called the bartender over, who was more than happy to come over and look down the top of our dresses again. This time though, much to my humiliation, he could also see down between my spread legs to my shaved, little pussy.  
  
Keith asked the bartender to send a round of drinks to the guys sitting at the table and the bartender said, "Certainly sir." never taking his eyes from between my legs.  
  
When the bartender went to make the drinks I said, "Oh god, Master, he could see I'm naked under my dress. He could see... everything."  
  
"Yes, he could." Keith said softly, "And I'm so proud of you, not trying to cover yourself."  
  
"But letting him see me is so humiliating. You know how excited I get when you make me do these things." I pleaded.  
  
"Well," Keith whispered with a smile, "If you're getting wet, I could always make you pull the bottom of your dress out from under you so you don't ruin it."  
  
He knew if I did that, I would be exposing myself from the waist down to the men at the table. "No, thank you, sir, I'll be okay." I said looking down.   
  
As I looked down, I noticed a familiar bulge in the front of his pants. He loved teasing and humiliating me as much as I love being teased and humiliated. I also realized that I called him master again. I do that when I get so into the things he is doing to me or making me do, and Keith knows it, so I'm sure he took this as a green light to find more things to add to my humiliation.  
  
He stepped from between my wide spread legs and I quickly closed them. He walked over to the table where the guys were sitting and spoke to the older man. I couldn't hear what they were saying, but I was sure it was not going to be good for me and Tina. Keith was at the table when the bartender came with the drinks and they all thanked him.  
  
Keith walked back toward the bar as the guys at the table started to rearrange the chairs around the table. My belly started doing flip-flops; I knew he was going to make us go sit with all of those guys. Sure enough, Keith came back to the bar and told Phil that the guys had invited all of us to go and sit with them. They didn't even ask us; they just helped us off of our stools and walked us over to the rearranged tables.  
  
The guys had made room for us at their big, round table, but Tina and Phil were sitting at one side of the table and Keith and I were sitting at the other. That put Keith to my left and one of the young guys sitting to my right. Of course, my dress fell open exposing my stockinged, high heeled legs. Even though my legs were under the table and I had them tightly closed, and I had to keep my hands in my lap or the guy sitting next to me would be able see that I wasn't wearing panties and my pussy was shaved bare.  
  
The older man, Jack, said that he was a professor at a college outside of San Diego and he was also the coach of the school's sailing team. The guys with him at the table were his sailing team, and they had won some sailing championship and the school sent them on this weekend ski trip as a reward. He introduced each of the guys and I immediately forgot their names, then Phil introduced us.  
  
One of the guys got up to put some music on the jukebox, and Keith asked why there was no one in the lounge on a Saturday night. Jack said that he had asked the bartender the same question and the bartender told him that the crowd leaves here early. It is mostly dedicated skiers and they leave by midnight so they can be on the slopes at first light. The bartender said that there was a bar down the road about a mile, and that's where the real partiers go. They were here because they wanted to get in some skiing in the morning and then they had to head back to school.  
  
A slow song came on the jukebox and Keith got up and asked me to dance. I am not the greatest dancer, and, as I found out, neither was Keith. As we got to the dance floor, the vibrator came alive in my pussy. Keith put his arms around me, and I could feel his hand on my bare back and I remembered how little of my body my dress actually covered. We started to dance and I whispered, "Please, sir, I'm already so excited. Please don't humiliate me and make me cum in front of all these men."  
  
Keith put his lips next to my ear and whispered, "I'm going to leave the vibrator on as long as you're dancing. You may not refuse to dance with any of the men at the table, and, while you're dancing with any of the men, you may not stop them from touching you in any way. Do you understand?"  
  
"Yes, Master." I answered. I trembled in his arms, knowing I was going to be felt up by six strange men. Worse, I knew that if Keith kept the vibrator running, even at low speed, I would be cuming in the arms of perfect strangers. I couldn't believe he was going to humiliate me like this.  
  
My next shock was Tina coming out on the dance floor with Jack. He put his arms around her and she gasped, her eyes got big and she looked at Phil, who was sitting at the table smiling. I guess he hadn't told her the rules for our humiliation, yet.  
  
When the song ended, the vibrator stopped and I grabbed Tina's hand and asked Keith, "Is it okay if we go to the ladies room before we go back to the table?"  
  
"Sure, don't be long" he said with a smile.  
  
I pulled Tina into the ladies room and said, "Tina, do you know what they have planned for us? What they are going to do to us... let those guys do to us?"  
  
"Not exactly," she said, "but Phil turned on the vibrator in my pussy as soon as we got on the dance floor, and Jack had his hand on my ass for most of our dance, so I can guess what is going to happen to us."  
  
"And that doesn't bother you?" I almost screamed.  
  
She paused for a few seconds and said, "I trust Phil to make sure no harm will come to me. I thought you trusted Keith, too. I told you they were planning a submissive weekend for us, and they are going to see how much they can make us submit to. I'm sure they are going to do their best to torment and humiliate us as much as they can. I don't know about you, but even though I'm sure I'll be tortured and humiliated for the rest of the night, I know Phil's going to make sure I have a good time."  
  
"But I was told, and you'll probably get told, too, that I was not to stop them from touching me. Considering how little we're wearing, they're going to be able to touch us anywhere they want to." I said with a little less panic in my voice.  
  
"Oooohhhhh," she cooed mockingly, "All those handsome guys feeling me up, and I can't stop them, and Phil and Keith watching over us to be sure we're safe. Looks like we're in for an exciting night; I don't see what the problem is."  
  
"Well, when you put it like that, I guess..."  
  
We both screamed at once and Tina grabbed at the counter surrounding the sink to keep from falling. We both got shocked at the same time. "I guess our guys want us back at the table." Tina giggled when the shocks stopped.  
  
"Phil shocked your pussy, too, huh?" I said catching my breath.  
  
He must want us back at the table right away," she said still giggling, "I got it in my ass and my pussy."  
  
Not wanting another shock, we quickly finished and walked back to the table. As we got to the table all the guys were smiling at me and Tina. As we sat down, I realized that Phil and Keith must have used the time we were in the ladies room to fill all the guys in on their plan and the rules. I should have known better than to leave them alone.  
  
I finished the drink that I had and there was a fresh one right behind it. A couple of the guys went over to the juke box and put some money in and started picking songs. I looked around the table, and all of the guys were looking at me and Tina. No doubt they were planning in their minds what they were going to do us when they got us, nearly naked and defenseless, on the dance floor.  
  
Tina and I were in for a long night.

My Own Heaven Ch. 24

Even before the music started, one of the guys who had gone to the juke box was standing next to me inviting me to dance. I took his hand, I think his name was Paul, and a slow song started as we walked out onto the dance floor. He was just a little taller than me, and like all of the guys, being sort of atheletes, was in good shape. I guess sailing was more work than just sitting on a boat and letting the wind blow through your hair.  
  
I went to put my arm around his back, but he directed both my arms around his neck pulling my soft breasts against his chest. We started dancing and his fingertips wandered up and down my bare back as the vibrator in my bare, little pussy came to life.  
  
Paul was a good dancer. He led me effortlessly around the floor as his fingertips wandered closer to the top of my ass. I wondered if he could feel the vibrator in my little hole - I knew I could.  
  
Tina was on the dance floor with another one of the guys. I never did get all of their names straight. She had her arms around his neck, too, and, looking at her, I realized why they had us dance with them that way. With our hands around the back of their necks, we were open and available to them; there was nothing to impede their exploration of our nearly naked bodies.  
  
The guy Tina was dancing with had his hands on her hips -- under her skirt. This raised her skirt just enough to show the bottoms of her naked ass cheeks. I couldn't hear what they were saying, but Tina was blushing.  
  
Paul's hands finally reached the top of the lower part of my dress just at the tops of my ass cheeks. He looked at my face, as if to ask permission to go further, and I just smiled at him and moved my body a little tighter against him. He slid his hand under the thin material of my dress and ran his hand over my naked ass cheeks one at a time.  
  
He started to probe the crack between my ass cheeks when the song came to an end. I stepped back and thanked him for the dance as the vibrations in my belly stopped. We walked back to the table and I was approached by another guy before I could even sit down. We headed back to the dance floor and I could see Tina headed back with another guy, too.  
  
As soon as I stepped onto the dance floor, the vibrator started up again. This guy, Joe, held me slightly to one side, again with my arms around his neck. He had one hand on the small of my back, half on my bare skin and half on the thin material covering my ass cheeks. As we danced, his right leg would move between my legs and the rough denim of his jeans would rub against the top of my shaved, unprotected pussy brushing my swollen clit.   
  
I was trying to keep myself under control when his big hand slid down to cover my little ass over my thin dress and his other hand came up and toyed with my breasts. I was losing it quickly and I couldn't believe I was getting so excited.   
  
The vibrator was driving me crazy, Joe's hand was squeezing my almost naked ass, and now he was concentrating on teasing my sensitive nipples. I could feel myself getting really excited and slowly building toward an orgasm when the music stopped, the vibrator turned off, and he stepped back.  
  
As I thanked him for the dance, I glanced down and noticed a small wet spot on the right thigh of his blue jeans. I knew my naked wet pussy had made the spot and I blushed as he took my hand and led me toward our table.   
  
Keith had the chair pulled out for me and I sat down. There was a fresh drink on the table and I picked it up with a trembling hand and took a big mouthful. I wasn't sure if I was glad or sorry that the song ended before I came. Another song started, a fairly fast one, but no one had asked me or Tina to dance.  
  
"Are you having fun, Kitten?" Keith asked me leaning in to my ear so I would be the only one to hear his question.  
  
"This is so humiliating." I answered, "Their hands are everywhere, and everyone is watching."  
  
"But you haven't answered my question." Keith said sliding his hand up my stocking covered thigh and between my legs. The other guys on our side of the table, especially the guy sitting next to me, could see what Keith was doing since the slit on my dress had parted exposing my legs up to the very tops of my thighs. His fingers slid between my parted thighs and rubbed against my wet pussy lips. I gasped and blushed and held onto his arm, not to stop him but to steady myself as the waves of excitement rushed through my body.  
  
He brought his fingers up and I could see they were wet from my pussy, "It seems you're having a very good time." he said, his grey eyes looking right into me.  
  
"But, sir, if I keep dancing, and they're allowed to touch me, and you keep turning on the vibrator," I pleaded, "I know I'm going to lose control; I'm going to cum right in front of everyone."  
  
"That's the whole idea." he smiled, "I want to make you cum in front of all these guys. If you don't want that to happen, you only have to say one word."  
  
He was right, but it was so infuriating. I was humiliated, and when -- not if -- they made me cum, I would be even more humiliated. But I didn't want it to stop; I didn't want to use my safe word. I wanted the humiliation; I wanted to be made to do the most humiliating things in front of these strangers. I wanted Keith to keep pushing me, as far as he wanted to. Both for my gratification, and to show him I was his to do with as he pleased.  
  
I finished my drink while we all talked about the guys sailing experiences and the trophy they had won. The song on the juke box ended, and the guy standing next to me got up and asked me to dance. I hesitated and looked at Keith who picked up the remote. I quickly got up and took the guys hand, his name was Mike, and he led me out onto the dance floor.  
  
As we got to the dance floor, the vibrator came alive in my tortured little hole and another slow song started. In fact, all the songs the guys picked for us to dance to were slow songs. I guess they wanted to do more than look at our nearly naked bodies and slow songs provided a hands on opportunity.  
  
I put my arms around Mike's neck, but he didn't pull me close like the other guys did. He put his hands on my hips and left just a little bit of room between us. I quickly found out why. As soon as we got moving on the dance floor, his hands got moving on my body.  
  
He kept one hand on my hip and his other hand slid up over my naked side and inside the top of my dress. He softly ran his fingertips over my breast and worked his way toward my hard little nipple. When he reached my nipple, he just lightly rubbed his fingertips over it. I moaned in spite of myself as little electric shocks ran from my nipples down to my distended, little clit.  
  
"You like that, do you?" he said with a smile.  
  
I blushed. "Oh, yes," I said trying not to show how excited I was.  
  
He slid his hand from my hip around behind me to cover my ass. He pulled me a little closer as he slid his other hand across my chest inside the top of my dress to tease my other breast and nipple. Now, as we danced, I could feel his hard cock against my lower belly adding to my excitement.  
  
After teasing my breasts until I thought my nipples would explode, he relaxed his grip on my ass, put a little space between us and took his hand out of the top of my dress. I thought I would get a chance to get myself under control, but he slid his hand down the front of my body until his fingertips found the slit in the front of my dress. He slipped his fingers inside the slit holding me close with his other hand on my ass and he was soon exploring my bare thighs above the tops of my stockings.  
  
He teased the insides of my thighs from my stocking tops to just below my pussy. Every time he ran his hand up one of my thighs my breath caught in my throat. I wondered if he could feel the vibrator running merrily inside my poor little pussy. I knew if he touched my clit, I would cum and there was nothing I could do to stop it. He enjoyed teasing me and looked right into my eyes as he was playing with me. I looked at him pleadingly, but I wasn't sure if I was pleading with him to stop or give me the orgasm I so desperately wanted.  
  
The song came to an end and the vibrator inside me stopped. Mike took his hand from between my thighs and led me back to the table with his other hand on my jiggling little ass. Keith was smiling at me; he knew me so well. He knew how excited I was and that I was humiliated by him making me let these strange men touch my body. He also knew I was so close to cumming when the song ended, and I was left excited and frustrated.  
  
You remember that little masochist -- that bad little girl -- that hides inside of me? She sneaks out when I'm very turned on and really into a predicament Keith has put me in. She usually stays just long enough to earn me more punishment and then goes back into hiding. Well, she snuck out. "This is so exciting," I (she) whispered to Keith rubbing my hip against his shoulder. "I just hope my dress doesn't get wrinkled or torn with all these handsome guys feeling me up."   
  
Keith looked up at me. He was still smiling, but the smile told me that the bad little girl in me had gotten me in trouble again. As usual, now that the damage was done, the bad little girl went back into hiding leaving me to deal with whatever additional humiliation and torment Keith could come up with.  
  
Another guy, Danny, I think, came up to me and asked to dance. I had no choice since I was told not to refuse, and after what the bad little girl in me said to Keith, I knew he was going to make it even more humiliating for me. As we got to the dance floor, the vibrator came alive inside me and, as I put my arms around Danny's neck, the vibrator's speed kicked up a notch. I quickly looked over at Keith and he waved to me with the remote control in his hand.  
  
Danny wasted no time in exploring my almost nude body. With one hand at my waist, he caressed my lower belly through my dress with his other hand. The vibrator, now humming maddeningly inside my wet pussy, was quickly sending little tremors from my pussy down my stockinged legs to my pointed toes inside my high heels. Surely, he had to feel what Keith was doing to me, but, if he did, he didn't mention it and continued to explore my defenseless body.  
  
He found the top of the slit in the front of my dress and his long fingers quickly found my bare mound. I bit my lower lip to keep from moaning as Danny's strong fingers found my shaved pussy. He quickly found my moist pussy lips and began to softly run his fingers between my bare legs.  
  
I tightened my grip around his neck as my legs got weak from the stimulation of his probing fingers. His fingers separated my outer lips and I knew I couldn't stand it much longer without cuming in front of everyone when Danny stopped moving his fingers and said, "Is your pussy trembling? I can feel it when I touch you."  
  
I turned three shades of red discussing my pussy with a perfect stranger, but I didn't want to give Keith any reason to add to my torment for not answering Danny's question. "Yes, my pussy is trembling, but that's not what you feel." I paused, hoping that short explanation would satisfy him, but the look on his face told me that he needed more.  
  
The only thing that could make this more humiliating would be to have to tell everyone what the buzzing was in my poor pussy, so I forged ahead. "You see... Keith has put a... uhm a vibrator up in side me, and... uhm when I'm dancing with someone, he turns it on." God, this was embarrassing, but the look on Danny's face told me he was fascinated by the torment being inflicted on me.  
  
"So you mean he can control the vibrator that's inside you? He can turn it on and off? Can he control how fast it vibrates?"  
  
Just like a man. Here he was with his hand on my bare, shaved pussy, feeling the vibrations from the long silver bullet Keith put inside me, my almost naked body at his disposal, and he was interested in how the vibrator worked and how fast it could go. "Yes, he can turn it on and off." my voice shaking a little as I was getting more excited having to tell a stranger about the torture I was enduring. "And, he just turned the speed up as we started dancing."  
  
Danny pulled me a little closer, still keeping his hand on my pussy. "How do you keep it in you? How far up your pussy did he push it? Never mind I'll check for my self."   
  
He curled his finger between my legs and slid it into my dripping hole. He pushed slowly into me and I gasped and looked at Keith, pleading for mercy as my orgasm started to overtake me.  
  
Suddenly, I squealed, and Danny quickly pulled his finger from my pussy and his hand from between my legs. I held on as the shock in my pussy continued to pulse through my body. Finally, after about ten seconds, the shocks stopped. I was gasping for breath and holding onto Danny, and he asked, "What in the hell was that? Are you booby trapped?"  
  
Ignoring the obvious 'booby' cliché and still a little short of breath, I whispered, "The vibrator also has a shock setting. That can be adjusted, too. That was the low setting, I think."  
  
"God," he said still shaking his hand, "That really stings."  
  
I smiled and blushed, "Imagine how it feels for me. Inside my most tender parts and I can't pull away. Keith usually lets it run for around ten seconds, but he can shock me for as short or long a time as he wants."  
  
"I guess he wasn't kidding when he said you like being made to do this kind of stuff and would enjoy it as much as we would." he said pulling me close to him and sliding his hand over my ass as we went back to dancing.  
  
Before I could ask exactly what Keith, and I assume Phil, told them about Tina and me, the music stopped and Danny walked me back to the table. There was a fresh drink at my place. I sat down next to Keith and pick up my glass and drank half of it before putting the glass down.  
  
Keith leaned into me and whispered in my ear, "Now, are you having fun?"  
  
I turned to him, and he had that smile on his face that I love. He knew I was excited and needed to cum and he was doing his best to keep me on the edge. Now, I 'was' his masochist -- his bad little girl -- and I wanted Keith to make me do whatever his devious, little mind could come up with.  
  
Another song started, but no one asked me to dance. Danny was telling everyone about the vibrator in my pussy and how it shocked him, and me. Then they went on to discuss my body and how hard my nipples got and how soft and smooth my ass was. They also liked that my pussy was shaved completely bare and the guys were all going to 'check it out' when they got to dance with me.  
  
It was humiliating to sit there and listen to them discuss the most private parts of my body and the tortures Keith was inflicting on me. You girls know how we fret about every little detail of our bodies. Well, imagine a bunch of guys discussing your body after they took turns feeling you up. It got even more humiliating when Keith told them that I was his submissive and that I really loved what he was making me do. He finished by telling them to ask me if they didn't believe him.  
  
They asked me, and I, blushingly, had to admit that I did love being teased and tortured. That Keith was making me let them feel me up, and yes, it was driving me crazy, and how frustrating it was to get so close to cumming but never quite getting there. It was almost as humiliating to admit being Keith's little submissive plaything as it was having him do those things to me.  
  
Keith interrupted saying that making me wait for my 'rewards' was part of being a submissive and that the guys were not to worry about me; I was there for their pleasure tonight and not mine.  
  
Thankfully, the conversation moved on to Tina. They were amazed that in addition to the vibrator in her pussy, she had a butt plug in her ass. Phil made Tina stand, lift the bottom of her dress, turn around and bend over showing them the base of the butt plug. While she was bent over, Phil picked up the remote and shocked her little ass. Tina squealed and jumped up grabbing at her ass cheeks and did the most unladylike dance until Phil turned off the shocks.  
  
She made an angry face at Phil, but I could tell that she liked being tortured in front of these guys and made to display herself. The guys got a big kick out of Tina's torture and humiliation, and I wondered what other demonstrations Keith and Phil had in mind for us.  
  
Another slow song started on the juke box and Jack, the older man and coach of the sailing team, asked me to dance. I quickly finished my drink and as I got up and took his hand, the vibrator turned on in my suffering little pussy. Jack put my arms around his neck, and his strong hands began exploring my soft, young body.  
  
Jack's hands had none of the tentative fumbling of the younger guys. One hand was caressing my ass under my dress while the other teased the tops of my thighs easing toward my wet pussy. As soon as his fingers began caressing my shaved pussy lips, I knew he was going to make me cum in front of everyone. His long fingers were causing my belly to quiver and my legs to tremble and we had just started dancing.  
  
I noticed that Keith had gotten up from the table and was talking to the bartender and one of the other guys had taken Tina out onto the dance floor. The bottom of her dress was pulled up leaving her naked from her waist to the tops of her high heels -- except for the parts covered by her dance partner's roaming hands. I could hear Tina gasping even though she had her face buried in her partner's chest and shoulder.  
  
Jack was teasing and fondling me just enough to get me close to orgasm, but not enough to let me cum; much to the delight of the guys sitting at the table watching us. I couldn't stand it anymore; I was moaning and whimpering and wriggling as he looked into my eyes with a smile on his face. Finally, I begged him, "Please, Jack, don't tease me anymore. I can't take it. Please let me cum. Make me cum in front of everyone. Let them watch you make me cum."  
  
"If that's what you want, princess." he said softly and slid his finger into my dripping little hole until his hand was cupping my pussy and his palm was rubbing my swollen clit.  
  
I came hard and loud. Oh, yyyeeesssss," I cried, "Oh thank you." I clung tightly to his neck as he pressed his finger so far into my tiny hole that he was moving the vibrator around only adding to the thrill of my orgasm.  
  
His other hand, which was caressing my ass cheeks, was now covering both cheeks of my ass with his middle finger between my ass cheeks. I was just starting to get myself under control when he pressed his hand firmly against my naked ass. He pushed his finger deeper between my ass cheeks and began rubbing his fingertip against my puckered little asshole while, at the same time pushing his finger deeper in to my stretched pussy.   
  
He had effectively had me trapped by my pussy and asshole. He began moving his finger in and out of my pussy and massaged my little asshole with a finger on his other hand making me come again even harder than before. I was not even sure if it was another orgasm or he had just reignited the one I had not yet recovered from. It didn't matter really. The frustration of being denied an orgasm was over.  
  
When I finally recovered enough to stand without Jack's support, my hands around his neck and his hands on my bare ass and shaved pussy, the last guy was on the dance floor ready to dance with me. I wasn't sure I would be able to stand being felt up anymore, and I looked at Keith who was back at the table. His look told me that he wasn't kidding when he said that I was there for their pleasure.

The vibrator never stopped running since I never left the dance floor. My poor pussy was tingling like when your foot falls asleep. Tom, the last guy to dance with me, had his hands all over my body. It seemed like he was touching me everywhere. My thighs, breasts, nipples, pussy and ass were all fondled, caressed, pinched and probed as I moaned and gasped and whimpered through our dance.  
  
Every time Tom slid his fingers inside me, Keith shocked my shaved, wet pussy. Tom, of course was able to pull his fingers away, but I had to endure the ten second shock in my most sensitive place. They did this to me three times during our dance, and the guys sitting at the table watching my torture and humiliation, laughed and cheered each time as I shook and convulsed, displaying my nearly naked body in the most shameful way.   
  
When the music stopped, Tom led me, face flushed, nipples hard as little rocks, pussy and thighs wet, and legs weak, back to my seat. I didn't bother trying to keep my shaved pussy hidden as I walked; all of the guys had seen it, most of them had touched it and some had even had their fingers inside of me. As we got to the table, the guys greeted me with a round of applause and cheers adding to my humiliation.  
  
There was a fresh drink on the table at my seat and I started to drink it as soon as I sat down trying to regain control of my over-excited body. The guys were talking, and, as I got my body under some control, I was able to pick up the conversation.  
  
Phil was telling Tina she had to stand up, which she did reluctantly. She had that 'deer in the headlights' look on her face. They were playing a game. The guys were asking Tina questions -- very personal and embarrassing questions -- and if she did not answer truthfully, as judged by Phil, she received a shock to her ass or her pussy.   
  
Apparently, they decided that, when she was shocked, they could not really appreciate her shaking, twisting body while she was sitting down. So, they had her stand up so they could enjoy her bouncing tits, jiggling ass, and quivering legs as she endured the agony of the shocks to her ass or pussy.   
  
I later found out that when Phil decided that she was telling a big lie, she received shocks to both her ass and her pussy at the same time. When this happened, her beautiful body put on a show that could raise the dead. Tina protested loudly and begged for mercy, of course, but I could tell that she loved every minute of her torture and humiliation.  
  
Keith gave me some time to recover while I watched as poor Tina had to tell about giving her first blow job, shaving her pussy, her various tortures and humiliations and her love of spankings or face the consequences. It seemed to me that even if she told the truth, Phil and the guys found a reason to shock her just to enjoy watching her scantily clad body move through the most humiliating positions while she was shocked.  
  
After playing the game for a while, Tina was shaking even when she wasn't being shocked. She would admit to any sexual act or desire just to save her tender pussy and ass. Phil told Tina to sit down and Keith stood up. "First," he announced, "we should thank Heather and Tina for the entertainment they provided us so far tonight." The guys applauded politely, but I was concerned about the 'so far' part of Keith's announcement. I wasn't sure I could take much more.  
  
When the clapping stopped, Keith offered me his hand and indicated I should stand up. Keith had me face him and held my hands in front of me between us. He pulled my white leather wrist cuffs from his pocket and began attaching them to my wrists. The guys watched as Keith buckled my wrist cuffs on saying things like, "Oh yeah!" and "Now we're talking."  
  
When the cuffs were buckled on, he locked my wrists together behind my back, and stepped behind me. He moved us a step back from the table, and turned me until I was facing the guys so they a nice clear view of my entire body. "You know, you can stop this with a word." he whispered.  
  
He stood behind me with his hands on my hips. I used my cuffed hands to feel his hard cock inside his pants and wiggled my ass into his thighs - maybe I 'am' that bad little girl. His cock was so hard. He loved teasing and humiliating me, especially in front of a crowd of people. He groaned softly as he moved back a little so I couldn't reach his cock or rub my soft little ass against him. "Earlier tonight, while you gentlemen were kind enough to dance with Heather," he continued his announcement, "she mentioned to me that she hoped that her dress didn't get wrinkled or torn while you gentlemen were feeling her up." He was interrupted by a few cheers.  
  
I didn't like the looks of this, with my arms cuffed behind my back, only my thin dress covered my naked body. Then it hit me. Keith was going to make me pay for the smart remarks I -- well, that bad little girl inside me -- made to him. But, surely, he wouldn't strip me in front of all these strangers. Except for my nude, thigh high stockings and my blue high heels I was naked under my dress.  
  
"Oh please, master," I whimpered softly, trying not to let everyone hear, "please don't strip me in front of everyone. What if someone comes in; I'll be naked." I was wriggling trying to get my hands loose, even though I knew it was impossible. The guys started whistling and cheering and I realized my wriggling was giving them glimpses of my shaved pussy and peeks at my bare breasts.  
  
I stopped wriggling and Keith said, "I think, after all she has done for us, the least we can do is grant her request and make sure her dress doesn't get wrinkled or torn."  
  
The guys were quiet; waiting to see if Keith would really strip me in front of them. I knew he would; he had stripped me naked in front of people before -- and made me do a lot more. But, these were total strangers, and not part of his club. On the other hand, he knew how humiliated and excited it got me when he made me stay naked while everyone else was dressed, even if it was only him.  
  
He took his hands off my hips and quickly undid the two little eye hooks at the back of my heck that held up my dress and let the top of my dress fall. The top fell to my waist where it hung, clinging to my hips. I gasped, loud enough for everyone to hear, as my bare breasts and hard little nipples presented themselves to Phil, Tina and six total strangers.  
  
I instinctively tried to move my hands up to cover my now bared breasts, but, with my hands cuffed behind my back, all I accomplished was to shake my little tits for the guys watching me. I know I was blushing from my hairline down to my chest. The guys were speechless for a few seconds then I heard one of them moan, "Beautiful, just beautiful." I was so humiliated, but I knew it was going to get worse. I closed my eyes but I could still hear them, "They're perfect." and "Her nipples are so hard: she must love this." and "I'd love a few minutes alone with her."  
  
Naked from the waist up and hearing what they were saying about my body got me even more excited. I tried to stay still so my dress wouldn't fall from my hips and my tits wouldn't jiggle, when Keith said, "Now, gentlemen, we have to encourage her to make her dress come off completely."  
  
"Oh, no master, please," I begged, now in full submissive mode, "Not naked. Please don't strip me in front of everyone."  
  
Keith knew that I was in full sub mode now, and he also knew that he was pushing me further than I had ever been. I had started calling him 'master', and I was begging for mercy that I knew he would never grant me, so he knew I was very excited and was deep into being his submissive. He also knew that if I really wanted this to stop, I would use my safe word.  
  
"With her hands cuffed behind her back," Keith continued as if I had not even spoken, "we'll have to find another way for her to take her dress off." The guys cheered and I blushed knowing that Keith had a way to get me to strip myself naked for the guys' enjoyment.  
  
"Even though her beautiful dress is very light and clingy, I bet that if she wiggled her exquisite little body enough, her dress would slid over her cute little ass and hips, and down her long beautiful legs showing us her naked body."  
  
The guys cheered again. This couldn't get any worse for me. I was going to somehow be forced to strip myself naked in front of six total strangers. I was not just going to be humiliated; Keith was going to make me humiliate myself.  
  
"The problem is we have to find a way to get her to want to get her dress off. You wouldn't want to wiggle you body for us until your dress fell to the floor, would Heather?" Keith asked knowing I craved the most humiliation possible.  
  
Standing with my hands cuffed behind my back and my bare breasts on display, I shook my head no, blushing again to the cheers and cat calls of the guys.  
  
"Then, we'll have to do something to encourage you." he said as the vibrator in my pussy came to life.  
  
"Oooohhhhh." I whimpered fighting to stay still despite the flurry of activity inside my little hole. I found that I could press my cuffed hands against my back at the very top of my ass. This trapped my dress between my hands and the top of my soft little ass stopping it from falling down my legs and leaving me naked to the crowd of strangers.  
  
"I turned on the vibrator inside Heather's little pussy." Keith announced with a smile. "Once her dress falls around her pretty little feet and we get to see her gloriously naked body, I'll turn it off. I'll turn it up every now and then just so we can see which she fears most; being naked in front of strangers, or cumming in front of them." The guys cheered again now that they knew my dilemma and could watch me suffer.  
  
I could see why Keith didn't mind me holding my dress up. The longer I kept the dress on, the longer he could torture me. He also knew that, being the masochist that I am, I would try to prolong my torture as long as I could.  
  
Keith moved around beside me, so I could see the remote that controlled my punishment in his hand. The guys continued to comment on my body, my naked breasts that were on display, and the parts of me that were presently hidden. The comments and catcalls were all flattering. If you consider having your breasts being called perky, your ass being called 'spankable', and hearing how they would love to have your legs wrapped around their waist -- or head -- flattering. I, for one, did find it exciting, which added to my humiliation and made it even harder to try and stay still while enduring the activity between my legs.   
  
After a few minutes of watching me struggle to keep my body still, Keith held up the remote and pressed a button and the vibrator inside me seemed to vibrate twice as fast.  
  
"Ohhhh, please master, noooooo." I moaned wiggling my tortured pussy, much to the enjoyment of the assembled crowd. I couldn't help it. I couldn't stay still even though I knew every time I moved my breasts quivered and my body wiggled giving the guys even more ideas about what they would like to do to me. Some, most, of the things they were suggesting were as humiliating as being stripped in front of six strange men.  
  
Even holding my dress up with my cuffed hands, I was wriggling so much that it started to slip exposing my belly button and an inch or two of soft, flat belly below it. Not a big deal under normal conditions. But these were far from normal conditions, and every inch of skin exposed was a victory for my audience.  
  
The comments now included my little inney belly button and what they would like to do with it. The guys were quite inventive and suggested using their tongues, Tina's tongue (that really got to me), various fingers and body parts, and their cum to fill that little hole in the center of my belly.  
  
I was so turned on that I was dripping and almost let the dress fall, but I wanted my torture and humiliation to continue; to see how long I could stand Keith's torture and what more he would do to me.  
  
I didn't have long to wait. The vibrator's speed increased to a speed higher than I ever felt before. I screamed and whimpered and there was no chance that I could stay still with that thing dancing in my belly. I could hear it vibrating and if the guys quieted down, I was sure they would hear it, too, but they were cheering and taunting me as they watch my hips wiggling out of control and my bare breasts bouncing.  
  
Keith was smiling that smile at me. He loved tormenting and humiliating me as much as I loved having it done to me. Being in public and in front of strangers was new and exciting, but it was scary, too. Would Keith be able to protect me if the guys decided they all wanted to fuck me?   
  
I was wiggling and bouncing and shaking in a most unladylike fashion. With my hands cuffed behind my back, I was able to keep my dress from falling off, but I was not able to hide the parts of my body the dress didn't cover. Keith made sure I stayed facing the table so the guys always had the best view of the show my body was putting on.  
  
I was moaning and gasping as much from the torture Keith was inflicting on me as from the obscene suggestions from the guys watching. It was as bad as the crowd when Keith made me dance on the pole. I don't think some of the things they shouted that they wanted to do to me were even possible. Either way, my new problem, as Keith had predicted, was that I was getting very close to cuming, and Keith knew it.  
  
He held up the remote again and I begged, "Pleeeeeaasse master, no faster. I can't help it; I'll cum if you make it go faster." This, of course, got the guys cheering again telling Keith to go for it. I couldn't imagine how humiliating this was going to be; cuming in front of these strangers, almost naked, with my hands cuffed behind my back.  
  
I watched Keith's thumb move on the remote, but the vibrator didn't speed up; I got a shock to my pussy that had me screaming, shaking and jumping from one high heeled foot to the other high heeled foot, back and forth, for a good fifteen seconds.  
  
Somehow, I managed to hold onto the waist of my dress. I was gasping for breath and in tears now. "Please master, no more, I can't stand anymore. My poor pussy can't take anymore."  
  
"All you have to do," Keith said just loud enough for everyone to hear, "is let the dress fall so everyone can see your naked body." The guys started cheering again, but I didn't let the dress fall. He knew I was in full submissive mode now, and he would really have to 'make' me let the dress fall.  
  
He hesitated, and then pushed the button turning the vibrator on full. "Noooooo, oh please nooooooo." I cried. I knew the guys could hear vibrator. It felt like a wild animal inside my pussy trying to get out. You could see my tight little belly shaking from the intruder inside me, and this was not lost on the guys watching my humiliation.  
  
Keith came behind me, gripping my upper arms with his hands. He knows me so well. He knew I couldn't hold back the orgasm that was crashing towards me. He knew I wouldn't be able to stay standing when it hit, especially with my hands cuffed behind my back, and he wouldn't let me fall and possibly hurt myself. But, knowing Keith, he also didn't want me to collapse to the ground and have the guys miss watching me have a huge orgasm just to add to my humiliation.  
  
Everything seemed to happen at once. I let go of the waist of my dress and it started to fall. It clung to the widest part of my hips for a second and then slid down my legs leaving me in front of six strangers, not to mention Phil and Tina, in my four inch high heels and nude, thigh high stockings.  
  
I could hear the guys yelling things about my naked body -- they loved my shaved and very wet pussy -- as the giant orgasm crashed into me. I screamed and cried and thrashed against Keith's strong hands, but he held me on display making my most personal moment a public event. The humiliation washed over me as another orgasm crashed into me and I could still feel the vibrator reverberating in my now exposed, shaved little pussy. Keith had not turned it off.  
  
Another orgasm was rushing at me and I couldn't catch my breath enough to beg Keith, who was still holding me up for all to see, to turn off the source of my torment. I could hear the guys talking about how wet something was, and I realized they were talking about me. The insides of my thigh were soaked, and I could feel my cum running out of my over stimulated pussy.  
  
"No more. No more." I begged, squirming and shaking my naked and out of control body as another orgasm was bearing down on me. The guys were cheering and saying how they wanted to fuck me, in various ways and combinations, and how beautiful I was when I was cumming.   
  
"Oh god, no. Oh, no, please, not again." I wailed as I came again to the delight of the crowd watching me. I was totally spent now and I knew I couldn't stay conscious through another orgasm.  
  
I was moaning and begging for mercy, getting excited listening to the heckling from the guys watching my humiliation. They had no problem expressing what they wanted to do to me, and they had suggestions for more torture for Keith to inflict on me.  
  
I didn't think I could stand anymore teasing when the vibrator between my legs started to slow down and finally stop while Keith leaned me back against his strong chest. I started to recover my senses as I felt him hold the back of my naked body against him. He didn't make any move to uncuff my hands from behind my back, so body was still on display for the guys.   
  
"Are you all right, Kitten?" Keith whispered in my ear.  
  
"Oh yes, master." I answered so only he could hear and I wiggled my bare ass against his hard cock inside his pants.  
  
"I still haven't tamed you yet, I see." he whispered again, grinding his big cock between my bare ass cheeks causing me to moan again.  
  
Keith lifted me straight up, I keep forgetting how strong he is, taking my feet off of the ground as Tina took my dress, which was lying around my ankles, off of the floor. He gently set me down again on my high heeled shoes helping me get my balance so I could stand on my own.  
  
I was naked and embarrassed, hands still cuffed behind my back, and still on display for the guys, as Keith moved next to me; helping me stand with a hand around my upper arm. "Gentlemen," he announced, "I want to thank you, on behalf of Heather, for taking the time to enjoy her body and her little performance." The guys cheered and I blushed again. Keith was making it sound like the guys had done me a favor by dancing with me, feeling me up, making me cum, watching me stripped naked and then cum -- several times -- while I was tied up.  
  
"There is one more thing I would like you to do." he continued.   
  
'Oh no,' I thought standing naked in front of six strange men, 'what more can he do to me?'  
  
"Earlier this evening, Heather offered to perform a task for me that I had not even thought of. I have decided to permit her to perform this task for me, and I would like you all to accompany us while she does it."  
  
My head was clear by now, but I couldn't imagine what he was talking about. I ran through the night again in my head, and then again, when suddenly it hit me. 'Oh no,' I thought, 'he wouldn't make me do that. He couldn't... yes,' I shuddered, 'he could.'  
  
"We had just left the restaurant." he began.  
  
It wasn't enough to make me do what I offered in a moment of blind lust, he was going to tell everyone the whole story. I turned bright red. This was even more humiliating than being made to stand naked in front of these guys while they ogled my body thinking about doing god knows what to me.  
  
"We had just left the restaurant and Heather was very, uhm...excited. We went around to the side of the restaurant where I made her cum. You've seen how excited she gets when she cums."

The guys all laughed, remembering the humiliating exhibition Keith had made me put on for them a few minutes ago. I, on the other hand, was blushing from the tops of my bare breasts to the top of my head. I turned my head and looked up at Keith and whispered, "Oh please, don't make me do this...please don't let everyone watch me do this."  
  
Keith leaned down and kissed my cheek. "She's so anxious." he said as though I had just begged him to hurry up.  
  
"After she came," he continued to my shame, "I wanted to come here for a drink, and she wanted me to... how did she say it? Oh, yes, take her home and fuck her." More cheers from the guys and I got even redder if that was possible.  
  
"I told her that I would, right after a drink or two." After more cheers, he continued, "That's when she made the offer that I wish to accept now."  
  
Except for the moan that escaped from me as I hung my head down in shame, the room was quiet.  
  
"She offered to walk naked through the lobby and out to the car, no matter how cold it was, if I would take her home and fuck her." Keith paused for effect and then finished with, "Since I intend to take her home and fuck her, I would like you all come along with us as she walks through the lobby and out to the car naked."  
  
There were cheers and applause and I heard one guy say he couldn't wait to see how hard my nipples got when I went outside. It was really cold outside when we arrived at the lodge, and that was four hours ago. I was afraid to think how cold it was now, but I would soon find out.   
  
I was so humiliated I hung my head in shame. But, if I was so humiliated, why was my pussy wet and tingling again?  
  
Phil appeared with our coats and helped Tina on with hers. Keith, Phil and the guys put on their coats and Keith picked up my coat and my heart skipped a beat. Maybe he was going to put it around me and I would be naked under the coat. But no, he was just teasing me. He folded the coat and gave it to Tina to put over her arm along with my dress and carry them out to the car.  
  
Everyone zipped and buttoned their coats and Keith took me by the arm and led me toward the door. With my back to the guys, they got their first really good look at my naked ass jiggling atop my long stockinged legs and four inch heels. Judging from their comments, my puckered little asshole was added high on the list of places they all wanted to put their dicks.  
  
The bartender was standing at the door. At Keith's request, he had locked the door shortly after the last couple had left. Keith stopped, with me in front of the bartender, and told me to thank him for the use of his lounge.  
  
"Thank you, sir, for the use of your lovely lounge" I said smiling politely at the bartender.  
  
"You're very welcome, my dear." he said as he reached out and rubbed his fingers along my shaved wet pussy. I shuddered and moaned, surprised at how excited I was so soon after all the horrible things Keith had made me do.  
  
The bartender unlocked the door and opened it for us. We entered the huge lobby with me, naked, in the lead and Keith right next to me. The six guys were right behind us, obviously enjoying my humiliation... and watching my long stockinged legs and jiggling little ass cheeks, with Phil and Tina bringing up the rear.  
  
It was a little cooler in the lobby than it had been in the lounge, and my nipples stiffened a little and I could feel the wetness between my legs get cold. It hit me that I would soon be outside, naked, in the cold. As we started across the lobby, two men came toward us walking in the opposite direction. They both smiled at me with their eyes going up and down my naked body, taking in every inch of my exposed womanly charms. I never felt so naked in my life.  
  
"Please, sir," I whispered, "don't make me do this. It's so cold outside. You can do anything you want to me when we get back to the cabin. You can fuck me in front of Phil and Tina."   
  
There was no answer from Keith, but I could see the corners of his mouth turn up in a little smile. Was that because he enjoyed what he was doing to me, or was he thinking of other things to do to me, or was I getting to him by offering myself to him? Either way, I had nothing, literally, to lose.  
  
We continued across the lobby, closer and closer to the front doors, "Please master," I tried again, "You can make me fuck Phil... You can tie me up and let Tina tease me and torture me... O please master, you and Phil can fuck me together... You can fuck me up the ass... master, please don't make me go out in the cold like this."  
  
As we neared the front doors, Keith looked at me with that smile and said, "Isn't asking me to do things to your body what got you in this? You will do what you already offered, but I will keep your requests in mind and try to accommodate you another time."  
  
To my horror, I didn't talk myself out of trouble; I just gave Keith a list of more things to do to me in the future. It seems like that bad little girl inside of me hides closer to the surface than I realized.  
  
A young couple came in the doors we were heading toward and started walking toward us. As we approached each other, the man's eyes were locked on my tits and the woman looked me up and down several times with a little smile on her face. I wasn't sure which one enjoyed my forced exhibition more.  
  
The six guys behind Keith and I were getting excited. I could hear them talking to each other loud enough for me to hear. "It's really cold out there, man, she's going to freeze her ass off." one said. "I sure hope not," replied another, "that little ass is too cute. I hope I get a chance to get my hands on it."  
  
The trash talk continued using my naked body and what they wanted to see or do to me was the main topics. Each humiliating remark got me more excited. It seems like I was a masochist and an exhibitionist.  
  
"I bet her pussy gets so cold she'll beg us to put our hands on it just to keep it warm."; "The cold is going to make her nipples so hard..."; "I want to fuck her in the snow."  
  
Each remark got me a little more excited, and a little more nervous, not knowing how far Keith was going to make me go with these strange men.  
  
We got to the front doors and Keith pulled one open and the cold air hit my naked body. I hesitated at the door, "Ohhhhhhh, master, no, please it's so cold out there. Please have mercy on me." I cried out as he guys cheered at my torture and humiliation.  
  
Keith, holding my upper arm, led me out into the freezing cold parking lot. Fortunately, there was practically no wind, but every little breeze, even just walking, naked as I was, through the cold air made me moan and gasp and cry out.  
  
We got to Phil's car and I was freezing and shivering. Phil unlocked the car, opened the door for Tina, helped her in, walked around to the driver's side, got in and started up the car, while I stood covered in goose bumps and shivering. Keith unclipped the cuffs releasing my hands. He opened the rear door of the car, but stood in the way so I couldn't get in.  
  
"Master, I'm so cold." I begged, "May I please get in the car?"  
  
"Of course," Keith replied, "first, say goodbye and thank you to our new friends. Perhaps give them each a hug and a kiss."  
  
The guys hooted and cheered behind me. Keith was going to let each guy get one last feel of my now completely naked and freezing body. The look on my face showed him the effect the cold was having on my naked body, and how excited his last little torment was making me. My eyes begged him for mercy, and thanked him for knowing me well enough to push me just a little further. His eyes and his smile told me that he understood what my face was telling him.  
  
I turned to thank the guys as a gentle breeze passed. Unfortunately for me, a gentle breeze in below freezing weather on my naked body caused me to gasp and shiver. I could feel my nipples stand up higher and get even harder in the cold breeze and I was sure my pussy juices, coating the insides of my thighs and my shaved mound, would freeze before Keith let me into the warmth of the car.  
  
One of the guys grabbed me and pulled me against him crushing my naked body against his cold leather coat. I cried out as he took one of my smooth little ass cheeks in each of his hands and squeezed as he kissed me. His warm hands on my cold little ass and his cold leather coat on my bare breasts made me moan. I think he believed it was his kiss that made me moan. He smiled and quickly passed me off to the next guy.  
  
They each hugged me and explored my naked body at will as they kissed me goodbye. My breasts were cupped and stroked, my nipples were tweaked and pinched, my ass was squeezed, my belly and hips were caressed, my shaved pussy was fondled and my wet little hole was probed. No part of me was left unexplored with the exception of my puckered little asshole, which Keith stopped them from penetrating.  
  
As Jack, the last of the guys to say goodbye was getting his last feel of my soft young body, I heard one of the guys say, "How could she be naked, out here in the freezing cold, and the inside of her pussy be so hot and wet?" I didn't hear the answer; that was when Jack kissed me as he buried his cold finger in my little pussy making me moan deeply and wiggle my naked body against him.  
  
He loosened his arms, still holding me, and kissed my cheek. "It was so nice to see you again, Heather." he said. "I look forward to seeing you again real soon." He released me and stepped back as Keith took my arm and moved me into the car.   
  
The guys all yelled their goodbyes and waved as Keith closed the door. I could feel that Phil had the car heater on and it was just starting to get hot. I had only been out in the cold for five or six minutes, but being nude and felt up while a variety of fingers invaded my poor little pussy made it seem so much longer.   
  
The heater in the car was felt so good on my cold, naked body. I didn't even mind that the leather seats were cold; they still seemed warmer on my little ass than the cold air outside.  
  
Keith got in the car, closed the door and we pulled away from lodge and the six guys who, I am sure, had the best night of their lives.  
  
Tina passed me my coat and Keith helped me put it on. "Did you have a nice night, Kitten?" he asked softly.  
  
"Oh yes master" I whispered, snuggling up close to him pulling my coat around me.  
  
"I'm glad." he said softly putting his arms around me, "And now, you only have one more thing to do when we get to the cabin."  
  
I knew what was coming. Keith had made me exhibit my most secret parts; get teased, humiliated, tortured, felt up, stripped naked, and made to cum over and over. Now it was his turn; he was going to take me home and fuck me -- long and hard and deep. I couldn't wait.

My Own Heaven Ch. 25

Sunday was the last day of our little vacation, and I started it out, as all good vacation days do, by lying in bed. When I woke up and looked at the clock it was after ten. I couldn't remember the last time I slept this late. Of course, I had a very late and very busy night.  
  
Keith was up, out of bed and, I guess, off doing something already; I didn't even hear him get up. I should have gotten up, too, but the bed felt so comfortable; I just lay in bed and went over what happened -- what was done to me -- the night before.  
  
When we got back to the cabin, Keith was like an animal. That may have been the best part. I love it when he wants me so bad he can't wait and just takes me. Last night he wanted me really bad and he took me... hard -- and more than once. Needless to say, I slept really good.  
  
As I lay in bed, I ran my hands down my body, over my breasts and belly, avoiding my shaved pussy since Keith wasn't in bed with me to finish anything I started, and down over my thighs. I stopped at mid thigh when I realized that I still had my stockings on. I could feel the lacey trim on my thighs where the elastic holds them up. At least, he took the vibrator out of my poor pussy before he fucked me.   
  
Keith took off the white wrist cuffs in the car on the way back to the cabin. At some point, while he was ravaging my defenseless body, he took off my high heels. I'm not sure exactly when that happened. I know the first time he fucked me, I had them on. He bent me over the side of the bed with my little ass in the air and my pussy open and available as he pounded his big cock into me. The high heels gave my little ass just the right 'lift', he told me.  
  
Later, he had me on my back, my legs on his shoulders and I could see my stockinged feet as he drove his cock into my vulnerable, upturned, little pussy. He fucked me so hard, when my orgasm hit me, my toes curled and my legs trembled. I think he fucked me in every possible position, and some that, before last night, I thought were impossible. Just thinking about all that he had done to me, or made me do, had me all warm and tingly again.  
  
As I lay there reminiscing, Keith came into the bedroom and saw that I was up. "Good morning, Kitten." he said, as he sat on the bed and kissed my cheek, "Are you ready for coffee?"  
  
"Mmmm Hmmm" I replied nodding my head and stretching. Keith went to get the coffee and I jumped out of bed and ran into the bathroom where I quickly washed my face and brushed my teeth. I stopped in front of the mirror and looked at my naked body. I decided to leave the stockings on. You never know what Keith has in mind and he likes the feel of my legs in stockings around his waist... or his head.  
  
I jumped back in bed and pulled the covers up over me just in time. Keith came in with a tray holding coffee, mugs, cream and sugar.  
  
I sat up in bed, modestly keeping my naked body covered with the comforter. Silly, I know, when you consider Keith has seen, touched and tasted every inch of my body, but a girl loves the mystique of modesty.  
  
Keith poured us coffee and he handed me a mug and sat on the bed, "Did you have a good time last night?" he asked with that smile on his face.  
  
I giggled, "You know I did."  
  
"Sometimes, it seems like you really want it to stop." Keith said.  
  
"While you're doing things to me, or you're making me do things, sometimes I do -- but at the same time, I don't, and I want you to make me do more. And begging you to stop, or pleading with you not to do something to me, only excites me more when you do it. I can't explain it." I blushed.  
  
"You don't have to explain." he smiled, "As long as you're happy, and you know I'll always protect you."  
  
"Keith," I said, suddenly serious, "that brings up something I need to ask you about."  
  
"Sure, go ahead." he said, picking up on my change of tone.  
  
"I know you'll always protect me, but last night... well, last night we met those guys in the lounge, and there were six of them." I paused to organize my thoughts. "You let them do things to me, and then, you made me strip naked and tortured me and made me cum in front of them."  
  
"Isn't that what you wanted?" he asked, but he didn't seem concerned. "I promised that if I made you let strangers see you... exposed, it would seem accidental or if I let them touch you, it would be people we'll never see again."  
  
"Yes, but these were six strange men." I protested. "I know you'll protect me, but letting those strange men touch me in the most intimate ways. What if they decided to do things to me that we didn't want to happen, I was worried that you wouldn't be able to stop them."  
  
"Oh, Kitten," he whispered, leaning in toward me and kissing my forehead, "I would never put you in a position where you could be injured, or you would be in danger."  
  
"But, Keith," I said, now a little annoyed. "What if they got out of control? Something really bad could have happened."  
  
Keith smiled, which annoyed me even more. "Tina was right." he said with a little nod of his head, "She said you had no idea what was going on, and she was right."  
  
"Right about what; what was going on?" I demanded.  
  
"Clam down, Kitten." he said putting his hand on the covers and gently giving my thigh a little squeeze. "Do you remember Jack?"  
  
"From last night? The professor; the coach for the guy's sailboat team." I answered wondering how all this was connected.  
  
"Yes, he's a college professor, and he does coach the sailboat crew." Keith said. "Tina recognized Jack right away, but we told her not to tell you. Since she figured out they weren't total strangers we didn't do everything to Tina that Phil had planned."  
  
Wow, considering what I saw them doing to Tina last night, and what Keith did to me; I was afraid to think about what else they had planned to do. But, that wasn't important right now. "I met him before? I don't remember him." I said.  
  
"You may have been a bit distracted." he smiled. "Jack was at the poker game, and he was there the night you danced on the pole for me. He may have given you a different name, but he is a member of our little group."  
  
Suddenly, I remembered when Jack kissed me goodbye, he said it was nice to see me 'again' and that he looked forward to seeing me soon. "So they weren't really strangers, they were members of your club?"   
  
"Well, not exactly. Jack is a member of our group, and he is a professor of economics, and the advisor for the sailing club, and the coach of the crew that won the trophy. Didn't you think it was little odd that the school was sending a sailing crew, a summer sport, to a winter ski lodge as a reward for winning a competition?" Keith asked, his little smile growing across his face.  
  
"I didn't even think about it, but now that you say it that way, it is kind of silly. So they are all members of your group." I said feeling relieved.  
  
"No, Jack is a member of the group. The five young men really are a crew from the school's sailing club who probably think they are the luckiest guys in the world this morning. In fact, Phil, Jack and I set up the whole trip; the school had nothing to do with it." Keith laughed.  
  
"So, the five young guys didn't know what was going to happen, and still don't know it was all set up?" I asked finally starting to get the story straight.  
  
"Much like you didn't know, they didn't know. Phil was concerned that you would recognize Jack, but I was sure that when you met Jack before, you were much too... busy to remember him. I can see that I was right."  
  
"And the five college guys had no idea who we were." I said softly, blushing again flashing back to what Keith had me doing the other two times I had 'met' Jack. I was amazed and flattered by the effort Keith and Phil put into fulfilling fantasies for me and Tina.  
  
"Nope and still don't, and never will. But I bet they will spend a lot of time uhm... reliving their evening with you and Tina." he chuckled.  
  
I blushed even more, thinking about those five cute college guys masturbating over me and the things they did to me - and wanted to do to me. "So you had complete control all the time?"  
  
"Absolutely, I would never, ever put you in any position where you weren't completely safe. I'll always be in control of what happens to you." He said softly squeezing my thigh again. "But that doesn't mean I'm not going to keep teasing, torturing and humiliating you."  
  
"Why, Mr. Monroe, just what do you intend to do to me?" I asked, putting the hand holding the covers in front of me to my cheek 'accidently' letting the covers fall into my lap exposing my naked breasts.  
  
Keith took the coffee mug from my hand and put it back on the tray. He moved closer to me and leaned in and kissed me. As I put my arms around his neck he took a nipple between the thumb and finger of each hand and squeezed hard enough to send electric tingles from my nipples to my bare pussy. I moaned into his mouth and wriggled my body, pulling on my tender nipples and making the tingling between my nipples and my pussy intensify.  
  
He released my nipples and I moaned again. With my arms still around his neck, he stood up, pulling me out from under the covers in all my naked glory. He wrapped his arms around me and broke his kiss. "You need to take off those stockings; remember you're not permitted clothes in the cabin. Get yourself ready and come downstairs, Phil and I are making brunch. You still have one more day left in your weekend."  
  
I scrambled off the bed next to him, making sure he got a good look at my naked charms. I got up on tippy toes and kissed him on his cheek making sure that my breasts and naked belly and thighs rubbed up against him, and scampered off towards the bathroom.   
  
I jumped into the shower and washed my hair and my body, especially the places I knew Keith was going to be most interested in using today. I wasn't sore anywhere, which was amazing considering my ass, breasts and pussy were manhandled by six men.  
  
I did my hair and added just a touch of makeup. I considered using makeup on my nipples and pussy lips, just to make them stand out, but I decided to save that for another day. One more check of my naked body in the mirror and I headed downstairs.  
  
The guys were busy in the kitchen and Tina was sitting at the table so I joined her. She was as naked as I was, sitting there drinking coffee like it was the most normal thing in the world. Well for us, it was the most normal thing in the world. When Keith and I were at home alone, I wore just high heels or an occasional special outfit or piece of lingerie, because that's the way Keith liked to see me around the house.  
  
While Keith and Phil were preparing brunch, Tina and I had a chance to talk. "Well, you look none the worse for wear." Tina greeted me smiling.  
  
"You don't look so bad yourself." I laughed. "I understand you escaped some uhm... activities because you recognized Jack."  
  
"That's what Phil said," she replied, "but they didn't tell me what I missed exactly. I'm pretty sure that those college guys would have gone home a lot happier if I didn't tell Phil I recognized Jack."  
  
"You think Phil would have let all of those guys fuck you?" I asked a little surprised.  
  
"I'm pretty sure Phil would have made me fuck all those guys. It's always been a fantasy of mine to be ganged banged by total strangers and, if I didn't recognize Jack, that's what I think Phil had in store for me. Didn't it excite you when you thought those guys were complete strangers?"  
  
"Well, it did, but I was little concerned for our safety, even though I trust Keith to protect me. Keith told me who they were so I kinda got my wish and stayed safe, too." I said with a smile.  
  
"One thing I've learned, they keep our safety and well being their number one priority. They've even called off meetings because of some minor thing we would consider insignificant; they would never let any real harm come to us." She lowered her voice and leaned closer, "Of course, they have something planned for us for this afternoon and I'm sure we won't like it while it's happening to us."  
  
Feeling the butterflies in my belly, but keeping my voice low I asked, "What are they going to do to us? Do you know?"  
  
"I'm not sure, but I overheard them say they were going to set up the equipment while we cleaned up after brunch."  
  
"What equipment?" I asked feeling a little quiver in my naked pussy.  
  
Tina didn't get to answer as the guys came over to the table. Sometimes, I'm not sure if it's better to know what's going to happen to me or not, but I know it's not good to have just a little hint and leave the rest to my imagination. Now, all through brunch, I had to think about what equipment the guys were going to use on us to keep them entertained at our expense this afternoon.  
  
The guys made pancakes and little breakfast sausages, warm croissants, cut up fresh fruits, and, of course, coffee. We talked about how beautiful the lodge was, and I said that I would like to go back there again when I can enjoy it and not worry about keeping my clothes on.  
  
We all laughed and decided that we should come back to the cabin, at least for a weekend or maybe even longer and include at least one trip to the lodge in our itinerary. Keith said that the lodge wasn't the only place to see in the area, we could come up for a week and there would be plenty to do, besides teasing and tormenting us girls, that is. The guys said if they were going to spend a whole week here, they would have to have internet service and phones put in the cabin because they couldn't both be away from the office for a week without communications.  
  
We finished eating and Phil said, "We cooked, so you girls can clean up." The butterflies returned to my flat little belly and I looked at Tina as we got up and went into the kitchen.  
  
As happens every time guys cook, the kitchen was a mess. The meal was wonderful, but they dirtied every pot, pan, utensil and flat surface in the kitchen. We knew the guys would have plenty of time to prepare whatever it was they were going to do to us.   
  
I guess I've gotten used to being naked, because cleaning up the kitchen with Tina, both of us naked, felt perfectly normal. While we worked, I asked Tina about her fantasy of being gang-banged by strangers.  
  
"Phil's made me get gang banged before, a few times, but always with members of their group. While it's happening it's fantastic and horrible at the same time." she said. "I'm naked, with a group of men and they want me, it makes me feel so sexy. On the other hand, they use me any way they please, one after another, or two or three - or more - at one time, and they just keep using me. I feel like a total slut, but, at the same time it's so exciting to have all those guys want my body.   
  
"While it's happening, I'm humiliated, but hearing the men groaning, and the things they say to me, and about me to each other, just excites me so much. I guess it's not for everybody, but I love having so many men want me, even though I'm usually sore for the next few days. Of course, Phil loves watching me, and giving the guys ideas about what to do to me. And then he's so affectionate and gentle with me afterwards, too."  
  
"But, why strangers; does it make a difference if you know the men or not?" I asked, now really curious about this.  
  
"I'm not sure. Maybe it's that with strangers, I don't know them; and they don't know me." she said with a far away look in her eyes. "They would think I'm just Phil's sub being punished or trained as they use my naked, available body for their pleasure.   
  
"That's why last night would have been perfect if I didn't recognize Jack. I would have thought Phil was giving me to six guys we didn't know, and five of them would have thought the same thing. They could have done what they wanted with me, and I would have had to just endure whatever they did. I know I've loved it when Phil has made me do it with guys in their group, I guess strangers would add the element of the unknown."  
  
I wasn't sure about the part about being with strangers, but the part about being made available to a group of guys got me thinking. I guess it was like Tina said; being the object of desire, lust actually, of a bunch of guys was exciting. I wasn't sure Keith wanted to do anything like that to me, but if he did, I think I would like to try it.  
  
The kitchen was done and we went into the den where the fireplace was roaring and the guys had, indeed, set up some equipment. There were two adjustable silver poles that looked like coat racks, except that each of them had a big thick plastic bag filled with soapy water hanging from the top. Each bag had to hold at least a gallon of water (I later learned it was a gallon and a half). At the foot of each pole was an ottoman from in front of one of the chairs in the den.  
  
Closer to the fireplace was a contraption made of the same type silver poles. At the top, about shoulder high for me and Tina, was what looked like wide bicycle handle bars. Below this, at about waist high, was a fat leather pad about eighteen inches wide by about six inches high and four inches thick, attached to the main pole by another silver pole making the pad stick out about a foot or so from the main pole. The base had two long poles about six inches off the ground extending about two feet on either side of the main pole.  
  
We didn't get a close look at the thing by the fireplace; Phil and Keith took us toward the coat rack looking things. I stood with the ottoman at my feet with the pole to my right and looked over to Tina by the other ottoman about ten feet away. Phil was putting wrist cuffs on her and she had a scared look on her pale face.  
  
Keith took my arm and started to put my black wrist cuffs on my wrists and while he was doing this, I looked closer at the silver pole with the big plastic bag at the top. That was when I noticed hose leading from the plastic bag with the nozzle on the end shaped like a little cock with a big head. I knew why Tina was pale and looked so scared, the guys were going to give us enemas, and from the looks of the size of those bags, they were really going to clean us out.  
  
Tina was talking to Phil. I couldn't hear exactly what she was saying, but I knew she was begging him not to do this to her. I turned to Keith to try to talk him out of this when I heard Phil say, "We need to clean you out for what we have planned to do to you this afternoon."  
  
'Oh my god,' I thought to myself, 'the enema wasn't the plan, it was only the preparation for what they planned to do to us.'  
  
Keith locked my wrists behind my back, a position I was getting used to. I softly asked, "Please sir, what are you going to do to me?"  
  
He stood behind me and leaned his face close to my ear and whispered, "I'm going to give you a nice big enema. Three enemas actually, one soapy one to clean you out, one just for fun, and the last one to oil you up inside. Then, I'm going to take something you've been offering to me for the last month or so."  
  
I gasped and my mind reeled at what Keith had planned for me -- and not just three very large enemas. Keith was going to thoroughly clean out my ass with lots and lots of water, and then he was finally going to fuck me up the ass with his huge cock. My puckered little asshole tightened and quivered just thinking what Keith had in store for it. Little did I know, his huge cock up my ass and Phil's cock up Tina's ass was only part of what they had planned for us.

Keith put me on my knees and bent me over pressing my bare breasts into the ottoman with my hands cuffed behind my back, my ass, his target for the afternoon, in the air. I looked over at Tina, she was in the same position, but Phil had his fingers between the cheeks of her ass. Seconds later, I could feel Keith's fingers between my ass cheeks applying cold slippery lubricant to my puckered asshole.  
  
Phil had the cock shaped nozzle at the end of hose from the huge plastic bag over Tina's head in his hand. I could imagine Keith behind me, preparing to shove the nozzle from my bag up my little asshole. Tina screamed as Phil pushed the nozzle up her poor little ass in one push, but once it was buried in her, she moaned and wiggled her ass in the air.  
  
Keith put the head of my nozzle against my tight little hole. I gasped and whimpered as the head of the artificial cock pressed against my poor little hole and I cried out as it stretched my tight little hole and pushed into my rear. He pushed it in slowly, not like Phil had done to Tina, and it was uncomfortable more than it hurt.   
  
Keith had pushed the head of his cock into my ass once before and his cock was much, much bigger than this nozzle. Of course, Keith came as soon as the head of his cock penetrated my virgin ass; he said that I was so tight and my little ass cheeks wiggled so much he couldn't help himself. I was so horny at the time, I came just feeling his come shooting into my ass, but I was disappointed that I didn't get to feel his cock all the way inside of me. He promised then that I would get to feel his cock up my ass and now he was going to thoroughly clean out my cute little ass and fulfill that promise this afternoon.  
  
He pushed the cock/nozzle deep into my ass until it was firmly seated and though I tried, I couldn't push it out. Much like a butt plug, this nozzle narrowed near the base so my own tight little sphincter would hold my tormentor in place.  
  
I looked over at Tina and she had her eyes closed and a smile on her face. She was wiggling her cute bare little ass in the air and Phil hadn't even turned on the water yet. I guess they wanted to start our enemas at the same time. I looked up at the big plastic bag and I hoped that Keith didn't expect all of that water to fit inside me.  
  
I saw Phil adjusting the silver pole, raising the bag connected to Tina's asshole and I looked back at Keith, who was doing the same thing. I guess he saw the puzzled look on my face. He smiled saying, "The higher the bag is, the more pressure the water has as it goes up your ass. More pressure means more water goes into your little belly."  
  
I'm not sure if that is true or not, but it was enough to make wonder just how much of that bag of soapy water did he intend to force inside of me. I didn't get to think long; he flicked the clip on the hose and the water did, indeed, start pouring into my poor little ass.  
  
I couldn't hold back the groan as the warm, almost hot, soapy water filled my intestines. I heard Tina squeal and I looked over to see Phil with his fingers between Tina's legs. Her beautiful ass was dancing in the air with the hose sticking out of it as Phil teased her shaved and defenseless pussy.  
  
I was about as full of soapy water as I thought I could be, but Keith had other thoughts. The water seemed to slow down, but I could still feel it filling every available space in my stomach. I was starting to get cramps and Keith reached under me with both hands and gently massaged my belly easing the cramps a little and allowing even more water to flow into my overfilled little ass. Now I know why he made me rest my breasts on the ottoman instead of my belly.  
  
I tucked my head under and looked down past my hanging breasts and was shocked to see how distended my belly was. I looked up at the bag; it looked to be almost half empty and I was beginning to sweat, both from the pressure being put on my tortured asshole and belly and the warmth of the water.   
  
The cramps were really starting to get bad, and I was just going to beg Keith to stop when he stopped the water going up my ass. I looked over at Tina and she had taken more water than I had. Phil was helping her to stand up when Keith wrapped his hands around my upper arms and lifted me to my feet.  
  
The warm soapy water shifted inside me. I could hear it gurgling and bubbling in my belly and I really had to go to the bathroom. Not only from the soapy water Keith had pumped up my little ass, but from the pressure on my kidneys, too. I really wished I didn't drink that extra cup of coffee. If it wasn't for the nozzle stuck in my rear hole, I knew there was no way I could hold it in.  
  
I looked down at my belly and moaned, "Oh my goooodddd." My belly was sticking out and I looked like I was six months pregnant. I looked over at Tina and, although Phil had forced more water up her ass than Keith did mine, her belly wasn't sticking out quite as far as mine. I guess I needed to do more work on my abs if this was going to be on Keith's "things to do to my sub list".  
  
Keith disconnected the hose to my nozzle/butt plug; apparently the water could go in, but not come out. This didn't help my situation any as the soapy water gurgled and churned in my belly and the cramps were getting worse. Keith turned me to face him; he kissed me and tweaked both of my nipples. I didn't realize how sensitive they were until the tingles ran down past my excited bare pussy to my painted little toes.  
  
He reached behind me and unclipped my wrist cuffs and whispered, "You have twenty minutes to empty yourself and get back here bent over the ottoman for your second enema."   
  
I hesitated a second while what he said sank in. He swatted my bare over-filled ass as I started running, as best as I could with a belly full of warm soapy water, toward the steps for our bathroom. I wrapped my arms around my protruding belly and the more I ran the worst the cramps got.   
  
I got into the bathroom and realized I was going to have to pull the butt plug out on my own if I wanted relief. Considering how bad the cramps were, it was a no brainer. I slowly pulled the plug out of my little rear hole as I sat on the toilet; leave it to Keith to find subtle ways for me to torture and humiliate myself. The warm soapy water gushed out of my ass and the feeling of relief was overwhelming as I watched my swollen little belly go back to its' normal flatness.  
  
It seemed like the water and the cramps would never stop, but finally they both did. I quickly cleaned myself up and as I walked through the bedroom, I realized I had no idea how long I had been in the bathroom. When I came through the bedroom, full of warm soapy water, the time was not foremost on my mind.  
  
I ran downstairs and Tina was standing next to Phil and her refilled, big, plastic bag of water. Her hands were again cuffed behind her back and she was looking at the floor but she looked up as I ran over to Keith.  
  
Keith looked at his watch, "Twenty-eight minutes." he said solemnly.  
  
"I'm sorry sir, I did know how long I was up in the..."   
  
He held up his hand and shook his head, "We have been waiting eight minutes for you, the reason you are late is unimportant. Turn around, bend over and place your hands on the ottoman without bending your knees."  
  
I did as I was told as Keith walked over to a table and picked up a wooden paddle not unlike the paddle we used as kids that had a rubber band and little red ball attached. Keith's paddle had no rubber band or ball, and I knew what was going to be red when he was done.  
  
"I think on stroke for each minute will remind you to be on time, don't you agree?" he asked coming behind me and running his hand over my upturned ass.  
  
"Yes, sir." I whimpered, knowing that trying to talk myself out of my punishment would only get me more punishment.  
  
He alternated cheeks of my ass with each stroke. I started out moaning with each one, but by number five, I was crying out as the paddle warmed my ass.  
  
After the eighth stroke, he stood me up reattached my wrist cuffs behind my back without giving me a chance to rub my very warm little butt. He put me back down on my knees and bent me over the ottoman like I was for my first enema and applied the cold lube to my puckered asshole.  
  
He picked up the nozzle/butt plug and I saw that it was not the same one he had used before; I had left that one up in the bathroom. This one was a little longer and wider, but it still had the indention at the base to lock it in place in my poor little ass.  
  
I heard Tina cry out and I looked over to where she was; Phil had again filled her ass in one push. I felt my intruder rub against my rear hole and push slowly into me. It was wider and longer and my tight little asshole knew it. They were using progressively bigger enema nozzles to stretch us for their cocks.   
  
When my new, bigger intruder was firmly seated in my ass, Keith stood me up facing him. I could feel the hose running from between my ass cheeks and it was a humiliating feeling knowing that I was connected to the big plastic bag now refilled to capacity. Keith adjusted the pole on the stand so the bag was as high as he could get it. I noticed moisture on the outside of the bag and didn't remember seeing that before.  
  
Keith put his arms around me and held me gently against his big hard chest, one hand on the small of my back and one hand on my warm red little ass cheeks. I laid the side of my face against his chest and I could see Tina standing with Phil's arms around her.  
  
Phil reached out with one hand and flicked the clip on the hose running from Tina's ass to the bag above her. He quickly put his arms around and she stiffened, and then suddenly started squirming against him, "Ooooohh, Noooooo. Please sir, not that, Pleeeeeaaasseee." she cried.  
  
Before the scene registered in my mind, I felt Keith's hand move and I immediately began a dance of my own. "Ohhhhhh myyyyy Goooodddd, Master, Noooooo. Please make it stop." I wailed. I squirmed and wriggled against him, hands tied behind my back, rubbing my naked body against him. He had filled the bag with icy cold water, and the icy cold water was quickly filling my ass.  
  
He held me close against him and I could feel his cock growing against my swelling belly as I gasped and begged for mercy. He held my hair at the back of my head, turned my face up to his and kissed me, his tongue probing my open mouth, as I couldn't help but rub against his big cock. He moaned softly; he was enjoying my predicament, my humiliation, my torture.  
  
His moan of pleasure, his hard cock against my belly and his control of my body excited me. Even though my ass was freezing and my flat belly was growing as the water filled me, my nipples got painfully hard, my breasts ached for his hands, and my shaved little pussy was wet.  
  
He stopped kissing me and I thought my belly was going to explode. I looked up at him and there was that look on his face; lust, pure lust. He wanted me bad, as bad as I wanted him; but I knew he would torture me and make me beg before he took his satisfaction.  
  
He put his lips to my nipple and I gasped; I gasped again as he gently sucked on the hard little button on the tip of my breast. I moaned as he changed breasts and I gasped again as he started to suck. I realized that each time I gasped, I took a deep breath and the icy water flowed deeper into my belly. He was using my own uncontrollable sexual responses against me.  
  
I tried to shake my breast loose from his lip, but he only used his teeth to hold onto my hard little nipple. I gasped again and I could feel the water move even higher in my belly. I was lost; the cramps were clawing at my insides, my belly was gurgling and rumbling, I was shivering from the ice cold water filling my body, but my shaved pussy was so wet that it was leaking onto the insides of my bare thighs.  
  
He stood up and held me, naked, against him. I was moaning and kissing Keith's shirt covered chest when suddenly the water stopped. I looked at Keith and then up at the plastic bag that was connected to my submissive ass. I had taken about half of the water that was in the bag -- three quarts of cold water. I was sure the gurgling and rumbling in my belly could be heard clear across the room where Tina was standing in Phil's arms begging, "Please, please, please, please." over and over again.  
  
Keith reached behind me and released the hose from the nozzle/cock that he had shoved up my ass. He kissed me softly on my trembling lips then whispered, "Twenty minutes; if you're late, two strokes on that cute little ass for each minute."  
  
I went up on tiptoe, something I immediately regretted as the cramps returned with a vengeance, and kissed Keith on his cheek. I needed to let him know that I was his and he could make me do what ever he wanted. I ran for the bathroom, bent over with my arms holding my swollen stomach, hoping the plug up my ass would hold back the water until I got there.  
  
I squatted over the toilet and reached between my legs and carefully pulled the bigger butt plug out of my ass. I tried to stop it, but as soon as the plug was out the water gushed out of my ass. This time, the cold water stung my puckered ass hole and the crack of my little ass and my ass cheeks were treated to an icy cold spray. I didn't know which was worse, holding in the cold water, or feeling it freeze my delicate rear parts.  
  
Every time I thought my ass had given up all the water Keith had made me take, more water gushed out of me. The cramps and the water finally stopped and I quickly cleaned up and ran downstairs hoping the twenty minutes had not expired. The first thing I saw was Tina, bent over holding her ankles with her legs slightly spread. I could see her shaved pussy was wet and Phil was standing behind her holding the wooden paddle. If she was late, I knew I was going to get my ass reddened, too.  
  
"Six minutes late," Phil said, "that's twelve strokes."   
  
Tina was crying out and begging from the first stroke. Phil seemed to be hitting her a lot harder than Keith hit me and I hoped that trend continued. Of course, Tina has been into this a lot longer than me and I wondered if she needed more 'stimulation' to achieve the same level of response.  
  
Tina's ass cheeks were a warm red when Phil finished with her twelve strokes with the paddle. There were tears in her eyes, but a smile on her face; she loved being teased and tortured. Phil handed the paddle to Keith, and Keith turned to me, "Nine minutes late, that's eighteen strokes."  
  
I gasped, even though I tried to be brave. Eighteen stokes with the wooden paddle on my poor little ass, followed by another enema. He indicated I turn facing the ottoman and bend over. I did as I was told, legs straight and slightly spread, hands on the ottoman and my cute little ass in the air.  
  
"You are not to move out of the position you're in." he said, "If you move, we start again."   
  
Before I could even think about what he said, the paddle smacked against my left ass cheek, followed immediately by one to my right ass cheek. They weren't even close to being as hard as the swats Phil gave Tina; in fact, they weren't even as hard as the first set he gave me about a half an hour ago.   
  
He did, however, give me all eighteen without stopping. I wiggled my ass to try to stop the heat he was generating on my backside but it didn't help. Even with Keith holding back, my poor little ass was on fire when he finally stopped. Just like before, he didn't give me a chance to rub my sore little ass. He stood me up, locked my wrists behind my back and put my face and chest on the ottoman with my bright red and burning ass up in the air begging to be abused.  
  
He coated my puckered little rosebud with the cold lube, I think they must keep it in the refrigerator just to add to our torment, and slid one of his big fingers inside me. I moaned and turned to look back and that's when I saw it.  
  
On the end of the hose attached to my refilled six quart enema bag, was a nozzle/butt plug even bigger than the one he had used last time. It wasn't as big as Keith's cock, but it wasn't much smaller. I stared at it until Keith took it in his hand and I knew where it was headed. I tensed up my ass and legs; I couldn't help it. Keith laid his hand on my tender ass, leaned over and whispered, "Relax you body, Kitten, you know I'll try to be gentle with you, it will hurt less if you relax."  
  
I made myself relax and Keith, true to his word, 'gently' shoved that big plug up my little asshole. It hurt when he pushed the head in and I whimpered pitifully, but after that, I just felt my rear get very full as the plug seated itself inside my body. I didn't think there'd be room for any water.  
  
As I laid there, my poor ass impaled, I remembered that Keith said that there would be some kind of oil in this enema to make it easier to push his cock up my ass. As soon as I thought of Keith's huge cock up my ass, I started to worry. How was that cock ever going to fit in my little ass? I've wanted him to butt fuck me, even if it hurt, ever since the day in the shower when he put the head of his cock in my ass and we both came too fast because we were so excited, but I was still scared.  
  
My thoughts were interrupted by warm, almost hot water pumping up my ass. "Oooohhhh, god." I moaned wiggling my bare ass in the air. I looked over at Tina and she looked so sexy, hands cuffed behind her back, bent over the ottoman, with her freshly spanked ass in the air and the hose running from her ass to the big plastic bag hanging over her.  
  
I realized I looked just like Tina, so I began wiggling my ass in the air and moaning as the warm oily water filled my belly. The moaning was for real, my belly was really full, but I wiggled my ass as sexily as I could just to tease Keith. He was giving me three enemas and then he was going to fuck me up the ass; what did I have to lose? Little did I know...  
  
I looked back and up at the bag, I had already taken as much as, if not more than, Keith made me take the last two times. The cramps were getting really bad and my belly was really pushing out. On the other hand, my nipples were tingling and my shaved little pussy was dripping onto my naked thighs. How could something that hurt so bad and was so humiliating get me so excited?  
  
I spread my legs a little more and wiggled my ass making sure Kith got a good look at my wet pussy and moaned, "Please, Master, no more water up my ass. Please, I'm going to explode." He reached under me and gently massaged my distended belly with one hand while he teased and played with my open pussy and swollen clit with the other.  
  
I thought I was going to die I was so excited. Just like before, every time he made me gasp, more water pushed up my ass. I was sweating again from the hot, oily, water up my ass and the fire Keith was fanning between my legs.  
  
My body was so overloaded I started to get light headed. Before I got to say anything, the water stopped and Keith took his hands from my eager pussy. I pushed my ass up a little high and opened my legs a little more, my open pussy searching for Keith's fingers.  
  
Keith wrapped his hands around my upper arms and stood me up. He turned me to face him and I saw that Tina was still on her knees, begging Phil to please stop the water. Her bag was almost empty. I looked at my bag as Keith disconnected the hose from the big cock/nozzle up my ass; I had taken almost a gallon of warm oily water up my ass.  
  
I leaned against Keith, rubbing my breasts across his hard stomach. I wanted him to hold me almost as much as I wanted to run to the bathroom. He kissed my lightly on my lips and said, "Thirty minutes, try to get as much water out of you as you can."  
  
He unclipped my wrist cuffs and gave me loving swat on my bare ass as I ran for the steps to the bathroom and relief for my poor little ass. I ran upstairs for the bathroom, and I could feel the big butt plug and the warm oily water moving around inside of me.

As I slowly pulled the big plug out of my stretched asshole, I could feel it moving inside me. My pussy tingled as I wondered if Keith's huge cock was going to give me the same feelings. As much as I feared my first anal fucking, I couldn't wait for it to happen.  
  
The plug popped out of my ass and the water gushed out of me and I couldn't stop it. It seemed to go on forever; I couldn't believe Keith had pumped that much water into me. The water came out clear, with the exception of the oil that I could feel on my sore little ass.  
  
When the water and oil finally stopped, I cleaned myself up and started downstairs to offer myself for Keith's pleasure, and, I hoped, mine.

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I have to admit, as I walked down the stairs to where Keith was waiting for me, I was afraid. Even though he had cleaned me out with what seemed like gallons of water -- three times -- and used bigger and bigger plugs up my ass to stretch me out each time, I still had butterflies in my stomach. I've wanted him to fuck me up the ass ever since that day in the shower, but I still couldn't imagine his big, fat cock all the way up my little ass. As usual, I would depend on Keith to keep me safe... and I did have my safe word.  
  
Other than the butterflies, my stomach felt completely empty. No surprise there considering how much water had been pumped into and flushed out of me. Looking back, being made to take the enemas was humiliating, but exciting. Keith teased and excited me with his fingers while I was bent over the ottoman with my wrists cuffed behind my back, and my ass filling with water. Holding me against him while the cold water pumped up inside me was erotic and fed right into my submissive and masochistic sides.  
  
I got to the bottom of the stairs and the first thing I noticed was that the poles with the big plastic bags of water were gone. The other thing, with all the silver poles, had been moved to the center of the room right in front of the fire place. I still couldn't figure out exactly how it was going to be used, but I was sure I was going to become intimately familiar with it very soon.  
  
Tina wasn't down yet, which surprised me since she was down before me after each enema. Keith came up to me and led me to one of the chairs and had me sit down. I gasped as the cold leather touched my bare ass, but Keith put his hand on my shoulder to keep my bare little ass on the cold leather. I wiggled and whined but it was more to excite Keith than because of my discomfort.  
  
Tina came down the stairs as I stopped wiggling. Phil led Tina to the other chair, and she gasped, too, at the cold leather on her cute, naked ass.  
  
Keith knelt in front of me and started to put the ankle cuffs on me that matched the ones on my wrists. Phil was doing the same thing to Tina and now the butterflies were going crazy in my flat little belly. Whatever they had planned, we were going to be held in place and unable to move or resist.  
  
When the cuffs were in place, Keith had me stand and walk to the thing in the center of the room. As I said before, it consisted of silver metal poles and two leather pads, one on each side of the main pole going up and down the center.  
  
As we got to the device, Keith took me in his arms and I thought he was going to lock my wrist cuffs behind my back but he didn't. He kissed me softly and deeply and I could feel my pussy lips get damp. "I've been looking forward to this for a long time," he whispered still holding me, "but if it is too much for you, or you want it to stop, just say your safe word. I want your sexy little ass so bad, but I want it to be good for you, too."  
  
"I want this as bad as you do," I whispered against his chest, "I'm just afraid. You're so big," I looked down between us at the bulge in the front of his pants, "and I'm so small."  
  
He smiled down at me and kissed my forehead, "I'll take care of you, don't be afraid to use your safe word if you want me to stop." I knew Keith would take care of me. I knew it was going to hurt, the enema plugs hurt, but I wasn't as afraid anymore. His telling me not to be afraid to use my safe word, even though the big bulge in his pants told me how bad he really wanted me, made me want to give him my ass even more. Keith turned me so the leather pad at the center of the device was against the front of the very top of my thighs. I was still about eighteen inches away from the center pole and there was a pad, just like mine, on the other side. Keith took my hand as Phil led Tina to the other side and pressed the front of her thighs up against the other pad.  
  
Keith took my wrist and extended my arm to the end of the horizontal silver pole sitting atop the center pole in front of me and clipped my wrist cuff to the end of the pole. This made me bend forward sticking my cute little ass out. Phil was doing the same thing to Tina as Keith secured my other wrist to the pole at the other end. When Phil attached Tina's other wrist, I could see what they were doing to us.  
  
We both had our arms stretched straight out to the sides and locked by our wrist cuffs to the end of the steel pole. This bent us over with the leather pads pushed against the tops of our thighs making our asses stick out -- two naked targets no man could resist. But, that wasn't all; this put our faces about eight inches apart. In fact, we had to arch our backs and lift our heads to keep our faces from touching each other.  
  
We both had our asses stuck out and held in the perfect position for what the guys intended to do to us, but they weren't done yet. Keith took my left ankle and spread my leg out and attached the ankle cuff to the pole at the bottom of the center pole directly below the pole our wrists were tied to; then he did the same thing to my right ankle as Phil secured Tina's legs. Our legs were spread out with our feet about three feet apart and I could feel my feet touching Tina's feet under the pole.   
  
I could feel the cheeks of my ass spread exposing my puckered little asshole and my shaved pussy lips while the leather pad pushed my naked ass out putting me in the perfect position for Keith's enjoyment. I saw that Tina was in the same position as I was, exposed and humiliated with our most private places open for exploration.  
  
I looked at Tina and I could see in her eyes that she knew we were exposed and open for anything they wanted to do to us. "Do you believe me now?" she said softly with a little giggle, our faces eight inches apart. "I told you they had this whole submissive weekend planned."  
  
I was so humiliated. Phil and Keith went from Tina's side to my side surveying our predicament and commenting on our naked, displayed bodies. They mentioned how both of our pussies were wet, causing us both to blush deeply, but noted that our little rosebuds hiding between our ass cheeks were dry. They promised to correct that problem, but first...  
  
The guy's moved to where we couldn't see them. When we could see them again, they were as naked as we were and sporting very large hard-ons and I knew where they intended to bury them. Tina was right, Phil was big and he would stretch her little asshole, but Keith was even bigger and I feared this would be the first time I would need to use my safe word.  
  
I could see Phil as he stepped behind Tina, but I could feel Keith's big cock as he laid it between the cheeks of my bare little ass and slowly rubbed it up and down between my ass cheeks. It felt so good, and I couldn't help but try and wiggle against him.  
  
Tina groaned and I thought Phil had pushed himself inside her. He was using his fingers to torment her hard nipples. Her eyes were half closed as she moved in time with Phil rubbing his cock against her offered ass.  
  
Keith was gently but firmly grinding himself against my soft little ass and his breathing told me he was definitely enjoying the feeling he was getting from doing this to me. I was enjoying my torture and humiliation, too, and wiggled my ass against him as best I could as my pussy started wetting the insides of my bare, stretched thighs.  
  
I could feel Tina's hands as they were locked to the same pole as my hands were. I took one of Tina's hands in mine and she took my other hand in hers and smiled at me. We were sharing our humiliation and torment being tied as we were with our most private parts offered and on display for both men.  
  
I groaned as Keith moved away from me and squealed as he applied the cold lubricant to my open little rosebud. Again, the thought crossed my mind that they kept the lubricant in the refrigerator just to add to our humiliation. When he slid his finger slowly into my ass, I went up onto my tip toes it felt so cold.  
  
He began moving his finger in and out of my well lubricated nether hole and I was surprised at the feelings that ran through my body. There was no pain, probably because Keith had stretched me with the plugs when he gave me the three enemas, but I could feel every nuance of his finger as he moved in and out of my exposed asshole.  
  
He kept up his humiliating exploration of my inviting little ass and I gasped as he added a second finger inside me. Now there was a little pain, but not too bad and I began to think that maybe I would be able to submit to Keith's plans for me.  
  
He continued to move his fingers in and out of my ass and I started wriggling just a little. I couldn't help it; his fingers were starting to send little tingles through my body. Tina's eyes were half closed and her mouth was open; whatever Phil was doing to her was getting her very excited.  
  
Keith slowly pulled his fingers from my stretched little hole. I moaned and tried to lift my ass to get his fingers back, but, tied as I was, I couldn't move much at all. I was really excited and I knew the guys were taking their time just to torment us.  
  
Suddenly, Keith appeared on one side of us and Phil was on the other. Phil reached under us and took hold of my nipple and began to pinch and twist it. Not hard, but just enough to make it pucker and stick out like a little pebble. It was even more erotic because Phil rarely touched me, dressed or undressed, and I couldn't move to stop him if I wanted to.  
  
The moan and wiggle from Tina told me Keith was giving the same attention to her nipple as I was getting from Phil. Tina gasped, "Oh, no. Please sir, not that, too." I looked at Keith and he had a pair of nipple clips in his hand with a very, very short chain between them.  
  
Before I could turn my head, my nipple felt the pinch of the jaws of the clamp Phil attached to my sensitive nipple. Phil began to tighten the clamp on my hard nipple, and when Tina cried out, I knew that Keith had trapped her nipple in the clamp he was holding.  
  
Keith began to tease and squeeze my other nipple and I moaned softly knowing what was going to happen. I was right about my other nipple being clamped, but Keith took the clamp on the other end of the very short chain attached to the clamp pinching Tina's nipple and attached it to my unadorned hanging nipple.  
  
At the same time, I could feel a pull on my other clamped nipple as Phil pulled my breast closer to Tina's so he could attach the clamp on the other end of the chain to her nipple. When all of the clamps were firmly attached, my left nipple was connected by a very short chain to Tina's right nipple and my right nipple was connected to her left nipple. My face was inches from Tina's and any attempt, by either of us, to move away would pull painfully on our clamped nipples.  
  
We were chained, hand and foot, facing each other. Our nipples were clamped and chained to each other so any movement would punish not only the girl that moved, but the other girl as well. The big leather pad against the top of our thighs pushed our asses out opening our ass cheeks and pussies for the guy's enjoyment.   
  
Tied as we were, we were like a playground for the guys to explore and enjoy while we were completely at their mercy. Any movement by either of us would mean agony for our clamped nipples. As we looked into each other's eyes, we both knew that the guy's would be making us both move -- a lot.   
  
"I'll bet this setup would be perfect for one of our meetings." Phil said. "We could add dildos and vibrators and pass the remotes around and the guys could try and to guess whether they were torturing Heather or Tina." We both moaned at the thought of how humiliating it would be to be seen and used the way Phil suggested.  
  
"Or," Keith added with a chuckle, "Maybe we could catch Jack and his crew before they leave and invite them over. I'll bet the eight of us could keep them both busy all afternoon. And, it might help make up for the crew's disappointment at not getting to use them last night."  
  
'Oh my god,' I thought, 'Tied up as I am, on display, offered for their enjoyment, I would be humiliated -- and fucked -- more than I dared to imagine.'   
  
Tina had a dreamy look on her face. She had experienced sex with more than one man before and she said she enjoyed it. While I had thought about it, I had never been made to service a group of men. Even though the idea intrigued and excited me, I wasn't sure Keith was ready to share me with other men.  
  
I opened my mouth, but my protest was cut short as Tina pressed her soft lips against mine. My shock increased as her tongue pushed against my lips and my lips parted to let her tongue caress mine. Her kiss was so different from kissing Keith, or any man for that matter. Her lips were soft, and her tongue gently touched my lips and probed my mouth; without the strength or the force a man uses when he kisses.  
  
I was lost in Tina's kiss when I felt more lubricant being applied to my upturned little ass. We broke our kiss and Tina whimpered as Phil was adding lubricant to her puckered asshole, too. Phil wasn't as gentle with Tina as Keith was with me, and her moving as he drove his fingers in and out between her ass cheeks pulled on both of our nipples causing us both to cry out in pain.  
  
Tina was looking over my shoulder at Keith. Her eyes got wide and she whispered, "Oh my god, your poor little ass." moments before I felt Keith laying his hard, hot cock in the crack between the cheeks of my upturned ass.  
  
I saw Phil move up behind Tina; she moaned and her eyes rolled up as he pushed his cock up her ass. He held it there for a second, and then slowly pulled back. As he did, Tina pulled back with him pulling on all four of our nipples causing us both to groan. We were both going to have to stay still and take our ass fuckings, or our tits would pay the price as well as our asses.  
  
Keith lined his cock up with my well lubricated little asshole and I could feel the head of his cock spread the cheeks of my ass. I tried to concentrate on relaxing; I could feel my little rosebud spreading to accommodate the head of his huge, hard cock as he slowly pushed it in. Just as the burning pain was starting to get really bad, the head of his cock popped into me and the pain eased a little bit. I was gasping for breath, but Keith was staying still with the head of his cock in my tiny ass.  
  
Phil, on the other hand, was sliding his cock slowly in and out of Tina's ass. She was trying to stay still to save our poor nipples from being pulled by the clamps connecting our tits, but the look on her face told me that she was enjoying the torture to both our tits and her ass. She looked so beautiful in her agony/ecstasy that I had to move slightly and kiss her.  
  
Keith took my movement as his signal to push further up my poor ass. He moved another inch or two of his cock into my offered nether hole very slowly and gently. I could feel every vein, every bump, and every pulse of his cock as he penetrated my most personal place.   
  
While I still felt very stretched and a little burning, the pain was not as bad as I expected. Of course, it could have been all the time Keith spent preparing me, teasing me, humiliating me, and exciting me. As he pushed further into me, I moaned into Tina's mouth and she stuck her tongue into my mouth. I was being penetrated at both ends of my body and the humiliation of it made my pussy tighten wishing for something to fill it.  
  
Keith slowly pulled back and then in again pushing his cock in a little further each time. He was trying to be gentle; it hurt, but I loved it. His cock was stretching my ass; I could feel every square inch of his cock as he filled me. I could hear Keith moan and then gasp as I squeezed my asshole on his cock as he pushed it up my ass. His groans got me even more excited, knowing my body was giving him so much pleasure. I didn't know how much of his cock was up my ass, but I couldn't feel his body against my ass cheeks yet, so I knew my ass was still in for quite a reaming.  
  
Phil was moving in and out of Tina faster now; keeping our lips pressed together minimized the torture to our clamped nipples. Tied as we were to the silver poles and leather pad, we were stretched and available for anything the guys wanted to do to us. Of course, our tongues exploring each other's mouths, along with the substantial cocks up our asses, were getting us both very excited. We were both moaning into each other's mouths and I could feel the juices from my pussy leaking onto my inner thighs.  
  
Tina moved her feet, which were cuffed next to mine. Her toes were now touching my painted little toes. She began wiggling her toes against mine and it sent shivers up my legs to my already dripping, shaved pussy. We were already holding hands, cuffed as we were to the pole. Were we making contact with every part of our bodies that we possibly could. I could feel Phil fucking Tina's ass just as she could feel Keith fucking mine.  
  
Keith started fucking me a little faster and I could feel the hair around his cock tickling the cheeks of my split ass. I knew I had taken about six or seven of his nine inches up my ass and he was going a little deeper with each stroke. I could feel him moving in my belly and I wondered if I could take his full length into my body.  
  
Tina pulled her lips from mine and moaned, "Oh god, you're so far up my ass. Please master, have mercy on your little slave, your fucking my brains out. Pleeeaaasseeee."  
  
Phil seemed to slow down his pace just a little, but my aching tits told me he made up for it by pounding his cock harder and deeper up her ass. "Aaaahhhh, yyyeeeessssss, thank you, masstterrrr." she moaned. Her eyes rolled up into her head as she came and I thought she would pass out, but she didn't. She had a big smile on her face. Tina certainly did like getting her ass fucked.  
  
Keith started pushing a little harder and I could feel his hard lower belly flattening my soft ass cheeks. I couldn't believe I had his whole cock up inside me, but I knew it was true. I could feel every square inch of his big cock as it moved in and out of me. I could feel the hair around the base of his cock against my asshole, I could feel his big hairy balls slap against my shaved pussy and exposed clit every time he shoved his cock up my ass, and, to my surprise, I could feel my approaching orgasm.   
  
Keith grabbed hold of my naked hips and moaned, "Such a beautiful ass, so tight. Ohhhh, goooddd." He buried his cock as deep as he could up my ass and ground himself against my upturned ass. I thought he was going to push his cock up into my chest. I don't know if it was the feeling of his cock buried in me or his moans of pleasure, but my approaching orgasm washed over me causing my ass to clamp down on Keith's cock and my whole body to tremble as I moaned and gasped thanking my master for fucking me up my ass.  
  
My tight little ass squeezing Keith's cock made him groan and I could feel his cock swell in my already over-filled ass and pulse as he pumped my ass full of his come. Another orgasm hit me, or was it the same one just washing over me again, as I felt the heat of Keith's come deep in my ass. I felt as full as I did when he made me take the enemas.  
  
When I opened my eyes, Tina was looking at me. She couldn't help it, tied inches away from me. Phil was standing behind her, still buried in her ass but just grinding slowly in a circle obviously giving both of them a lot of pleasure. "Keith was right," she whispered, her voice husky in the afterglow of her orgasm, "You are so beautiful when you come."

I know I blushed. Silly, when you think we were tied together with big cocks buried in our asses and our tits clamped together, but it was embarrassing knowing that she watched, up close, my most private moment.  
  
We hung there for a minute or two basking in the afterglow of our orgasms, feeling the cocks up our asses soften. I couldn't help it. Bad little girl that I am, I had to tighten my ass down on Keith's cock and wiggle my soft, warm ass against him as best I could considering how he had me tied up.  
  
Keith moaned and said softly, "Seems like someone hasn't had enough punishment for one day." and lightly smacked my right ass cheek.  
  
I yelped and jumped causing both Tina and I to gasp as our nipples got pulled. Knowing how it turns Keith on, I giggled in my little girl voice, "Oh daddy, if this is punishment, you can punish me anytime you think I deserve it."  
  
Keith leaned over my back and kissed my back and shoulders and finally my neck. I was moaning again; he knew my body so well and he played me like a fine instrument. He reached around to my breasts and released the clamps on my little nipples. Even though he released them slowly and gently, they hurt as they came off; almost as much as when he put them on.   
  
Keith gently rubbed my nipples to ease the pain as Tina yelped and groaned. He had let the clamps drop when he released my nipples and the clamps, still attached by the short chain, were dangling from Tina's red, stretched nipples.  
  
He straightened up, still buried inside of me, and ran his hands over my quivering ass. I was his sex toy and he wanted to be sure and he got as much enjoyment out of me as he could. He ground his softer, but still formidable, cock inside me pushing his hips against my well-fucked ass and my hips into the leather pad in front of my upper thighs. My upper body shifted forward forcing my lips against Tina's.   
  
She kissed me deeply and I couldn't control the moan that escaped from deep within me as I was again penetrated at both ends. I closed my eyes and began to wonder; if it felt this good to have a cock in me at one end and Tina's tongue in me at the other, what would it feel like to be stuffed by two cocks... or more?  
  
I could sense some movement near me and I opened my eyes. Phil was next to Tina and I didn't even notice him pulling his cock from her ass. He was unlocking her wrists from the silver pole that held her arms extended and tied during our "torture". He grabbed her wrists and pulled them behind her and locked them in place. He lifted her up by her shoulders causing the clamps attached to her nipples to twist and pull on her nipples as the clamps that had been attached to my nipples by the short chain bounced up and down.  
  
"OOOOHHHH, Nooooo." she cried as the clamps bounced and pulled on her tits. But, when the clamps stopped their dance on her chest, she smiled, turned to Phil, kissed him and said softly, "Thank you, master." Phil unclipped her ankle cuffs from the bar, and, as she closed her legs, he said, "I think I'll leave the clamps on for a little while longer."  
  
Tina moaned at the thought of being made to walk around with the clamps dangling from her nipples, but she had that little smile on her face. She was a true masochist and Phil knew exactly how to cause her the most pain -- and pleasure.  
  
Phil told Keith he would be down in a few hours to help with dinner and he turned and led Tina towards the steps to their bedroom. Tina was walking a little stiffly and her ass was still red, either from the paddling the guys gave us earlier or Phil pounding his hips into her upturned ass. Phil was not gentle with Tina the way Keith was with me. I could tell just by what my tits went through while we were clamped together. Phil fucked her ass hard, and her body bouncing on the end of his cock tortured my tits, too.  
  
Still, Phil had his arm around her as they walked to their bedroom, and, even with her hands cuffed behind her back and clamps dangling from her nipples, Tina still pressed her naked body as close to him as she could. Phil knew what Tina wanted and how much she could take, and Tina loved being teased, tortured, humiliated and punished by Phil. Keith and I know each other pretty well, but we are still learning. I hope we eventually know each other as well as Phil and Tina.  
  
Keith started to slowly pull his cock out of my stretched asshole. He took his time; savoring the feel of my body gripping his cock. I gasped and moaned as it felt as good being pulled out as it did being pushed in. When he had just the head inside of me, he paused. He knew I could do nothing, tied as I was, but let him use me for his pleasure.  
  
He teased me a little more, caressing my ass and hips, my belly and my tender breasts, and even my very wet pussy and still sensitive clit. All the while, the head of his cock was still in my naked ass savoring the feel as my ass involuntarily clamped down on the head of his cock as he added this last humiliation. Finally, when I was just about to beg him to fuck me or let me go, he pulled his cock out of my ass with an embarrassing 'POP'.  
  
Keith moved from behind me and unclipped my ankle cuffs and I moved my feet so my legs were under me taking some of the pressure off of the backs of my legs and my back. He unclipped my wrist cuffs and helped me stand straight up; at least I didn't have clamps dangling from my nipples. He put his arms around me holding me close to him until he was sure my legs hadn't fallen asleep or anything and I could stand on my own.  
  
Of course, he had no intention of letting me move away from him. He held me close as we walked up to our bedroom. He took off my wrist cuffs, sat me on the bed and then knelt in front of me and took off my ankle cuffs. He knelt up and, still on his knees, pulled me close to him and kissed me, exploring my mouth with his tongue. Keith certainly didn't kiss like Tina. I liked the way Tina kissed me, but I loved the way Keith kissed me. When he kissed me, he took possession of me and I tingled all the way down to my toes.  
  
He stood up and took my hands and led me toward the bathroom. He told me to go ahead in and call him when I was ready to shower because he wanted to join me. I was glad I had a few minutes alone because I had what felt like a gallon of his cum up my ass that wanted out.  
  
When I was ready, I called him and he came into the bathroom still as naked as I was. He turned on the shower, tested the water and pulled me in with him. We washed each other, teasing and laughing, caressing and kissing. Keith washed every square inch of my body, and the places that got me excited he washed twice. We dried each other off with big fluffy towels and even though my ass was a little sore, he had me excited again.  
  
He picked me up and carried me to the bed, laid me down and climbed in next to me pulling the covers over us. He pulled me close to him lying on his back with me snuggled next to him. With my head on his chest, I could hear his heart beating and feel his deep steady breathing.  
  
He was running his hand up and down my spine from my neck to the very top of my ass. It wasn't really sexual, but it felt so good. He wasn't trying to excite me, even though there was a tingle — sometimes I'm insatiable — he just wanted that little extra contact with me.   
  
These were the times that we were the closest; quiet, all alone, and still glowing from our sexual exploits. It was also the time when we talked softly to each other, and, each time, we learned a little more about each other and ourselves.  
  
"How do you feel... uhm... are you okay?" he started softly.  
  
I had to hold in a giggle. He was such a big teddy bear; he really did worry about me. He knew it hurt me some when pushed his big cock up my tight ass; even though he prepared me and took his time. He even reminded me about my safe word and made a special point of telling me not to be afraid to use it. Even after all of that, he was still worried.  
  
I kissed his chest, "I'm a little sore," I paused just to worry him a little; a girl has to keep her guy off balance. Finally, I added, "But I can't wait to do it again."  
  
I could feel him relax and breathe a sigh of relief. "Did you like what I did to you this weekend?" he asked running his fingers lightly up and down my spine.  
  
"You know I did." I answered softly loving the feel of him touching me. "You always find ways to surprise me; you humiliate me, and make me go a little further each time. You tease and torture and humiliate me, but I get so excited I want you to do more, and sometimes I'm disappointed when you stop — even though I beg you for mercy."  
  
"I can't help it, Kitten." he said, "I guess I'm still overly careful about pushing you too far. Did you really enjoy everything I did to you?"  
  
"I did." I answered quickly, "Even though when you did some of them they hurt or were terribly embarrassing, or both; I loved that you were making me do them. Sometimes I think that the fact that you are 'making' me do them is as exciting as having them done to me. Making me do things with Tina or in front of her and Phil was so exciting and humiliating at the same time."  
  
"I'm glad I didn't push you too far. You did have quite a weekend." I could tell he was smiling without even looking at his face.  
  
"Keith," I asked, "Were you and Phil really going to make Tina get gang-banged by all of the guys in the lounge at the ski lodge."  
  
"Yes, we were." he answered softly, "It's always been Tina's fantasy to be used by a bunch of strangers, but you know how Phil and I are sticklers for safety so we couldn't use real 'strangers'. We thought this would be a great way to fulfill her fantasy and keep her safe at the same time. Unfortunately, she recognized Jack, so we called it off."  
  
"Were you thinking about letting them all fuck me?" I asked, trying to move the subject to me instead of Tina.  
  
"No, that wasn't the plan." he said pausing, "I thought that making you do that would be pushing you too far, too fast." He paused again. "Why... would you have liked me to make you do that? It seemed like you were ready for about anything by the time we left."  
  
That was easy enough, or did he want the conversation to go that way, too. "Well, Tina seems to really like it, having all those men lusting after her, using her and watching her get used by other men. When you had your cock in my ass and Tina was kissing me, I thought about how it would feel to have to satisfy a group of horny men, more than one at a time, and what you would let them do to me.  
  
"Would you like to be the... uhm, guest of honor at a gang-bang?" he asked softly.  
  
"Yes, master, I think I would," I said softly pausing for a few seconds, "but only if you were there with me... watching out for me and making me do it. You know you could make me do anything with them that you wanted me to."  
  
Keith pulled me a little closer to him, still running his fingers lightly up and down my naked back. I had just about fallen asleep, thinking about what he would make me do at a gangbang, when I heard him whisper, "I love you, Kitten."

My Own Heaven Ch. 27

I woke up alone in bed. I seem to do that a lot. Not that my guy has left me, in fact, he usually gets up before me to do something nice for me, like bring me coffee or something like that. His side of the bed was still warm and I moved over to lie in the spot where I could still see the impression of his body in the sheets. I could smell his after shave and his deodorant, and it made me miss his warm body resting hard up against me.  
  
I looked out of the window and I could see the sun going down, almost lost behind the horizon. It looked so beautiful, almost too beautiful to be real. It looked like a painting by some famous artist that should be hanging in some gallery or a museum.  
  
It occurred to me that tonight was our last night here at the cabin and despite the things Keith made me endure, I didn't want to leave. It had been a fun and exciting trip in more ways than I could count; even if I used all my fingers and toes. But even more importantly, Keith and I learned a lot about ourselves and about each other.   
  
I knew it, but now I was positive that Keith would never do me any real harm and I could trust him completely to protect me no matter what he did to me or made me do. Keith learned that I love the devious, humiliating and sometimes painful things he makes me do, and he usually feels that he has gone far enough long before I really want him to stop – even though I may be begging for mercy. We seemed to compliment each other perfectly.  
  
I lay there, reliving the 'events' of the weekend and assessing the various parts of my poor little body that suffered to makes those events a success, when I heard Keith coming up the steps to our bedroom. He opened the door softly and stuck his head in. Seeing I was awake, he walked in, closed the door behind him, sat on the bed and buried his face in my neck, kissing and nibbling.  
  
When he finally stopped, after much giggling on my part, he sat up and said, "Phil is cooking and he wants you and Tina to dress for dinner."  
  
I sat up in bed, modestly holding the covers in front of my bare breasts. Silly, I know, considering how thoroughly he has explored every inch of my body. "Dress for dinner? But I didn't bring anything other than the dress I wore last night." I protested.  
  
"Sure you did." He walked over to my chest of drawers and pulled open the drawers until he found what he was looking for. Then, he went to my closet, opened it, reached down and took something out and hurried back to the foot of the bed.  
  
"See," he said obviously proud of himself, "I told you, you packed the perfect things." With that he held up the skimpy – and I mean really skimpy – white negligee he bought when he went shopping with Tina and me. Then he held up the white six inch high heels that he bought during the same shopping trip.  
  
I knew he was doing this to humiliate me. The shoes were so high I was going to have trouble walking in them and they would very quickly hurt my feet since they made me almost walk on my toes.  
  
"Keith!" I cried trying to sound insulted. "My god, wearing that wouldn't cover me; it would highlight the fact that I was naked. It would display my naked body like I was some kind of a prize." I paused for effect. "And those shoes, they're so high I can barely walk in them."  
  
Keith looked at the negligee in one hand, then at the shoes in the other hand, then back at the negligee, and then, finally, at me. 'I got him.' I thought to myself, 'I finally have him speechless.' I was so proud of myself.  
  
"Uhm... okay." he mumbled. I loved this; this game we play. I keep trying to escape his clutches, when he comes up with things to do to me. Sometimes it comes up while he's already doing things to me, you know, that little masochist that pops up from inside of me and taunts and dares him to do more to me, and then leaves me to suffer the consequences. But this time, I got him.  
  
He stood there for a few seconds and then; "You'll wear the negligee because I love looking at your naked body;" he began calmly, "that's why I keep you naked and in high heels. And, by the way, you are a prize, my prize, and I'll display you to anyone, and everyone, I choose because I'm so proud that you're mine."   
  
I was happy that he was so proud of me, but I didn't like where this was going. He was doing it to me again, and I knew somehow, someway, I was going to pay for challenging him. I guess I don't need that bad little girl inside me to get me in trouble; I get in trouble very well on my own.  
  
"As far as the shoes go," he continued, "You will wear them because they make your legs and ass look incredible. You'll learn to walk in them and I'll help you." He walked over to his chest of drawers, opened a drawer and pulled out a paddle. "Tonight, I'll carry this paddle, and every time you stumble or wobble on your shoes, I'll bend you over, wherever you are, and give you five swats on the ass with the paddle."   
  
Now, HE paused for effect. "And, from now on, any time high heeled shoes are appropriate, you'll wear shoes with heels that are AT LEAST four inches high or you will be punished." He put the paddle on the table by the door, walked back to the foot of the bed, put the negligee and shoes on the bed and walked around to sit down next to me.   
  
He put his hands on my naked shoulders and pulled me to him and he kissed me, softly but firmly, slowly pushing me back until I was lying flat on my back. He held me down, his tongue gently exploring my mouth, playing with my tongue, while he pressed his lips firmly against mine. The different feelings, his pressing lips and the soft exploration of my willing mouth, were intoxicating.   
  
When he pulled his lips from mine I was dizzy, mostly from the kiss, but also from how quickly Keith turned the tables on me. When was I going to learn not to try and beat him at this own game?  
  
"Dinner is in 30 minutes, Kitten." he said flashing me a smile. "Get ready and I'll come up to get you when it's ready." A quick kiss on my cheek and he was up and gone.  
  
I was breathless. What had just happened? Somehow, I had not only guaranteed that I would be punished tonight, but I set myself up to be punished every time I wore high heels lower than four inches. He didn't say what the punishment would be, but I'm sure my Keith would make it something horrible and wonderful at the same time.  
  
I lay in bed for a few minutes, after all, it wasn't going to take me long to put on my outfit for tonight. I was shocked at how quickly Keith had turned my victory into submission. I managed to earn myself more punishment and humiliation for tonight – I knew Keith was going to be sure I got paddled in front of Phil and Tina – and more punishment if I forgot my new rules.  
  
What I did know was that I liked the way Keith took charge and told me what I was to do, and what would happen if I didn't do it. I would be punished if I accidently broke his rules, but, on the other hand, if I wanted him to torture me, I could break a rule on purpose. This had some interesting possibilities.  
  
At first, I thought of ways to stand up to him, but my little ass, which would bear the brunt of the punishment tonight, rejected that idea. Then I thought about being overly submissive, giving him lots of reasons to punish me, again the same part of my body rejected that idea, too.   
  
Then I decided to just do what I was told. My little ass would still get punished, but, I hoped, not as often as it would if I rebelled, and maybe Keith would even go a little easy if he saw I was trying to do as I was told. My poor little ass liked that idea, so I jumped out of bed and headed for the bathroom.  
  
Even though I didn't need to, I shaved my entire body in the shower just the way my Keith liked it. I wanted my body to be perfect for whatever he had planned for tonight. With the exception of my arms, there was not on single hair on my body below my neck. I was getting really good at shaving my body, even the places I couldn't see were smooth as the day I was born.  
  
I dried off with one of the big fluffy towels and wrapped it around me. If I knew Keith, it was the most clothing I would be wearing until we left the cabin for home. I dried my hair and, for once, it came out perfect the first time. I dabbed just a little perfume in some special places and went into the bedroom to look at my outfit, such as it was, for the night.  
  
I pulled the panties up my smooth legs; they were skimpy even by my standards. The part that went over my freshly shaved pussy wasn't even an inch and a half wide, not quite transparent and just barely covered my pussy lips. If I became excited and my pussy lips got even a little puffy, it would be obvious to anyone who saw me. The string that went over my hips and between cheeks of my pink little ass was just that, a white string; more like a white rubber band. For all intents and purposes, even with this g-string on, I was still naked.  
  
Looking at myself in the mirror, I realized that my ass was bare. With Keith intent on paddling my ass tonight, I was in for a very painful and probably very humiliating evening. Then I remembered Keith bought me two of these negligee sets and six inch heels to go with them, one white and one black. I blushed in the mirror thinking how humiliated I would be if he made me wear one of them to one of his club meetings.  
  
I pulled on the negligee and looked in the mirror again. The top only came down to just below the top of my hips. The entire lower half of my ass was left uncovered and the only thing covering my pussy was the bit of cloth that was the g-string. The negligee itself was white and was cut around the top so the material overlapped itself making it appear less transparent then it really was. If I stood still, it was like I was surrounded by a thin cloud. If I moved, the cloud disappeared and my nude body was exposed for all to see.  
  
I loved the way I looked in my little outfit. I knew Keith preferred me naked, but, honestly, this was more erotic than if I was naked. Tonight, Phil and Tina were going to see me, but the thought of being made to wear this, or something like it, in front of other men started the butterflies up in my stomach.  
  
I sat on the bed and put on my white six inch high heels and buckled the little straps around my ankles. I stood up and held onto the bed until I got used to standing almost on my toes. When I got my balance, I took a few shaky steps over to the mirror. Keith was right; the negligee displayed my body beautifully. If I moved, my breasts and my nipples appeared under the thin veil of white.  
  
The tiny g-string hid my pussy from view, but was so small that I knew it wouldn't take much to get me excited and my pussy lips would swell and push against the bit of material between my legs leaving nothing to the imagination. The six inch heels made my legs look very long and perfectly shaped. I turned to look at my ass and gasped at how tight and inviting it looked. Now I know why the guys got so excited about my ass and legs when I had to go up on my toes the night Keith made me dance on the pole.   
  
I practiced walking in the six inch heels, hoping I could master the skill before Keith came up to get me. I walked back and forth in front of the mirror. As I walked toward the mirror, I could see that the six inch heels made my breasts bounce and sway almost offering them to anyone looking. As I walked away from the mirror, I looked back, and I could see the heels made my tight ass wiggle and shake; a temptation no man could resist.  
  
I knew that if Keith made me wear this outfit to one of his group meetings every man there would have to have me. Somehow, after this weekend and talking with Keith, that possibility excited me now.  
  
While the six inch heels made my body look incredible, just walking back and forth in front of the mirror was hard on my feet. I would need more time to get used to heels this high than I had before dinner. I would have to try to sit as much as I could tonight or at least stand still.  
  
I heard Keith coming up the steps, so I stood in front of the mirror so that when he came in he could see the front of my outfit, and, if he looked in the mirror behind me, he could see the back. If he was going to punish my body, I wanted to be able to tease him with that same body he was going to torture.  
  
I stood up straight with my legs parted ever so slightly; just giving a hint as to how little the g-string covered between my legs. I crossed my wrists behind my back and looked down so that when he came in, I would be looking at his feet. A very submissive pose if I do say so myself.  
  
The door opened and Keith walked in; I could see his shoes cross the threshold and stop. He didn't move as the door closed slowly behind him. I waited, but he didn't move and he didn't speak. I didn't know what was wrong. Finally, I couldn't wait any longer, and I let my eyes drift up.  
  
When I got to Keith's crotch, I knew what was wrong. I could actually see his cock growing harder and harder under his pants. I let my eyes drift up until I got to his face. There was a look of amazement on his face, but his eyes, I could always see what he felt by looking into his eyes, showed love... and lust.  
  
I waited while his eyes studied every little nuance of his submissive. "Does my master approve of the way I am dressed for dinner?" I said softly lowering my eyes again.  
  
"Yes, he does... I mean... I do." he stumbled. I almost giggled, which I am sure would have earned me my first paddling of the evening, but I loved the way he gets so flustered when he sees my body put on display like this. "But, I think, when I make you wear this for my friends, we'll have to add stockings; that would add just the right touch."  
  
'Oh my god,' I thought, 'did he just say he was going to make me wear this in front of his friends.' "But master, wouldn't stockings make this look slutty?" I asked trying to get out of being made to appear in front of a group of men in this scanty outfit.  
  
"You're right, Kitten," he said after a pause, "you'll wear the black one with stockings."  
  
I gasped at just the thought of wearing the black negligee, g-string and six inch heels. Wearing them with black stockings, in front of a group of men, would be like advertising I was available to them for their pleasure. Just the thought of my Keith making me do that humiliated me and I know he could see me blushing.  
  
Keith walked up to me, put his fingers under my chin and lifted my face until my eyes were looking into his. I could see the lust burning in his grey eyes. I knew he was thinking of more things to do to me; maybe not tonight, but soon. I had the feeling that Keith had decided to find out just what my limits were. I couldn't wait to find out myself.  
  
He lightly kissed my cheek and turned and offered me his arm. "Shall we go to dinner?" He opened the door and as we walked out, he picked up the paddle from the table with a little smile. I blushed again and I could feel my tight little ass tingle and he hadn't even spanked me yet.  
  
As soon as he opened the door, I could smell the food. Considering how empty my stomach was after all those enemas, I was really hungry. Keith helped me walk down the stairs, but even with his help, with the six inch high heels on I stumbled on a few steps. If Keith wasn't with me, I'm sure I would have fallen down more steps than I walked.  
  
As soon as we got to the bottom of the stairs he said "Bend over and grab your ankles."  
  
I wanted to protest; I wasn't able to practice walking on the steps. I knew when I bent over the little white string between the cheeks of my ass would provide no protection either from the paddle or his eyes. I was already humiliated and there was no one to see me but Keith.  
  
I had decided that I would be a good submissive tonight, so I bent over and grabbed my ankles offering my bare ass for punishment. I had to spread my legs a bit to keep my balance, and that only caused the cheeks of my ass to spread a little giving him a wonderful view of the little white string and my puckered asshole.  
  
Keith didn't waste any time, the first swat of the paddle landed on my upturned ass as soon as I gripped my ankles. I yelped and jumped up rubbing my stinging ass.  
  
Keith waited for me to stop rubbing "Let's try this again. We'll start from one. You are not to move until your spanking is complete. You can cry and yell and beg and wiggle your cute little ass, but you are not to get up until you've received all five swats. Understood?"  
  
"Yes, master." I said softly resuming my position.  
  
Again, as soon as I grabbed my ankles, the paddle connected with my bare ass. I yelped and I wiggled and I gasped, but I was able to hold onto my ankles until he administered all five swats. I waited a few seconds after the last swat wiggling my ass. My ass was tingling, but the wiggling was for Keith's benefit. I decided I would do all I could to use my body to drive him crazy tonight.  
  
I stood up and looked at my Keith. My plan was working; I could see the bulge in the front of his pants. He directed me to the kitchen by pointing with his arm and bowing slightly. He walked behind me; I knew it was because he wanted to see how red my ass was so I made sure it wiggled invitingly. Not too difficult when walking in six inch high heels.  
  
We entered the kitchen and Phil was at the counter working on dinner. He looked up and started to say something but stopped and just devoured my practically naked body with his eyes. Finally, with a slight shake to clear his head, he said, "Ah, Heather, how would you like you filet mignon?"  
  
I started to walk into the kitchen, but I stumbled again on my six inch high heels. Keith grabbed my arm to make sure I didn't fall. When he was sure I was stable standing on my heels, he said, "Assume the position, Heather."  
  
I looked at him pleadingly, but I knew he wanted to paddle my bare ass again and he wanted to humiliate me by doing it in front of Phil. I turned so Phil would have an excellent view of my punishment and bent over grabbing my ankles showing Keith and Phil my pink naked ass.  
  
I yelped and wiggled my ass each time Keith smacked the paddle into my upturned cheeks. Not that it hurt any worse than the paddling he gave me at the top of the steps, but I knew that making it seem like I was really suffering would excite Phil and please Keith. When the paddling was over, I stood up and whimpered as I rubbed my reddened little ass cheeks.  
  
"Thank you, master." I said with a little sob for effect.  
  
"You're welcome, Heather. Now tell Phil how you want your steak and go sit at the table." he said with a kiss on my forehead.  
  
As I walked by Phil toward the dining area, I told him medium well would be fine but I don't think he heard me. I stopped and looked back at him over my shoulder and his eyes were glued to my ass and long legs perched atop my six inch heels. Phil had seen me naked before, but my near nudity, my outfit, being punished in front of him, or any combination, had him mesmerized.   
  
I knew trying to talk to a man when he was that distracted was useless, so I walked into the dining area where the table was set, complete with candlesticks. Keith and Phil eyes were still glued to my ass and legs as I walked around to the seat at the table that I had been sitting in since we arrived.  
  
I sat down and gasped as my tingling red ass made contact with the cold seat. That broke the spell; the guys came back to life. Phil resumed his dinner preparations and Keith opened a bottle of wine. I heard the door to Phil and Tina's bedroom open and I looked up to see Tina come out of the room dressed exactly as I was but in black. The guys had this planned; the whole weekend was planned, planned around teasing, torturing and humiliating Tina and I. You gotta love them!

Tina came down the stairs much more gracefully than I did; she had a lot more practice in six inch heels. She looked so sexy in her black negligee, g-string and heels; I imagined how it would look with black thigh high stockings. Then I blushed, thinking about me in that ensemble in a roomful of men.  
  
Tina came in and took her usual seat next to me. "Do you have any idea what they have planned for us tonight other than keeping us almost naked?" she whispered.  
  
"I don't know about you," I whispered back, "but my ass has already been paddled twice; once in front of Phil, and I'm afraid it wasn't the last time my ass is going to get warmed tonight."  
  
She looked at me rather confused, so I explained about the six inch high heels, and Keith 'helping' me to learn to walk in them. She giggled, "If Phil had that kind of incentive program for me, it wouldn't have taken me so long to learn to walk in six inch heels. I'm sorry I missed your spanking though."  
  
Keith came in and poured us some wine. When he left, I asked Tina how long it took her to learn how to walk in six inch heels.   
  
"About three weeks," she said, "but Phil made me wear them every day until I could walk in them as well as I walk barefoot."  
  
"Oh, my poor little ass." I sighed trying to be serious, but I couldn't help but giggle. Phil came in and carrying dishes of food with Keith right behind him. As they put them on the table and went back for more, I wondered if Keith was going to make me wear six inch heels everyday. I tried to imagine me walking around in the office in six inch heels and my feet and legs ached at just the thought.  
  
The guys came in with our salads, they sat down and we started to eat. Phil had to jump up a couple of times; he had the steaks in the broiler. The food was wonderful, the guys really are pretty good cooks. As we ate, we talked about the weekend; in spite of, or maybe because of the teasing, torture, and humiliation, we had a really good time.   
  
Tina said that the teasing, torture and humiliation was worth it because she had never been so thoroughly fucked for a whole weekend, by one man, before in her life. We all laughed, but she made it a point to look at Phil when she said it and the look in her eyes said that she was one happy and satisfied woman. When we get home, I have to ask her what went on up in their bedroom.  
  
We talked about coming back to the cabin and the guys said that it would have to be after hunting season. All the guys used the cabin when they hunted every year, which meant it wouldn't be available until after the start of the new year, and they would have to get a phone and internet access installed.   
  
I laughingly said I wasn't sure I could stand being forced, naked, out into the cold during the winter, but Keith said he'd just make me do it more often but for shorter periods of time. We all laughed, but when I looked at Tina I could see that we both knew they weren't kidding.  
  
When we finished dinner, Tina and I said we would clean up, but the guys said they would take care of it. They wanted us to go into the den and pick out a movie to watch tonight. I stood up, forgetting that I had six inch high heels on and wobbled on the heels grabbing onto the table to keep from falling. Tina laughed and I had to smile, too. I guess it will take a while to get used to heels this high.   
  
I turned to carefully walk into the den, but there was Keith with the paddle in his hand. I started to try to talk myself out of being paddled, but I could see from the look on his face that he would accept no explanations. Tina came around the table to get a better view and Phil came out of the kitchen to watch my ass get paddled again.  
  
It was bad enough getting paddled, but it was so humiliating getting paddled on my bare ass in front of Phil and Tina. I turned so that when I bent over I would be in the perfect position for Keith to administer the paddle to my poor ass. I bent over and grabbed my ankles, spreading my legs slightly; humiliated at the view I had to give everyone of my naked ass and barely covered pussy.  
  
Keith hesitated for a few seconds allowing everyone to enjoy the view I was providing. The first swat of the paddle took me by surprise and I yelped, but I managed to take the remaining four smacks to my ass with making any more sounds.  
  
I stood up, rubbing my warmed up little ass, and we went into the den. Keith followed behind us so he could watch our bare asses wiggle, and pointed us to a cabinet full of movies on DVD. He told us to pick out one or two and we would watch them when they were done in the kitchen.  
  
As I walked to one side of the cabinet to look at the movies, one of my six inch heels turned under just enough to make me have to hold onto the cabinet to steady myself. I looked at Keith and he had that little smile on his face. He loved torturing and humiliating me as much as I loved him making me submit to it.  
  
I bent over with a sigh and took my five swats with the paddle without making any noise. Unfortunately, five more swats so soon after the five in the kitchen didn't give my hot little ass cheeks any time to recover and I had to wiggle my ass to try to relieve some of the heat building up there.  
  
Keith went back into the kitchen to help Phil, and Tina said, "It looks like your ass is in for a long evening. It's turning a lovely shade of red already. It's really fun watching someone get punished besides me, and your cute little ass just begs to be spanked."  
  
"I'll see how much fun it is when it's your turn with your ass in the air." I said rubbing my ass with a giggle.  
  
There must have been a hundred movies in the cabinet, mostly guy stuff, but there were a few that we wanted to see. We picked out two just as the guys came in from the kitchen carrying a big pitcher full of the drink we had during our walk in the woods and four glasses.  
  
The guys started a big fire in the fireplace and we made ourselves comfortable on the two sofas that faced the big flat panel television mounted above the fire place. Keith and I sat on one sofa and Phil and Tina sat on the other with the little table with the pitcher full of drinks between us.   
  
Keith poured us each a drink and sat on the sofa next to me. I snuggled in close to him and he put his arm around me as we sat in front of the warm fire and the movie started. We sat that way for the first half hour of the movie, that's when Keith's hands started to wander. He wasn't groping or grabbing, it was the light touch of his fingertips along my arms, my legs and my sides.   
  
He refilled my glass and I tried to concentrate on the movie but his roaming fingers made it impossible to concentrate on anything else. I made quick work of my drink and he got me another. He rearranged us so that I was sitting next to him with my legs draped across his lap. I started in on my third drink and quickly realized this new seating arrangement made a lot more of my body available to his exploring hands.  
  
By the time I finished the third drink, I was sitting on his lap, the movie was forgotten and we watched the fire and he reacquainted himself with my soft, warm, almost naked body. He was making me tingle all over even though he was carefully avoiding the places I wanted him to touch the most. My plan was to use my body to tease him, but he was using my body to tease me.  
  
His fingers ran lightly up and down my smooth, bare legs from my ankles to my hips. His hands wandered under my negligee caressing my flat little belly, my back and my sides. I was glad I shaved my body when I showered. He kissed me, oh so softly, teasing my tongue with his.   
  
I spread my legs slightly, just begging him to explore my twitching little pussy, but I realized his intention was not to grant me relief, only to see how excited he could get me and how long he could keep me close to cumming without release.  
  
Even though I could feel his hard cock under my naked ass, this evening was obviously about me. My Keith had spent the past ten months or so learning all he could about me, so he could know how to make me happy, how to pleasure me. Granted, he was teasing me, but it felt so good. He knew exactly how and where to touch me to make me tremble in his arms.  
  
He was driving me crazy. If I didn't know how much he adored me, it would have been scary how he knew how to control my body so well. I spread my legs a little wider, hoping for just one touch, and I couldn't stop a little moan from escaping from between our lips. I really needed his fingers between my legs but my Keith would have none of it.  
  
I wiggled my naked ass against the lump in his pants but it excited me as much as it did him. I could feel his cock throb against my ass. I asked him for another drink. I had to try to get myself under control and it was either that or get down on my knees and beg him to fuck me. I was that excited.  
  
Keith got me another drink, was this four or five, and said that the fire had made it really warm in here. Being almost naked, I thought the room was just fine. He stood up and kicked off his shoes, pulled off his shirt, and slipped off his pants leaving him in his boxers and nothing more. I stared at his broad shoulders, his muscled chest and arms, his flat stomach and his strong firm legs and I couldn't wait to have him crush me against him.  
  
I finished my drink quickly, feeling it burn down my throat and into my belly adding to the fire already burning inside me; the movie long ago forgotten. I could hear Tina's sighs and moans; I knew what she was going through. On the other hand, this was the best torture the guys have inflicted on us this weekend.   
  
Keith sat back down and pulled me onto his lap. The lump that was there earlier was not as big or hard, but now there was only the thin material of his boxers between his cock and my naked ass. I wriggled on his lap working his quickly growing cock between the cheeks of my ass.  
  
He picked up right where he left off only now it was his bare chest against my negligee covered breasts, his thin boxers the only thing between my naked ass and his warm, hard cock, and nothing between his muscled legs and backs of my soft, smooth thighs.   
  
His hands wandered under my negligee as his tongue probed my open mouth only this time, he made straight for my breasts with their hard little nipples. I gasped as he tweaked my nipples and I tried to move my hands to protect my sensitive little 34B's, but the way he had my arms around his neck, his arms under my arms, and his broad shoulders in my way, I couldn't get my hands down to protect my helpless body. I was at his mercy again.  
  
I moaned unashamedly into his mouth as he tweaked my nipples and I ground my ass against his long, hard cock. I spread my legs, showing the tiny little strip of cloth hiding the lips of my throbbing pussy. What a slut I had become; Keith's slut. I would do anything for him because I knew how much he loved me. I may be his submissive, his little masochist that he exhibits to anyone he chooses, but I know he loves me and would do anything to make me happy.  
  
He had me so excited I was gasping for breath. He had moved his lips from mine and kissed and nibbled his way down my neck and behind my ear to that spot the drove me crazy. His hands now explored my entire body with the exception of that little one and a half inch strip covered by my tiny g-string, and I still couldn't get my arms or hands down to where I could protect my body from his loving assault.  
  
I was losing my mind. I needed to cum or I was sure I would explode. I was moaning and gasping almost constantly, and I couldn't even keep track of the tremors, shocks, tingles and spasms that were shooting from top of my head to my painted little toes and everywhere in between.  
  
I held tightly onto my Keith's neck even though it was he that was torturing my almost naked body. I was totally and completely his and I was willing to endure whatever he had planned for me, but I still desperately needed to cum.  
  
I couldn't stand it any longer, and I sobbed into his ear, "Please master, please let me cum. I need it so bad."  
  
He didn't answer, but he responded by running his finger along the edge of the bit of cloth covering my pussy lips. Lightly his fingers danced between the inside of my smooth thighs and that little bit of cloth covering my shaved pussy, leaving my orgasm dangling just out of my reach.  
  
I bit lightly into his naked shoulder trying to keep from losing my mind as he inflicted this new torment on my out of control body. I couldn't help myself; I would have sold my soul for an orgasm. "Please fuck me master." I moaned into his ear a little louder than before, but I was sure Phil and Tina couldn't hear me begging for my master's cock. "Please fuck your little slut." I sobbed. "I need it so bad. Please shove your cock in your slut's little pussy."  
  
He didn't answer right away, but I could feel his cock throbbing between the cheeks of my ass. At some point, his cock had poked through the opening in the front of his boxers and it was now his bare cock slipping between my naked ass cheeks and rubbing against my puckered, tender asshole.  
  
I wasn't sure I could even form the words to beg any more my body was so out of my control. He slowed down his teasing, wandering fingers, and stopped nibbling on my neck and ear. I struggled to regain some kind of control of myself but he kept teasing me just enough to keep me totally at his mercy.  
  
He lifted up his head and said just loud enough for Phil and Tina to hear, "What was that, Kitten? You're tired and ready for bed. Okay, let's go up, we've had a long day."  
  
I heard what he said through the cloud that surrounded my brain. 'Yes, master,' I thought to myself, 'I was ready for bed, but I definitely wasn't tired. The last thing I wanted to do now was sleep.'  
  
He slid me off of his lap and I whimpered as his cock slid from between the cheeks of my ass. He stood up and I could see his huge cock sticking out of the front of his boxers. If I had full control of my body, I would have reached out and pulled it into my waiting mouth, but it was not to be. Keith tucked his cock into his shorts, denying me the one thing I wanted most in the world at this moment, and offered me his hand to help me stand up.  
  
If I had better control, I would have reached out for his cock hiding behind his thin boxers, but I took his hand and stood up. I forgot about my six inch heels and almost lost my balance and had to hold onto Keith to keep from falling. I looked up at him and he was smiling.  
  
He reached over to the end of the sofa and picked up the paddle. I whimpered and turned, presenting my bare ass to him for my paddling. I bent over carefully, I was still so excited I was trembling, and grabbed my ankles.   
  
I was humiliated and still terribly excited. The paddle connected with my upturned ass with a loud 'POP' and I moaned and wiggled my ass. I did the same thing after each swat and I couldn't believe that being paddled got me even more excited.  
  
I stood up, rubbing my sore ass and I could see Keith's cock had slipped through the front of his boxers again. This time, I was a little more in control of myself, and I grabbed hold of his cock with one hand as he pointed me to the stairs leading up to our room.  
  
I stumbled on the steps, but I think my hand gripping his cock made him forget my punishment. We walked into our bedroom and Keith closed the door behind us. I let go of his cock and he walked me toward the door to the deck outside our bedroom and we looked out at the beautiful clear night.  
  
"Would you like to go out and sit on the deck?" he said with a little chuckle.  
  
I really didn't want to go outside practically naked again, but I wanted... needed him to fuck me and if I had to freeze my ass off to get it, that's what I would do. "If that is what my master wants, to take me out in the cold, naked and lay me on the snow covered table and fuck me. That is what I will do." I said in my most submissive voice.  
  
He put his arms around me and hugged me to him. I could feel his hard body against mine, and it only made me want him more. I was starting to get myself under control when Keith took his arms from around me and said, "No, no more outside games this trip. But I do want you to strip; take off you negligee and panties."  
  
I was surprised, because he usually likes to undress me. I hesitated only a second before I pulled the negligee over my head and dropped it on the floor and quickly slid my g-string down my legs and off dropping them at my feet. I reached for the ankle strap on my high heels and he said, "No, leave them on."  
  
I stood up, now completely naked, and he pulled me into his arms. He grabbed a handful of my hair in the back near my neck and tilted my head back and crushed his lips to mine while he crushed my nude body against him. The hairs on his chest tickled my nipples starting those feelings up again and I wasn't even calmed down from his teasing me on the couch.  
  
The high heels gave me just enough height so that his cock poked against my pussy and not up against my belly. A little wiggle on my part and his cock slipped out of his boxers and slid right between my legs rubbing against my clit and my shaved pussy.  
  
I moaned into his mouth and he put his hand on my naked ass and held me in place while he pumped his hips against me moving his cock back and forth between my legs rubbing the length of my pussy and tormenting my swollen clit. Suddenly, I loved six inch high heeled shoes.  
  
If he had kept that up, I would have cum right there, but my Keith never makes things that easy for me. He released his hold on my ass and slowly slid his cock from between my legs. I mumbled, "Please master, don't take your cock from me, I need to cum so bad."  
  
"All in good time my little slut." he said softly, and led me to the bed.  
  
He lifted me up and laid me on the bed. "My shoes." I whispered.  
  
"Leave them on," he said looking into my eyes, "tonight you are my slut, and I want to fuck you with your sexy high heels on."  
  
I gasped out loud. Not because of what he said, but the look on his face when he said it. I loved it when he called me his slut; he never did it when anyone else was around like it was our secret. The look on his face told me that he was going to fuck me, but good. But what was I going to have to do to earn the right to have his cock shoved into my shaved little pussy?  
  
He slid his boxers down his legs and his cock sprang up. It looked bigger and harder than I ever saw it before. It was so red, almost purple, and it looked like it was angry. He climbed into bed next to me and lay on his back and pulled me to him.  
  
He squeezed me a little closer and I lifted my leg over his and rubbed my shaved pussy against his hard hairy thigh. I was trying to get Keith excited enough so that he had to fuck me, but the friction of my pussy against his leg sent tremors from my pussy through my whole body.  
  
He could feel me shiver against him. He put his big hand on my soft ass and held my pussy against his leg, and then he flexed the big muscle at the top of his thigh against my pussy. I could feel my pussy quiver and start to drip, and I knew he could feel it against his leg.  
  
Keith's being able to excite me so easily was embarrassing. I was starting to tingle all over again, and I tried to move my pussy away so I wouldn't lose control so fast, but he held me firmly against his leg. My wiggling, trying to move my pussy from his teasing thigh, only stimulated my pussy more and now my clit was starting to peek out, rubbing against his hairy leg and getting me even more excited.  
  
I trembled as the tingles went from my pussy down to my toes. I tried to move my leg from on top of him so he couldn't tease my pussy, but he grabbed my leg, holding it behind the knee, keeping my pussy pressed against his thigh. I tried to move my hips away from him, but he pressed harder with the hand that was on my ass preventing that, too. I was trapped against him. It was humiliating knowing that Keith had complete control of my body and he could make me cum, or not, at his whim.

Keith started flexing the muscle in his thigh against my defenseless pussy every four or five seconds; keeping me very excited and wet, and every time his thigh rubbed against my pussy, I could feel his cock moving against my thigh. I didn't want his cock rubbing against my leg, I wanted it inside me. Trapped as I was, there was nothing I could do; I could only endure the things he was doing to me to get me more and more excited. If he kept this up, I would be begging him to let me cum in no time.   
  
Keith kept flexing his big thigh muscle against my dripping pussy and I know he could feel the wet spot growing on his thigh. His slid his hand down a little further to get a firm grip on my ass cheeks and ground my slick pussy against his hard thigh. I gasped and moaned and buried my face in his chest as my clit rubbed against the hairs on his hard leg.  
  
Keith's teasing suddenly stopped. He moved his hands from my leg and my ass, and before I could even think, he rolled me onto my back. His face was above me in a flash and he lowered his mouth to mine gently exploring my mouth with his tongue.  
  
He took my arms by the wrists in each of his hands and pressed them to the bed next to my shoulders. He was so strong; I couldn't move my arms at all. Still kissing me, he moved his body over me, dragging his cock across my leg to rest on my closed thighs. He kept his lips on mine holding himself above me, only touching my wrists with his hands and my thighs with his cock.  
  
I spread my legs slightly and moaned into his mouth as the head of his cock grazed my clit and rested against the puffy lips of my pussy. I rolled my hips, rubbing my drooling pussy against his cock. He moaned softly and his cock throbbed against my legs and pussy. I braced myself, preparing for him to push his big cock into my little pussy.  
  
Instead, he moved from my mouth to my neck then behind my ear knowing how that sent tingles all through my body. He kissed and licked and nibbled down across my chest and I knew he was heading for my sensitive breasts. As he moved his head down to my hard little nipples, his hot cock moved away from my pussy but I couldn't move to keep him pressed up against me.  
  
I tried to move my legs but his legs held me in place. I couldn't even move my feet or wiggled my toes because the six inch heels kept my toes pointing down almost like a ballerina. I knew when I cum, my toes curl. I can't help it, it's beyond my control, but with these high heels on, I couldn't move my toes let alone let them curl; it was like my feet were tied up. I was quickly losing control again and if I didn't cum soon I was afraid I was going to die.  
  
"Oh please master," I whimpered wiggling my hips, "please don't tease me anymore. I need you so bad. Please fuck me; please let me cum."  
  
I felt him chuckle against my breast more than I heard him. He was enjoying my frustration. He was doing just enough to me to get me more and more excited without letting me reach fulfillment. He was toying with me and even though his making me beg to cum humiliated me, I loved being his toy.  
  
He ignored my pleas, of course, and started moving his teasing lips, tongue and teeth from my now hard and aching nipples down over my stomach toward my cute little belly button. He moved my arms down to my sides as he moved, still keeping his grip on my wrists holding me his helpless prisoner.  
  
He stopped at my belly button, slowly, lightly running his tongue around the rim. The tickling, tingling feelings were shooting from my belly all over my body. In desperation, I pulled in my stomach to try and get my belly button away from his mouth, but he followed as my stomach pulled against my spine. When I couldn't hold my stomach in any longer, he let me impale the little hole in my flat belly on his wiggling tongue.  
  
I gasped and moaned and my belly trembled as his tongue teased my little belly button. I couldn't move, I could only lay there and be teased and explored. The high heels on my feet felt like they weighed a ton and held my feet not only in place, but in position, too, with my toes pointed at the foot of the bed tightening the muscles in my trembling legs. His hands held my wrists and he had moved his lower legs over my spread legs to keep me still, and it worked. I squealed and moaned as his lips and tongue and teeth tickled and licked and nipped at my vulnerable midsection. Not being able to move just excited me even more.  
  
He started moving lower on my belly and I knew where he was heading. I was frantic. I wanted him so bad, but he was taking his time, exploring every inch of my naked and defenseless body, driving me crazy with his teasing. He had been teasing and playing with me for hours and I tried desperately to move, to wiggle away, but his hands holding my wrists and the weight of his legs over mine kept me firmly in place.  
  
He teased and kissed, licked and nipped his way across my lower belly from one hip to the other and back again going a little lower each time. I was gasping and moaning almost constantly now, trying to get loose even though I knew I was no match for his strength. Still, he kept slowly moving lower and lower.  
  
I shook my head from side to side, the only movement I could manage; trying to get control of the jumbled mess Keith had made of my nervous system. He worked his way down to the little mound just above my dripping, spasming pussy and lifted his head slightly to look up at me over my hard, pointed nipples... and he smiled.  
  
I knew what he was going to do. "Oh no, master, please not that." I cried out, "You're making me crazy! I won't be able to control myself if you do that. Please don't make me humiliate myself on your lips and tongue."  
  
He released my hands and raised himself up slightly. He spread my legs, sliding his hands and arms under my thighs pushing my knees up. I could feel my six inch heels on the sheets forcing my toes to point down again. He grabbed my wrists again holding my hands in place. I tried to move, to escape what he was going to do me, even though I desperately wanted it, but my arms and legs were too weak and shaky to respond to my commands.  
  
He was still looking at me, those grey eyes and that devilish smile, but now he was poised inches from shaved pussy. Just the thought of what he was going to do made my pussy clamp down in anticipation.   
  
Keith knew just what to do to get the most out of me. I could tell from the look in his eyes that he loved playing with me, seeing how excited he could get me before he would finally let me cum. He looked from my face down to my bare pussy. It was humiliating, being held in that position, his face so close to the most personal parts of my body. Then, still with that devilish smile, he licked his lips.  
  
That's when I lost it. The teasing and the torture and humiliation overwhelmed me. I could wiggle my hips a little, but his grip on my wrists and his arms along my sides kept me right where he wanted me.  
  
"Please sir," I begged, "please don't. You know your mouth and your teeth and your tongue on my pussy make me crazy. You know I can't control myself when you push your tongue inside me. Do anything else you want to me, but don't make me humiliate myself while you tease me with your mouth."  
  
He smiled and dipped his head and I knew I was lost. I was his slut tonight and he was going to enjoy playing with me. His lips locked onto my swollen pussy lips, his tongue working its way deep inside me. "Master... master, please." I wailed; but he pulled on my wrists forcing my spasming pussy harder against his lips and teeth and tongue. He kept his hands, holding my wrists, pressed against the outside of my hips to be sure I couldn't get away.  
  
"Oh my god. Master pleeeaaaasssee!" I cried out; not knowing if I was begging him to stop or go on.   
  
I was completely lost. I was his; he possessed me completely. All I could do lay there and endure whatever he wanted to do to me. I could feel my orgasm coming like a giant thunderstorm rolling over me.  
  
I don't know how long he licked and sucked and nibbled at my poor little pussy and swollen clit; time no longer had any meaning for me. His tongue had licked and teased and explored every inch of my pussy, inside and out ten times over.   
  
Just as I reached the point where I thought my orgasm was going to rip me in two, Keith took his mouth from my pussy. It took me a few seconds to realize I was denied my release again. He held me in place, but he stopped torturing my pulsing, dripping pussy.  
  
"Please master," I cried out as loud as I could between gasps for breath, "please let me cum. Please fuck me. I'll do anything; you can do anything to me. Pleeeeaassssee!"  
  
He released my hands and threw my ankles up on his shoulders. Through the fog that surrounded my brain, I could see my Keith's face over me. My legs were pushed up and spread by my ankles on his shoulders. I could see my feet, still strapped into my six inch high heels.  
  
He leaned down and kissed me forcing my high heels closer to my face and pushing my dripping pussy up as my body almost doubled over. He lowered his hips and rubbed his cock over my aching pussy. I tried to beg him to fuck me, but I couldn't form any words. All that came out was a jumble of sounds.  
  
He lined his big cock up with my wet, little pussy and pushed. I was so wet that his cock slid in, almost to the hilt, in one stroke. To me, it felt like he had pushed a hot steel rod into me and my pussy clamped down hard on his throbbing cock.  
  
He pulled back until just the head of his cock was in me and then he pushed into me; burying himself in my belly until I could feel the head of his cock pounding against my cervix.   
  
I came; my pussy and my belly clamping down so hard that it actually hurt. I could feel my toes trying to curl but they couldn't, being held in place by my high heels. I screamed; I know I did, but I couldn't stop myself. He pulled back again until just the head of his cock was inside me and I grabbed the sheets in my hands holding on for dear life.  
  
He pushed himself into me again, harder this time, and I thought he must have pushed himself into my womb as I came again. I couldn't even scream this time; all I remember is seeing my six inch high heels strapped on my feet on each side of Keith's head, feeling his cock buried deep in my pussy and thinking how happy I was to be Keith's slut.  
  
I kept cumming. It seemed like the orgasms were coming one right after another, not giving me a chance to recover or even catch my breath. I thought I was going to die. I thought my darling Keith was going to actually fuck me to death.  
  
He moved his head down from kissing my face and he started to lick and bite my rock hard nipples and this just caused the orgasms to hit me harder and faster. I tried to beg him to stop, to have mercy on his little slut but nothing came out.  
  
I felt Keith shudder with his cock buried so deep in my belly I could swear the head of his cock was in my chest. I felt his cock throb and his boiling hot cum pour into my pussy making me cum again, hard, as he pumped his seed into my belly.  
  
As the storm cleared in my head and my body stopped convulsing with pleasure, I started to regain control of myself. The various parts of my tormented body were reporting in to my brain. They were tired, strained, and achy, but very, very happy.  
  
Keith lay on top of me. He was trying to keep his weight off of me as he released my feet from his shoulders. He carefully let my legs down, one at a time and I could feel his cock move inside me and his pelvis rub against my clit. I trembled as one last little climax rippled through my body.  
  
I was able to get my arms around my man and pull him down on me. I loved the feel of his weight on me, especially after he fucked me senseless, and tonight he earned the right to lay on me for as long as he wanted.  
  
I lay under him, basking in the afterglow of more orgasms than I could count, his body pressing me into the mattress and his softening cock still buried in my satiated little pussy. He lifted his head and kissed me gently and whispered, "I'm too heavy on you." and started to lift himself off of me.  
  
I knew he was worried about me; he always worried about me, but, being a man, he doesn't understand that a woman loves feeling her man on top of her, covering her, keeping her under him. I tightened my arms around him as tight as I could, wrapped my trembling legs around his waist and whispered, "Don't you dare move. You teased and tortured and played with my naked body for almost three hours. You humiliated me. You made me beg for your cock and plead for you to let me cum. You made me your slut, so let me be your slut and enjoy the feel of your body pressing me to your bed."  
  
He smiled that smile at me, the one that I love. He buried his face in my neck, nuzzling that spot just behind my ear and that's how we fell asleep.

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I think I felt the lips on my shoulder working slowly toward my neck even before I was fully awake. I wiggled my ass back, trying to find Keith's warm hard body, but it wasn't there. I slowly rolled over onto my back and was greeted with his grey eyes and little smile on his face looking down at me.  
  
"Good morning." I mumbled, still not quite awake. He was sitting on the edge of the bed, one hand on each side of me, holding his upper body over me. Almost the same position as when I fell asleep last night.  
  
I could move my toes, so I know he took off those six inch high heels he made me wear last night. I smiled to myself wondering how long he spent looking at my naked body before he climbed into bed and pulled the covers over us.  
  
He kissed my cheek and whispered, "Good morning, Kitten. I hate to wake you up, but we have a long drive ahead us." He sat up a little as I stretched. I know he loves to watch as I arch my back, push my arms up over my head, and stretch my legs, pointing my toes and pushing my breasts out. Unfortunately, I was still under the covers. I bet he wished he pulled them down before he woke me.  
  
"I'd like to get an early start, so, when your ready, get up and shower and stuff and come on down for breakfast. After breakfast we'll pack, load the car, and get on the road." He took a mug of coffee from the night table and offered it to me. I sat up, being careful to keep my naked body covered, pulling the covers up to my neck. I took the offered mug and thanked him.  
  
"We sure are being modest this morning." he chuckled with a teasing smile.  
  
"You mean after this weekend, and yesterday, and last night?" I said with a sigh and a little giggle. "My god, you didn't leave any little part of me... unexplored. And you took terrible advantage of me last night and did terrible things to me." I said with my little girl pout.  
  
"Funny," he said, finger to his lips like he was trying to think back, "I remember you moaning... and crying out a lot. And begging for mercy, and promising to do some shocking things with your body for me if I would show you some mercy. And... oh yeah, begging me to please fuck you, but I don't remember you ever telling me you were insulted or offended. In fact..."  
  
"That's quite enough, Mr. Monroe." I said putting my finger to his lips and blushing. "Okay," I continued, using my little girl voice, "so you conquered me. You took control of my naked, defenseless body and teased and tormented and humiliated me. You fucked my brains out and I loved every second of it. I belong to you completely, to do with as you will; now what?"  
  
"Now I want to get inside your head." he said softly after a slight pause. "I want to make you do things you never thought you would do. I want to learn what makes you crazy; push you to your limits."  
  
"Oh my goodness, daddy, you really do want to fuck me to death, don't you?" I took a sip from my mug of coffee; I looked at my Keith over the rim of the mug and giggled, "When do we start?"  
  
We both laughed, looking into each other's eyes. He loved teasing me and torturing me and making me cum; and I loved teasing him about the 'terrible' things he does to me. I could see the wheels turning behind his soft grey eyes. He was already thinking of new things to do to my poor little body - and my mind.  
  
He stood up and kissed me on my forehead and I noticed a little bulge in the front of his pants. I felt a little tingle between my legs knowing that, even after all we did yesterday; he wants me again this morning.  
  
Never missing the chance to tease him -- and get myself in trouble -- I handed him my coffee mug and jumped out from under the covers. I stood close to him, clasping my hands behind my back, so he got a good look at my naked breasts, shaved pussy, and long legs. "Does daddy want me naked while I pack our bags?" I asked slowly twisting my body from side to side, emphasizing my nakedness.  
  
He paused for a few seconds, his soft grey eyes filling with lust as they devoured my soft, pink body. Exercising super-human self control, but with his eyes still moving up and down my naked body, he said, "No, you can get dressed for the ride home before you come down for breakfast, but I'll be sure you're naked when you unpack the bags, and maybe I'll find something to make unpacking very 'interesting' for you."  
  
I gasped as my pussy and my puckered little asshole tightened and my nipples got stiff and hard, at the thought of Keith having the whole day to think of ways to torture and humiliate me as I unpacked our bags. I managed to say, "Thank you, sir." and scampered off to the bathroom before he noticed that the lips of my tingling pussy were suddenly wet.  
  
I showered, washed my hair, and did my regular morning routine trying to imagine what Keith would do to me tonight. I dried off with one of the big fluffy towels and put on a very skimpy, lacey pink bra and panty set. I put on jeans and a sweatshirt, since it was still cold up here at the cabin, and sweat socks and sneakers so I'd be comfortable during the trip home. He would never guess what delights were under the baggy sweatshirt and jeans and, at the very least, I would be able to give him peaks at my skimpy undies and tease him on the ride home.  
  
I went down to breakfast and Tina was sitting at the table with a mug of coffee. The guys were in the kitchen getting breakfast together. I poured myself a fresh mug of coffee and sat down at the table. Tina smiled at me and said, "Somebody had an exciting night last night."  
  
I looked at her, then toward the kitchen. "Keith didn't say anything." she said laughing. "He would never talk about anything you two did in private. Phil and I heard you screaming and begging clear across the cabin. My god, girl, I think you scared away every wild animal within two miles."  
  
I opened my mouth to say something, but nothing came out. I blushed and looked down into my coffee mug.  
  
"Don't be embarrassed, Heather." she said moving her chair closer to mine, "Tell me all the details. It sounded like you were really, really having a good time. I love it when Phil gets me going and just does things to me until I think I'm going to lose my mind."  
  
We were both giggling now, like school girls. I looked over at her and whispered just loud enough for her to hear, but not the guys in the next room, "God, Tina, he was all over me. He stripped me down to those six inch heels he made me wear and he wouldn't let me take them off, even when put me on his bed and held me down. He teased me while he held me down and then he used his mouth and his tongue and his teeth all over me, driving me crazy.   
  
"He ate my pussy until I thought I couldn't cum anymore and then he fucked me using his weight to hold me down on his bed. He wouldn't let me take the shoes off; I couldn't even curl my toes like they do when I cum and it felt like my feet were tied or something. He told me that I was his slut and that's the way he wanted me, and that made me cum even harder."  
  
"Wow," Tina whispered, like we were telling deep dark secrets, "You sure had quite a night, especially considering the day you had. How are you feeling this morning; anything sore, do you hurt anywhere?"  
  
"Believe it or not," I giggled, "my stomach muscles are a little sore. Keith made me cum so many times and so hard; I think I strained my stomach from cumming over and over again."  
  
Tina's eyes widened a bit; I think she may have been a little jealous, "A small price to pay for the fun you had if the noise you made was any indication."  
  
I started to tell her it was definitely worth it when the guys came in with fresh biscuits, juice and cut up fruit. "We'd like to stop at Frank's on the way out and there's a diner on the way home that we always stop at for lunch if that's okay with you girls." Keith said.  
  
Tina said, "That sounds great." and I nodded my head in agreement already eating one of the warm biscuits.  
  
I am always fascinated at the way the guys treat Tina and me. Keith, for example, brings me coffee every morning, always opens doors for me, asks for and respects my opinion, and does all kinds of little things to let me know how much he loves me. Like just now, they wanted to make a couple of stops on the way home, but they didn't tells us they were going to do it, they told us what they'd like to do and asked if we were okay with it.  
  
On the other hand, just during this weekend, I was tied up, stripped naked out in the cold - more than once, forced to undress in front of six strangers and made to let them feel me up. I got teased, tortured, humiliated, and fucked up the ass for the first time and that's just the highlights; all by the man who brings me coffee in bed every morning. Talk about extremes...  
  
We talked about how much we liked the cabin. The guys, again, asked if we'd like to come back up to the cabin and we both gave them an enthusiastic, "Yes." Phil mentioned he might bring Tina up during the hunting season since Phil, Keith and their friends never really hunt anyway; it would give them something to do.  
  
Tina got quiet, and a little pale, when Phil said that. I guess the thought of spending a few days to a week at the cabin with six -- or more -- guys may be a little more than even she was ready for. Suddenly her eyes lit up and she said, "That would be great if Heather comes along, too."  
  
Boy, leave it to Tina to include me in her "adventure". I looked at Keith; he smiled but didn't say anything. I wondered if he would really make me come up here with a bunch of his friends and what he would make me do with Tina and all of those guys for a week. I could feel my cheeks get red so I took a mouthful of coffee and grabbed another biscuit without saying anything.  
  
When we finished eating, the guys said they would clean up since they wanted to make sure everything was shut down since no one would be using the cabin until hunting season started. Tina and I went to our rooms to start packing for the trip home.  
  
I put our suitcases on the bed and started emptying the drawers into the suitcases. In spite of, or maybe because of, all the things that I had done to me, and been made to do, I really felt bad about leaving. I wasn't so sure about coming up here during the hunting season. I was curious about what it would be like to be with a group of men, to be made to let them use me for their pleasure, but, at the same time, the thought of being made to do that worried me.  
  
I had almost finished packing when Keith came up to our bedroom. He helped me finish and took his leather case out of the closet and put it on the bed. I knew it contained the "toys" that Keith had used on me, but I wondered if he had used all of the "toys" he packed. Was there something he brought that he didn't have time to get to, or felt was too extreme for this trip?  
  
My curiosity got the best of me. "I was wondering," I asked standing next to him facing the case on the bed, "is there anything in that case that you didn't use? Maybe something you had second thoughts about using on me."  
  
He smiled, "As a matter of fact, there is, but it's to be used for punishment, and you didn't do anything that deserved that kind of punishment."  
  
It took a few seconds for his words to register in my head and I gasped when I realized what he was saying. He chuckled and put his arm around me and pulled me closer to him. "I thought you said that when you knew in advance what was going to happen to you, the waiting was as bad as when it actually happened."   
  
"Well, it is," I said, "But I'm curious, too. Is there something in there that you were going to use to punish me?"  
  
Keith didn't answer me. He just looked at me like a daddy who wasn't sure what to do with his little girl.  
  
"Maybe I should have packed my "Bad Girl" panties," I smiled, being his little girl, "You said I would be punished every time I wore them."  
  
"And every time I see them on your cute little ass, you'll be punished." he said with a light slap to my denim covered butt.  
  
I yelped, even though it didn't hurt, and blushed as I went up on my toes to kiss his cheek. He wrapped his arms around me and hugged me close to him for few seconds. That little hug said so much. I felt so close to him, so loved, like I was the most important thing in his life; and he made me feel that way without saying a word.  
  
Keith picked up the suitcases and the leather case and started carrying everything downstairs. He wouldn't let me carry anything, so I opened the bedroom door and followed him downstairs. He stopped at the front door while I opened it for him and carried the bags out to the car. Phil was already loading the car, and I closed the door to keep the cold out.  
  
Tina came slowly down the stairs and stared at me like she was examining what I was wearing. When she got the bottom of the stairs, I asked her what was wrong.  
  
"What did Keith do to you?" she asked almost in a whisper.  
  
"Nothing... well nothing lately." I giggled. "What's the matter with you?"  
  
"Phil put those Ben-Wah balls inside me. You know; the ones that he has the remote for so he can make them vibrate or shock me. And, he put these little pads on both sides of each nipple." She opened the top of her blouse to show me a little black square pad stuck to her breasts, one pad on each side of both of her nipples. There was a wire connected to each pad that ran down under her blouse and bra.  
  
"The wires go to this little box." She raised her blouse to show the waistband of her jeans riding low on her hips. There was a little dull silver box, a little bigger, but thinner than a pack of cigarettes, attached to the waist of her jeans with four wires attached to it. "He wouldn't tell me what it does but I know it's not going to be good. I bet it's one of Keith's new little toys." she said with a worried smile.  
  
I had a good idea what the little pads were for. I had seen the drawings and saw the description of the 'new little toy', but I didn't even know they had actually made one already. It's designed to send electric shocks to very specific parts of the body; the pads can only be placed an inch or two apart. The little box contains the power unit and a receiver for a remote control that is used to determine what gets shocked and how intense the shock is. The electricity travels from one pad to the other pad shocking whatever is between the pads, in this case, Tina's poor nipples.   
  
I don't understand all the technical terms, but there's something about voltage and amperage. You increase one and the shock becomes more intense and painful without becoming dangerous, but if you increase the other it gets dangerous fast. I'm not sure which is which, so don't use this as a guide for using electricity on your own.  
  
I do know that the thing that makes Keith's device special is the power supply. They found a way for a small, special type of battery to last a really long time. Something I think Phil will have poor Tina testing on the way home, and I guess I'll know what it's like soon enough, too.  
  
I didn't have the heart to tell her what she was in for, so I didn't say anything as she straightened her blouse and covered herself up. She looked around the cabin like she was trying to commit the place to memory. "I really like it here;" she said finally, "I hope we get to come back."  
  
"I'm sure we'll be back. I'm just not sure if we'll come back together -- or if there will be other guys here, thanks to you." I said with a smile.  
  
As the possibilities swam through our heads we walked out. We took our jackets from the hooks by the door, put them on and went out to the car. Keith and Phil had just closed the back of the car. Phil got in behind the wheel and Keith went back inside the cabin to make sure everything was off and secure.  
  
Tina got in the front next to Phil and I got in the back to wait for Keith. Keith came out a minute or so later, locked the cabin door, and climbed into the back seat next to me. "Did you have a good time, Kitten?" he asked putting his arm around me and pulling me close to him.  
  
"Oh, yes," I said, cuddling against him as Phil moved the car down the dirt road toward the highway, "I really like it up here. Is it this nice when the weather is warmer?"  
  
"It's beautiful." Keith said, "There are so many colors. Trees, flowers, grass, and everything smells so clean. The water in the lake is warm and deep blue, and the sky is so clear; not like in the city."  
  
"And in the dead of winter, when it gets really cold," Phil chimed in, "Everything is crisp and clear, and so quiet for some reason."  
  
Almost at the same time, Tina and I said that we'd love to come back and see the place in the different seasons.  
  
Phil drove out onto the paved road and started towards Frank's General Store; our first stop. Just before we got there, Phil said to Tina, "I want to thank Frank for the way; he takes care of the cabin for us when we're not here, and makes sure it's stocked up when we tell him were coming up."  
  
Phil pulled up to the gas pumps outside Frank's store, and we all got out of the car. Phil was going to fill the gas tank, so Tina and I headed toward the store.   
  
Suddenly, Tina stopped. She grabbed my arm and yelped, "Oh, my god!"   
  
I turned to look at her. She was biting her lower lip and I knew Phil had turned on the pads on her breasts. "Tina, are you Okay?" I asked trying to keep my voice down. "Did Phil turn the pads on?"  
  
She got herself under control, "Oh, yeah, and it's like my nipples are being poked with a hundred little needles. He's shocking my nipples out here in public and there's nothing I can do about it."  
  
We started walking again toward the store and I looked at Tina again and I realized she liked being tortured in public. She liked having only three choices; endure the torture, beg Phil to please stop, or remove whatever was torturing her and let everyone see what was being done to her. Seeing the look on Tina's face told me that she liked being tortured too much to ever remove whatever device was being used on her.   
  
We looked inside the store and we could see there were two men inside with Frank. "I think 'we' should thank Frank for a wonderful weekend." Tina said with a devilish glint in her eye.  
  
Sometimes it's scary how Tina and I think alike. We both ran into the store and up to Frank. We hugged him, kissed his cheeks and thanked him over and over for taking such good care of us and the cabin; much to the delight of the two men who were talking with him. Frank was so cute, he actually blushed.   
  
With two men staring, eyes wide and mouths open, the exhibitionist in me made me rub my body against him while I told him that I can't wait to come and see him again. Tina did the same and I wasn't sure if the two men watching our little exhibition at Frank's expense would ever be able to close their mouths again.  
  
Tina and I went over to the coffee counter and started making coffee for ourselves and our guys for the ride down the mountain. Tina giggled, "Was that a bulge in Frank's pants or was he just really glad to see us."   
  
"I thought I felt something when I rubbed myself against him the second time," I said with a giggle, "But I thought that it couldn't be, he's an old man."  
  
Tina put lids on all of the coffee cups and chuckled, "I think that 'old man' would have liked to take a ride on either, or maybe even both of us."

I asked Tina if Phil was still shocking her. She said that he turned off the electricity just as she got to Frank. By the time we started back to the counter with the coffees, the guys were at the counter talking to Frank. The two men that watched us attack Frank were now openly staring at us, so I just had to add a little extra wiggle to my walk.  
  
Keith and Phil were telling Frank about their plans to add phones and an internet connection at the cabin and Frank said to let him know what they needed to be done and he would take care of it. As we started to leave, Frank, with a twinkle in his eye, told Keith and Phil to be sure and bring these "two beautiful young ladies" up to see him again.  
  
We got in the car and pulled out onto the road and Keith said, "You know, you almost gave that poor old man a heart attack."  
  
"Yeah," Phil chimed in, "I bet his blood pressure hit 300."  
  
We started laughing and Tina said, "Yeah, well I can tell you that he still knows what women are for, and he certainly isn't an old man where it counts."  
  
"He's a good friend," Keith said seriously, "and he's always been there for me when I needed something done at the cabin. But I bet that was the best tip he ever got for helping me out, and his friends will be talking about it until the spring thaw." We laughed until Phil turned onto the highway westbound for home.  
  
We talked about the things we did while we were at the cabin and how much we enjoyed them. I found out that Tina and I had a lot in common. Of course, I realized this before, but, while we talked, I realized how much alike Tina and I were.  
  
Our conversation was sprinkled with little yelps and moans from Tina. Phil was playing with the electricity to her nipples and either making the Ben-Wa balls vibrate or shock or do both to the inside of her shaved little pussy. Keith never asked about or mentioned Tina's cries and moans, so I was sure Phil told Keith what he was going to do to Tina.  
  
Tina loves when Phil hurts her. She doesn't want to be injured, but a red ass, tender breasts, or achy pussy, are badges of honor for her. She loves when Phil pushes her limits; that's why she loves being made to test the toys Keith designs.  
  
She also, like me, loves being humiliated sexually. The more embarrassing and humiliating the situation, the better she likes it. She especially enjoys being made to do things in front of groups of men and to be made to let groups of men use her for their pleasure. She said, considering her experience with me, she'd like to try being made to service not only a group of men but some women, too.  
  
I agreed with her about being teased and tortured, and the humiliation just makes me want to be forced to do more. I love being made to do things in front of groups of men, like the poker game, and dancing on the pole, and the night at the lodge. The thought of being displayed in front of a group of men, and then being made to satisfy their every wish excites me -- a lot -- but I still have some reservations.  
  
We talked and listened to the radio -- and Tina's occasional yelps and moans - until we got to the diner the guys had mentioned. It was a little diner, and if the guys hadn't mentioned it, I would have never noticed it. We got there at noon; we girls were ready for a bathroom stop anyway, after breakfast and the coffee from Frank's.  
  
It wasn't very crowded, but there were a lot of truckers at the take-out counter. Keith said that you could always tell the really good places to eat by the number of trucks parked outside. We got a table and ordered lunch. I guess we were still on vacation because we all ordered burgers or sandwiches with fries and soft drinks and not the healthier foods that we usually try to eat.  
  
The guys were right about the diner, and Keith was right about lots of trucks means a good place to eat. Everything was delicious, and we all tried each others food just to be sure. The guys paid the check, and Keith said he was driving the rest of the way home and once he hit the road there was no stopping. So, we all made another stop to our respective rest rooms.  
  
We were on the road again a little after one. Keith drove so I sat in the front seat with him and Phil and Tina sat in the back.   
  
We weren't on the road more than a minute or two when I heard Tina moan and say, "Oh please sir, not faster. They've been vibrating inside me since we walked into the diner, they're diving me crazy."  
  
Keith had a smile on his face, now I knew Phil had told him what he put on -- and in -- Tina. I couldn't help it; I had to turn around in my seat to see what was going on. I guess I have a little voyeur in me to go with the exhibitionist.  
  
As I turned, Tina yelped and was holding her blouse away from her breasts as if that would help the shocks I was sure Phil was administering to her nipples. Phil grabbed Tina's hands, and in a flash had wrist cuffs on her and had her arms locked behind her seat.  
  
Phil was holding both remote controls, one in each hand, "Now we'll see what these things can really do." he said looking at me then smiling at Tina.  
  
Phil pointed one of the remotes at Tina and pressed a button like he was changing the channel on the television. Tina started shaking the upper part of her body side to side as best she could with her hands clasped behind her seat trying to shake the pads off of her breasts, and I knew Phil had turned on the electricity to Tina's nipples.  
  
Tina noticed me watching and her face got red. I guess she was embarrassed with me watching her get teased and tortured. Phil pressed a button on the other remote and the lower half of Tina's body came to life. "No, no, master, not the shocks there, too." she cried out. Her whole body was shaking and I knew Phil was shocking Tina's pussy with the Ben-Wa balls.  
  
Phil was watching Tina and making little adjustments to the remotes to keep Tina's torment going. I was amazed at how beautiful she looked, even fully dressed, as Phil was torturing her. She was gasping and wriggling as best she could and her face and chest were red either from the stimulation her most tender parts were getting or from the humiliation of being toyed with in front of me.  
  
It occurred to me that this was the first time I could actually watch Tina being teased and tortured. Every other time something was done to her, something was being done to me, too. Keith had used the Ben-Wa balls on me before, so I knew what she was going through, but the direct shocks to her nipples were something I had not experienced; even though I knew it was only a matter of time before Keith would use them on me.  
  
My thoughts were interrupted by Tina's cries, "Oh my god, master. Please, please, please no more. My nipples feel like something's crawling all over them." A slight move of Phil's hand and Tina screamed again, "Nooooo, not my pussy. I can't stand it. Please, sir, you're driving me crazy. I can't take this all the way home."  
  
Phil had been torturing Tina for almost an hour, increasing and decreasing the shocks and vibrations ravaging her body, when I looked between Tina's flailing legs and I noticed the crotch of her jeans were wet. She had been coming from the pain of the electrical shocks and the vibrations inside her pussy. Just looking at her, I could feel wetness building between my hairless pussy lips. I wondered why Keith hadn't done anything to me on the trip home.  
  
"Maybe I should open your blouse, take off your bra, and take down your pants so the people in the other cars can see you being tortured." Phil said softly.  
  
"No, master, please. It's bad enough Heather is watching what you're doing to me." Phil's hand moved ever so slightly and Tina's body shook even more. "Ahhhhhhggg. Please sir, I'm cuming again." she cried gasping for breath, "Please, don't make me cum all the way home. I can't do it. I won't make it."  
  
"Well, then," Phil said with a slight movement of both hands, "do the best you can." Tina screamed out as another orgasm slammed into her securely tied body. As she caught her breath, she begged Phil for mercy, "Please master, do anything to me when we get home. I can't take any more. I beg you, master, you can do whatever you want to me; use anything on me you want. Anybody, anything you want. Please have mercy on your little toy; I'll do anything."  
  
As fast as Phil had put on the wrist cuffs and locked them behind her seat, he turned off the devices torturing her nipples and her pussy, uncuffed her wrists and was holding her in his arms and whispering in her ear. Tina moaned and wrapped her arms tightly around Phil as he leaned back along the rear seat pulling Tina's limp body along next to his. Tina moaned wriggling against him to get as much of her body touching his as she possibly could. She had a smile on her face and she looked absolutely radiant. She definitely loved being tortured and forced to cum over and over again, and the more people she had to do it in front of, the better she liked it.  
  
Phil and Tina were wrapped up in each other's arms and in a matter of minutes Tina was fast asleep with Phil not far behind. I couldn't believe how excited I had gotten just from watching Phil torture Tina and making her cum over and over again. My shaved pussy was wet and my nipples were hard little nubs standing out on the tips of my breasts.  
  
I turned to look out the front window and Keith said, "Would you really like to go back to the cabin?"  
  
"I'd love it." I said, "Do you plan to make my next trip as uhm... interesting... as this one?  
  
"Maybe even more interesting." he said flashing me that smile I love so much.  
  
"Keith," I said a little more serious, "Can I talk to you about something?"  
  
"Anything, anytime, you know you can always talk to me."  
  
"I know; it's just that it's about the things we do, the things we talked about doing." I said, hesitating a little.  
  
"Then I definitely want you to talk to me, and don't be afraid to say what's on your mind. It's very important that I know where your head is when we do the things we do." he said with a worried look on his face.  
  
"Oh no," I jumped in, "I loved everything we did this weekend, and everything before that, too. Sometimes I wish that you did even more things to me, even though, at the time it's happening, I think I'll die of embarrassment or cum until I pass out... or both."  
  
I paused for a few seconds thinking about how to start. Finally, I decided just to talk it out. "It's about making me available to a group of guys." I paused again, but Keith didn't interrupt. That was one of things I loved most about him; when I talked, he really listened to what I was saying.  
  
"Being stripped or forced to take my clothes off in front of a bunch of guys really excites me, you know that." I said, surprised that I could feel myself blush just talking about it.   
  
"You've made me do that before and I loved it every time. I even loved the night at the lodge where you let those guys, that I didn't know, see me naked and feel me up -- and they didn't leave a square inch unexplored, either." I said with a little laugh.   
  
"I guess what I'm trying to say is that I like it when you make me expose my body to men; that's the exhibitionist in me. And seeing the look on their faces, in their eyes; knowing that they want me and trying to imagine what they would want to do to me; it gets me excited just thinking about it.  
  
"I've talked to Tina, and you know how much she loves being gang-banged. I've thought about it and I get excited thinking about having to submit to whatever the men want to do to me; thinking about how it would feel with all of those men wanting me, touching me, and then just taking me.  
  
"Of course, I would never do it unless you arranged it, and you were there making sure I was safe. I know you would probably do it with your group, so you would be sure you were in control the whole time. That's the only way I would even try it. I know I would be so humiliated if you made me do it, but that's what excites me about it, being humiliated and you MAKING me do it."  
  
Keith waited and glanced from the road to look at me to make sure I was finished. "I hear everything you're saying, and I would never let that happen unless I was positive you were safe and I had total control of what happened to you."   
  
He paused, and this time I didn't interrupt him. "What you're saying is that you're curious about what it would be like if I decided to make you be... the guest of honor... at one of our meetings. But, something about it is bothering you, and I'm missing it. If something is bothering you, it's important to me and I want us to talk it through."  
  
He was really concerned and that made me feel better. "I know that you'd like to make me submit to your group, it's just that I'm afraid that if we did that, you'd stop loving me, and I'd lose you. That's why I'm confused about trying it. I know part of it is my wanting to know what it's like to have all those men lusting after me, and part of it is being humiliated and the fact that you are making me let them all do what they want to me, but I don't want it to come between us."  
  
"I've thought about the same thing." Keith said. "I enjoyed watching how excited you got the night I made you dance on the pole, and at the poker game, and at the lodge. You were so excited, but humiliated by everyone watching or touching you. You begged me not to make you do it, but I could tell it excited you when I made you do it anyway.  
  
"But you're right about letting other men have sex with you. I've been at meetings where other guys have let all the guys enjoy their sub, and, if the number of times the subs came is any indication, the subs enjoyed it even if they were... overwhelmed at times. Some have even come back a second or third time.  
  
"I know I could never stop loving you, especially over something I made you do. I know I enjoyed being one of the guys with another guys' sub and I've never heard of it causing a problem for any of the members of our group or their subs. I know I want to make you do it, to see you have to satisfy a group of men and you seem like you want me to make you do it; but I'd have to see how it went before I could say I'd make it part of the games we play. We'd have to talk about it after it happened the first time."  
  
I took a minute to think about all that Keith said. Finally, I said, "Keith, I trust you completely, and I would like for you to make me submit to a group of your friends. I don't want to know in advance what's going to happen to me or when it's going to happen. I've loved everything else you've done to me, but this is a big step. I do want to try it, as long as it doesn't make you feel any differently about me."  
  
Keith looked quickly from the road to devour me with his eyes and then looked back at the road. "I love you, Heather, and nothing I 'make' you do could ever make me love you less or lose respect for you." He paused and then, "Now, you had a busy weekend. Why don't you lower your seat back and get some rest? After all, you still have to unpack when we get home."  
  
Keith's reminder that he promised to make unpacking 'interesting' for me sent a tingle through my body. I didn't know what he had planned, but I knew I would love and hate it at the same time. I let my seat back down as Keith handed me a blanket. I covered my self and the next thing I knew we were pulling up in front of our house.

My Own Heaven Ch. 29

We got out of Phil's car in front of our house, and the guys went to the back of the car to get out our bags. Tina and I stood by the side of the car. "I guess I'll see you later in the week." I said as we kissed each other's cheeks.  
  
"I'm sure we will," she whispered with a smile, "if I don't kill Phil first."  
  
"What's did he do now?" I asked, keeping my voice down so the guys wouldn't hear.  
  
"He's been teasing... no, torturing me with those remotes for the past hour." she said with a devilish smile. "Unfortunately, he's gotten very good with them. He's been keeping me just on the edge of making it, but he won't let me cum. He's driving me crazy and I may attack him on the way home, because I know he's going to torture me all the way there."  
  
I hugged her, and she was still so excited she shivered just from our bodies touching. He really did have her on the edge. "Try and wait until you get home; you don't want to have an accident on the way." I said with a giggle.  
  
"You laugh," she said, "wait until Keith tries these things out on you, and you know he will. You'll be like a cat in heat, rubbing against anything hard just to get yourself off."  
  
A tingle ran through my body thinking about Keith teasing me and denying me an orgasm. He had held me on the brink before, but not for hours like Phil was doing to Tina. Just the thought of tiny electric shock running across my nipples, and my clit, and other tender places I'm sure he would like to torture started a little itch in my shaved little pussy.  
  
Keith has teased and tortured me close to orgasm, denying me the relief I so desperately needed, many times; but he only made me wait for a few minutes, maybe ten at the most. Even then, I begged and pleaded with him to let me cum offering myself in the most humiliating ways and promising to do the most appalling things, or let him do the most unspeakable things to me. I shudder to think what I would be like, what would I offer for an orgasm after an hour?  
  
The guys had unloaded the car, so Tina and I said our goodbyes. I kissed Phil goodbye and Phil and Tina got into their car and I waved as they drove off. Keith picked up our bags and we walked toward the front door. Keith carried all of the bags, he still wouldn't let me carry anything, and I opened the door for him. Even though we had a wonderful extended weekend, it was still good to be home.  
  
We went straight up to the bedroom and as Keith put our bags on the bed, I headed for the bathroom; after that long trip, some things just couldn't wait. When I came out of the bathroom Keith said, "We were only away for four days, but some people already forgot the rules of the house."  
  
I was confused, but only for a second. He was referring to me being naked when we were home alone. "I really had to go to the bathroom... you know, after all that time in the car." I said, trying to minimize my breaking of the rules.  
  
"And yet, even though you were half undressed in the bathroom, here you are, still dressed." he said, knowing he had again caught me trying to talk my way out of trouble.   
  
He walked over to my chest of drawers and opened it. I thought he was going to unlock the drawers that held the 'toys' he uses to punish me and I started to frantically pull off my clothes. But he didn't unlock one of the 'toy' drawers; he opened one of the drawers where I keep my underwear and skimpier things. I was down to my bra and panties when he turned with something in his hand.  
  
I stopped undressing, stripping really, to see what he had in his hand. He looked at me in my skimpy underwear and the look in his eye told me he liked what he saw. "Please don't stop." he said examining my near nudity as he walked to my closet, "I'm just picking out something for you to wear."  
  
I took off my skimpy bra and thong panties as fast as I could remembering what happened to me the other times he "picked out" something for me to wear. I was naked now, my bare breasts and shaved pussy on display. I knew he would find a way to punish me for not undressing as soon as we entered the house, but that little masochist in me just had to sneak out and try to avoid the punishment, even though I knew just the attempt to avoid punishment would only make the punishment worse.  
  
"You don't need to pick out anything for me to wear, sir," I said as he turned from my closet, "I know you like keeping me naked for you when we're home."  
  
He turned from the closet with a clump of white from my chest of drawers in his hand and my little white cover-up over his arm. In his other hand he had a pair of my white five inch high heeled shoes. "That's very nice of you." he said politely, "But how about our agreement that you would wear at least four inch heels at all times?" he said looking at my bare feet and then to my high heels in his hand.  
  
"But daddy," I whined using my little girl voice hoping he would go easy on his 'little girl', "I was getting undressed and I didn't get a chance to put on my heels."  
  
"Enough!" he said, not loud but with enough conviction that I knew he was enjoying our game just a little too much. That's when I knew he had plans for me and my trying to wriggle out of my punishment would only have me wiggling even more while I was being punished.   
  
"I was going to let you wear this little cover-up," he said holding up his arm with my white cover-up draped over it, "but since it seems you don't take the rules seriously, I'll have to make your punishment even more humiliating." He put the cover-up back in my closet and then walked to the foot of the bed and indicated I should join him.  
  
I walked over to the bed and he handed me the high heels and the white ball of fabric he had in his hand. It turned out to be one of the bikinis he had bought me. It was white and very, very skimpy. The two little triangles of cloth connected by strings that made up the top just covered my nipples and nothing more. The bottoms were less than a g-string. There was a string that went between my ass cheeks leaving my ass completely bare. The string went over my hips holding up a thin piece of white cloth about an inch or so wide that just barely covered my shaved pussy lips. From the back, I was completely naked except for the little string at the back of my top and the string going over my hips.  
  
"Get dressed and we'll sit by the pool. After the weekend at the cabin it'll be nice to sit out in the warm sun for a while." he said. He kissed me on the cheek and hugged me against him for a second and I could feel the lump forming in his pants against my naked belly. "I'll go down and open a bottle of wine." and he was gone.  
  
Something wasn't right. My punishment for not stripping naked as soon as we walked into the house was to wear a skimpy bikini? I also didn't put on high heels and my punishment for that was just to wear my five inch heels which I should have been wearing in the first place? I tried to get out of being punished, and the punishment for that was not being allowed to wear my cover-up over my bikini? Not only that, but I still had to unpack our suitcases and Keith promised to make that 'interesting', too.  
  
I put on the bikini and the five inch heels and buckled the straps around my ankles. I stood up just a little shaky on the high heels; I was getting better at walking in five inch heels. Six inch heels were still a challenge for me, but I'm sure Keith would see to it that I learned.  
  
I stopped in front of the mirror and looked at myself. My god, it was worse than being naked; the bikini covered almost nothing. There was no liner in the top or the bottom of the bikini. Dry, it did little to hide my most secrets parts. The darker circles of my nipples showed through the little white triangles, and when my nipples got hard, they poked against the thin fabric so they couldn't be missed. The faint outline of my pussy lips could be seen through the bottoms; there was no doubt that my little pussy was shaved completely bare. Wet, it would be worse than being naked; the cloth would become transparent and everything would show. The wet bikini wouldn't cover, only highlight, my naked body.   
  
Now, I knew why taking the cover-up from me was a sort of punishment. Even though the cover-up didn't button closed, at least it would hide a little of my near naked body. But, Keith has seen me naked many times before or in much more kinky outfits. He had something planned, but for the life of me, I couldn't figure out what it was.  
  
I went downstairs and Keith was in his bathing suit. His bare, muscled chest and stomach sent tingles through my almost naked body. He poured two glasses of wine at the kitchen counter and handed one to me. I was glad we were having wine and not mixed drinks. I remember the time we had drinks by the pool and Keith found some new and exciting places for some of the ice. Of course, since then I have learned just how much having my most tender parts exposed to cold excites me.  
  
We walked out to the pool and Keith said, "I ordered a couple of salads from the deli. I wasn't real hungry and I didn't think you'd be hungry after all we ate this weekend. Is that okay?"  
  
"That's fine; I'm not real hungry either." I said laying back on one of the lounge chairs.  
  
We lay by the pool, just absorbing the warmth of the sun and talking about nothing in particular. We were just enjoying being alone together after the weekend with Phil and Tina.  
  
After about a half an hour the doorbell rang. "That must be the delivery boy from the deli." Keith said without moving, "would you mind getting it? I left the money on the table by the door."  
  
That's when it hit me. Now it all made sense. My punishment for not taking off my clothes when I came in the house was that I had to answer the door in my less than skimpy bikini. My punishment for trying to get out of being punished was I wouldn't even have the cover-up to hide at least some of my near nakedness. I must remember to thank that little masochist that hides inside me for making my humiliation just a bit worse.  
  
"Keith!" I said a little louder than I meant to, "I'm practically naked." I stood up to be sure he saw that only the tiniest bits of my body were almost covered by the bikini. "You want me to go to the door and let the delivery boy see me like this?"  
  
"Well, I could make you take the bikini off. After all, you are supposed to be naked." he said with that smile.  
  
I gasped knowing Keith would do it; he'd make me go to the door naked. I turned to go to the door and he said with a little laugh, "Oh, and be sure and wait for change and give the delivery boy a nice tip; unless you think him seeing you in your bikini is tip enough."  
  
I was too embarrassed to answer and I could feel Keith's eyes on my bare ass cheeks as I walked into the house. I was already humiliated and I knew it was only going to get worse. I remembered how I looked in the mirror and my cheeks flushed knowing a perfect stranger was going to see me in all my almost naked glory in a matter of seconds.  
  
My high heels clicked across the tiled kitchen floor and I realized that my little pussy was tingling and I was getting wet. The thought of the delivery boy seeing me almost naked had gotten me excited. I hoped that I hadn't gotten wet enough to make the little strip of cloth between my legs become transparent. It was bad enough that he would know my pussy was shaved bare and see the puffy lips pushing against their tiny covering.   
  
And with the exception of the tiny little triangles of cloth just covering my now rock hard nipples, my breasts were naked, too. Just thinking about appearing in front of perfect stranger, and a delivery boy no less, was so humiliating. I was sure my face was bright red.  
  
As I got to the foyer, the doorbell rang again. I looked behind me, hoping to see Keith rushing to stop me from humiliating myself, but he wasn't there. I pulled open the door and there was the delivery boy. He had to be over eighteen, just a year or so younger than me, because he was driving the deli's car, but he looked like he was sixteen or so. Or, maybe it was the way his eyes opened so wide and his jaw dropped as he looked at me in my bikini; checking me out from the top of my head to my painted little toes in my five inch heels.  
  
I had opened the door wide. I knew hiding behind the door would only get me a worse punishment. I stood there for a moment, mortified as the delivery boy's eyes roamed up and down my body, over and over again, memorizing every square inch of my near nakedness. I could almost feel his eyes roaming over my exposed body. The look on his face and the bulge growing in his pants embarrassed me even more, but it also got me more excited, and I could feel the wetness between my legs and my nipples were so hard they hurt.  
  
Finally, I said, "Can I help you?"  
  
The sound of my voice brought him out of his fantasies. I could imagine what he was thinking about doing with this almost naked woman in front of him. "Uh... yeah," he stumbled, "I have a delivery from the deli. It's twenty-two ninety five."  
  
Oh no, I forgot to get the money off of the table. It was only about six feet from the door to the table; but to reach it, I would have to turn my back to the delivery boy and walk to the table. The back of my bikini was no more than a string that ran between the cheeks of my firm little ass and over my hips and another across my back. I knew the delivery boy was going to love this added exhibition of my body, but it made me even more humiliated and I couldn't even blame Keith. I forgot to get the money as I passed the table.  
  
I took the bag and turned to walk to the table and I could hear the delivery boy groan. He groaned again as I walked to the table because I am sure the sight on my naked ass jiggling atop my long legs and five inch heels was beyond anything he had ever dreamed of.  
  
I was utterly humiliated when I got to the table. This young boy, a total stranger had seen just about every square inch of my body. I decided to be sure and give him a show he would never forget and, at the same time, not give Keith an excuse to punish me further for forgetting to strip when I entered the house. I bent over half way, keeping my legs straight and legs slightly parted as I placed the bag on the table and retrieved the money, feeling the cheeks of my ass part just a little, letting him almost see my puckered little asshole.  
  
Keith left two twenty dollar bills on the table. He knew how much the salads were, but he wanted to be sure I had to stand there while the delivery boy counted out the change. I turned and walked back to the open door and I could feel my breasts quivering since the top of my bikini was too small and flimsy to hold them still. The delivery boy noticed my breasts, too; for a second, I thought he stopped breathing.  
  
The delivery boy now had a hard on pushing out against the front of his pants. I walked up close to him, almost touching him, and handed him the two twenty dollar bills. His hands were shaking as he took the bills. He stuffed the bills into one pocket and reached into the other to make change and that's when he realized his stiff penis was obvious in the front of his pants.  
  
Now his face turned bright red, but there was no way he could adjust himself without bringing even more attention to the tent in the front of his pants. He counted out the change into my hand but his eyes never left my naked breasts. I offered him the five dollar bill as a tip.  
  
"No, thank you, ma'am," he said softly, his voice almost cracking from the strain, "you've given me more than enough for making the trip out here. And, if you ever need anything else, don't hesitate to call." He took a step back from the door and turned to walk back to the car. I could see his hands fumbling at the front of his pants trying to rearrange himself so he could sit in the deli's car.  
  
I shut the door and turned to walk to the table to get the bag with the salads and Keith was already at the table. He was still in his bathing suit and I could see the bulge in the front attesting to his enjoyment of my humiliation. "Did you watch the whole thing? I was so embarrassed." I said, knowing my face must still be red. "Did you watch everything to make sure I did what you said and get totally humiliated?'  
  
"Well, I watched the whole thing, but not to check on you. I knew you would do as you were told." He said looking me up and down with that look of lust in his eyes. "But I did want to be sure you were safe. I told you I would never let any harm come to you."  
  
I was so humiliated and excited by what Keith made me do, that I had never even thought of the possible danger involved. But Keith did, and made sure he was nearby to be sure I was safe. I walked over to him as quickly as I could in my five inch heels and threw my arms around him. "I was so humiliated." I whispered into his chest, "That boy saw me almost completely naked. He'll tell all of his friends."  
  
"He probably will," Keith said with a little laugh making my humiliation even deeper, "but who'll believe him? His friends will think he was making it all up. Besides, if it was so horrible for you," he said sliding his hand between my legs and rubbing the little strip of cloth against my pussy making sure to tease my clit, "why are you soaking wet?"  
  
I stepped back from Keith and gasped, "Oh my god, can you see through my bikini bottom?" I looked down, but without the aid of a mirror, I couldn't tell if the little strip of cloth covering my pussy was wet enough to become transparent. "Could he see my naked pussy?"  
  
My ordeal was over, but now, with the possibility of the delivery boy having seen my shaved pussy, my humiliation was even worse than when I stood almost naked in front of him.  
  
"Part of your punishment is that you will never know. Strip off your bikini; you are supposed to be naked, you know."   
  
I quickly stripped off my bikini, what little there was of it, and handed it to Keith. He took it in one hand and with the other, he picked up the bag with the salads, and we walked to the kitchen.  
  
"You know," Keith said with a crooked little smile and looking up and down my naked body, "Maybe we should make you answer the door like that every time we have a delivery. Look at the money we'd save in tips."  
  
"Keith!" I cried out. "I'd be so humiliated. I'd be red faced and wet between my legs all the time."  
  
"And that's supposed to discourage me?" he laughed.  
  
I punched his arm and almost lost my balance in my five inch heels which only made him laugh harder.  
  
When we got to the kitchen, he sat me naked in my high heels at the table, served the salads, poured us each a glass of wine and sat down himself. "So, do you think you'll remember the rules of the house from now on?" he asked smiling at me across the table.  
  
Much as I tried to stop her, that little masochist jumped out again, "Well, if I forget, will you make me meet the delivery boy again dressed in my tiny bikini?"  
  
"No," Keith said after a pause, "If you forget again I'll have to make your next punishment even worse."  
  
I gasped and said, "Yes sir, thank you, sir." knowing that any answer would make my situation worse.  
  
I ate my salad trying to imagine what Keith could think of that would be worse that what I had just endured. What really worried me was the smile on Keith's face. He was thinking of what more he could do to me, too.

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We finished our salads and Keith cleared the table and straightened up the kitchen while I finished my wine. We talked some more about the weekend at the cabin and the possibility of going back up again before the year was over, maybe even going up there for Christmas.  
  
We also talked about Keith offering me to some of the men in his 'group'. I had to admit that Keith's making me exhibit myself to the delivery boy in my almost non-existent bikini, while terribly humiliating, got me so excited I could still feel a little tingle between my naked legs just thinking about it. Being forced to be naked, either starting that way, or being stripped for their enjoyment and my humiliation, made me really begin to think that being forced to do whatever the group wanted would be extremely humiliating, yet very exciting, for me. My big worry was that Keith would not want me after I was used at a gangbang even if he was the one that arranged it.  
  
Keith assured me, the many times we had talked about it, that he could never lose respect for me because I did something he made me do. I always thought that he was just saying that to ease my fears of losing him. While his making me display myself almost completely naked to the delivery boy was not the same as his friends using my body for their pleasure, the bulge in Keith's pants while he watched me humiliate myself at his command eliminated a lot of my concerns.  
  
Keith finished cleaning up from dinner, walked over to me and took my hand to help me stand up in my five inch heels. "Come on, Kitten," he said, flashing me a smile that told me he had something planned, "we still have to unpack."  
  
We headed upstairs, Keith following me up the steps so he could watch my naked ass in front of him. Even though I tried to keep my legs closed, the five inch high heels strapped to my feet made that impossible. I'm sure he got more than a few glimpses of my shaved and now damp pussy from behind and below me. Even though he has seen me naked and in kinky and humiliating outfits and positions, it's somehow gratifying to know that he still likes to get those stolen glimpses of my most personal parts.  
  
We got to the bedroom and I headed for the bed, where Keith had piled our bags from the trip to the cabin. "Oh, no you don't." he said, "You're not going to get to just unpack. I promised to make this interesting -- for me at least -- and you still need a little more reminding about obeying the house rules."  
  
He walked over to my armoire, opened the doors and used his key to unlock one of the two locked drawers. He keeps the things he uses to tease and torture me in those drawers. My unpacking was going to be interesting for him, but I was sure that it would be painful, or humiliating, or both for me.  
  
He came over to me at the foot of the bed carrying four little rubbery strips. They were only about three quarters of an inch wide and about a quarter of an inch thick. Two of them were about an inch and half long; the other two were just a bit shorter.   
  
"These are the prototypes of the stimulators, the contacts, Phil was using on Tina's breasts on the trip home." Keith informed me. "They don't use wires like Tina's stimulators; they get their power from a transmitter. The transmitter also controls how high the shock will go.   
  
"I won't bore you with the technical stuff, but this means that the transmitter has to be plugged in and most of the power transmitted through the air to the contacts is lost. Even at full power, the shocks don't go as high as the other things I've used on you, but they are still quite... distracting. Also, the transmitters, being plugged into the wall, can't be carried around, so we made the improvements you saw Tina endure today."  
  
He picked up one of the contacts and peeled off the protective paper on the one side of the contact and pressed it over my left nipple. I could feel two tiny metal buttons make contact with my skin, one on each side of my nipple, just like the wires on Tina's nipples did. I stood there naked, in my five inch heels while he repeated the procedure on my right nipple.  
  
"Spread your legs." he said, like he was telling me to have a seat. More shocking was that I spread my legs offering my poor, bare, little pussy for punishment. He peeled the backing off of another contact and pressed his fingers to each side of my clit pushing back the protective covering of skin and exposing my clit. He pressed the strip over my clit, with a metal button on each side, sticking it to my shaved pussy.  
  
"Oh, please sir." I whispered shakily, "You're not going to send shocks over my clit are you?"  
  
"Yes... I am," he said calmly, "now turn around, bend over and spread those cute little ass cheeks of yours."  
  
Again, I did as I was told and he folded the last contact so that it rested across my hairless, puckered, little asshole with the contacts touching the insides of the crack of my ass on each side of my asshole.  
  
"Now stand up and turn around and I'll explain to you what's going to happen to you while you unpack."  
  
"You're going to shock my nipples, my clit and my asshole while I'm unpacking" I said with a whimper.  
  
"Not exactly, you are going to shock yourself while you are unpacking." Keith said flashing that smile that I love so much. "You see, there are four transmitters hidden around our bedroom. Each one controls one of the contacts attached to your beautiful body."  
  
I blushed when he said my body was beautiful. "Why did you have to hide the transmitters? I don't understand. You know I would never turn them off without your permission or take off the contacts no matter how bad I might want to." I said.  
  
"Oh, I know you wouldn't remove the contacts without permission, but I want you to turn the transmitters off. Let me finish telling you what is going to happen to you."  
  
I knew there was a gentle reprimand in there for interrupting him, so I stood naked, save for my five inch heels and the four contact strips on the most delicate parts of my body, and stayed silent for once.  
  
"The way these transmitters work is that the shocks get more intense the closer you get to them. It was another problem that made us change to the stimulators you saw on Tina. But, in our case, that defect will work to our... my advantage.  
  
"I'm going to turn the transmitters on and you're going to unpack our suitcases. As you move around the room, you'll get closer to some of the transmitters and further away from others. The shocks you get from each contact will increase or decrease depending on your distance from the transmitter."  
  
"Oh, please no, sir, I'll be punishing myself." I begged. For me, this was the most humiliating type of punishment.  
  
"After you're finished unpacking, you can find the transmitters and turn them off." he finished, with that same smile on his face. "The shocks will continue until you find the transmitters and turn them off."  
  
"But how am I going to find the transmitters?" I whined in a last desperate plea for mercy.  
  
"Simple." He said with that gleam in his eye that told me he was going to enjoy watching me suffer through my predicament. "I told you the shocks get stronger as you get closer to the transmitters. It'll be like playing "Hot and Cold" when you were little, except instead of me telling you that you're getting warmer, the shocks will get stronger as you get close to a transmitter. Full power from the transmitters is not nearly as high as it can go in the newer model, but I'm told when you get right next to the transmitter; the shocks can be quite distressing."  
  
"But daddy," I said using my little girl voice; I seemed to do that when I was being punished, "I'll have to go right up to each transmitter. That means that each one of the contacts... I'll get the highest shocks on each of my..."  
  
"Yes, you will." Keith said before I could actually say the words. "It'll be interesting to see how you react; the effect it has on you when you have to decide if it's better to stay away from the transmitters and endure the milder shocks or try to find the transmitter and get more intense shocks in the hope of stopping your punishment."  
  
"And what will you be doing while I'm being tortured." I said still the little girl.  
  
"I'll be right here, baby girl." he answered, getting into the daddy mode. "As you empty the suitcases I'll put them away in the closet for you."  
  
Suddenly I got the idea that if he had to turn the transmitters on, I could watch where he goes and have an idea where they were. Then, when it came time for me to turn them off, I would know where to go and avoid some of the torture Keith had planned for me.  
  
I watched him, hoping to see where he went to turn on the transmitters. He reached into his pocket and pulled out a remote from his pocket and pressed a button. "We better get started; it's back to work tomorrow so we should get a good night's sleep." Keith said.  
  
"Aren't you going to turn on the transmitters? Should I start unpacking?" I asked, unsure what to do.  
  
"The transmitters are on. This remote," he said holding up the remote he took from his pocket, "turns on the power to all the transmitters."  
  
Before I could control myself, the little masochist inside me that loves when I get tortured spoke up, "I don't feel anything. I guess your little invention isn't as effective as you thought." she said with a smirk.  
  
"Oh, they're on." Keith said with a smile. "The way I have the transmitters set up, the foot of the bed is a dead area. I thought I would give you a little safe area while you unpacked."   
  
I moved toward him from the foot of the bed and I cried out as I immediately felt little tiny shocks on my left nipple and on my super sensitive clit. The shocks weren't painful; more like hundreds of tiny insects crawling over the most sensitive places on my body and I could feel every one of their little feet on my nipples and clit.  
  
I looked at Keith, begging with my eyes not to do this to me, but he just walked to the chair in the corner of the room. I could see the bulge starting in his pants as he sat down to watch me suffer while I unpacked. He was going to enjoy watching me shock myself as I moved around the room. I had no idea how painful this was going to be, but I knew it was going to be so humiliating.   
  
I suddenly thought about having to endure these shocks while walking around naked in front of a group of men looking for the transmitters. That would be so much more humiliating, but just the thought of it made me want to find a way to make it happen.  
  
"You better start unpacking; you don't even get to look for the transmitters until all the bags are unpacked." he said from his chair.  
  
I opened my bag and started to take out the things that I had not worn. I took some of them to my armoire and the shocks to my right nipple increased. I yelped and held the clothes I was carrying against my chest but that only made the shocks worse and I dropped the clothes to the floor.  
  
I picked them up quickly and as I moved to the armoire the shocks got more intense on my nipple and the shocks seemed to increase to my clit. I threw the clothes into the drawer and turned to get back to the foot of the bed where the shocks stopped.  
  
"No, no, Kitten," Keith said still smiling, "that's no way to care for your clothes. Fold them properly and put them away."  
  
"Yes sir." I said with a little pout. I knew he just wanted me to stay by my armoire where the shocks were more intense. I could see why Tina was ready to attack Phil. I was just getting started and the little shocks were already having an effect on me, especially the one on my clit. It was like a gentle little quiver to my most sensitive place. I'm sure Keith appreciated my naked ass wiggling as I moved my weight from one high heeled foot to the other trying to get the tickling to stop.  
  
I finally got the clothes folded and put away and walked back to the safety at the foot of the bed. I gathered up the rest of my clothes that had to go back to the armoire. I walked quickly toward the armoire; after all I knew what to expect. "OHH, Myyyyy." I yelped and grabbed onto the armoire to hold myself up as my legs quivered. The shocks to my clit and my right nipple jumped so fast that they took my breath away. It still didn't hurt; in fact, it felt good -- too good. I could feel my pussy get wet and my nipple get hard which only made the shocks to my nipple more intense.  
  
I looked over at Keith embarrassed about yelling out so soon in my punishment. He sat smiling at me, lust hiding just behind his grey eyes. Even sitting down I could see the impressive bulge in the front of his pants. One thing for sure, I was getting fucked tonight. The only question was, would he wait until I turned off all the transmitters or would I have to endure being shocked while he pushed his big dick into my tiny pussy.  
  
I went back to the foot of the bed and took the clothes out of my suitcase that needed to be washed. I walked, slowly this time having learned my lesson, toward the bathroom. As I got closer to the bathroom, the tingle across my tight little asshole increased, and kept on increasing. By the time I got to the hamper to dump my dirty clothes, it felt like a brush was being dragged across my asshole, a completely different feeling than the shocks to my other private places.  
  
I hurried back to the foot of the bed where my naked body was unmolested by Keith's evil devices. Keith was there moving my suitcase off of the bed and putting his suitcase where I could reach it. He put his arms around my naked body and pulled me against him. My breasts pushed against his chest and his hard cock rubbed against my naked belly. I moaned into his chest as he held me against him.  
  
As he eased his grip on my trembling body, I stretched myself up and kissed him deeply. My breasts rubbed against his shirt teasing my bare breasts unmercifully but I didn't care; I wanted him to know I loved what he was forcing me to endure. Even though I wasn't getting shocked, I could feel his swollen cock against my belly and the growing wetness between my legs.  
  
Keith took his arms from around me, and kissed me on the forehead. With a little smack on my bare ass he said, "You still have unpacking to do." and walked back to his chair.  
  
I took Keith's clean clothes to his chest of drawers. As I passed my armoire, the shocks to my right nipple and my clit got worse. As I got near Keith's chest of drawers, the shocks increased in my right nipple and got even worse on my clit.  
  
As I put his clothes away, I realized that it was going to very difficult to find the transmitters because the more I got shocked, the more difficult it was to separate which parts of my body were getting the stronger shocks. When the shocks increased in my nipples, I could feel it in my pussy, when my clit got shocked, my asshole puckered and I could feel the shocks there, too. These little shocks excited me and made it hard to separate which of my most tender parts were being tortured.  
  
Maybe part of the problem was that the transmitters weren't able to generate as much power as the newer model. The shocks weren't really painful; in fact, they were tingly on my sensitive girl parts and were getting me very excited. Maybe if they were more powerful and hurt, I would be able to separate the feelings racing through my body. As it was, it may take me quite a while to find the transmitters, and I'm not sure I could stand the being tortured that long.  
  
My five inch heels didn't help matters either. Walking in them just naturally made my body jiggle in a way that I knew Keith loved. That's why he liked keeping me naked and in heels. The problem was the jiggling seemed to make the shocks more sexual than painful, like someone, or something, was playing with my body. Moving around the room made it feel like I was being felt up by a ghost or something and couldn't get away or make it stop.  
  
I kept Keith's clothes for the hamper until last; I knew the shocks would increase on my poor little asshole as I went near the bathroom. Being shocked there was the most... distracting. I guess because having my asshole used sexually was new for me, and the feelings it gave me were so different and erotic.  
  
As I approached the bathroom and the shocks increased, I gasped as the tingling in my ass ran down my legs to my painted little toes in my high heeled shoes. By the time I got to the hamper and dropped in Keith's clothes, I was moaning and my legs were trembling. I could feel the insides of my thighs were wet at the top near my dripping pussy.  
  
I was getting close to coming. I really am a masochist; I thought to myself, why else would these shocks be getting me so excited? My nipples, asshole and clit were being tortured with electric shocks and I loved it! I was as bad as Tina - maybe worse; I loved it when Keith tortured my naked, defenseless body.  
  
Keith took his suitcase off the bed and the only thing left to unpack was the garment bag that held the dress I wore to the lodge. Just standing next to him; tall, hard and handsome, made me even hornier. He knew how excited I was, and he made sure not to touch me or let me touch him.  
  
I unzipped the garment bag. Just looking at the dress brought back the memories of what happened to me when I wore it -- and when it was stripped off of me. As I carried the dress to my closet, and the shocks seemed to move around on my body, I was going crazy and Keith had only been punishing me for about forty minutes.  
  
Keith took the garment bag and put it in the closet and came back to the foot of the bed. "Please, sir," I whimpered, "I'm not sure I can do this. I need you so bad, and the shocks have me so excited. I can't tell which shocks are getting stronger; I'll never be able to find the things to turn them off."  
  
"You mean the transmitters." he said with a smile. He traced his fingertips along my cheek as his grey eyes looked into mine. His eyes and his smile overwhelmed me. I would do whatever he wanted; endure whatever fiendish plans he had to tease and torment my naked body. I loved what he did to me; whether he was teasing me to the brink of orgasm, torturing the most tender parts of my body, or combining both to drive me crazy with lust and humiliation.  
  
"Yes, yes master, the transmitters. They're driving me crazy. I thought they would hurt, but the shocks are like tiny little fingers teasing me in just the right places to make me lose control."   
  
"Well, I think you should, at least, try to find the transmitters." Keith said with a smile.  
  
I don't know why I said it. It was that little masochist in me, I guess, but before I could stop myself I said, "Or, I could just stand at the foot of the bed where I won't get tortured."  
  
As soon as I said it, I knew I was in trouble. Keith smiled and walked over to the armoire, opened one of the drawers, pulled something out and walked back to the foot of the bed. "As long as you stand at the foot of the bed, I am going to spank your bare behind with this paddle." he said showing me the paddle he had taken from the armoire drawer.  
  
It wasn't round like the paddle he used on me before. It had a handle, but the paddle part was about twelve inches long and about three or four inches wide. It had holes drilled through it to let the air pass through and make sure my naked ass cheeks got the full benefit of each swat. It was just long and wide enough to hit both of my ass cheeks at the same time if that was Keith's pleasure.

"All you've accomplished by being so clever is to take away your only safe haven. You could have returned here to get yourself together while you tried to find the transmitters, but now, when you're not getting shocked, you'll be getting spanked." he said, his tone letting me know that I brought this on myself.  
  
I started to protest but before I could get a word out, I felt the sting of the paddle across both of my cute little ass cheeks. I yelped and moved away from Keith to protect my ass, but immediately felt the insects crawling across my left nipple and tender clit. I moaned, both from the torture my body was being subjected to and the sudden understanding of my predicament.  
  
If I stayed by the foot of the bed, I would be free of the tormenting shocks, but my poor little ass would be warmed by Keith's paddle. If I moved from the foot of the bed, my most tender female parts would be shocked. That little masochist inside of me had gotten me into a no win situation again.  
  
I moved toward Keith's chest of drawers and the shocks to my clit and my right nipple increased. I shuddered and moved toward the bathroom and the shocks to my clit decreased, I think, but I couldn't be sure because the shocks to my asshole increased.  
  
The shocks to my unprotected asshole were the hardest to deal with. They made my insides do flip-flops and my legs turn to jelly. When my asshole was getting shocked, it was almost impossible to keep track of the shocks to the other parts of my body. Add to that, the shocks were getting me so excited my nipples were like pebbles on the tips of my breasts and my thighs were wet from the juices running from my over excited pussy. I knew I was going to humiliate myself by cumming before I found all of the transmitters, if I found any of them at all.  
  
I couldn't think while I was being tormented by the shocks; I had to go to the foot of the bed. As soon as I got to the foot of the bed, Keith smacked his paddle against my bare ass. I yelped and moved away a little but Keith followed me and hit my ass again. I moved a little further and the buzzing started in my left nipple. Keith knew exactly how far from the foot of the bed I had to move for the shocks to start.  
  
I decided to try and find the transmitter that controlled the shocks on my asshole. When my asshole was being shocked, I couldn't think straight; it was even worse than when my clit was being tormented. I started for the bathroom, since as best as I could recall, the shocks to my tender ass got stronger when I went to put clothes in the hamper.  
  
Two steps toward the bathroom confirmed my suspicions and my insides were quivering and I could feel the shocks down to my pointed little toes in my five inch heels. By the time I stepped into the bathroom, it felt like someone had stuck a curling brush between the cheeks of my ass and was twirling it around scraping the bristles across my tender asshole.   
  
The shocks picked up in both my breasts and I tried to concentrate on looking for the transmitter in the bathroom. I checked the closet with the towels and in the drawers in the cabinets near the sinks with no luck. I was being shocked on my nipples and asshole. I could feel tingling on my clit, but I couldn't tell if I was being shocked there or it was just excitement from the torture of my other secret places.  
  
My legs were trembling, my stomach was tightening and I knew I had stayed in the bathroom too long. I was going to cum and I couldn't stop it. But I had waited too long, I held onto the counter between the twin sinks and cried out as the orgasm hit me. My legs gave out and I went to my hands and knees on the bathroom floor as I shook through an incredible orgasm.  
  
The merciless shocks never stopped, but I finally got enough control of myself that I knew I had to get out of the bathroom. I tried to stand but my legs were like jelly, so I started crawling toward the door to the bedroom. I looked up and there was Keith, standing in the doorway. He watched me cum, and that just added to my humiliation.  
  
"You enjoy watching your baby girl cum, don't you daddy?" I squeaked as best I could with my most tender girl parts still being shocked.  
  
"You're so beautiful when you cum, I couldn't help it." he said smiling.  
  
I shakily crawled to him, got up on my knees and wrapped my arms around his legs, pressing my breasts into his thighs. His legs pressing against my breasts only increased the shock to my nipples. The bulge in the front of his pants was right in front of me and I pressed my pressed my mouth against his hard cock and my face against his firm lower stomach.  
  
"Please daddy," I begged, my voice still shaking from my orgasm and the shocks to my tender parts, "I can't think while you're torturing me. Can't I do something else as my punishment? I promise to obey the rules from now on. Pleeaasse, DAAAADDDYYY." The last part I screamed out as another orgasm ripped through my naked, tormented body.  
  
I held onto his legs, my mouth against his cock inside his pants, my body clinging to his legs. I could tell from the throbbing of his cock against my lips he could feel the tremors rushing through my body as I came. I don't know if he could feel the shocks my body was being subjected to, but I sure could. It wasn't anything like pain; it was tormenting, unrelenting sexual teasing of my most sensitive parts.  
  
When the fog of my orgasm cleared, Keith was softly stroking my hair, "What are you offering as an alternative to your punishment?" he asked.  
  
"Anything you want, daddy." I was using my little girl voice hoping this would gain me some mercy. "I'll do anything you say, just please don't make me look for the transmitters. Torturing myself is so humiliating. You can do what you want to me. Please, sir, please."  
  
"Anything I want, baby girl?" he asked slowly with that smile that makes me willing to do anything for him.  
  
He was taking his time; dragging this out. He knew I was close to cumming again and he wanted to humiliate me by delaying until I did.  
  
"Please, daddy, let me suck your big cock." I whined, nipping at his hard cock inside his pants. I was desperate. "I'll do anything for you; you can do anything to me. I'll be your good little girl. Please, daddy, I'm going to cum again. It's so embarrassing to cum in front of you when you're not even touching me."  
  
It was too late. Keith had won again as another orgasm took hold of my shaved, naked body. Each orgasm was getting stronger, if that was possible, and I could feel the insides of my thighs were wet from the juices from my convulsing pussy.  
  
I was dizzy from my orgasm, holding onto Keith's legs, my face buried in his crotch. "Well, okay, baby girl." he said, his voice taking on the authoritative daddy tone. "But you must do exactly as I tell you."  
  
"Yes, daddy." I said quickly, desperate and thinking my torment was coming to an end.  
  
Keith eased my arms from around his legs and lifted my face up to look into his grey lust filled eyes. "I'm going to walk into the bedroom. You will crawl to where I'm standing and when you reach me, you will open my pants, take out my cock, and suck my dick the best that you can. Do you understand?"  
  
"Yes, daddy, your little girl will give you the best blow job ever." I said excitedly, relief from my torture in sight.  
  
Keith moved away from me and I fell to my hands and knees. Keith went into the bedroom and stood by a chair between his chest of drawers and the bed. He turned facing me and stood looking at me. He was going to watch me crawl over to him so I could suck his dick. The added humiliation of crawling to him only got me more excited. I was an masochist and an exhibitionist.  
  
I started crawling toward him and I realized the movement of my legs where they met my shaved pussy and ass was different than when I walked. The contacts on my clit and asshole wiggled as I moved making the shocks I was still getting torture me even more. My breasts, hanging beneath me, swung side to side as I crawled, and it felt like the ants crawling across my nipples were changing direction each time I moved. I was still torturing myself and I was more humiliated than ever.  
  
As I got closer to Keith I realized that while the shocks to my asshole eased up just a little, the shock to my nipples increased a little and the shocks to my clit got very intense. I could feel the wetness from my poor pussy dripping down the insides of my thighs. I was getting close to cumming again and there was nothing I could do to stop it.  
  
When I finally reached Keith's feet, my nipples, asshole and clit were buzzing merrily and I was going crazy. Keith had placed himself in the room where I would get the maximum shock to each of my most tender parts. I moaned as I realized he said nothing about turning off the transmitters. He was going to make me endure the shocks while I sucked his dick.  
  
I looked up at him and he had the paddle in his hand. I gasped, then begged, "Daddy, I know you're not going to stop the shocks to my breasts and pussy and asshole, but you're not going to paddle my ass, too, are you?"  
  
"Yes, I am. You'll be getting tortured by the transmitters, and I'll paddle your cute little ass. Maybe my concentrating on making your ass nice and red will help me last longer with my cock in you mouth." he said like a father punishing his bad little daughter.  
  
I knew my torture would continue until I made Keith cum and the longer I waited the longer my torment would continue. Kneeling completely bare in front of my Keith, except for my five inch heels, I reached up, unbuckled and unbuttoned his pants and pulled down the zipper. He wasn't wearing underwear; he planned to have me like this all along.  
  
As I reached into his pants to remove his cock I heard a pop and then felt a sting to my right ass cheek. I gasped and looked up at Keith, who was smiling down at me.  
  
"Just making sure I could reach your cute little ass from up here." he said with a little laugh.  
  
I was so humiliated I could feel myself blush. "Thank you, daddy" I said resting my forehead on his hard stomach. A pop on my left ass cheek got me back to my humiliating task. I pulled his hard hot cock from his pants and it stood up almost to his navel.  
  
Between the shocks to my nipples, asshole and clit, the paddling of my bare ass and Keith's big hard cock in my face, my body was going crazy. I buried my face against the base of his cock right where it met his big balls and kissed his cock and licked his balls for all I was worth. I promised my daddy the best blowjob ever and I was going to do my best to do it for him.  
  
I had to stretch my body to get to the top of his cock with my mouth, and this pressed my sensitive girly parts into the contacts making me moan and shudder as Keith's beautiful cock entered my mouth. Keith popped the paddle against my poor bare ass again and I moaned again, this time with Keith's big cock filling my little mouth.  
  
The shocks teasing my sexy parts, the high heeled shoes, and my ass getting paddled, was getting me excited so fast I knew I was going to cum again, this time with Keith's cock buried in my mouth. Just as I was able to get his cock to the entrance to my throat, my orgasm hit me. It was the hardest, most bone jarring cum yet, prolonged by the big cock at the entrance to my throat and the four or five smacks with the paddle that Keith so kindly administered to my unprotected ass cheeks.  
  
My legs trembled and the insides of my thighs were soakedt from the orgasm that shook my naked, tortured body. As I reached for Keith's hips to keep myself steady, up on my knees, still trembling from my last orgasm, I could feel myself sway toward Keith.  
  
I held onto Keith's naked hips and pulled his cock deeper into my mouth. Maybe it was because I was so excited from the orgasms, or maybe it was because it was something I really wanted to do for Keith, but I could feel the head of his big cock push into my throat. I gagged a little and I immediately felt Keith's hands on my head, keeping me from pulling his cock further into my throat.  
  
I looked up at him, his cock still in my throat, and I could see by the look on his face that he had grabbed my head because he thought I was gagging on his cock and was in trouble. He was going to pull himself out of my mouth. I grabbed his hips tighter and pulled them toward my face pushing another inch or two of hot, hard cock into my throat. I moaned and shook my head a little, holding tightly to Keith's bare hips.  
  
He rested his hands gently on the top of my head, more to hold himself up than to control me. I pulled back a little, the head of his cock in my mouth, and I could feel his cock throbbing. I teased the head of his cock with my tongue and pushed my head toward his flat hard stomach, his cock again filling my throat.  
  
The shocks to my nipples, asshole and clit had not let up and now I had the added stimulation of a big cock in my mouth and down my throat. Stimulated by the shocks to my sensitive female parts and humiliated to be on my knees with Keith's cock buried in my face I could feel another orgasm bearing down on my over stimulated body.   
  
Keith moaned and I could feel his body tremble as I pushed his cock down my throat. The urge to gag had passed, and my nose was only about two inches from the hairs at the base of his cock. That's when I decided that I was going to get his whole nine inches in my throat and make him cum right into my belly.  
  
I guess Keith realized that I was okay because now, when I pulled back easing his cock from my throat, he used his paddle on my sore, red ass. I moaned and pushed my face toward his belly and the spanking stopped.  
  
A picture of what I was doing and what was being done to me flashed into my mind pushing me even closer to the huge orgasm moving to crash over me. The shocks on my nipples, asshole and clit continued to mercilessly torment me, like insects crawling on my most responsive parts. My five inch heels held my feet pointed down -- if I were standing -- keeping my toes from curling, as they naturally did, when I cum.  
  
I was on my knees, but I was kneeling upright, making my ass vulnerable to the paddle that Keith was so generously using to add a nice red color to my ass cheeks. I was holding onto Keith's hips with his cock in my mouth and sliding down my throat with surprising ease. I was being tortured, teased, excited and humiliated all at the same time.  
  
I wanted so bad to make this special for my Keith, my tormentor and my lover. Despite all the feelings that were ravaging my mind and my body, all I could think of was I wanted to swallow his whole nine inch cock and have him cum right into my tummy.  
  
Keith was moaning every time I pulled his hips toward my face and his cock down my throat, and my poor little ass got stung with his paddle every time I pulled back and held his cock in my mouth. His cock was throbbing almost as fast as his heart was beating and I knew he couldn't last much longer. I just wasn't sure I could hold off the orgasm that rushing toward me long enough to make him cum first.  
  
My orgasm was so close; I knew I couldn't hold it off much longer. Keith's cock was expanding and throbbing in my mouth and the paddle was really heating up my bare ass. The shocks to my hard nipples, swollen clit and puckered ass hole were a devious torture; an itch I couldn't scratch, driving me crazy. I pulled my face down on Keith's cock burying the head deep into my throat and suddenly I could feel his stomach against my nose and his balls on my chin.  
  
I had done it. My mouth and throat were stuffed with Keith's throbbing cock. I backed off a little to take a deep breath and had to endure the paddle raising the temperature of my poor, red, little ass. There was nothing I could do to stop the orgasm ready to consume me.   
  
I pushed my face down on Keith's cock, loving the new feeling of his cock sliding down my throat. I wrapped my arms around his hips, holding his firm ass cheeks in my hands and I couldn't help but moan on his cock, my face buried in his flat hard stomach.  
  
His cock expanded, throbbed and then pulsed; I could feel rather than taste, his sperm pour into my belly. The feeling of his pulsing cock, and the hot cum spurting into my belly pushed me over the edge and the orgasm I fought to hold off for so long crashed over me. I shook and moaned and kept my arms wrapped around his hips as tight as I could, holding his beautiful cock inside of me. It seemed like our orgasms would never end.  
  
The next thing I knew, Keith had his hands on my upper arms and was forcing my face back away from his stomach, his cock sliding from my throat and mouth. He lifted me up, actually lifting my feet from the ground, and shook me.   
  
I took a deep breath and opened my eyes. Keith's face was in front of me and he looked worried. "Heather, are you all right?" he said pulling my soft naked body against his hard hairy chest.   
  
"Oh my god, yessss" I moaned, wriggling against him.  
  
"You were starting to turn blue." he said. "You are incredible. I can't believe you were able to take my whole cock down your throat. I never came so hard in my life. I had to hold onto the chair to keep from collapsing."  
  
I blushed and held him closer to me. I wasn't sure if the blush was because he was so proud of me or humiliation over what I had done that made him so proud.  
  
"Are you sure you're okay?" he asked again.  
  
"Yes, I'm fine, wonderful." I answered softly, my face still buried in his warm, hard chest. "Why do you keep asking?"  
  
He sat down on the chair moving me onto his lap without ever letting our bodies separate. He held one arm around me while he let the other hand drift up and down the top of my thigh like his fingers were tiny feathers.  
  
That's when I realized that I wasn't being shocked anymore. "Daddy," I asked, using my little girl voice and wiggling on his lap feeling his cock jump under my bare ass jump, "when did you turn off the shocks?"  
  
He smiled and kissed my forehead, "Well, your orgasm..." "My last orgasm..." I said with a sigh.   
  
"Your last orgasm," Keith said correcting himself, "lasted a lot longer than mine did, Kitten. When I got control of myself, I turned off the transmitters while you were still cumming. You had your face buried in my stomach and my cock in your mouth and you kept on sucking and moaning. I could feel your moans vibrating against the head of my cock; it was the greatest thing I have ever felt.   
  
"While I looked down at you cumming and sucking my softening cock, your face got red and I realized you couldn't breathe with my cock down your throat. I tried to pull my cock out of your mouth, but you wouldn't let it go. Your face started to get really red and your lips got funny color. That's when I grabbed you and pulled my cock out of your mouth, lifted you up and shook you. I was really worried about you."  
  
I blushed again thinking of Keith, watching me cum with his cock buried in my mouth and throat. More importantly, he kept his promise to make sure I was safe, even after cumming into my belly and I was still sucking his cock.  
  
"Thank you for keeping me safe daddy. Maybe the next time you make me suck your cock you should tie me up so you can control how far down my throat you put your cock and you can decide when to take it out." I said with a giggle.  
  
"Next time, baby girl," he said, "and there will be a next time."  
  
I gasped thinking of myself being tied up in some humiliating position while Keith fucked my mouth and throat.  
  
He lifted me up and walked me over to the bed and laid me down. He gently removed the contacts from my nipples, my clit, and finally my asshole. I kind of missed Keith being able to torture me at his whim, but that feeling quickly passed when he climbed into bed and pulled me back against the front of his body. He pulled the covers over us and his cock rested in the crack of my still very red and warm ass, right where it belonged.

We were asleep before the covers settled over us.

My Own Heaven Ch. 31

I woke up the next morning to the smell of coffee and Keith kissing my neck and shoulder. I sat up, letting the covers fall into my lap leaving my breasts bare, and reached, with both hands, for the steaming mug of coffee he was offering.  
  
"We're going to be really busy today." Keith said as I took a mouthful of hot coffee, feeling it warm me from the inside out. "We have to get caught up on what went on while we were away, and there's a lot of exciting stuff going on the rest of the week... and next week, too."  
  
Keith kissed me on both of my cheeks and whispered, "I love you", so softly I almost missed it. "I'll be in my study when you're ready to go." he called over his shoulder as he walked toward the bedroom door, and he was gone.  
  
I took a few more sips of coffee, got out of bed and headed for the bathroom, coffee in hand. I shivered as I remembered the electric shocks I got on my puckered asshole, my nipples, and my clit as I walked over this very spot last night. My nipples got hard and I could feel an itch between my legs.  
  
"My god, girl," I said out loud, but talking to myself, "You really are a masochist. Just thinking about what he does to you gets you excited."  
  
After showering and going through my normal morning routine, I walked back into the bedroom, opened my closet and picked out something nice to wear to our office. I wanted to look respectable, but, at the same time, I wanted to give Keith little peeks at my body to remind him of what he did to me over the weekend.  
  
I picked out a nice short-sleeved blue dress with white trim that showed a little of the top of my breasts, and came down to about four inches above my knees. I wore a light blue lacey bra and tiny matching bikini panties. I did remember that Keith had told me to wear at least four inch high heels whenever practical, so my white four inch heels it was.   
  
I looked in the mirror and assured myself that bending over just right or reaching on top of a file cabinet would expose just enough of me to keep Keith distracted. I love teasing him, even though he usually punishes me for it. My bare, tanned legs looked great in the high heels and the blue dress, and I was glad I decided against wearing stockings. I went into his study next to our bedroom to get Keith and in a few minutes we were off.  
  
We got to the office and we were both immediately buried in work. I can never understand how you can take two days off and fall a week behind. I spent most of the morning handling old phone messages and emails, sorting mail, returning calls and helping Keith get through the mountain of papers that appeared on his desk in our absence.  
  
It was getting close to lunchtime when Keith asked, "Kitten, would you mind if we have lunch here in the office? We have a meeting here at two-thirty and I need to sit with Phil beforehand. I'll call Tina and have her bring lunch in and we can all eat together."  
  
"That would be great." I answered, and dove back into the backlog of paperwork that covered my desk.  
  
Just before Tina was to arrive with lunch, Keith called me into his office. "We're having a meeting with Phil and a few of the department heads this afternoon. I want to go over what the meeting is about with you, so you'll be up to speed and know what's going on." he said as I walked in.  
  
I was surprised, "You want me at the meeting?"  
  
"Of course," he said, "We have a meeting with Jack Wagner on Thursday, and this deal will mean a lot of work for the company and you're an important part of the company. You may notice something we miss or pick up something from the way something is said. Everything is important and I want you there with me."  
  
"Well, you know I'll do 'anything' I can to help close this deal." I said, swaying my hips as I walked toward Keith's desk.  
  
Keith got that look on his face again. Before he could say anything, I got to his desk and sat on his lap wriggling my ass into the lump in his crotch. "I know you would never ask me to do anything just to close a deal. But that doesn't mean I can't use my uhm... assets to keep a client interested, does it?" I paused to kiss his cheek. "Unless you don't want me to; you know I'll do whatever you tell me to do."  
  
Keith put his arms around me and pulled me gently against his chest. I guess he didn't want to wrinkle me before the meeting. "I just don't want you to feel obligated to do anything just to get someone's business. If you want to have fun teasing a client, do whatever you like. Just keep in mind, for the most part, the clients are not part of our group and I insist on being close by, preferably in the room, when you let that little exhibitionist in you run free."  
  
"I know, daddy." I whispered using my little girl voice to tease him. "And I won't do anything unless you say it's okay."  
  
"That's my good little girl." he said, the smile back on his face.  
  
"So, is Mr. Wagner on the list of clients I can encourage to keep coming back?" I giggled.  
  
Keith stood me up next to him and swatted me on my ass. "As I recall from our previous meetings with Mr. Wagner," he chuckled, "there isn't a whole lot of you he hasn't seen, but, yes, you can tease him if you like."  
  
I could feel myself blush, more from what Keith said than from the light swat to my ass. "Does that mean you are going to make me let him see a lot of me again?" I asked still his little girl.  
  
"Let's see how the meeting goes." he said flashing me a smile. "Let's get back to work."  
  
He handed me some papers, "The one on top lists the items we need to go over at the meeting this afternoon. Could you type them up and make about ten copies? And under that, are parts of the proposed contract between us and Wagner's company. Could you look it over and see if you notice anything that doesn't seem right."  
  
"I'm not sure how much help I'll be reading a contract, but I'll take care of everything." I said walking back to my office exaggerating the wiggle in my ass. Just as I got to the door, I looked over my shoulder and Keith's eyes were fixed on my ass and my legs in my four inch heels. I loved knowing he couldn't help but look at me.  
  
I got back to my desk and typed up the itinerary for the meeting and made the copies and then looked at the contract. I didn't even bother to try and understand the technical specifications for the electronic parts we were going to make, but I did notice two strange things.   
  
First, the parts our company was making were going into something that was going to be used by the military, everyone who would have anything to do with this project would have to have a "security clearance". As far as I could tell, the contract didn't say what was going to be made, but I guess it wouldn't since it was a secret. Second, the contract was vague, at least to me, about who held the copyrights to the parts we made.  
  
Tina came to the door and I realized it was lunchtime already. I buzzed her in and we carried the bags with our food into the kitchen. I called Keith and told him lunch was here, and then I called Phil.  
  
We started setting out plates for everyone's lunch and I asked Tina how she felt after our weekend at the cabin. "A little sore and a little tired, but sooooo satisfied." she said with a smile. "Phil teased me with those damn vibrators and shocks yesterday until I begged him to fuck me."  
  
"Yeah, well Keith had more tortures for me when we got home, too." I laughed.  
  
"We really did have a good time," Tina said seriously, "Except I kind of expected that Keith was finally going to fuck me this weekend."  
  
"You mean Keith has never fucked you? Doesn't he go to meetings where you are the 'guest of honor'?" I asked surprised at this revelation.  
  
"Oh yeah," she said with a wave of her hand, "he's spanked me along with everyone else, and teased and tortured me, and I'm sure some of the things they used on me were his inventions, but he's never put that beautiful cock of his in me or even let me touch it. Sometimes I think he's not interested in me or my body doesn't appeal to him, but after seeing him in action this weekend, I really think I'm missing something."  
  
"I know he likes you... and I know he really likes your body. I can tell just by the look on his face when you're naked in front of him, and what he does to me after he's seen you naked. Wait a minute! Do I detect a hint of jealousy" I asked putting my hands on my hips in mock anger.  
  
"Well, it wasn't jealousy until I saw the size of his cock and what it did to you." she whispered.  
  
"You mean you never saw his cock before this weekend? I can't believe that." I exclaimed but trying to keep my voice down.  
  
"It's true," she said still in a whisper, "And I don't think he's fucked any of the other men's subs either. But, now that I've seen it, I am going to do all I can to get that cock into me in as many ways as I can... if you don't mind."  
  
"I'm new at this," I said with a giggle, then lowering my voice, "but from what I've seen; I don't think we get much say about who puts what into whom."  
  
"What are you new at?" Keith said walking into the kitchen surprising us.  
  
"Oh... uhm... this office work, I mean the added stuff... uhm, like reading over contracts. I'm not a lawyer, you know." I said with a smile, thinking I covered for us really well.  
  
"You'll get used to it; and I'm sure you can handle the work." he said sitting at the table.  
  
Phil walked in and kissed Tina and we all sat down to eat. We talked about my birthday party and the plans Tina had made. The party was less than three weeks away and I was impressed by how well Tina had everything under control. She had even dropped the invitations off at the post office on the way to the office.  
  
We finished lunch in record time. Keith and Phil went to Keith's office while we girls cleaned up. Tina left and I went back to my desk to catch up on some of the work. About twenty minutes before the meeting, I set up the conference room, made fresh coffee and set out copies of the paperwork for the meeting at each place for everyone that was going to be at the meeting.  
  
At two-thirty sharp, everyone filed into the conference room, grabbed a mug of coffee and sat down. The meeting went quickly over the technical points; they seemed to have that part under control. A few of them seemed surprised when Keith mentioned that everyone would need a security clearance to work on the project and that if it was going to be a problem for anyone, they should see him or Phil in private.  
  
Not knowing anything about how one got a security clearance, I asked how you applied for it. Keith said, "Our Company will submit your name to the FBI. They will give you a rather long booklet asking all kinds of questions about your family, education, jobs and friends. Then they will do a detailed interview with you and, based on your answers in the booklet and the interview, they will do an investigation and determine if you can be trusted with classified information."  
  
I still had a million questions, but I thought it would be better to ask Keith in private, like he suggested.  
  
Keith stood and addressed everyone in the conference room, "We have a meeting on Thursday with Jack Wagner to try to finalize the details of our agreement. Not all of you will have to attend the meeting, but I want to go over what we have planned."  
  
He walked around the conference table to the side of the table that faced the big plate glass windows that made up the entire wall behind him. "Heather," indicating that I should join him, "will stand here with an easel holding our charts and graphs of production times, costs, delivery dates, and all of the other details that need to be worked out."  
  
He walked back to his seat on the other side of the table and sat down facing me and the windows. They talked about other details like being sure the parts needed to assemble our components were available and how many employees would be needed. After about five minutes, Keith motioned to me to come back around and sit down again next to him.  
  
Keith asked if there were any questions, and then adjourned the meeting. I let everyone out of the Executive Office Suite and walked back to Keith's office. I walked around to his side of his desk and sat on the desk facing him. Of course, my dress rode up showing a lot of my legs right in front of him as he sat in his chair.  
  
His eyes were glued to my bare legs, but I told him about the part of the contract I didn't understand. He said that he thought the same thing and planned to ask the lawyers about it; but the fact that I caught it showed him that he was right about me being able to be his extra eyes and ears. All the time we talked, he never took his eyes off of my legs.  
  
I crossed my legs so the dress rode even higher, much to Keith's delight. "What kind of investigation does the FBI have to do?" I asked. "I mean, I understand they have to be sure I'm not a spy, but what do I have to do?"  
  
"You fill out a long booklet of questions all about your life up to now. Then you have a very detailed interview with a couple of FBI special agents. Just remember to cooperate completely with the agents who do the interview. Answer their questions completely and honestly and do whatever they ask and you'll do fine."  
  
I really didn't have a problem with doing whatever was necessary to get approved by the FBI; it was just that dealing with the FBI gives me the chills. I guess I've watched too many movies and television shows.  
  
"Why did I have to stand where the charts were going to be?" I asked just out of curiosity. "Couldn't you have just told everyone that the easel would be in front of the windows?"  
  
"I could have," he smiled finally looking from my bare legs up to my face, "But I wanted to be sure that the light shining in the windows was enough to make your body show through your dress."  
  
"WHAT!" I yelped as I jumped up. "You mean everyone could see through my dress while I stood there? Is that why you made me stand there so everyone could get a good look at me?" I could feel my face turning red as I spoke.  
  
"Well, no," he said calmly, "the dress you're wearing is too thick to see through, but everyone could see the silhouette of your body. Don't worry about it; it looked like an accident; I'll just make sure you're wearing a thinner dress on Thursday."  
  
"Oh my god, Keith, if you make me wear a thin dress... they'll be able to see right through it. They'll see my underwear and everything." I gasped.  
  
"If I let you wear underwear." he said showing that look in his eyes that told me he had something planned for me. "One thing for sure, Jack will have no idea what's on the charts. I hope he has someone with him who'll be paying attention."  
  
"You mean there are going to be more people there than Mr. Wagner?" I gasped.  
  
"You can count on it." he said pausing to look me up and down. "You said you liked the idea of teasing him, so I decided to add a little fun to our business."  
  
My face felt hot from my embarrassment. Both from how much the guys must have seen at the meeting we just left, and how much of me Keith was going to let be seen at the meeting on Thursday. Then I realized I was excited, too. Keith was going to let strangers see me, how much of me I wasn't sure yet, and to them, it was all going to seem like a fortunate accident.  
  
"I have to get back to work." I said not very convincingly. What I really meant was that I had to get myself under control. I walked back to my office and sat at my desk. I couldn't believe what Keith was going to do to me. More surprising was how excited I got when he told me his plan.  
  
I got back to work; both to get the work done, and get my mind off of what lay ahead of me this week. Before I knew it, Keith was at my desk. "It's after six, are we going home tonight?" he asked offering me his hand.  
  
I looked up at the clock on the wall and shook my head, "I can't believe it, and I'm still not caught up."  
  
"Me neither." he chuckled, "Tomorrow's another day. Let's go home and relax; I'm exhausted."  
  
We walked out to the car drove home talking about my upcoming birthday party -- and engagement -- and all the plans Tina made and all the people that were coming. "We've invited just about everyone from work," he said, "and a lot of the men that are members of my 'group'. Most of them will be bringing their wives or girlfriends, that is, their subs, so you'll get to meet them, and their subs, in a more formal setting."  
  
I thought about meeting men who had seen me naked, spanked, teased, tortured, and made to cum in front of them and I could feel myself blushing again.  
  
When we got home, we changed -- well Keith changed, I stripped naked as per our rules and we sat in front of the TV and had some wine. Neither of us were hungry, just tired. I guess our weekend cabin trip and the busy day at work caught up to us.  
  
I must have fallen asleep in front of the television because I woke up the next morning in bed next to Keith. I snuggled back up to his warm hard body and he put his arms around me and kissed the back of my shoulder. I wiggled my naked ass against his cock and I felt it throb and start to grow along the crack of my ass.  
  
He held me tight against him so I couldn't wiggle, "None of that, little girl, it's almost time to get up and we still have lots to do to get ready for that meeting tomorrow."  
  
"But I fell asleep last night and I don't even know how I got in bed." I whined.  
  
"I carried you up to bed and tucked you in."  
  
"But I was naked!"   
  
"I kept my eyes closed." he chuckled as he started to get out of bed.  
  
"Noooo!" I whined again. "I mean we didn't... you didn't... we went right to sleep."  
  
"Yes, we did; and it was only with a superhuman effort on my part." he said with a smile as he started to slide the covers off of me.  
  
I grabbed the covers before anything important was exposed and pulled them up to my neck. "Well, you lost your chance then, mister. Better luck tonight."  
  
He laughed as he got out of bed and walked, naked, to the bathroom, his muscled body rippling as he moved and his cock half hard. The tingle I felt through my body made me think that maybe I should have made more of an effort to keep him in bed with me, but then I realized he was right.  
  
We went through our morning routine and were in the office less than an hour later deep into the stacks of paperwork on our desks. I resolved to have both of our desks cleared by the end of the day.  
  
The charts and graphs arrived for the meeting tomorrow and Keith and I went over them so I would know what each one showed and how it would fit into the presentation. I suggested that we set up two easels. There were points in his presentation that would much clearer if two charts were displayed at the same time. Keith agreed and I made arrangements to have two easels at the meeting.  
  
By five o'clock both of our desks were clear. All I had left to do for the meeting was to make copies of the paperwork that each person attending the meeting would need. Since we weren't sure how many people were going to be there, I would do that just before the meeting started.  
  
As soon as we got home, I stripped naked and Keith gave me my five inch white high heels to put on. "Would you like to me to order something from the deli for dinner? I could have it delivered?" he smiled.  
  
I remembered what he did to me the last time he ordered from the deli and now I didn't even have that tiny bikini to cover me. "No, that's OK." I said quickly, "I'll throw something together."

I made a quick, light dinner and as we were finishing Keith mentioned our lunch yesterday with Tina and Phil. "Do you remember when I walked into the kitchen... you and Tina were talking?"  
  
I knew this wasn't going to go well for me. "Sure, I was telling Tina about all the new things I was doing around the office."  
  
"Clean up in here and then come into the living room." he said with no emotion.  
  
I quickly cleaned up the kitchen and went into the living room, my five inch heels clicking on the tile floor in the kitchen and hallway. He was sitting on the sofa. The television was on but the volume was low. He patted the sofa indicating I should sit next to him.  
  
He turned toward me as I sat down. "You and Tina were talking about your job when you said, 'I may be new at this.' when I walked into the kitchen at work yesterday?" he asked almost too calmly.  
  
I knew that wasn't what we were talking about, but I was committed to my white lie. I couldn't tell Keith we were talking about how bad Tina wanted him to fuck her. I wasn't even sure we were supposed to talk about the things that were done to us with other subs. I knew the men didn't even acknowledge that it happened outside of the meetings.  
  
It wasn't 'really' a lie, I rationalized to myself; I was trying to avoid an uncomfortable situation between Keith and Tina. I was doing them a favor.  
  
"That's what we were talking about, boring, huh?" I finally answered after too long a pause.  
  
"Maybe I can refresh your memory." he said in that calm voice. He grabbed both of my wrists in one of his hands and slid to the center of the couch. Before I knew it, I was across his lap with my bare ass sticking up in the air. I reached back to protect my exposed ass and he grabbed both of my wrists with one hand and held them in the small of my back.  
  
The second smack of his hand on my naked ass followed the first smack so quickly that third smack was on the way before I was able to scream. I got ten smacks on my upturned ass in rapid succession. I wriggled and cried out and kicked my feet to no avail. My ass was warm; Keith was hitting my ass hard enough to hurt, but not hard enough to cause me serious pain.  
  
I wasn't sure exactly what was going on. Was he mad because I lied? Did he just want to know what we were talking about? Or, was he just using this as an excuse to spank me?  
  
He stood me up and asked me again what we were talking about. There was a twinkle in his grey eyes now that wasn't there before. Was it because I was naked, or because he enjoyed spanking me? Either way, I was pretty sure he wasn't mad at me.  
  
"Now, will you tell me what you and Tina were talking about?" he asked again.  
  
"But I told you, we were..." and I was over his lap again before I could even finish.  
  
Ten more smacks were administered to my now warm and tingling ass as I squirmed and cried through each one.  
  
Again he stood me up and asked his question and I gave the same answer. This time before he put me over his lap, I noticed a bulge that wasn't there earlier. This time I got twenty smacks on my now red ass and I could really feel the heat building up.  
  
He stood me up again and said, "Are you going to tell me what I want to know." The twinkle in his eyes was now a glow; almost as bright as the glow coming off my hot, naked ass. He didn't seem mad, but he was intent on getting me to tell him what Tina and I were talking about.  
  
"But I did tell you," I wailed rubbing my sore butt.  
  
He stood up, took me by the arm and walked me to a straight backed, wooden chair on the other side of the living room. He sat me in the chair and I winced as my sore ass hit the hard seat of the chair. He quickly put wrist and ankle cuffs on me. He tied my arms to the arm of the chair by my wrist cuffs and at the elbows. Then, he pulled my feet, still in my five inch heels, back along the outside of the chair and tied my ankle cuffs to the back legs of the chair, forcing me to spread my legs giving him complete access to my pussy.  
  
He shoved a pillow between the small of my back and the back of the chair pushing my pussy forward to the edge of the seat and forcing my knees even further apart. Then, he put a thick belt around my waist and the back of the chair holding me tightly in place. My warm ass stung because it was pressing on the hard seat and my bare breasts and shaved pussy were on display and at his disposal and there was nothing I could do to stop him.  
  
I wasn't sure where this was going, and I was a little afraid because I wasn't sure exactly what was going on. Keith stepped in front of me, and I could see the growing bulge in his pants. He took a step back and looked me over from my white five inch heels on my feet to the top of my head spending extra time checking out all the goodies in between.  
  
He paced slowly back and forth in front of me, almost strutting, arms folded across his chest. "You know," he said, trying to sound sinister, "This is only going to keep getting worse for you until you tell me what I want to know. And, in case you are wondering, no one is going to come and save you at the last minute."  
  
It took a few seconds to register in my head, but then it hit me. This was my captured spy fantasy that I had told Keith about. It was a while back, and I couldn't believe he remembered. Then again, he remembered everything about me. He knew from the minute I told him that Tina and I were talking my job that I wasn't being honest with him. I wasn't sure if he knew what we were really talking about, but he was going to torture and punish me until I told him the truth.  
  
Now I was excited and couldn't wait to see what he had in store for me. "I already told what you want to know. You can do what you want to me, I won't change my story." I said as defiantly as I could manage.  
  
He went and picked up a briefcase that was on the floor on the far side of the sofa. He walked toward me, making sure I could hear whatever was in the briefcase clank and thunk as he walked. He put the briefcase on the table slightly behind and to the side of the chair that I was tied to so I could hear but not see what was in the briefcase.  
  
He opened the briefcase and I could hear him rummage through whatever was inside. He came around in front of me holding two clover clamps. "I know you're familiar with these" he said with a sneer, "and you know where I'm going to put them. The great thing about them is that the more you pull on them, the tighter they get."  
  
"Oh please, sir," I begged really getting into this, "I already told you what we were talking about. You don't have to... aaaarrrrggghhh." He put one of the clamps on my left nipple, followed by the other clamp on my right nipple. "Oh please sir, OOOOohhhhh NNnoooooo... I already told you." I sobbed.  
  
"You can make this stop," he soothed, "Just tell me what I want to know."  
  
He didn't even wait for an answer. He went back to the briefcase, moved some things around and came back in front of me with two little springs. I knew where they were going, and I knew they wouldn't hurt, but they were only the prelude to my breasts being tortured.  
  
I was in heaven and hell at the same time. My sore ass was pressed down on the hard seat of the chair; I had clamps on my tender nipples and I knew he was going to hang weights on the springs causing even more pain to my tender breasts. At the same time, I had fantasized about this so many times, and my Keith was finally making it happen to me for real.  
  
He went back to the briefcase and returned with a weight in each hand. He held them up for me to see, "Only two ounces each, not a lot of weight. But, when you are wiggling in that chair and they're bouncing off the ends of your tits, pulling on your nipples, they'll seem like a whole lot more."  
  
I don't know if I was getting into my role of the captured spy, or that little masochist inside me made me do it, but I said, "Then I'll just have to be sure and sit still, won't I?", as obstinate as I could.  
  
"We'll see how that works out for you." he chuckled.  
  
He hung the weights from the springs attached to the clamps on my nipples and I couldn't help but moan. The weights pulled down on the clover clamps, making them tighter on my nipples and pulling down on my breasts. As long as I stayed still the pain in my breasts was almost pleasurable and I could feel my shaved, spread open pussy getting moist. Can you love something and hate it at the same time?  
  
He knelt down in front of me, so we were looking eye to eye. He didn't even look down; he just looked into my eyes and I gasped as his finger touched my open pussy. He could tell that I was wet, and it was humiliating that he knew his torturing me got me so excited.  
  
His finger started to move up and down my hairless outer lips, just teasing, not penetrating. I wanted to push my little pussy onto his fingers, but the way he had my hips belted to the chair, I couldn't move them. He pushed a little harder, just teasing the inner lips and smiling when he felt how wet and puffy they were.  
  
His teasing was driving me crazy. I couldn't move from the waist down and I knew if I moved from the waist up, the weights hanging from my nipples would bounce and my breasts would suffer the consequences.  
  
He was smiling at me; his grey eyes looking deep into my blue eyes. He knew exactly what he was doing to me. He let his finger just touch the entrance to my most secret place and I moaned, loud and long. I couldn't help it! He knew just how to play my body to get the most out of it. I wasn't sure how long I could hold out, but true to my fantasy, I was going to try and hold out as long as I could.  
  
He gently rubbed the tip of his finger around the tingling entrance to my vagina and I shuddered. Now I knew why he didn't strap my chest or shoulders to the back of the chair. The shudder caused the weights to gently bounce, tormenting my tender nipples. I was able to keep from making any sound, but he knew what he was doing to me; what was happening to me. He was still looking deep into my eyes; he could see it in my face.  
  
Slowly, oh so slowly, he pushed his finger deep into me his until his fist rested against my shaved pussy. Even though I tried to stay still, I could help but tremble as his finger went deeper and deeper into my quivering belly.   
  
The weights on my nipples bounced and swayed just enough to cause the pain to run, like an electric shock, from my nipples to my swelling clit. Finally, I begged, "Please sir, no more, I told you what you want to know. I can't take anymore!"  
  
"You haven't told me what I want to know," he said calmly, slowly pulling his finger out of me until just the tip stayed inside me, "And unless you tell me the truth, you will be forced to take much, much more."  
  
He paused for a few seconds, still looking to my eyes, and started pushing his finger into me again, this time a little faster. I tried to keep still, to save my poor breasts from more torture, but every little movement translated into pulling and pinching on my nipples.  
  
He didn't pause when his finger touched the bottom of my warm, wet hole; he slid it back out again until just the tip was inside me, then his long, thick finger started back up into my belly just a little faster. He kept this up and I lost the fight to keep my upper body still.   
  
At first, it was because I was gasping for breath, then my shoulders started moving, forward and back in time with Keith's probing finger. I couldn't help it, his finger felt so good. But, each time I moved, it was like fire was being touched to my crushed nipples.  
  
When I thought it couldn't get any worse, he curled the tip of his finger up slightly. Now, each stroke of his finger, in and out, caused his fingertip to rub that super sensitive spot inside me. I couldn't stay still, and the weights bounced and swayed from the tips of my tortured breasts. Even when I was able to keep myself still for a few seconds, the little springs kept the weights moving; ensuring my agony would continue.  
  
Worst of all, the pain and the pleasure were bringing me close to an orgasm. The little masochist that I am, loved this, but being tortured into orgasm would be so humiliating. "Oh my god, sir," I cried out, "You're driving me crazy. Please, please sir, you're going to make me cum. Please, have mercy on me!"  
  
But Keith didn't stop, he didn't even slow down. He just watched my face as my body betrayed me. I gasped and moaned. I cried out and begged as a huge orgasm raced to overtake me. My pussy was so wet it was dripping on the hard wood of the seat of the chair. My nipples were on fire as the weights bounced wildly on the springs, pulling my breasts every which way. I surrendered myself to the pleasure, and the pain. I had lost control of my body; the onrushing orgasm poised to crash over me.  
  
Suddenly, everything stopped. I felt Keith's finger leave my throbbing hole, and I screamed, "NNNOOOOO, DON'T STOP NOW!" I gasped for breath, the weights dancing off the ends of my aching breasts. "Please sir, please finger fuck me just a little more. I'm so close. I need to cum so bad."  
  
I opened my eyes and Keith was still looking at my face. He had that smile on his face; he enjoyed torturing me. He knew exactly how close I was to cuming; that's why he stopped. Part of my torture was enduring all he would do to me and not letting me cum.  
  
When my breathing slowed, Keith said softly, "You know what you have to do to make this stop."  
  
But I wasn't sure I wanted it to stop; at least, not yet. Keith had a briefcase full of things to use on me, and the masochist in me had taken control.  
  
It was going to be a long night.

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Keith rummaged through the briefcase while I tried to get myself under control. The briefcase was to my left and a little behind me; just far enough so that even if I turned my head I couldn't see what was in it. Twisting to try and see what he was doing would make the weights dangling from my nipples sway -- and I certainly didn't want that.  
  
After a couple of minutes, I was sure that he was just waiting for me to calm down from my "almost orgasm", so he could start in on me again. Finally, he stepped away from the briefcase to stand in front of me. This time he had a black leather strap in his hand. It was about a foot and a half long, but only two inches wide and it seemed very soft, like it was well worn.  
  
"Are you sure you don't want to reconsider what you and Tina were talking about yesterday?" he said with that smile on his face. "After all, in the position you're in, it's only a matter of time before you tell me the truth."  
  
I looked at the strap that he was slapping gently into his hand and thought about where he could hit me with it. Certainly, my bare thighs and shaved pussy were available. Even though I knew Keith would never injure me; the thought of how bad the strap hitting my pussy, so open and still wet, would hurt really scared me.  
  
"I already told you the truth;" I whimpered never taking my eyes off of the strap in his hand, "We were talking about the new things I was doing at work."  
  
"No, that's not what you and Tina were talking about." he said calmly. "But, one way or the other, you're going to tell me, in detail, what you and Tina had to say. Now, shall we begin?"  
  
He walked to my right side, and starting at my right knee, slowly laid ten smacks with the strap up the inside of my thigh until he was an inch from exposed pussy. The smacks weren't real hard; with the strap they didn't have to be. They really stung when the strap hit me, but the pain faded quickly leaving an intensifying warmth behind.  
  
I was gasping by the third smack, and begging as he passed mid thigh. I was so afraid he was going to hit my pussy. I wanted desperately wanted to shake my hips, hoping to relieve the pain; but I couldn't move my body below my waist, so with each smack, my upper body jerked and the weights danced merrily off the ends of my tits.   
  
The look on his face told me he was enjoying my torment, and, to be honest, so was I. This had been my fantasy for so long, and while it was painful, it was not unbearable. Keith, true to his word, was making sure I suffered but not beyond what he felt I could bear. And Keith would never put me in any real danger.  
  
He was in front of me again. "I'm having fun; how about you!" he asked.   
  
My nipples were on fire again, the weights bounced and swayed even after I stopped jumping each time he hit my thigh with the strap. The inside of my right thigh was warm and tingling and the warmth radiated up into my defenseless little pussy.  
  
My pussy! Oh, my god, my pussy was so wet I could feel it dripping on the wooden seat of the chair. Keith had to be able to see it; he was standing not two feet from me, that's why he asked if I was having fun. I could feel myself blush from my aching breasts to the top of my head. The only thing that made my humiliation bearable was that Keith was the only one to see it.  
  
"Nothing to say?" he quipped, "Well, let's try to even you out then."  
  
He moved to my left side and started at my knee. My shoulders jerked with the first smack of the leather strap and the pain in my nipples from the bouncing weights went through my belly right to my swollen clit. "Oh, god!" I cried out as the strap worked its way up my tender, naked thigh. "Please sir, you're killing me; my tits are on fire. I can't stand it any more. I'll do anything you want! Please have mercy."  
  
He waited until weights on my breasts stopped bouncing and swaying and I got myself together. "The only thing I want you to do," he said looking right at my reddened thighs and gaping pussy, "Is to tell me what you and Tina were talking about."  
  
"I told you what we were talking about." I cried. Astonishingly, despite the pain in my nipples and the tingling warmth in my thighs, I loved having to endure his tortures. Keith was making it even better than my fantasies. I had to endure his punishments and his calm steady voice made my predicament seem real. To end my torment and humiliation, I had to tell Keith how bad Tina wanted him to fuck her, and I couldn't give up my friend. Could I?  
  
"Wrong answer." he said with a glint in his eye. He walked around to my right side and let the strap hang from his hand against my wet, little pussy. "Guess where the next ten strokes are going to go."  
  
"Oh, my god. Oh no. Please sir, not my pussy. I won't be able to stand it." I cried trying to keep still to save my burning nipples.  
  
"Last chance;" he said, "Once I start, you get all ten before you get a chance to tell me what I want to know."  
  
"Okay, okay." I whimpered, "I'll tell you." The strap was resting against my swollen clit sending little shocks down my warmed thighs. I decided to take a chance. "We were talking about the trip to the cabin and the things you and Phil made us do. I said I was new to this, so I didn't know if taking the two of us up there was unusual."  
  
Keith paused for a few seconds; then he moved the strap away from my dripping pussy. He leaned down, kissed me softly and brushed my hair from my face. "See, that wasn't so hard." he said in the same calm monotone. "That's a much better story than talking about new things at work. Unfortunately... it's also not true."  
  
The first thing that went through my mind was how did he know it wasn't true? That thought was immediately followed by the sound of a wet "slap" and the stinging pain from my poor pussy. I screamed, and strained against the belts and ropes that held me in the chair; surprisingly, more from the shock than the pain.   
  
Oh, it hurt... terribly; but Keith wasn't hitting me as hard as he hit the tender insides of my thighs. It was more of a short, sharp sting; not the deep ache like when he spanked me. He was also spending more time staring at my pussy between smacks; admiring the effect his punishment was having my shaved, helpless mound. The humiliation of being spread open for his enjoyment and examination only added to the excitement I was feeling from his spanking my pussy.  
  
For whatever reason, I was straining against my bonds, my body stiff, not jerking with each stroke like I had when he punished the insides of my thighs. The weights hanging from my breasts were swaying a little but not bouncing and pulling on my burning nipples. A minor blessing, considering what was happening between my legs.  
  
By the fourth stroke, I was sure I would lose my mind. "No more. No more, please sir." I whimpered. But the punishment continued and the warmth from my throbbing pussy was spreading through me.  
  
By the seventh stoke, I was begging, "Please sir, I'll tell you what you want to know. I'll do anything; just please make it stop." He just smiled at me as he flicked the strap against my dripping pussy and watched my face, where he could easily see the effect of the pain and humiliation he was inflicting on me.  
  
By the tenth stroke, I was dizzy; I couldn't believe my poor little pussy was being abused this way. More unexpected, was the almost electric excitement just beneath the pain. I felt sharp pain in my nipples and I screamed, but even that seemed to get me more excited.  
  
The whipping had stopped and the stinging between my legs quickly disappeared, but the warmth continued to radiate through me from my pussy down to my toes and up to my sore nipples. I sank against the back of the chair as my body retreated from the straps that held me in place for my punishment and my head cleared.   
  
My breasts still ached, but the fire in my nipples had stopped. I looked down and the clamps, with their little springs and weights, were gone. Keith had removed them while I was in the throes of my pussy whipping. I feared the clamps being removed; they seemed to hurt more coming off than they did when they were fastened to my proud little nipples. He managed to take care of me; even while he made me suffer.  
  
Keith was kneeling in front of me, so he could look into my eyes. I couldn't believe how badly I wanted him to take me. Leave me tied to the chair and just push his big cock into me. There was no longer any doubt in my mind; I was a masochist and Keith knew exactly how to get the most out of my fetish.  
  
"Do you have something to tell me?" he said. "It seemed that while you were being entertained by the strap, that you had something you wanted to say to me." We were still playing the game.   
  
Entertained? He was hitting my pussy with a leather strap. He may have been entertained; I was going insane with pain and humiliation... and sexual exhilaration. My pussy, while still tingling and warm from the strap, was so wet I could still feel it dripping down the crack of my ass.  
  
Now that my body wasn't being overloaded, my resolve to resist my 'captor' returned. "I was wondering if that was the best you could come up with to get me to talk." I said looking him squarely in the eyes. I shocked myself. This wasn't the little masochist that sneaks out from inside my head talking, this was me.  
  
If I wanted my torture session to stop, all I had to do was tell him what Tina and I were talking about, or I could use my safe word. But, in my mind, my fantasy had no safe words so the only way to get my interrogation to stop, was to tell him the truth. But where was the fun in that. Somewhere inside me, I loved what he was doing to me and I wanted to see how long I could hold out against his tortures.  
  
He leaned towards me and kissed me again. It was soft, yet still demanding. He wasn't giving me a kiss; he was taking it from me.  
  
He stood up and walked over to the briefcase; I could hear him moving things around inside. He came back and knelt in front of me holding what looked like a microphone; the kind singers use with the ball on the top that they sing into.  
  
"This is called a wand." he said holding it up briefly for me to see. He leaned into me and kissed my neck and started kissing down my naked chest toward my bare, tender breasts.  
  
'Oh, my god,' I thought, 'If he starts biting and sucking on my breasts, I'll never be able to stand it. They still ache from the clamps and the weights.' He continued kissing and nibbling slowly down my chest. I was just about to beg him not to touch my nipples, when he, ever so gently, wrapped his lips around my right nipple.  
  
I opened my mouth to scream, but all that came out was a quick gasp. He didn't squeeze or bite, or even run his tongue over my tender little bud. He just gently held his warm, wet lips wrapped around the tip of my breast. It felt so good, I wanted to wrap my arms around his head and pull him closer, but my tied arms held me in place.  
  
Even though I tried to make it seem like he was having no effect on me, I moaned when he took his mouth from my breast. My moan was quickly followed by another gasp as his lips captured my other tender nipple. It was torture, his tenderly caressing me while I could not move.   
  
Keith was tormenting me with pain and then with pleasure, so my body could never be prepared for what would come next. He was diabolical and he was winning; I could feel my resolve to resist him waning away.  
  
His lips left my breast and started working back up toward my neck when I heard a humming coming from the thing he held in his hand. All I could think of was that it was like a static wand that would give shocks wherever it touched.  
  
He moved back from me, just enough so I could see the wand in his hand. It started moving between my legs toward my spread and still throbbing pussy. "No, no," I screamed, "Please not there!"  
  
He looked into my eyes as the head of the wand made contact with my open sex. I opened my mouth to scream but it quickly changed to a loud, long sob. The wand wasn't shocking me, it was a vibrator; a very powerful vibrator that I felt through my pussy and deep into the center of my belly.  
  
Holding the vibrator against my pussy, he leaned in and kissed me; more demanding than before, but not hard or forceful. I whimpered into his mouth; the deep vibrations from the wand were working their way down my spread legs to my toes, pointed in my fived inch heels, with my feet tied to the back legs of the chair. I struggled to get my hands free; I wanted desperately to take him in my arms, but I couldn't move. I tried to wiggle my hips, but the pillow behind my lower back and the strap around the chair back and my waist made any movement impossible.  
  
As his lips left mine and worked along my jaw, heading for that place on my neck just behind my ear that makes me crazy, the speed of the vibrator picked up. The sound of the hum coming from the wand didn't get much louder, but the effect on my out of control pussy was dramatic.  
  
"Aaaaahhhhh," I moaned as my pussy vibrated and his lips reached my neck. I struggled to close my legs to save my over-excited pussy without success. As he buried his face in my neck, nipping at that spot he knew so well, he moved the round head of the wand up slightly so that it rested against my swollen clit.  
  
"Oh, nooooooooo." I screamed, frantically fighting my bonds, trying to move away from the head of the insidious wand. Of course, I couldn't move, and between Keith's kissing my neck and the insane vibrations between my legs I could feel that elusive orgasm coming toward me.  
  
As the orgasm rushed toward me, he slid the head of the wand down against the entrance to my hole, away from my throbbing clit, keeping my orgasm at bay. "Oh pleeeeease, sir." I whined trying desperately to move my hips to get my clit on the head of the wand again, "Please put it back on my clit. Please let me cum."  
  
I wriggled my upper body, shaking my sore tits from side to side. I didn't care that it hurt, I needed to cum. I tried desperately to move my legs or feet, but they were tied too tightly. The orgasm was there, just out of reach; if he would only put the wand on my clit, I could cum.  
  
As if he could read my mind, the round head of the wand moved up along my pussy lips and rested against my clit. "Ohhhh, yeeeessssss." I half moaned, half screamed. I could feel my stomach muscles cramping and my tied legs trembling as the orgasm poised to envelope me.  
  
"No... not yet" Keith said softly in my ear as he pulled the wand from my throbbing clit and his lips from my neck.   
  
"Nooooooooooooo" I wailed shaking in my bonds, trying to get my hands to my pussy to relieve the unbearable itch between my legs. "Don't stop now. I have to cum. Please, fuck me. Anything... please, don't leave me like this."  
  
But it was not to be. Keith watched me as I struggled to get free and begged for the release of orgasm. I was in tears as I could feel my orgasm fade away from me. I wasn't sure which was worse, the pain he inflicted on my most tender body parts, or the denial of an orgasm after he teases me to just short of satisfaction.  
  
He watched me fight against the ropes and straps until my orgasm was too far away for me to hope for any relief. When I calmed down enough to understand what he was saying, he said, "Well, we've done all we can down here. Unless you have something to tell me, let's get ready to go upstairs and see if I can loosen your tongue."  
  
He went over to the briefcase and rummaged around again. I knew that meant nothing good for me. If I was right, he was looking for something to cause me pain, and probably humiliation, having just pleasured me almost to orgasm.  
  
He appeared in front of me holding what appeared to be two clips like you would use to hold a bag of potato chips closed. They were two inches across and appeared to be made of black plastic. "We're really going to have fun with these." he said kneeling in front of me.  
  
"Oh my god, you can't be serious!" I gasped as he reached between my wide spread legs and ran his fingers over the swollen lips of my shaved pussy.  
  
"Ah, but I am serious." he said using that calm monotone voice again. "Just a few minutes ago, as I recall, you were interested in what I could come up with to encourage you to talk. Well, this is the next step."  
  
He took the right outer lip of my pussy between his fingers, and, as I watched in disbelief, he put the two inch clamp over my tender labia and let it close. "Arrrrrggghhh" I groaned as the pinching went right to the core of my moist pussy.  
  
The black plastic clamp stuck out from the right side of my pussy and I gasped as Keith took me left labia between his fingers and applied the other clamp to the left side of my pussy. He sat back to admired his work as I thrashed in my seat trying to get away from the pain to no avail.  
  
The plastic clamps rubbing against each other sent tingles through my much abused pussy. 'My god,' I thought to myself, 'Am I such a masochist that even this cruelty is getting me excited?'  
  
While I tried to get used to this new torment, Keith was behind me untying my feet. As he loosened the ropes holding my ankle cuffs to the chair, my feet came to the front of the chair and my knees came together. "Ooooohhhhh" I gushed as the plastic clamps pulled and pinched my pussy lips as my legs moved.  
  
He unbuckled the strap holding me against the back of the chair and then removed the straps that held my elbows to the arms of the chair. He walked around in front of me, "Now, I'm going to untie your wrist cuffs from the chair. I don't want you to try to stand up. With your legs tied in that position for so long, they won't support you, and I don't want you to fall."  
  
He went behind me and untied my wrist cuffs from the arm of the chair and quickly pulled my hands behind my back and clipped the wrist cuffs together. My interrogation wasn't over; we just moved on to another level.  
  
He came back around in front of me, "When I stand you up, I want you to spread your legs and stand still." He reached under my arms and lifted me to my feet, holding me up until I was able to stand on my own. I shuddered as the clamps on my poor little pussy moved pinching and pulling my fleshy nether lips.  
  
He slowly moved his hands from me, making sure I was able to stand in my five inch high heels, and looked at my face and then down at the juncture of my legs. I realized what he was waiting for, and slowly opened my legs in spite of, or maybe because of, the fact that I knew he was going to inflict some new misery on me.  
  
He stepped back and studied me from my pointed toes to the hair on my head; the only place I was permitted to have any hair. I must have been quite a sight. Naked except for the five inch heels on my feet, the wrist and ankle cuffs and the two black plastic clamps hanging from the lips of my bare pussy.  
  
I recognized the smile on his face, he wanted me... bad. The bulge in the front of his pants was proof, in case I missed the look on his face. The problem was I wanted him, too. His teasing me close to orgasm and then torturing the most tender parts of my naked body was taking a toll on my determination to protect Tina. Now, if I could just hold out longer than he could.  
  
He reached into his pocket and took out the clamps, springs and weights that had so recently dangled from the tips of my breasts. I moaned and started to plead with him not to put the clamps back on my nipples, but he held up his hand to stop me.

"No, no, Heather," he said with a shake of his head, "Even though you insist on not telling me what I want to know, your perky little tits will not be tortured any more tonight. Sorry to say, the rest of your beautiful body will not be so lucky."  
  
He knelt in front of me as he disconnected the springs and weights from the clover clamps that had adorned my breasts. "Please sir, not that!" I whimpered as I realized he was going to hang the springs and the two ounce weights from the clamps gripping the lips of my bare pussy.  
  
I closed my eyes as I stood there, unmoving. Keith reached between my legs and hung the springs; one from each clamp. It seemed like hours passed, but it was only a few seconds when I felt the first weight pull on my delicate nether lip. I moaned, and struggled to keep still, fearing any movement would only increase my punishment. I was sure he had more weights in his evil briefcase and would use them at the first sign of resistance from me.  
  
He added a weight to other clamp. "Uuuhhhhhnnnmmmm" I moaned as the weights swung, banging into each other pulling and jerking on my suffering pussy. Since my labia were much more fleshy and elastic than my nipples, the clamps moved a lot more. The weights were still moving just because of the springs; I hadn't moved a muscle yet.  
  
"Let me get my strap, and we'll go upstairs." Keith said with a smile. He picked up the strap that he used to warm the insides of my thighs and my hairless pussy and took a few steps toward the living room door. He turned to me, "Well, come on. You don't want me to use the strap on you already, do you?"  
  
I took two steps and stopped. "Ohhhhh no sir. Please, I can't do this." In just two steps, the weights were swinging and bouncing, pulling, twisting and tugging my pussy lips every which way. This was much worse than the clamps on my breasts.  
  
Keith turned back to me and said softly, "Do you have something you want to tell me?" I knew what he wanted, but instead I gave him my little girl begging for mercy look.  
  
He waited a few seconds, watching the weights swinging between my legs. "Nothing? Oh, well."   
  
In two steps he was behind me and the strap exploded across my naked ass. "Ooowww" I yelped as the pain reached my brain. "Arrrrggghhhhh" I cried as I took a step forward to get away from the strap.   
  
But the strap caught both cheeks of my red little ass again. "Every time you stop," Keith said sternly, "I will smack your ass with the strap until you start moving again.  
  
Completely naked, save for the five inch heels, the cuffs still on my ankles, the clamps on my pussy, and the wrist cuffs holding my hands behind my back, this walk was going to be difficult. Add Keith 'encouraging' me with his leather strap and the bedroom seemed so very far away.  
  
Taking short steps in an effort to spare my pussy some of the agony Keith was making me inflict on myself, I made it out of the living room and into hallway. It seemed like he enjoyed my humiliation more than the pain he was putting me through. He made sure to get a good look at me from every angle as I made my slow walk.  
  
When I got to the hallway, I had a new problem to deal with. The hallway was not carpeted like the living room, so the floor was slippery with me in my five inch heels. I would be fine, as look as I kept my legs together under me. But, walking with my legs together made the weights not only swing and bounce, but bang into each other and the insides of my legs causing a whole new kind of pain for my stretched labia.  
  
I stopped to get my feet under me and was rewarded with three smacks of the leather strap across my tingling red ass. I started walking, "Sir, please let me stop, or, at least, slow down. The weights are killing me. They're pulling on my pussy; they're stretching my lips... my lips down there." I whimpered using my eyes to indicate the shaved space between my legs.  
  
"You can tell me what I want to hear." he said feigning sympathy.  
  
I shook my head no with a whimper and was rewarded with a smack across my vulnerable naked ass with Keith's leather strap. I cried out and Keith barked, "Then keep moving."  
  
As I got close to the foot of the stairway, I could feel my pussy starting to get wet. I looked down and my nipples, as sore as they were, were like little pebbles on the tips of my breasts. 'It has to be the humiliation' I thought, 'I can't be getting excited by the pain between my legs or on my ass.'  
  
There was no time to figure it out. I was at the foot of the steps; a new challenge for my tortured girl parts. I stopped at the foot of the steps and was quickly rewarded with the leather strap across both of my hot little ass cheeks. "I'm sorry sir" I yelped, and lifted my high heeled foot onto the first step.  
  
Not too bad I thought, and I lifted my other foot onto the next step. "Noooooo, oh pleeeeaaassseee" I cried. The weights weren't swaying as they did when I was walking. They were bouncing up and down as I took the step. Each time I went up a step, the weights were going to bounce and pull on my clamped labia.  
  
The strap smacked against my ass and I cried out again, but I didn't move. I was rewarded with another slap of leather to my tender ass. I went up another step and the weights bounced happily on their springs and I screamed again and stopped. Keith applied the strap to my ass again, and up the steps I went. I think he beat my ass at least once on each step.  
  
When we got to the top of the steps, my ass was on fire and it felt like the lips of my pussy had been pulled down to my knees. Another thing I noticed was that my pussy was wet and tingling. I was getting more excited as things got worse for me. This was really starting to get to me, tortured then pleasured almost to climax, then tortured again. It was diabolical, and I loved it, and I loved Keith for making my fantasy come true. Now, if I could just hold out and see how far he would make me go.  
  
The smack of the leather strap told me this was not a rest stop. The weights started swaying again as I carefully walked down the hallway toward our bedroom. The hall seemed a lot longer naked, in five inch high heels, hands cuffed behind my back and two ounce weights pulling on my clamped pussy lips.  
  
By the time we got to the bedroom, I could feel the wetness of my pussy on the inside of my thighs. With my labia pulled open and moving every which way, there was nothing to keep the proof of my excitement inside me.  
  
Keith told me to walk to the foot of the bed and turn and face him. Again, a distance I didn't appreciate when not being tortured. When I turned at the foot of the bed, Keith was right behind me. He took me in his arms and pulled my naked body against him, making the weights swing one more time, and kissed me.  
  
I moaned, not because I was in pain, but because I loved being sexually teased and tormented and I loved the feeling of Keith hold my naked body against him when he was dressed. I wasn't sure which fed the masochist in me more; the pain of the tortures he inflicted on me, or the torment of being teased and not being allowed to cum. It's hard to explain, it's so humiliating for me seeing how my body can be manipulated this way, but I love that it's happening to me and I'm being forced to endure it.  
  
He broke the kiss and took a step back. "Spread your legs", he said kneeling in front of me, "and don't you dare move."  
  
I nodded my head, closed my eyes and bit my lower lip. I knew he was going to take the clamps off of my labia, and I knew it would hurt. "Aaaarrrrgghhhh" I moaned, trying my best to stay still as he removed the clamp from my left nether lip.   
  
It really hurt, but it wasn't the sharp, biting like when he took the clamps off of my nipples. It was more a deep throbbing pain. Maybe it was because these clamps were long like the clamps you use on potato chip bags and not the little round metal circles used to capture the tips of women's tender breasts.  
  
He waited until the pain faded before he took off the other clamp. I thought he waited so I wouldn't have to suffer the pain on both sides of my pussy. Then I thought maybe he waited so I could suffer twice as long. Either way, the clamps were gone and my pussy was throbbing, but not only from the abuse it had taken; I needed to be fucked, and preferably in the worst way Keith could think of.

My Own Heaven Ch. 33

Keith was in front of me, looking into my eyes. God help me, he could read me like a book. He could tell exactly what was going on in my head. He put his arms around me and unclipped my wrist cuffs, freeing my hands. Before I could get my hands in front of me, he had me by the shoulders and pushed me back onto the bed following me down, lying on top of me.  
  
I put my hands up in front of me to push him off of me, but he grabbed both of my wrists in one of his big hands and pulled them over my head. With his face only inches from mine, and his body pressing me into the bed he whispered, "Do you want to tell me what you and Tina were talking about?"  
  
Being nude, except for my high heels, wrist and ankle cuffs, I could feel his hard cock pressing against my naked thighs, just below my pulsing pussy. I spread my legs and tried to wriggle down a little so I could feel his cock against my clit, but he held me fast.  
  
"I don't know how, but you already know." I whimpered. Why do I have to say it?"  
  
He leaned down and kissed my forehead, my nose and then my cheek. With his cheek against mine, he whispered in my ear "Because, it will humiliate you. It will humiliate you because I 'made' you say it, and telling me what you and Tina said will humiliate you even more."  
  
He was right. It would humiliate me to have to tell him how bad Tina wanted him to fuck her, and how I told her that he got excited and fucked me after seeing her being used and abused. I would have to admit that I was surprised that he had not fucked her already. Worst of all, that I had no objection to him fucking Tina and I wanted to see him do it. I shook my head no, mentally bracing myself for whatever he planned to do to me next.   
  
Even after all of our time together, no matter how hard I try to anticipate; Keith always surprises me. He kissed my neck, then nibbled and kissed his way down my neck onto my chest. Even though my breasts still ached, I moaned knowing that was where he was headed.  
  
As he got close to my breasts, he kissed more and nibbled less. He knew I was tender and he wanted to tease and excite me, not cause me pain. He teased from one breast to the other, back and forth making me moan and gasp despite my best efforts to resist him. I knew he had no intention of giving me the release I so desperately needed, but I couldn't resist his teasing; I was getting more excited by the second. My body wants, what my body wants; and Keith knows more about my body than anyone in the world.  
  
He started kissing down my belly as he released my hands. Before I knew it, he was between my legs. He slid his hands under my thighs, lifting my knees up separated by his wide shoulders, putting my throbbing pussy right in front of his face, and his hands on my flat belly, one on each side of my belly button, holding my hips.  
  
He looked up at me over my hairless mound as I looked down at him. "Oh, NOOoooooo," I cried as I realized what he was going to do to me now. I tried to get my hands down between my legs, but he had his hands in the perfect place to grab my wrists before I could protect my vulnerable pussy.  
  
Now, he had my wrists locked in his hands, held in place on my belly, and my legs spread around his shoulders with my knees in the air offering my pussy for whatever he wanted to do to me. I knew he wouldn't let me cum; he would tease me until I was a sobbing and begging for an orgasm. I didn't know which was worse, or which excited me more; the pain he inflicted on me, the way he played with my body getting me close to relief and then denying my orgasm, or the humiliation of him being able to use me at his will.  
  
I was desperate to end my torment, but Keith was too strong. I couldn't close my legs with Keith's shoulders in the way; if I opened them, it would make my poor pussy open even wider for his lips, tongue and teeth. I couldn't get my feet flat on the bed, Keith's shoulders and arms kept my knees up in the air, and, even if I could get my feet down, the five inch heels on my feet kept my toes pointed and I couldn't get any push off of the bed.  
  
His hands on my belly, holding my wrists in place, also held my hips still so I couldn't squirm away from his wiggling tongue and nibbling teeth. He was having the effect on me that he wanted. I could feel my pussy pulsing, getting me more excited as his tongue explored my open sex at will.  
  
I was quickly starting to get close to my orgasm. I was moaning and whimpering and the little wiggle my hips did have, only rubbed my pussy into Keith's face getting me even more wet and excited.  
  
My legs started to tremble and my stomach started to clamp down as my orgasm rushed to overcome me. "Oh... oh... oh!" I gasped as my pussy pulsed and my belly tightened, hard and flat, signaling that my body had surrendered to Keith's teasing. I began to think that he was finally going to let me cum, when he pulled his face from my spasming hole.  
  
"No, no, no, pleeeease. Not again. Please let me cuuuuuuummmm." I cried. My body was shaking. I was short circuited. I couldn't control my arms and legs and even my little asshole was spasming. I took deep breaths trying to get myself under control.   
  
Keith gave me a minute, looking over my wet mound, my flat convulsing belly, rock hard nipples on my quivering breasts and right into my eyes. He waited until he could see in my face that I was calming down. He smiled, as he buried his face into my shaved, defenseless pussy again, burying his tongue deep into my wet, open hole.  
  
"Aaaaaaaahhhhhhhrrggg." I cried as my body shot up on the roller coaster Keith had me trapped on. His warm wet tongue wiggled its way deep into my super sensitive hole, his lips were pressed against my fleshy pussy lips, and his nose and upper lip rubbed against my swollen clit. I knew I was lost and the sensations that were flying from my pussy to every part of my body completely overwhelmed me.  
  
My orgasm was rushing at me like a tidal wave. I could do nothing to stop it, or help it wash over me. I was completely at his mercy. Just as I mentally braced myself for the crushing orgasm, Keith pulled his face from my wet, throbbing pussy and rested his head on the inside of my thigh.  
  
"Ooooooh, Noooooooooo no, no, no." I moaned not even having the strength, or enough control of my body, to scream. He held my hands and used his hands and body to hold me still as my body shook and convulsed in desperation, trying for the relief that had, again, been denied.  
  
"Please, no more teasing. I can't take anymore." I begged softly as I trembled in the agony of frustration. Keith released my hands and moved his upper body over my chest, quickly grabbing my wrists, moving my hands up next to my head and holding them down against the bed.  
  
I opened my eyes, slowly focusing on his face above me. He had that smile on his face that told me he was taking great pleasure from my suffering. There was something else, too. It took me a few seconds to focus on him, but then I recognized the look. It was lust. He wanted me bad -- real bad, and when he lowered his body on top of mine, I could feel his heartbeat in the big, hard cock that rested against my still quivering belly.  
  
"Does that mean you're ready to tell me about you and Tina?" I couldn't imagine him doing anything more to me. He tortured my ass, my breasts and my pussy; he teased me almost to orgasm more times than I could remember -- and, god help me, I loved every minute of it. He was more than making my captured spy fantasy come true.  
  
"You've tortured, or teased just about every part of my body. You've humiliated me and frustrated me and made me beg." I sobbed feeling my body slowly coming back under my control. "But, I can't tell you what we talked about."  
  
Keith lifted off of my body and released my wrists. A long moan escaped from the very depths of my being; wanting, needing his body on me... in me.  
  
I lay there, unable to move in any effective manner, trying to inventory of the various parts of my body, when I felt his hands on my ankles. He pulled one ankle over the other and turned my legs, flipping me over onto my belly like a ragdoll. He clipped the cuffs on my ankles together and I could feel the bed shift as he sat next to my feet.  
  
I lifted my shoulders so I could turn my head to look at what he was doing. He lifted my feet, wrapped his arm around them and held them trapped between his arm and the side of his chest. I felt his bare chest against my leg; he must have taken his shirt off while I quivered on the bed. I looked over my shoulder and saw my naked, still red ass and his broad, muscled back.  
  
I lowered my head and shoulders back to the bed when I felt him removing my five inch high heeled shoes. It felt so good. My feet hurt; not only because the heels were so high, but they held my feet arched and pointed down and my painted little toes strained against the hard soles, trying to curl down as Keith teased me oh so close to cumming.  
  
He removed both shoes and before I could enjoy the freedom, he ran his fingers lightly over the sole of my bare left foot. "No, no, no, no." I screamed, quickly finding my voice again. "Please don't tickle me. You know how ticklish my bare feet are." I went from slowly recovering to frantic in a split second. Holding my feet but leaving the rest of my body free made me squirm and wriggle in a most 'unladylike' manner. Being on my stomach with my feet held tight, and being tired and sore from over two hours of teasing and torture, I couldn't get my body coordinated enough to do anything to stop him.  
  
He held my feet close together so he could tickle both of my wriggling feet at one time. "Please, please, pleeeeaaase. I can't stand it. Please not my feeeeetttt" I wailed between gasps of laughter as I convulsed on the bed. I buried my face in the bed to try and muffle my pleas, but there was nothing I could do to stop the spasms running up my smooth, naked legs and up through my quaking body.  
  
Keith was merciless. He tickled my bare, defenseless feet for over ten minutes; it seemed like hours to me. I thought I would faint from not being able to catch my breath. I tried to raise myself up on my hands, but the tickling had my nervous system so over stimulated that I couldn't coordinate my arms and hands and shoulders. Trying to turn on my side was impossible with my feet held unmovable under Keith's strong arm.  
  
I grabbed the bedspread in both hands and pulled on it for something to hold on to. I bit into the crumpled bedspread to try to stifle my embarrassing crying and begging and relieve the chaos that was overwhelming my naked body. I tried to kick my way out, but he was too strong. All I accomplished was making my naked body flop around like a fish out of water. My body was shaking now; I was laughing and crying at the same time. I begged him to stop, but, naked and completely at his mercy, there was nothing I could offer him to end my agony and humiliation.  
  
By the time he stopped, I was exhausted and my sides hurt from laughing. I was so weak I couldn't move, and, as usual when I get tickled, I was so excited I was sure I made a wet spot on the bedspread.  
  
Keith let my feet drop to the bed and got up. I tried to move, to get away, even though the cuffs on my feet were still linked, but I couldn't get my arms and legs to work together. I felt him on the bed again, then my feet being picked up and tucked between his arm and the side of his chest.  
  
Before I could even comprehend what was happening, I felt something lightly stroke up the sole of my foot from my wiggling toes to my heel and then down again. "Noooooooo. OH GOD! Please Nooooooo." I howled, my body jerking uncontrollably, "No feathers; please, sir, not the feathers. Pleeeeease, no more tickling."  
  
I was losing my mind. Anyone who has ever been restrained and tickled knows how quickly you lose control of your body and everything gets pushed out of your mind except the frenzied messages from your nervous system. Now imagine being tickled for over ten minutes, being completely naked, and knowing there was nothing you can do to stop the tickling. There is nothing you can offer your tickler; he already has everything you have to offer, and no way to protect any of your other ticklish places.  
  
Somehow, he managed to hold two feathers in one hand and run one feather over the sole of each of my bare feet at the same time. I was laughing and crying and begging Keith to stop all at the same time. It seemed like he had no plans to end my torment in the near future. Despite my pleading and begging, despite offering myself to Keith, and Keith and his friends, in every way possible -- and some ways that may not be possible -- he spent the next ten minutes exploring my naked feet with various feathers.  
  
He applied the feathers to the soles of my feet, the tops of my feet, my toes and even the sides of my feet and my ankles while I suffered the humiliation and frenzied torment known to anyone forced to submit to bondage tickling. When he started running the feathers between my exposed wiggling toes, I knew I couldn't take any more. I was beaten; I had to tell him what Tina and I were talking about.  
  
The tickling was the last straw after the more than two hours of torture I had already endured. More importantly, the only part of my body that hadn't been tortured yet was my puckered asshole, and, since Keith had fucked me up the ass at the cabin, we learned that my little asshole was as sensitive to teasing and stimulation as my pussy was. I knew Keith well enough to know that my puckered little asshole was the next stop on my torture tour.  
  
I held on for another minute or so, gasping, begging, laughing, twisting and squirming in the agony every tickle sub knows. Finally, I knew if I didn't give in, I would faint, and who knows what predicament I would find myself in when I awoke.  
  
"I give up." I screamed. "Please sir, no more; I'll tell you what you want to know. I'll tell you anything you want."  
  
The tickling stopped immediately, but he didn't release my feet. I felt him fumbling between my ankles, and I shuddered thinking that I had waited too long and he was going to continue torturing me anyway. When he released my feet, the cuffs on my ankles were unclipped and, if I had the strength, I could've moved my feet independently.  
  
I felt him grab my ankles and he used them to flip me onto my back. I remember thinking how strong he must really be since he could move me into any position he wanted so easily. He spread my legs apart and moved up between them and over me, lying on top of my naked body. He carefully let the head of his big, hard cock press against the opening to my wet, throbbing pussy.  
  
I didn't remember when he took his clothes off, but I didn't care. "Fuck me. I need you in me so bad." I begged trying to rub my shaved pussy against the head of his beautiful cock.  
  
He took my wrists in his hands and lifted them over my head pressing them to the bed. At the same time, he pressed his hips down on mine, stopping me from being able to move my pussy against his cock. "Don't you have something to tell me?" he whispered into my ear as he rubbed his chest against my tender nipples.  
  
I had lost, "Tina and I were talking about you." I said gasping loudly as he pushed the head of his cock into my swollen pussy. "She said that the first time she saw your dick was when she saw you at the cabin." He pushed a little further into my throbbing hole, and I tried to gyrate my pussy against his hot cock, but the weight of his body on top of me held my hips in place.  
  
"She said that ever since she saw your big cock, she's wanted you to fuck her." He pushed further into me until about half of his cock was buried in my spasming pussy. I moaned, wishing he would just fuck me. "She wants you to fuck her in every one of her holes." He pulled back a little and then buried his cock in me until I could feel it hit the bottom of my vagina.  
  
"Ohhhhhh, myyyyy godddd." I cried, my legs instinctively wrapping around his hips and struggling to get my hands loose so I could wrap them around him. "I love your big cock... I love the way you fuck me... I love yooouuuu." I half screamed, half-moaned.  
  
I knew I couldn't last much longer. I had to cum or I was sure I would die. I was losing control, and weakening fast.  
  
He pulled his cock out of me until just the head was inside the mouth of my dripping pussy and stopped. "Pleeeeeease, please, don't stop. I told you what you wanted to hear. Please fuck me; make me your little slut; use me any way you want to. I love it when you use me." I wailed trying to pull him back into my throbbing pussy with my legs.  
  
"Is that all you have to tell me?" he said softly.  
  
He was making me crazy. I knew he wanted to fuck me as bad as I wanted it. His cock was as big and hard and hot as I could ever remember it; and, when he pushed it in me, I could feel it pulse along with his heartbeat.   
  
"She said that you spanked, and teased, and tortured her along with all the other men." I confessed to him. "She said that she was sure some of the things the guys used on her were your inventions." He slid his cock slowly all the way into my stretched little pussy and then back out until just the swollen head was inside me.  
  
My body trembled, craving his big cock deep inside of me and I looked into his face, my eyes begging him to fuck his little submissive, but he stopped moving again. He was waiting for me to continue telling him about what Tina and I talked about. I was selling out my friend, but, somehow, it seemed that he already knew everything Tina and I had said to each other.  
  
"Tina said you never put your big, beautiful cock in her or even let her touch it. She's so beautiful; I couldn't believe you hadn't already fucked her." I said blushing at my words despite being held down and naked under him with his cock teasing the entrance to my belly. "Sometimes she thinks you're not interested in her or that her body doesn't appeal to you. But, after she saw you fucking and torturing me this weekend, she really wants you."  
  
He pushed his cock into me again. I moaned and tightened my legs around his waist. He pulled back and drove his cock into me again. "Aaahhhhhhggnn" I cried as he ground his hips into my pussy. The head of his cock was pressing against my cervix and the hairs on his crotch tickled my shaved pussy lips and sensitive clit.  
  
He left his cock buried in my belly, waiting for me to continue. "I told her that I know you like her... and I know you really like her body." I blushed; even though my words weren't nearly as embarrassing as the position he had me in. "I told her I could tell you wanted her by the look on your face when she was naked in front of you, and by what you do to me after you've seen her naked and abused."   
  
Keith started slowly moving inside of me. He pulled out, leaving just the head of his hard cock inside me, and then all the way in again until the head felt like it was in my chest. He kept moving slowly, so very slowly, in and out of my shuddering, twitching body. He was looking down at me, teasing and torturing me with his beautiful, long cock; humiliating me, as he watched me, helpless under him, pleasured and controlled so easily.  
  
He was waiting for me to tell him the rest of what Tina and I talked about. I knew if I stopped talking he would stop fucking me and I didn't think I could stand being deprived of my orgasm again. "Tina said she didn't think that you ever fucked any of the other guy's subs, either; but after seeing what your cock did to me, she was going to do everything she could to get you to fuck her every way you could think of."

He started moving faster and harder, pounding my poor little pussy. God, it felt so good to finally be getting fucked after more than two hours of torture and teasing. My body was tingling, my pussy was so wet it was leaking again, and my toes started to curl; a sure sign that I was close to cumming.  
  
He slowed down. I groaned; trying to move under him to get him to fuck me harder. I knew he wanted me to tell him the rest no matter how humiliating it was for me. I swallowed my pride -- I was getting good at that.   
  
"I want you to fuck her." I whispered looking into his grey eyes. "I want you to make her beg for your cock." He started pushing his cock into my pussy faster, and I moaned -- it felt so good.  
  
"I want you to make me watch you fuck her." my voice rising along with the spasms running through every part of my over-stimulated body. "I want you to force me to let other guys touch me, and play with my naked body, and tease me and torture me while I have to watch you fuck Tina."  
  
I was trembling and writhing as much as I could with Keith lying on top of me, holding me down as he brutally pounded my quaking pussy. "I want you make me let other guys fuck me while you fuck her." I was almost screaming now, my orgasm finally starting to crash over my used and abused naked body.  
  
"I want you to make me fuck as many guys as you want." I screamed as I came so hard every muscle in my body knotted up. I came so hard, my ass rose off the bed lifting Keith up a little; amazing when you consider how much bigger he is than I am.  
  
Keith let go of my arms and I wrapped them around his strong neck, pressing my tender breasts into his hard chest. "I want you to make me fuck them any way they want, my tits, my mouth, my pussy, my ass. One at a time or all at once; whatever you want them to do to me." I cried as he pounded into my poor little pussy and the orgasm kept growing, wave after wave.  
  
Keith forced me down harder into the bed, crushing me with his weight. He crushed me against his chest and in three quick thrusts, pushed his cock so far into me that it felt like he pushed past my cervix and into my womb. His body tensed and his cock throbbed and I felt it swell inside my stretched pussy.  
  
He erupted inside me and I could feel what seemed like gallons of boiling hot sperm pumping deep into my belly. Another orgasm crashed over me before the first one even stopped and I shook and spasmed as he poured his hot cum into me.  
  
I clung to him; arms around his neck, legs wrapped around his waist as my orgasms slowly faded. I loved the weight of his body; crushing me into the bed. I loved that my body gave him so much pleasure and that his body made me feel so complete - so female.  
  
I held onto him, listening to him breathe, feeling his cock soften inside me, moaning as the head seemed to slide out of my cum-soaked womb, but his cock stayed inside my quivering hole. I luxuriated under the weight of his warm, hard body. As my short circuited nervous system slowly returned to normal, I could start to feel the parts of my body so long out of my control.   
  
My feet and calves were sore, probably from the combination of standing in my five inch heels and my toes curling so hard when I orgasmed -- and then orgasmed again. My breasts, especially my nipples, were tender, and my ass was sore from being smacked with the belt while Keith was torturing me. The muscles in my stomach ached from knotting up so hard when Keith teased me to the brink of orgasm and then left me hanging over and over again.   
  
And last but not least, my pussy. Even though, right now, it was clamped tight on Keith's softening cock and had given us both so much pleasure, the lips were sore from the clamps Keith used to torment me. My vagina, all the way up to my womb was sore from the brutal pounding he gave me when I finally submitted to him and I told him what Tina and I had talked about.  
  
Keith stirred and started to raise himself off of me, but I clung to him, pulling him down on me. He looked down into me eyes and smiled, "I thought you might want to breathe" he whispered. "I don't need to breathe," I sighed kissing his warm lips, "I need to feel you on top of me, keeping me under you."  
  
He kissed me softly, letting just a little of his weight press down on me again. A soft moan escaped from me as I wriggled my hips making his softening cock move inside my clinging pussy. This was my own heaven; in love with a man who loved me so much that he would do anything, for me or to me, to make me happy.  
  
We fell asleep, Keith on top of me, with my arms and legs wrapped around him, my pussy freshly fucked and still selfishly holding his cock inside me.  
  
\* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \*   
  
I was getting a massage? I could feel the hand going lightly up and down my back, from my neck to the curve of my naked ass and back up again. Then the hand moved slowly over my shoulder and down the outside of my arm to my wrist; back up to my neck and started all over again. Very lightly, just enough pressure so I could feel the fingers on my skin.  
  
Aren't massages supposed to knead the muscles to relieve tension? The hand was not pressing hard enough for my muscles to feel -- this was more of a caress than a massage. And, it was only one hand, and it felt so good.  
  
I didn't remember going to a spa or a health club. How did I get here for this massage? I wasn't lying flat on my stomach, either. I was more on my side, lying against something. I wasn't a massage table; cold, hard leather. It was firm, but warm and felt so comfortable next to my cheek and my naked body.  
  
But how did I get here?  
  
And what's that smell? I know that smell; it relaxes me, and makes me happy just knowing it's there. Where do I know it from?  
  
The hand keeps going up and down my back and up and down my arm. I feel so comfortable; I know I'm safe and warm.  
  
It's my Keith's after shave; the smell is Keith's after shave. The one he knows I like so much. But, why can I smell it while I'm getting a massage?  
  
My right arm and right leg are draped over whatever I'm lying against. It's hard, but soft and warm. That doesn't make sense; how could it be hard and soft? I much too comfortable and relaxed to move, and the hand traveling over my back and arm is almost hypnotizing; but my mind is asking too many questions.  
  
Almost against my own will, I slowly open my eyes. The first thing I see is my arm with my wrist cuff around my wrist. As my eyes start to focus, I can see that I'm in our bedroom, mine and Keith's. I move a little and the hand stops moving; resting low on my back, fingers just touching the curve of my ass.  
  
I look up and I see Keith looking down at me. I'm lying in our bed, him on his back and me, snuggled up next to him with my arm and leg over his naked body. "I was getting a massage." I mumble, still not quite awake.  
  
His face breaks into a smile. "What?" he whispers as the hand starts to move slowly up my back again.  
  
"See? I was getting a massage." I say a little clearer now as I mold my naked body into his.  
  
The hand stops as he kisses my forehead, "I'm sorry I woke you, but I couldn't help it. I had to touch you"   
  
"Don't stop!" I say softly, almost awake, "It feels soooo good." The hand starts moving again and I sigh trying to get even closer to his hard naked body.  
  
His hand makes the trip over my back and arm a couple of times and I look at my arm lying on his chest. "You left my wrist and ankle cuffs on? I'd never try and run away, you know; unless I was sure you'd catch me." I whisper.  
  
"I wasn't afraid of you running away... but they looked so cute on you. I cleaned us up while you were asleep and I just couldn't bring myself to take them off. Maybe I'll make you wear them all the time, like the high heels."  
  
A tingle ran through my body at the thought of Keith being able to immediately secure my hands and feet at his whim. "But I couldn't wear them when we go out." I whined softly.  
  
"I guess not, but you could wear them at home... and at the office. After all, no one can get in unless you buzz them in."  
  
"Keith," I yelped softly, "I'd be so embarrassed. But I bet you'd love being able to tie me up and take advantage of me any time you wanted."  
  
"Who wouldn't?" he said looking down at me. "You are so gorgeous. I can't believe you want to stay with me. It's like a dream and I'm afraid I'm going to wake up."  
  
"You don't have to be afraid of losing me;" I giggled softly, nipping at his chest with my teeth and sliding my hand over his stomach and gently closing my hand around his cock, "There are some things that I can't believe, either."  
  
He moaned, and I could feel his cock pulse in my hand and start to grow. I started to move down his side, moving my head over his stomach toward his cock in my hand. He put his hand on my shoulder and pulled me back up and rested my head on his shoulder where it had started.  
  
"Don't you think that you've had enough done to your little body tonight?" he said, cuddling me against his side. "I don't want you hurting tomorrow from something I did to you tonight."  
  
"Too late for that; certain very personal parts of me are going to be sore tomorrow. And, by the way, thank you so much for tonight." I giggled as I reached up, kissed his cheek, and snuggled back down against him.  
  
"You're thanking me for what I did to you tonight?" he asked confused.  
  
"Yes," now his little girl again, "You knew that I always fantasized about be a captured spy... or captured anything, and being tortured to give up secret information. You made my fantasy come true; and it was even better than I dreamed."  
  
"But I was really rough with you; some of the things I did to you were pretty harsh. I was going to stop, but you seemed to be enjoying it so much."  
  
"Oh yeah, some of the things really hurt, and being teased and then not being allowed to cum may have been worse than the things that hurt. And the way you mixed them up was driving me crazy. I just wish I could've lasted longer; maybe next time I'll be able to hold out."  
  
Surprised, he asked, "Next time?"  
  
"You ARE going to do it to me again, aren't you?" I asked kissing his shoulder. "But, I know you were holding back;" I said, my hand starting to move up and down on his growing cock, "There were other things you wanted to do to me, things that would have been harder, more painful, more frustrating for me. I want you to promise to do them to me next time. I want to see if I can take it. I want you to push all of my limits.  
  
"I'm afraid of what you'll do to me, but I'm not afraid of you. I know you'll never injure me; I trust you to take care of me. You always have and I know you always will."  
  
He moaned as he moved his free hand down to stop me from pumping his fully hard and very hot cock. He took my hand from his cock and moved it back up on his chest, "Much as I hate to stop you, and it is taking all of my strength to stop you, I really think we've used and abused your body as much as we should tonight."  
  
"See," I said with a pout, "I do need my 'daddy' to watch out for me. But you have to promise to do things to me again -- real soon."  
  
"I promise." he chuckled. Then more serious, "Do you really want me to do the things to Tina... and all the things you wanted me to make you do, that you said while I was fucking you?"  
  
"Yes," I whispered, "And anything else you can think of that you want to do to me."

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The next morning started out like most other mornings; Keith was up, showered and dressed before I was even awake. I don't know where he gets his energy. I guess being teased and tortured is more tiring than teasing and torturing.  
  
Surprisingly, the muscles in my sides and stomach were a little sore, but other than that, I wasn't sore at all. Considering what Keith had done to me last night, I expected to be sore in a few very personal places on my body. I think my stomach muscles were sore from contracting so hard when he almost let me cum, let me hang on the edge, calm down and then did it to me again. I suppose the laughing, screaming and begging when he tickled me unmercifully on my bare feet didn't help either.  
  
Anyway, I smelled the coffee coming even before Keith got into the bedroom. I really needed it this morning, too. We had a big meeting this afternoon with Jack Wagner; but all I wanted was for Keith to come back to bed so we could cuddle under the covers.  
  
Keith walked in with the mugs of coffee and sat on the bed as I sat up letting the covers fall to my lap showing my bare breasts. He handed me my mug of coffee then leaned over and gently kissed my nipples. "They look beautiful; even after what I did to them last night." he said kissing my cheek.  
  
I put my mug of coffee on the night table and lay back on the bed stretching my arms over my head. "That's not the only place I was abused last night." I giggled softly, "Would you like to inspect the rest of your property for any signs of mistreatment?"   
  
He leaned over me, putting one hand on each side of my chest, and looked right into my eyes. "First," he said softly, "You are not my 'property'. I love you... I take care of you... I protect you... and I would do anything just to make you happy, but I don't own you.  
  
"Of course, sometimes I have to do things to you to keep you in line..." the smile was back and that sparkle was in his eyes. "As far as examining your body for signs of abuse; there is nothing I would rather do. Unfortunately, we have a busy day today, so, I'll put your clothes out while you get ready for work. I'll be in my office when you're ready."  
  
A quick kiss on my lips and he sat up, handed me my coffee, and headed for my closet to get out what he wanted me to wear for the day. "That's not fair." I whined in my little girl voice. "You get me all flustered and then leave me all...'tingly'".  
  
He smiled at me and pointed to the bathroom. I got the message and got out of bed and walked by him making sure my naked little ass jiggled as much as it could. He turned to look at my body as I walked by and chuckled, "Well, your ass is still a little pink."  
  
I blushed, remembering what he had done to my poor ass last night. I was amazed that after all he had done to me, all that he made me do, both in front of him and in front of his friends; he could still make me blush.  
  
I went into the bathroom, showered and got ready to go to the office. When I came out of the bathroom, Keith was gone and my clothes were on the bed. There was a dress, underwear, and high heels. It didn't look so bad until I started getting dressed. I should have known as soon as Keith said he would lay out my clothes I was in trouble.  
  
The panties and bra were light blue. I say blue but they were so skimpy and flimsy that when I put them on it was hard to be sure of their color.  
  
The bra straps over my shoulders and behind my back were so thin that they were more like light blue rubber bands than actual straps. In fact, the strap on my back was so thin it didn't even have a clasp, it was elastic. As I mentioned before, my breasts are not big, a generous 34B, but the cups on this bra were so small that they just cupped underneath my breasts lifting them a little. The upper curves of my areola were peaking over the top of the bra, and the tops of my breasts were completely exposed.  
  
The panties were so thin you could almost see the lips of my shaved pussy right through them. The sides were no more than a string along my hips and the back struggled hopelessly to cover my tight little ass. They left most of my ass bare and the top of the crack between my buttocks exposed like the plumber you always hear about, but much sexier.  
  
The shoes were my blue five inch heels with little ankle straps to keep them on. 'Oh, my poor feet were really going to hurt wearing these all day.' I thought.  
  
I walked over to the mirror and looked at myself. The young girl looking back at me oozed pure sex. My legs looked so good in the five inch heels and my underwear really covered nothing. Being shaved bare, my pussy lips were almost visible through the thin blue panties and my nipples, even though they weren't hard, were dark circles that the skimpy bra did little to hide. I didn't know what Keith had planned for me today, but I had butterflies in my stomach already.  
  
I walked back to the bed and I could feel my ass sway and jiggle. I wasn't doing it intentionally; I just couldn't help it in the high heeled shoes. The dress was blue, with short sleeves and a pleated skirt that came down to just about the middle of my thighs. It wasn't tight, but it did cling in all the right places.  
  
I went back to the mirror, and I had to admit, the dress Keith picked really looked nice on me. It was a little shorter than I normally wore to work, but not so short as to be inappropriate for our office. This was, by far, the sexiest outfit I've ever worn to work, and Keith was the one who picked it out.  
  
Yesterday, I teased Keith about me using my 'assets' to encourage clients to do business with us. Even though the deal with Mr. Wagner's company was completed except for the presentation and signing of the contract, it seemed like Keith was going to show me off to everyone at the meeting.  
  
I spun on my heel to go get Keith and head for the office when I got a big surprise. Just making that quick quarter turn made my pleated skirt fan out, almost exposing my pussy and ass barely covered by my skimpy blue panties. Any quick move would expose me from my waist down to my five inch high heels. I would have to be very careful all day.  
  
I walked into Keith's office ready to tell him that I couldn't wear this dress; how humiliating it would be for me, exposing myself from the waist down every time I moved a little too fast; and how embarrassed I would be at the meeting in front of Mr. Wagner and his associates.  
  
Keith turned to look at me as I walked into the room and along with that smile that I love so much, there was a look on his face like he wanted to eat me alive. Before I could say anything, he mentally devoured me from the top of my head to my painted little toes. "You are so beautiful." he said softly, never taking his eyes off of me, "I'm the luckiest guy alive."   
  
I could feel my face get warm. I knew I was blushing from the way he was looking at me, but that wasn't the only reason. His voice seemed deeper than normal. It was like the sound was caressing me and I could feel tingles all over my body. He put his arms out to me and I walked over to him. He put his arms around me. I looked up at him and he kissed me so softly that I could barely feel it.  
  
"I would love to spend the day just holding you, but we really have to go." he said with a sigh. He turned, putting his arm around my waist, and we walked down to the car. He held the door for me as I got in and I knew he wanted to see my dress ride up on my thighs as I got in. Shamelessly, I made it ride up even more than it normally would, just to tease him.  
  
We talked in the car on the way to the office, and we were almost there when I remembered that I went into his office to tell him that I couldn't wear this dress. It was too late now. I let myself get distracted by how turned on Keith was with the way I looked, and now, I would have to spend the day trying to keep myself from letting everyone see my skimpy blue panties – and what was under them.  
  
We got to the office and I put on coffee; we were going to need it. When the coffee was ready, I brought a mug to his office and he was already on the phone. I put the steaming mug on his desk and he covered the mouthpiece of the phone and smiled, "Thanks, Kitten."   
  
I walked to the door and just before I left his office, I looked back over my shoulder at him. Just as I suspected, he may still have been on the phone, but his eyes were glued to my ass and bare legs. I can't help it; being a woman, I love knowing my man can't keep his eyes, or his hands, off of me.  
  
I sat at my desk and dug into my work. I got everything ready for the presentation; we just needed to know how many people were going to be there so I would know how many copies to make. Between bending over and turning too quickly, I lost track of the number of times my panties got put on display. Fortunately, nobody was there to see me and Keith was busy in his office.  
  
I was worried that I would do it during the presentation, and the humiliation would be unbearable. Even though it would be an accident, all those men would see me. But, under the fear of my possible humiliation, there was excitement, too. Was I really that much of an exhibitionist? I would never do anything like this on my own. It was Keith making me do it, and being there to watch me, as much as it was all those men seeing me expose myself, that excited me.  
  
Tina called and said she was in the area and would I have time to stop for coffee if she stopped by. There wasn't much more for me to do until I needed to set up the conference room, so I told her to come on by. I needed to talk to her anyway.  
  
She came in about twenty minutes later and we went into the lunch room, got coffee and went to the conference room. I could make sure the easels and the charts and stuff were ready while we talked. She sat at the big conference table and Tina smiled and ran her hand over the top of the big table. "What?" I asked curiously.  
  
She had a far away look in her eyes. "The last time I saw a conference table this big," she sighed, "I was laying on it; not sitting at it. Phil had arranged it with some of the guys in their group. By the time they were done with me, the table wasn't the only thing that needed a good cleaning."  
  
"And I bet you loved it, too." I said, noting the big smile on her face.  
  
"What can I say? Phil really knows how to keep me surprised and satisfied." she laughed.  
  
"Well, as much as I would love to sit and reminisce with you," I said a little more serious, "There's something I need to tell you."  
  
Tina leaned in a little closer, "Come on, girl, spill it," she said excitedly, "You know how much I love good gossip."  
  
"I don't know how much you're going to love this." I said hesitantly.  
  
"Why? What happened?" I had her undivided attention. "What did you do?" she asked slowly.  
  
"I... uhm... do you remember we were talking in the lunch room the other day and Keith walked in?" I mumbled.  
  
"Yeah, and you told him that we were talking about you taking on more responsibilities in the office. Good cover, by the way."  
  
"Well... it turns out that it wasn't as good a cover as we thought." I said almost apologetically.  
  
"What do you mean?" she said, now showing a look of concern. "You didn't tell Keith what I said, did you?"  
  
"I couldn't help it" I cried out, "I did my best not to tell, but he made me."  
  
"What do you mean, he made you?"  
  
"Last night... he tortured me for over two hours." I whimpered. "He tied me to a chair and clamped my nipples and hung little weights from them. He whipped the inside of my thighs and then my pussy with a leather strap. Then he put clamps and weights on my pussy and made me walk from the living room, up the steps, and down the hall to our bedroom and he whipped my ass if I wasn't going fast enough for him.  
  
"And between the times he tortured me, he teased me. He played with me until I was just ready to cum and then he stopped. I was tied and there was nothing I could do to finish myself off; I just had to suffer. In our bedroom, he held me down and used his mouth on my pussy and kept me so close to cumming that my stomach muscles hurt from tightening so hard but he wouldn't let me cum.  
  
"Finally, he clipped my ankle cuffs together, held my feet under his arm and tickled the bottoms of my bare feet with his fingers and then feathers for at almost a half hour. It seemed a lot longer to me. I couldn't breathe, I couldn't control my body. I had to tell him."  
  
Tina put her arm around me, "Calm down... we'll figure something out. What exactly did you tell him?" she soothed.  
  
"Oh god... I told him that you had never seen him... you know, naked until we were at the cabin. That he never fucked you, even after all the times he did things to you with the other guys at their meetings. And, when you saw his... dick... and how big it was, you wanted him to fuck you... anyway he wanted."  
  
Tina swallowed, even though she wasn't drinking her coffee anymore, "Is that all you told him?"  
  
"No," I hesitated before I finished my confession, "I told him I wanted him to fuck you every way he could think of. And I wanted him to make me watch. No... I wanted him to have guys there to tease and torture and fuck me while he made me watch him fuck you."  
  
Tina was quite for minute; she reached for her coffee and took a big mouthful. "I'm afraid you named our own poison." she said, but the corners of her mouth turned up in a little smile.  
  
"Are you mad?" I asked, "Can you forgive me for telling our secret?"  
  
"Of course I forgive you," she said kissing my cheek, "but I'm not sure I'll be so forgiving while Phil is punishing me."  
  
"I don't understand." I said shaking my head.  
  
"You told Keith what we said, and then went on to add to your own punishment and some extra humiliation for me. Not only are you going to get to watch Keith stick his big cock in me, but the guys he brings in to use you are going to get to watch, too. And, that's not to mention what Phil is going to do to me for not telling him I wanted Keith to fuck me.", she said.  
  
"I'm really sorry, Tina. Do you think Keith told Phil already? You could tell Phil now and maybe Phil wouldn't punish you." I said trying to save my friend from extra punishment.  
  
"If I know the guys, Phil already knows, and any attempt to cover it up will only get me punished even more." she said.  
  
"You're taking this very calmly for a girl who is going to be punished and then thoroughly fucked in front of god knows how many people."  
  
She smiled at me, "Haven't you figured it out yet? I love being teased and tortured and abused, and humiliated, especially because I know it's all controlled and nothing really bad is going to happen to me. The more they do to me, and the harder they do it; the more I love it - when it's over, at least. And you do, too; you just can't bring yourself to admit it, yet."  
  
"I'm beginning to learn a lot about myself." I said seriously, "But, I'm really sorry about getting you in trouble."  
  
"That's OK, I'll just be sure and return the favor someday." she giggled.  
  
I got up and walked around the conference table to where the easels were set up with the charts set up on them. I started going through the charts to make sure they were all there and in the right order.   
  
"That's a really cute dress." Tina said.  
  
I turned slowly to look at her, "Thanks, Keith picked it out for me this morning."  
  
"I'll bet he did." Tina said with a big smile.  
  
"Yeah, I know. He picked out the underwear, too. The skirt billows out if I turn too fast, and if I bend over at all, it rises up in the back and almost shows off my ass." I giggled. "I'll have to be careful about how I move during the meeting or I'm going to be really embarrassed."  
  
"I don't think it will matter." Tina said.  
  
"What do you mean?" I asked.  
  
"Keith didn't pick out that dress and underwear just because the skirt tends to flip up and expose your underwear. Stay there and look in the mirror." she said, indicating the large mirror on the wall behind her.  
  
The mirror covered about six feet of the center of the wall opposite the windows I was standing in front of . As I looked into the mirror, I could see myself - a lot more of myself than I expected. The sun shining in the windows behind me silhouetted my body under my dress. In the sunlight, the dress was like wearing a thin negligee; you could even make out my skimpy bra and panties.   
  
The sun wasn't shinning straight in the window; it was coming in from my right side, so you could clearly see the right side of my body through the dress. I turned with my back to the light, and I gasped out loud. You could clearly see the curve of my ass, and my skimpy panties trying to cover it. I turned so I was facing the light and it was even worse.   
  
The pleated skirt apparently did a little more – very little more – to cover me, but the top of the dress wasn't pleated and it was like the top of my dress almost disappeared. My skimpy bra, with my areola peeking out the top was on display for all to see. The dress was no more than a light fog covering my body.  
  
My face got bright red and I was almost in tears just thinking about how humiliating it was going to be standing here during the meeting. I looked at Tina. "I don't think anyone's going to see all your pretty charts." she with a chuckle, "But I bet they sign the contract before they leave today."  
  
"The contracts are drawn up and ready to be signed." I stuttered.  
  
"I figured that." Tina said getting up and walking around the conference table. "I knew Phil and Keith would never use either of us to close a deal."  
  
"But he would make me do it for fun; for his amusement and my humiliation." I moaned. "Keith and I were talking, and I told him I wanted to tease the clients by letting them see more of me than they expected. He said he would see if could arrange it, but it would have to be with the right client and under the right circumstances."  
  
"I guess this is the right client, and these are the right circumstances. It'll seem like it was unintentional to them; like they just happened to be at the right place at the right time." she laughed.  
  
"It's Mr. Wagner. You know; the guy we saw when we were all at brunch at the golf club." I sighed.  
  
"Oh! Well, as I recall, he's already seen most of you already." she said walking to the conference room door. "You know Keith isn't going to let you out of this. You asked for it. The best you can do is, have as much fun with it as you can."  
  
"Sure," I mumbled, you're not the one that's going to practically naked in front of a room full of guys."  
  
"No, but I've been there. You'll be surprised how exciting it's going to be for you. Call me and let me know how you make out." Tina said with a wave as she headed out of the office.  
  
I went back to my desk and sat down just as Keith came into my office. "Let's go to lunch. If we go now, we'll be back in plenty of time to make sure we're ready for the meeting." He took my hand and pulled me up from my desk, and, before I knew it, we were on our way to the car. He held the car door for me, but I made sure my dress didn't slide up my legs this time.   
  
It was a short ride to the little restaurant near the office. It was the same one we used to go to when I first started working for Keith and we would sneak off for lunch. The owner greeted us like we were old friends. We had eaten there so often that, in a way, we were. It was early, and the restaurant was practically empty; we sat at a table near the back since we knew it would fill up quickly.

"We have to talk." I said as we sat down. "I can't wear this dress in front of everyone at the meeting this afternoon. When I stand in front of the window, the sunlight shines right through the dress and everyone can see my underwear." I whined trying to keep my voice down. "And, when I turn too fast or bend over, the skirt fans out – or rides up - and, except for my little panties, I'm naked from my waist to my high heels."  
  
"I know." he said calmly picking up the menu even though we knew it by heart.  
  
"You know?" my voice rising a little, "But they can see my underwear; even if I just stand there."  
  
"That's if I let you wear your underwear." he said smiling but not looking up from the menu.  
  
"But I..." I faltered as I started to understand. "You picked out this dress and the underwear and the five inch heels." I started slowly. "You knew, with the sunlight behind me, this dress would be almost see-through. That's why you picked it out... and the scanty underwear."  
  
He was smiling and looked up at me but didn't say anything.  
  
"That's why you set up the presentation in front of the windows. You planned this all along." I whispered.  
  
"Yes." he said simply.  
  
"You're going to 'make' me do this; even though it'll be so humiliating for me."  
  
"No, 'because' it will be so humiliating for you." he smiled.  
  
I picked up my menu, stalling for time to gather my thoughts. I had to admit; now that I knew Keith had planned this, I'd be safe. I was getting that butterfly feeling in my stomach. I'd be humiliated and embarrassed, but it was kind of exciting, too. Maybe Tina was right about me.  
  
The waiter came and brought us drinks and we ordered our lunch. When he left the table I asked in my little girl voice, "What did you mean when you said 'if' you let me wear my underwear?"  
  
Keith's eyes lit up. "If you're a good girl," he said keeping his voice down, "I may let you keep all, or some, of your underwear on under your dress."  
  
I could feel my face get red, "But," I said, "If you take my underwear, I might as well be naked in front of all those men."  
  
"That's another possibility, so you better be a good girl." he smiled. "Of course, you can make it all stop just by using your safe word. Is that what you want to do?"  
  
I hesitated. Keith may have thought that I was considering using my safe word for the first time, but that's not what I was thinking. I was thinking about how humiliated I was going to be at the meeting, and, if he took my underwear, I would probably get so excited that I'd cum in front of all those men. Just the thought of that happening got my little pussy wet.  
  
I looked at him and said, "No, sir, I don't want to spoil your plans for me. I will do whatever you want to make me do."  
  
"That's my good girl." he said with a big smile.  
  
We had lunch talking about everything but work and the upcoming meeting. We were done and out of the restaurant in less than an hour. It was dark in the restaurant and, as we walked to the car, Keith shaded his eyes and said, "Boy, the sun really is bright today, it's brighter out here than it is by the windows in conference room."  
  
It took a second for what he said to sink in, but when it did, I gasped as I realized that the sun had the same effect on my dress out here as it did in the conference room. I started to try and cover myself, but there were more places to cover than I had hands. I must have looked pretty silly, moving my hands from one place to another trying to cover myself.  
  
Keith let this go for a few seconds; waving my hands around brought more attention to me than if I just walked to the car. "Heather," he said a little louder than usual, "put your hands at your sides and walk normally. I want everyone to see the beautiful woman I have with me."  
  
I did as he ordered. He took my hand as we walked to the car. This time I pulled my skirt up high on my thighs as I got in, and left it there for the ride back to the office. If I had to be exposed and humiliated, I wanted to use it to tease Keith, too.  
  
It worked. I made sure to change the way I was sitting at least five times during our short ride to the office. Each time giving Keith a different view of my legs from my five inch heels almost to my little blue panties. Since I don't think Keith looked at the road more than twice, it was a miracle we made it back alive.  
  
Back at the office, there was a message from Mr. Wagner's office. Mr. Wagner and four men that worked for him were coming to the meeting. With Keith, Phil and our lawyer, who I hadn't met yet, there were going to be eight men there to watch my humiliation.  
  
I made the copies of everything everyone would need at the meeting. I put a set at each place on the conference table facing the windows so everyone would be able to see the presentation... and me. I went over to my place between the easels holding our charts. By looking in the mirrors on the wall, I could see exactly what the men sitting at the conference table could see.  
  
The sun, coming in the window was even stronger than it was when I was in the conference room with Tina. No matter which way I turned, parts of my body would be exposed for the men sitting at the conference table. As I tried different positions, I realized I would be able to see myself in the mirror and the looks on men's faces at the same time.  
  
Keith popped his head in the door, looked at me and his face broke into a big smile. He could see how exposed I was going to be during the meeting. "Could you put on coffee please, Kitten, but don't bother putting mugs on the table, they can get it themselves when they come in."  
  
He kept looking at me, getting that hungry look on his face. "Yes, sir." I said softly, surprised at how I was getting into a submissive mood without realizing it. This was going to be so embarrassing, but, to the men looking at me, it will seem like I didn't even know how much of me they were getting to see. Maybe Tina was right; this could be fun.  
  
Phil arrived with the company's attorney. To my surprise and embarrassment, it was Joe, the guy who had been there for my poker game and when Keith made me dance on the pole. Keith, Phil and Joe were apparently a lot closer than I realized. I didn't know whether it was good or bad that he had already seen me naked. One thing for sure, he would know my exposing myself would not be an accident.  
  
Phil introduced me, but my stomach was doing flip flops and I didn't even remember his last name. "So nice to see you again, Heather." he said shaking my hand gently. "I understand you'll be helping with our presentation. I really appreciate it."  
  
I didn't know if Joe and Phil knew what Keith had planned for me or not, but Joe sounded really sincere and they both treated me with the utmost respect as I showed them into the conference room. They thanked me and went over to the easels to look over the charts as the bell rang at the door to the executive offices.  
  
I went to the door and it was Mr. Wagner and the four men from his office. I opened the door and Mr. Wagner came in first and took my hand, raised it to his lips and softly kissed the back of my hand. "Heather," he said looking into my eyes over my raised hand, "How wonderful to see you again."   
  
He introduced me to the four men who were with him and I immediately forgot their names. I showed them into the conference room where everyone got to meet each other. I excused myself and went to tell Keith that everyone was here.  
  
I walked into Keith's office with a swarm of butterflies in my stomach. Now, all the men who were going to watch my humiliation had faces. Keith was standing at his desk and before I could say anything Keith said, "Well Kitten, have you been a good girl? Do you think I should let you keep your underwear?"  
  
I ran over to him and took his hand in both of my hands. "Please, sir, I've been good. Please don't make me take my underwear off. I want to do what you tell me, but I don't know if I can go out there, knowing they can see everything. It's bad enough knowing how little my underwear really covers."  
  
"Well, okay," he smiled, "Maybe another time. We can think of a way for you to thank me later." He put his arms around me for a second, and we walked out of his office to the conference room.  
  
As we got near the conference room door, I could hear the men talking and laughing. The butterflies in my stomach went crazy, but, at the same time, I felt a little tingle between my legs. Now I know how a stripper feels just before she goes on stage. Unexpectedly, I realized I liked the feeling.  
  
I followed Keith into the conference room. He went to the far end of the conference table and I stood at the end of the conference table by the door. I could feel my legs trembling in my five inch heels.  
  
"Good afternoon, gentlemen, and thank you for coming." Keith began. "Has everyone met my executive assistant, Heather?" he asked. They all said they had and he said, "Then, let's begin."  
  
I walked to my place between the easels and before I even turned to face the men, I heard some sharp intakes of breath and maybe even a moan. I turned so I was facing the men seated at the conference table and was presented with seven smiling faces, none of which were looking at the charts or seemed to be listening to Keith.  
  
As Keith began his presentation, I slowly turned to the first chart he was referring to, mindful of my short skirt and its tendency to flip up. I turned to look at the men and none of them were looking at the chart, not even Phil or Joe. In the mirror behind them, I could see my reflection and why none of them were interested in the charts.  
  
Now that it was afternoon, the sun was shining in the window from my left side. Turned as I was; it was shining on my back. My dress was just a blue haze where the sun was hitting it and my ass, in my skimpy little panties was on display for all to see. I wondered if they could see the of crack of my ass since my panties didn't cover the top of my ass.  
  
I felt my face get red, but nobody was looking at my face. I forced myself to pay attention to what Keith was saying. 'Someone had to listen to him' I thought to myself with a giggle. When he started talking about the next chart, which was on the other easel, I turned slowly to face the other easel directing everyone's attention to the other chart (as if anyone was looking at the charts).  
  
The sun was now shining on the front of my body. I looked at the mirror; almost afraid to see what seven men staring at me could see. Basically they could see everything; the dress only served as thin veil over my body. Except for the little bits of me covered by my underwear, I was naked. I even turned a little toward the men, and the mirror, and could even see my belly button on my flat stomach. I shuddered, thinking how humiliated I would have been if Keith took my underwear.  
  
Keith's presentation moved on, and I slowly turned back to the first easel. I took off the chart that we started with to show the chart underneath. I carefully put the old chart on the floor in front of the easel. When I stood up, everyone had a wonderful view of my body; especially my panty covered ass that was again facing the sun.  
  
Instead of looking at myself in the mirror, I looked at the men sitting at the conference table ogling my body. In their faces I could see shock, surprise and, of course, lust. But more than that, they were watching and waiting to see how much of my nearly naked body they were going to get to see. The anticipation was killing them, and I was the one in control.  
  
I had a captive audience. I could let them see as much, or as little, as I wanted. As long as Keith was here to protect me, there was nothing they could do to make me show more, or have any chance of touching my body.  
  
Tina was right, this was fun. I was the one doing the teasing and tormenting now and I could feel a little tremor between legs. The exhibitionist in me wondered how far I could go.  
  
When Keith moved on to the next chart, I slowly turned to the other easel and took down the old chart. This time, I was a little less careful bending over to put the chart down on the floor in front of the easel. I knew a lot of the backs of my bare legs were exposed to the men; I even heard a soft moan from one of them.  
  
I started thinking about the effect I was having on them, and I was sorry that the conference table was blocking my view of their crotches. I was getting even more excited thinking about all those men sitting there with uncomfortable bulges in their pants and I was the one responsible for it.  
  
I made sure that the sun was exposing as much of my body as possible, all under the guise of looking at the charts and following Keith's presentation. If the truth be told, except for listening for the cues to change charts, I wasn't listening anymore either.  
  
After a few more chart changes, each time showing the men a little more of my legs, and Keith suggested we take a short break before we continued. Most of the men came around the table to talk to me. One or two at a time, they drifted out to the men's room or got a fresh cup of coffee, but mostly they just wanted to a close up look at my dress in the sunlight.  
  
After a few minutes, Keith motioned to me to follow him. I excused myself from the men surrounding me. They weren't happy to let me go, but there was nothing they could do about it – I loved it!  
  
Keith took me out to my office and closed my door to the hallway. "Are you all right, Kitten?" he asked with a smile.  
  
"Oh my god, Keith," I gushed, "I can't believe it. I mean I can see myself in the mirror. I can see what the men see and it's so humiliating. I'm almost naked and I can't cover myself because then they'll know this isn't accidental. And, I can't believe how excited exposing myself like this is getting me."  
  
Keith reached under my skirt and gently ran his finger over my shaved pussy through my panties. My whole body shuddered at his touch and he smiled at me. "I guess there's no need to ask if you're having a good time." he said looking at my wetness on his fingers. "God, Heather, you're soaked. It's a good thing I let you keep your underwear."  
  
A little tingle went through me at the thought of having to do what I just did, but naked under my dress. "Well sir," I giggled, "You could make me take my bra off."  
  
"You are amazing. I try not to go to far when I make you do things, but it always seems like I can't go far enough." he sighed shaking his head. "I can't take your bra off now; then everyone would know this is no accident, and these are strangers, outsiders, and I need to protect your reputation. But, in the future, you can expect no mercy when I... play with you."  
  
I crossed my hands in front of me and looked down at the floor, "You can make me do anything you want, and do anything you want to do to me." I said softly.  
  
"I'll keep that in mind for the future, but, for now we have a presentation to finish." he said, his voice sounding more commanding.  
  
"Sir," I said looking up at him but keeping my voice soft, "How far can I go, teasing the men I mean, during the rest of the presentation?"  
  
"Well... you can't take anything off. And anything you do should seem like you don't realize how much of your adorable body they are getting to see. Other than that, enjoy yourself – I know the men will." He kissed my cheek, took my hand and opened the door. We walked together back to the conference room.  
  
Keith continued his presentation. Now, when I turned from easel to easel, I didn't turn slowly. Of course, my pleated skirt flared out giving all the men a quick glimpse of my body, naked from the waist down with the exception of my skimpy blue panties.   
  
If the men were trying to hide the gasps and sighs as I turned, or as I bent over to put the charts down in front of the easels, they weren't doing a very good job. They weren't even trying to hide the fact that they were undressing me with their eyes – not that there was much that they couldn't see. And, I could only imagine what they were thinking about doing to me if the could get their hands on me.  
  
There were two quick chart changes, and I had to turn from one easel to the other, change the chart and a quickly turn back and change the chart on the other easel. I spun around so fast that my skirt flared almost straight out and seemed to hang up in the air forever.   
  
I glanced quickly at the mirror and was shocked at how naked I really was in this roomful of seven men. I was so glad that Keith was there. If he wasn't, I knew there was no way I could stop those men from doing whatever they wanted to me. Even the thought of all of those men using me got me excited. I guess I am a true exhibitionist.  
  
I could feel my panties were wet between my legs. All at once it hit me, could the men see how wet my panties were? I blushed standing there, but I don't think anyone was looking at my face to notice.  
  
Keith finished his presentation and asked if there were any questions. Mr. Wagner asked the third question and he asked if I could put up the chart showing the timeline for getting parts assembled. I could see where this was going. I had to bend over the charts in front of the easel and find the chart he was talking about and put it up on the easel.   
  
I knew exactly which chart he was talking about, and exactly where it was, but they didn't know that. I moved in front of the easel with my back to the men and bent over with my legs straight and slightly parted as I went through the charts on the floor to 'find' the one he was referring to. I could feel the cool air on my ass as my skirt rose all the up showing my panties, struggling to keep my cute little ass covered, and my legs, long and bare all the way down to my five inch heels.  
  
It sounded like all the men moaned and groaned and sighed together. I was only sorry that I couldn't turn and look in the mirror to see what they were getting to see.  
  
For some reason, all the questions from that point on required that I pull up another chart.  
  
When the meeting finally broke up, all of the men, led by Mr. Wagner came over to me and thanked me over and over for helping with the presentation. Even though I knew they were really thanking me for the 'accidental' show I put on, I was appropriately shy and flustered at their outpouring of gratitude.  
  
I cleaned up the conference room while Keith walked them out of the executive office suite. I could hear Keith, Phil, and Joe talking about how well the meeting went and how Mr. Wagner said that all the signed papers would be messengered over first thing in the morning.  
  
Phil and Joe left and Keith came back into the conference room. As he walked in, I ran over to him and threw my arms around his neck, rubbing my body against him. I could feel his semi-hard cock rubbing against my belly. "Oh my god, Keith," I moaned into his chest, "that was so exciting. I only wish I could have gone further."  
  
Keith chuckled, "I don't know what I'm going to do with you. Well, I do know; but not right here."  
  
"But sir," I said changing to my little girl voice, "We have this big... hard... empty conference table, and the door is locked..."

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Keith softly kissed my forehead and wrapped his arms around me, "We've had a very busy day and it's already after five. I think we should go home and just relax."  
  
"But sir," I whined rubbing my belly against his semi-hard cock, "Exposing myself to all those men got me so... excited. I really need you. Can't we... do something before we leave for home?"  
  
"Well..." he said softly, his cheek resting against the top of my head, "I don't know if you noticed it or not, but you made all those men leave here with an uncomfortable bulge in the front of their pants. They'll go home tonight and fuck their wives or girlfriends raw just thinking about you."  
  
"I saw the bulges in their pants as they said goodbye to me." I giggled, "And, that got me even hotter; knowing that all those men got hard just looking at me. That's why I need for us to do something before we go home." I couldn't believe I had worked myself up to the point that I was begging Keith to fuck me.  
  
"And that's the point." he said still holding me. "None of those men are going to get any relief; at least until they get home. And then, they'll probably have to wait until they go to bed. They can't go home and jump their wives and say they're horny because there was this adorable nineteen year old girl, and they could see right through her dress and when she bent over they could see her ass in a pair unbelievably skimpy panties."  
  
"But, doing all that got me excited, too, daddy. That's why I need you." I whined, his little girl again.  
  
"In fact," he said, holding me by the shoulders at arms length from him. "Since you teased all those men, maybe you should be punished."  
  
This wasn't turning out the way I had hoped at all. "But... daddy... Nooooooo." I whimpered, "You made me do it. I didn't know it would get me so excited. Please, daddy."  
  
Keith ignored my pleas, "In fact, I think I should have made you satisfy all of those men before they left. After all, it was your fault they got so worked up."  
  
I shuddered, thinking about all of the men doing whatever they wanted to do to me. I knew Keith would never let strangers do anything to me unless he had a way to control them and be sure I was protected from disease, but just the thought made me quiver.   
  
"Since they're gone and I can't let them loose on you, another form of punishment is in order." Keith said. Before I could say anything, he continued. "I'm going to take off your bra and panties and we are going to stop on the way home and pick up something for dinner, and you are going in with me to pick it up."  
  
"Oh, no sir, please." I cried, "Without my underwear, if I stand wrong in the light everyone will see right through my dress." I paused for a few seconds, then I grasped the real punishment, "And if I turn or move too fast, my skirt will fly out and everyone will see my naked ass and pussy."  
  
"That's a chance you'll have to take." he said calmly turning me facing away from him.  
  
My cheeks felt warm and the butterflies were going crazy in my stomach; but worse still was the tingling that started in my already wet pussy. Would Keith really do this to me? We both knew all the people in the deli where we usually picked up take out. Would he expose me to people we knew and would see again?  
  
Before I knew it, his hands were up under my skirt. He grabbed my panties at both my hips, pulled down, and, with a yelp from me, my skimpy blue panties were sitting around my ankles. I didn't even get a chance to move and he had the back of my dress open, the top hanging at my waist. He grabbed my bra and pulled it over my head and down my arms. He pulled my hands out of the sleeves of my dress, then pulled my bra off over my hands and let my skimpy blue bra drop to the ground at me feet.  
  
He put my arms back into the sleeves, pulled up the top of my dress and in less than ten seconds, my underwear was off and I was naked under my occasionally see-through dress. He was really going to expose me in public.  
  
While he was buttoning my dress he said, "You better pick up your bra and panties unless you want the cleaning crew to find it tonight when they clean the offices." He finished buttoning my dress and I bent over to step out of panties and pick them and my bra up off the floor. I couldn't imagine how embarrassing it would be to have the cleaners find my underwear on the floor of the conference room.  
  
Keith stepped back to watch me and he chuckled, "You're right. When you bend over, everyone can see your bare ass and pussy."  
  
I gasped, already humiliated and it was only Keith looking at me, and stood up quickly holding my underwear in one hand and pushing down my skirt with the other.  
  
"That reminds me," he said, putting his arm around my waist starting us out of the conference room, "You are not allowed to push your skirt down – under any circumstances."  
  
I couldn't believe he was going to do this to me. In any kind of bright light my dress became translucent; and, with nothing under it, my dress was nothing more than a blue haze covering my nude body. I was scared, no terrified, and I thought, for the first time, about using my safe word.  
  
We got in the car and as we pulled out, Keith called on his cell phone and ordered salads, a bottle of wine and told them we would pick it up. He started to drive and I noticed we weren't going home the usual way. We were heading away from our house.  
  
We never took any of the freeways home; we didn't have to. That was one of the advantages of living close to our offices. I never noticed the traffic before, but sitting in the car with an almost transparent dress on, I noticed every car that pulled next to us. Even though the windows on Keith's car are tinted really dark, in my mind, I was sure everyone that drove next to us, especially the one's who stopped next to us at a traffic light, could look in the car and see my breasts.  
  
At one particularly long light, I started to fold my arms in front of my breasts, and Keith told me to unfold my arms. I did it immediately, and felt my face turn warm and red, positive that anyone looking at us could see my naked breasts.  
  
Finally, we pulled into a parking lot and parked in front of a restaurant I had never seen before. I was relieved that Keith wasn't going to make me expose myself to people we knew, but that didn't calm the butterflies in my stomach. One wrong move on my part and the people in the restaurant would have a great story to tell their friends.  
  
Keith got out of the car, walked around to my side and opened the door for me. I got out carefully, even though no one could see me getting out of the car, not wanting to put my most private parts on display.  
  
As we walked toward the restaurant, the sun, which was going down, was shinning across the front of the restaurant and across the parking lot. I glanced down at my chest and I could see that my dress was doing very little to hide me from anyone who cared to look. Keith took my hand and we walked to the restaurant.  
  
Once inside, I felt a little better since it was fairly dark. The restaurant was more of a sports bar with a small restaurant and we walked over to the take out counter. Keith gave the man behind the counter his name and we were told that our order would only be a few more minutes.  
  
We stepped back from the counter and Keith, still holding my hand, led me over to the window so we could watch the cars in the lot and the people walking by as we waited. I looked back over my shoulder into the restaurant and it seemed like a lot of people were looking at us. It was fairly dark inside, as most bar/restaurants are, so I decided that they, too, were just looking out the window.  
  
After a while, Keith leaned close to my ear, it was pretty noisy, and said, "Boy, the sun is really bright out there for this late in the day."  
  
"Yeah," I said turning to face him going up on the toes of my five inch heels to get closer to his ear, "I think it has something to do with position of the sun and the time of year."  
  
He smiled, and with a shake of his head, said, "I love you, Kitten." and kissed my cheek.  
  
I couldn't imagine what was so funny; and then it hit me. I was standing in front of the restaurant window with the bright sunlight behind me. Now I knew why so many people, mostly the men sitting at the bar, were staring at us – me actually. There was no mirror around to see what all those men could see, but remembering how much of me was on display in front of the windows in the conference room, I was sure there was very little, if anything, left to the men's imagination.  
  
I could feel my cheeks get red; they did that a lot today. Keith was still holding one hand and wouldn't let go. I started to move my free hand to cover myself, but he looked at me and firmly said, "No."  
  
"But sir, everyone can see me." I said trying to keep my voice loud enough for Keith to hear but low enough so no one else would hear us. I was frantic. We were only standing in front of this window for about five minutes or so, but, now I felt like I was standing there for hours. I was sure that while I was standing there, unaware of the show I was putting on; I gave the men at the bar a good look at my nearly naked body from every angle.  
  
Keith leaned down to my ear and said, "You are here to be punished for what you did at the meeting. This is part of your punishment. Men we don't even know, and you will never see again, got to look at your body and dream about what they would do to you."  
  
I was so humiliated. Keith had distracted me and put me in the perfect position to expose myself to all the men at the bar and the people in the restaurant. It was worse now that I knew that they could see me, naked under my dress. To make it even more humiliating, just thinking about the men seeing my body got me excited again and my nipples were like little rocks on the tips of my breasts.  
  
As I already mentioned, my breasts are not big at 34C, but they are beautifully shaped. 'Pert' is the word that describes them the best. But I knew that everyone could see them and they watched my nipples get hard. They knew that exposing my shaved, young body for them got me excited.  
  
I thought I was going to die from embarrassment when the man behind the takeout counter called to Keith bringing even more attention to us. Our order was ready. Still holding my hand, we started toward the counter. At least at the counter the lower part of my body would be hidden from the men in the bar.  
  
Just before we got to the counter, Keith stopped, looked toward the door and said loudly, "Look, honey, they have the sports paper I read. Could you grab me a copy?"  
  
At first, I had no idea what he was talking about. He didn't read any sports paper. In fact, he only glanced at the sports page in the paper that he did read. I looked over at the newspaper rack by the door. The butterflies were back in my stomach and I could feel my pussy get even wetter.  
  
The newspaper, the Sports Ledger, was on the very bottom of the rack. Keith let go of my hand, and walked over to the takeout counter. I knew he was watching me and I knew what he wanted me to do. If I didn't do it, would the punishment be worse than the humiliation? Was I truly that much of an exhibitionist?  
  
I walked over and faced the rack of newspapers with my back to the bar and restaurant. I took a deep breath to steady myself and I bent over, keeping my knees straight. I could feel my skirt ride up in the back exposing most of my bare ass. I kept my legs together to at least try and hide my shaved pussy. After all, these were strangers and not members of Keith's group. Somehow, I felt that I should save something special for Keith's friends.  
  
The newspaper was in the rack pretty tight and I had to use both hands to get hold of it and pull it out. This left me bent over with my bare ass facing all the men in the bar and restaurant longer than I expected. I could hear moans and groans from the men at the bar and one even sighed, "Oh, my god!"  
  
I was so humiliated that when I stood up and walked back to Keith, I was tingling all over and a little light headed. He took the paper from me and paid the man behind the counter for our order and the paper. Keith handed me the bottle of wine and he carried the food and the paper.  
  
As we walked out, he opened the door for me and took my free hand in his as we walked to the car. Just my luck, as soon as we got into the parking lot the wind blew my skirt up baring my ass and pussy for all to see. With Keith holding one hand and the bottle of wine in the other, there was nothing I could do to push my skirt down or cover myself. I looked frantically at Keith. He knew what was happening to me, but instead of letting go of my hand so I could cover myself, he held my hand a little tighter.  
  
I looked back over my shoulder to see if anyone in the restaurant could see me, and, to my horror, we were right outside of the big window I stood in front of earlier. Everyone, and I mean everyone, had an unobstructed view of my naked ass perched atop my long bare legs in my five inch heels.  
  
I tried to get my hand free from Keith's as casually as possible, but he wouldn't let go. It was another twenty feet or so to the car but it seemed like miles to me. The wind kept my skirt up above my waist all the way and I know the men in the bar enjoyed watching my bare ass jiggle all the way. I couldn't help it. There was no way I could walk and not shake my ass in the five inch heels Keith put out for me to wear this morning.  
  
We (finally) got to the car and Keith let go of my hand. I could finally push my skirt down, but I didn't. I'm not sure why I didn't; maybe it was because, like Keith said, I am a true exhibitionist. Or maybe it was because deep down inside, I love being humiliated. Or maybe it was just because Keith made me do it. Or maybe it was all of those reasons and more that I wasn't even aware of yet.  
  
Keith opened the car door for me and I got in the car. I squealed as my bare ass hit the leather seat, it was still cold from the air conditioner; we weren't in the restaurant long enough for the car to get hot. I left my skirt sitting high up on my thighs; just covering my wet, tingling pussy. With the little covering my dress provided, it didn't really matter.  
  
Keith put the food, and his paper, on the floor of the back seat and then got in the car. He stared at my long legs sticking out of my skirt; from high on my smooth thighs to my painted toes in my five inch heels and back again. Then his eyes made the same trip again, only little slower. He loved looking at my legs and I loved the warm feeling I got when he stared them.  
  
He started the car and we pulled out of the parking lot and into traffic. After what Keith did to me at the restaurant, I wasn't concerned about being seen while we drove.  
  
I turned my body a little toward Keith to talk to him... and to tease him with a better view of my legs and what lay just out of sight under my skirt. "Daddy," I asked, his little girl again, "How much of what you did to me today was planned?"  
  
He smiled and glanced at my thighs trying to see under the little bit of skirt that just hid my pussy. "I wouldn't call it a plan exactly." he said softly, "It was more of an outline."  
  
"I don't understand." still his little girl.  
  
"Well, I knew that I was going to make you expose yourself at the meeting. I didn't want you to know about it until it was too late for you to stop it and I had to make sure it seemed like an accident to our guests. But, I must admit I was surprised at how much you enjoyed doing it." that smile I love creeping onto his face.  
  
"I think it was as much you making me do it as it was having all those men looking at me; knowing they were seeing me almost naked and there was nothing I could do about it." I giggled.  
  
"And..." he looked at me sternly, I interrupted him again, "I knew I was going to make you display yourself at the takeout place, but you enjoyed the meeting so much, I decided to get you out of your underwear before we left the office.  
  
"Then, when I saw how excited you got when you realized everyone at the bar could see through your dress when I stood you in front of the window, I made you get the paper. I knew you understood I wanted you to bend over and let the bar see your bare ass."  
  
He paused, so I jumped in. "I let them see my ass, daddy, but I kept my legs closed so they couldn't see my... pussy. I just feel like it's something only the guys in your club should see, unless you make me show it; like when we were at the lodge in the mountains. But how did you know about the take out place; we never went there before?"  
  
"And, we'll probably never go there again; at least not for quite a while. I checked it out a few days ago; I told you I'd never put you in danger and I'd never do anything to damage your reputation. I'm sure Mr. Wagner and all of his men believed you had no idea they could see your body. As far as they're concerned, it was all a happy accident."  
  
"I know you would never let anything really bad happen to me. You put a lot of effort into planning what you do to me... the things you make me do; that's why, even though you humiliate me, and do things to me that really hurt sometimes," I smiled thinking about some of the things he's done to me, "I always feel safe."  
  
"I'm glad you know you're safe with me. Did my little girl like what I did to her today? Did you like being punished?" he asked quickly looking at my legs again.  
  
"Yes, daddy, more than I could have imagined; I was soooo embarrassed. And, the more embarrassed I got, the more excited I got. My poor little pussy is still wet and my nipples are so hard they hurt." I said pushing my breasts out against the thin top of my dress so he could see how hard my nipples were.  
  
"We'll have to do this more often then." he said, "And, I'll have to find ways to do even more things to my little girl."  
  
"Yes daddy, and even harder stuff. Make me do anything you want." I said softly.  
  
We pulled into our driveway and up to the front of the house. Keith got out of the car, walked around to my side and opened the door for me. I got out and he kissed my cheek for no reason. I loved when he does those little things.  
  
"Kitten, you carry the wine and your dress and I'll get the food." he said as he walked to the house to open the front door.  
  
"But... I'm wearing my dress." I said confused. Keith turned and looked at me with that stern daddy look on his face and I understood what he meant. "Yes, daddy." I said contritely.  
  
Our driveway curves up to the house and the house can't be seen from the road because of the trees that surround our property. Keith wanted me to strip my dress off and walk from the car to the front door naked except for my high heels.  
  
I started taking my dress off. I was glad the weather was still warm. It doesn't get really cold in Southern California; at least not as cold as it was at the cabin when he stripped me naked in the snow.  
  
Even though Keith was the only one who could see me, I was embarrassed that he made me walk from the car to the house naked. And, in the back of my mind, there was the fear that someone would come up the driveway and see me. Even this was getting me excited. I knew Keith could see could see I was so wet between my legs that the tops of my thighs near my pussy were moist.

We went into the house and put the food and the wine in the kitchen. We quickly set the table, sat and had dinner. The food was good, but the wine was delicious. I was surprised since neither of us recognized the name on the label.  
  
We cleaned up the kitchen and went up to our bedroom. Keith sat me on the bed and unbuckled my five inch heels and made me sit there and watch him get undressed. Watching him remove his clothes, one piece at a time, made me understand why men like to go to strip bars.  
  
When he was naked, he took me by the hands, lifted me to my feet and pulled my soft, shaved body up against his hard, hairy body. He wrapped his arms around me crushing me against him and kissed me long and deep, his tongue exploring the inside of my mouth.  
  
By the time he took his mouth from mine, I was swooning. If he let me go, I don't think I would have been able to stand on my own. I was in heat. I needed to be fucked... desperately. But that's not what my Keith had in mind. "Let's take a shower together." he said softly into my ear as, with his arm around me, he guided me to the bathroom.  
  
We got in the shower and he had me wash him first. It was torture, as desperately as I needed him, to have to look at, to touch, every inch of his body and not be able to satisfy the constant itch between my legs. Holding his big cock in my hands, even though he wasn't fully hard, sent tremors through my body and it took incredible will power not to get on my knees and take him in my mouth. By the time I finished rinsing him off, my naked body actually ached for him to fuck me.  
  
He started washing me and it was worse than when I washed him. His hands, the wash cloth, and, even in some places, his fingers, caressed and explored my hairless body under the guise of getting me clean. My breasts, my ass and my pussy were, of course where he spent most of his time, but he made washing my back, arms, and legs an erotic experience, too. He knew that my puckered little asshole was one of my new favorite erogenous zones. He 'cleaned' me back there until I was gasping and trembling all over and had to hold onto the side of the shower to keep from falling.  
  
By the time we got out of the shower I needed to be fucked so bad I was shaking. Keith wrapped me in a big soft towel and dried me thoroughly, again paying particular attention to the places on my naked body that got me hotter and hotter.  
  
When I was dry, but still naked, he led me to the bed and had me sit down. He handed me a pair of red high heeled shoes. He smiled and said, "Here, put these on, these are your punishment shoes. From now on, whenever you are being punished, you'll wear these, or another pair just like them."  
  
He went to put some clothes on and I looked at the shoes. The shoes were red leather; just a minimum of strategically placed straps on my feet to keep the shoes on, but leaving my toes and most of my feet exposed. I put them on; they were a little tight, but they held my foot firmly to the sole of the shoe and the ankle strap ensured that they wouldn't come off accidentally.  
  
As I finished buckling the last ankle strap, Keith was in front of me in a tee shirt and shorts. I was going to ask him why these were 'punishment shoes' when he offered me his hand to help me stand up. I took his hand, stood up and almost fell into him. I was practically standing on my toes as the high heeled shoes held my feet tightly, straining my feet and calf muscles.  
  
Keith held me, keeping me from falling, as I looked down at my feet and then up at him. "They have six inch heels, maybe a bit more." he said with a smile. "With your small feet, you're standing on your toes and just the edge of the ball of your foot. Oh... and they're a half size too small"  
  
"But, daddy, I can't walk in these." I whined holding onto him.  
  
"You can, with a little practice, but your feet and legs will start to ache pretty quickly. But, you'll be able to wear them longer and longer with practice." he said calmly. "Imagine how great you'll look, baby girl, with these high heels and your 'bad girl' panties."  
  
I shuddered against him thinking about the 'bad girl' panties. They were white with red trim and the words "bad girl" across the back in big red letters. They were tight on me, a size or two too small, just barely covering my ass and pressing tight against my shaved pussy. The last time I wore them, Keith spanked me, and told me every time I wore them, he was going to spank me and fuck me senseless.  
  
I started to get my balance in these obscenely high heels, and Keith relaxed his hold on me. When I could stand on my own, he backed away a step, but still held one hand in case I lost my balance again. He slowly led me over to the mirrors and I gasped as I looked at myself. My legs were tense, and my tummy was taut and flat; I looked incredible. I turned to the side, and then turned my back to the mirrors, looking over my shoulder.  
  
My ass was high and tight, sticking out slightly as my body worked to keep me perched on my new six inch heels. It reminded me of how I must have looked high up on my toes when Keith made me dance on the pole. I remembered the things the guys were saying they wanted to do to me then, and I didn't want to think about what they would want to do to me if they could see me now.  
  
I moaned out loud as I thought about how I would look in these heels with my 'bad girl' panties on. My ass was sticking out, begging to be spanked, and I wasn't even bent over yet. My feet and lower legs were already starting to ache a little and I hadn't even tried to walk in them. Keith wouldn't make me wear these in front of the men in his group, and he certainly wouldn't make me wear these six inch heels and my 'bad girl' panties in front of them... would he?  
  
He snapped me out of my worrisome thoughts. "Let's go down and finish that bottle of wine, we can relax and watch some TV." he said happily."  
  
"But, daddy," I said softly, still his little girl, cuddling naked against his clothed chest, "I was hoping we'd go to... bed."  
  
In spite of the ache starting in my feet and legs, my bald little pussy was still wet and I was tingly all over. In fact, looking at myself in the mirrors only added to the feelings shooting through my naked body. If ever there was a girl who looked like she needed to be fucked, it was me.  
  
I had been begging him to fuck me since we left the office almost three hours ago, but he still had more he wanted to do to me. After all, I *was*being punished for teasing all those men – even though it was Keith that made me do it.  
  
He held my hand as we walked to the stairs. Even though there was only a one inch difference between the heels I had on and the ones he made me wear all day, I would need to learn to walk wearing these 'punishment shoes' all over again.  
  
We got to the top of the stairs and Keith went down a step or two and turned back and held his hand up for me to hold on to as I walked down the steps. Holding his hand helped a lot, but, oh my god, the way my ass wiggled and my hips swayed because of the high heels was humiliating. If there were any men there watching me, even if I were dressed, I would be attacked as soon as I reached the bottom of the stairs.  
  
When I did reach the bottom of the stairs, Keith kissed my lips softly. When our lips parted he moaned, "You are so beautiful, little girl; you look incredible. You've never looked sexier than you do right now."  
  
I smiled at him and said, "Thank you, daddy." but inside my head I was screaming, 'Then please, please fuck me!"  
  
We went into the living room and Keith sat me on the sofa facing the television, handed me the remote and smiled, "Don't go away, I'll get us some wine."  
  
The last thing I wanted to do was stand up again. Between wearing my five inch heels all day and, now, my six inch 'punishment' heels, my feet and legs were aching. Sitting was better than standing, but even though these shoes were all thin red leather straps, being a half size too small, they held my feet securely in place; my toes pointed down, and held my feet tight against the soles of the shoes. So, even sitting, my feet were held toes pointed down tensing my lower legs.  
  
I turned on the television and quickly found something to watch. I remembered playing with the remote when Keith made me wear the 'bad girl' panties in here. He spanked my ass until it was bright red, and then did other nasty things to me for flicking through the channels over and over again. To tell the truth, even though I cried and wailed and begged while he did it, I loved every second of it.  
  
He came in with the wine, set it on the coffee table in front of me and sat next to me on the sofa. I took a big drink of the wine, put the glass down and cuddled up next to him. He put his arm around me and leaned back toward the end of the sofa so I could stretch my quivering naked body along his side with my head on his chest.  
  
We watched the TV, but all the time his hands wandered all over my body. My shoulders, arms, back, sides, tummy, hips, ass and the tops of my legs were all explored by his fingers and hands. The parts of my body that were screaming for attention were avoided completely. If he didn't fuck me soon, I knew I was going to beg and offer to let him do some outrageous things to me if he would only let me cum.  
  
I started stroking his chest through his tee shirt. I looked down his body and I saw a huge swelling in the front of his shorts. I was so glad that what he was doing to me was having an effect on him, too. As I stared at the front of his shorts, I could see his swollen cock pulse to his heartbeat.   
  
I slowly slid my hand down over his firm stomach and over the front of his shorts until my hand rested on his engorged cock. I could actually feel the heat from his cock though his shorts. I was happy, and a little proud that seeing me naked and displayed, and the things he was doing to me, got him so excited.  
  
I started to lightly rub my hand up and down along his cock. He sat up, making my hand lose contact with his cock and slightly out of breath said, "I... uhm... think we should take your punishment shoes off. I... uhm... don't want you to wear them too long the first time." Catching his breath he continued, "But, I want you to wear them a little longer every day so you get used to them. Then I can make you wear them whenever I want you to."  
  
"Yes, daddy." I whispered, overdoing my little girl voice.  
  
He leaned over to unbuckle my high heels, so I spread my legs a little so if he looked up at me he would see my wet, shaved pussy. After all, I was already being punished so I wanted to tease him, too. He seemed to be in no hurry to let me cum; that was the worst punishment he could inflict on me. What more could he do?  
  
He finished unbuckling my punishment shoes and, as he slid them off each foot, I wiggled my toes and moved my foot around at the ankle. He sat up and stared at my bare pussy. He swallowed hard and said, "Slide over a little," indicating the far end of the couch, "and lay back."  
  
I did as I was told and he reached down and lifted my now bare feet up onto the sofa so I was laying flat. 'Finally,' I thought to myself, 'He's going to use and abuse his baby girl.'  
  
But, I was wrong again. He lifted one foot in both his hands. I almost cried out, but was able to hold it in so only a low moan escaped. All I could think of his how, not twenty-four hours ago, he tickled my feet without mercy for almost a half an hour. I knew I wouldn't be able to bear that kind of torture again.  
  
Keith started to massage my foot; rubbing his thumbs into the sole and ball of my foot while his fingers massaged the top of my foot and toes. Now I was moaning long and loud; it felt so good after all day in high, and then even higher, heeled shoes. After a few minutes, he moved his hands so he was massaging my toes and all the aching in my foot was gone. He finished by kissing the tops of my toes and my little pussy was quivering and dripping again.  
  
He performed the same ritual on my other foot. By the time he was done, I wanted him so bad I would have gladly let him fuck me on the L.A. Freeway during rush hour.  
  
He started massaging the muscles in my calf of my left leg. He kneaded the muscles from the bottom, near my ankle, to the top near my knee. His hands started stoking the back of my leg, from ankle to knee and finished by kissing the inside of my lower leg just below my knee. He calmly repeated the procedure on my right leg and, when he was finished, I was panting, hoping he would continue up my legs.  
  
He sat up and turned off the television. I was ready to attack him, but he stood up, moved beside me on the sofa and reached under me and lifted me up in his arms. "I think it's time we went to bed." he said softly.  
  
'Thank god.' my mind screamed. He carried me up the steps like I was a feather. Well, OK, I only weigh about a hundred pounds, but he lifted me with no effort. He was so gentle, yet, at the same time, there was no question he was taking me up to the bedroom to do what he wanted with me; another fantasy of mine.  
  
We got up to the bedroom and he gently laid me on the bed. He stood over me and pulled his tee shirt over his head baring his big, hard chest and shoulders. Never taking his eyes off of me, he unbuttoned his shorts and let them fall down his legs.  
  
His cock looked so big and hard that the thought that it must hurt flashed through my mind. Followed quickly by being so happy that after all he made me do today, all the things he did to me, and having me naked in his bed had gotten him that excited. I expected him to climb on me and have his way with me. Well, I hoped that's what he would do.  
  
He climbed on the bed next to me and leaned over and kissed me long, soft and deep; his tongue gently probing past my lips searching for my tongue. I wrapped my arms around his neck and pulled him down so the hair on his chest was tickling my tender nipples. He shifted himself around so he was lying next to me and slightly above me.  
  
I could feel his cock, hard and hot pressing against my thigh. It felt so hot; I wondered if I would feel the heat inside me. He started kissing softly down my neck and shoulder across my chest heading for my left breast. He licked and nibbled along the side of my breast, then along the underside. I could feel myself trembling against him I was so excited.  
  
He lifted his head for a second, then, suddenly, his lips were locked around my tender nipple while his tongue teased and flicked my hard little nub. I came hard, out of nowhere. I had been excited for hours but my orgasm took my completely by surprise. I cried out, and held onto Keith's neck as my whole body shook and trembled. He never released his grip on my nipple which only made my orgasm go on and on. I had never cum from just having him touch my nipple, but my Keith always finds new ways to surprise me.  
  
Finally he released my nipple and laid his head on my chest between my breasts while the last ripples of my orgasm washed over my body and I slowly caught my breath. When I started breathing normally, he had moved himself on top of me, lying between my now wide spread legs. He started kissing, licking and nibbling down over my belly and I knew just where he was heading.  
  
I grabbed the sides of his head in my hands and looked down into his grey eyes, "Oh, please daddy, not that. You know it drives me crazy when you eat me; another orgasm like the last one and I'll pass out." I begged.  
  
He smiled at me, "You know you're being punished, little girl. If you pass out, I'll just wait until you wake up and start again." If this was punishment, I'm never being good, I thought to myself.  
  
He bent his head and kissed my belly just under my belly button and dove straight between my legs, my hands still holding the sides of his head. My legs pulled up reflexively, but, with his body between my legs, all that accomplished was spreading my legs wider as they came up beside his broad shoulders. He locked his lips on my swollen clitoris and I howled, throwing my head back, my hips curling up giving him even better access to my poor vulnerable pussy.  
  
He released my tender clit and moved his mouth down my shaved pussy lips probing my wet hole with his tongue. My bare pussy was so sensitive from my day of frustration and the sudden, overwhelming orgasm that it seemed like his tongue was moving up into my chest.  
  
I started shaking and I knew I was going to cum again. Keith knew it, too, and slid his tongue out of me and kissed the insides of my very wet thighs. I moaned because I wanted to cum again, but, at the same time, I knew if I came again as hard as I had just a few minutes ago, I would pass out and it would be over.  
  
Keith slid up over my body and I felt his cock slide along the inside of my thigh. It was very hard and so hot I thought it might burn me if he put it inside me. Of course, I was being 'punished' so I had no choice in what he did to me.  
  
I could feel his body over me, and the head of his cock felt like a hot poker at the lips of my hairless pussy. He leaned his head down, kissed me and I could taste myself on his lips and tongue. I opened my mouth for him to probe me with his tongue when, as his tongue entered my mouth, his cock pushed into my pussy in one long deep thrust.  
  
I couldn't cry out with his mouth pressed against mine. It was a good thing because, even though the nearest neighbors were over a mile away, I was sure they would have heard me scream. Keith's cock was like a hot metal rod buried in my pussy. He was in me so deep it felt like the head of his cock was in my chest, but my legs were locked around his hips trying to pull him deeper anyway.  
  
He lay still on top of me as I quivered and quaked under him. I tried not to cum; I wanted to feel him fucking me as long as I could. His cock was throbbing inside me and felt so hot and so huge. It was stretching me so wide I wondered if my pussy would ever close completely again. I knew my Keith was close to cuming and it was my body, and what he did to it, that got him so excited.  
  
He pulled his cock out until just the head was in the mouth of my dilated pussy and he drove back into me. I fought to keep from cuming as he pulled out until the head of his throbbing cock was just inside me and he thrust back into me again. I was sure now that the head of his cock had penetrated my cervix and I hoped I could stay conscious long enough to feel his cum fill my womb.  
  
His thrusts were coming harder and faster. The hair on his chest was teasing my nipples and the hair around his cock tickled my pussy lips and my clit each time he shoved his cock into me. Another reason he kept me shaved all over? I could feel his balls smacking against my upturned ass until they started tightening against his body and I knew he was going to cum.  
  
He drove into me hard and deep, keeping his cock inside me, grinding his hips against my stretched pussy, trying to get even deeper into my belly. I felt his cock explode and he filled my womb with his cum as the orgasm I tried to hold off enveloped me.   
  
I felt Keith shuddering and jerking on top of me, his cock throbbing and pumping his cum into my belly, groaning as he took his pleasure from my body. It was the last thing I remembered as a massive orgasm washed all the day's torments and humiliations from my overloaded body and darkness surrounded me.

My Own Heaven Ch. 36

I think it was the smell of the coffee that woke me up. The room was softly lit by the morning sun lighting up the windows. I was alone in bed, but still snuggled up under the covers. I knew Keith was coming into the room with coffee, but I didn't move.  
  
I'd come to look forward to our morning ritual; Keith bringing in coffee, talking and teasing each other, until it was time for me to get up and start the day. I finally got up and headed for the shower while Keith went to his office next to our bedroom and got a few things done while he waited for me.  
  
This morning, I got to pick my own outfit, which told me he had nothing 'special' planned for me for today. It never turns out well for me when he picks out my clothes. I always wind up getting humiliated, teased or tortured, and sometimes all three.  
  
We were on our way to the office in less than a half an hour. When we got in, Phil was waiting for us with croissants that were still warm from the bakery. He went up to the executive offices with us, and they went to Keith's office while I made coffee. When the coffee was ready I called them into the lunch room where we sat and had breakfast while we reviewed yesterday's events and planned what had to be done today.  
  
Keith and Phil both agreed that the presentation to Mr. Wagner went extremely well. I knew they were talking about Mr. Wagner signing the contract with us - that was a done deal - and not my almost naked performance in the conference room; but, I blushed a little anyway. Besides, Jack Wagner's eyes were glued to my outrageously, although 'accidentally', displayed body; I don't think he heard a word Keith said at that meeting. And, the same goes for the men he brought with him.  
  
Keith mentioned that I should call Joe Prescott, our company's attorney, as soon as the contracts arrived from Mr. Wagner's office. Joe and Phil were the only guys who worked for our company that were also members of Keith's uhm...club.  
  
For some reason, I really liked Joe. Maybe it was because he had seen me naked, and being teased and tormented by Keith, but always treated me politely. Almost like the girl he saw in the office and the girl he watched dance on the pole were two different people. Of course, I could tell from the way he was looking at me in the conference room yesterday, that, if it were the proper circumstances, he would jump at the chance to have his way with me.  
  
Keith also gave me a big blue booklet. He said it was the application for my security clearance and that I should try to get it completed by lunch so we could get it to the FBI. He wanted to get my security clearance approved as soon as possible so I could help get all the paperwork done and we could start production with Jack Wagner's people.  
  
We finished breakfast and our impromptu meeting, and Phil went down to his office while Keith and I got to work. I returned some phone calls, replied to some emails, and checked the mail. Tina called and said she would come by and we could all have lunch together. Then, I turned to the FBI security application.  
  
It started out easy; name, address, parent's names and addresses, grandparent's names and addresses and the same for every family member including aunts, uncles and cousins and so on. Then I needed to list all my schools and the dates I attended, the address of every place I ever lived and when I lived there, and every place I ever worked, when I worked there and the name of my supervisor. Then it got hard.  
  
They wanted names, addresses and phone numbers of people I've know for five years, ten years, fifteen years, twenty years and twenty-five years. That sounds easy, but you have to remember; I was only nineteen at the time. I called Joe and he said to just list people I've known all my life, like friends of my parents and it will be fine.  
  
Then they wanted me to list all (all was underlined, capitalized, and in bold letters) scars, marks, tattoos, birth marks, and piercings. They had a diagram of a body and you had to number the locations and then describe "in detail" each item. Fortunately, I have no tattoos, piercings, or scars and the two birthmarks I do have are pretty small and hard to notice. I mention this because it took me all morning to get this application done.   
  
I just got done with the application and gave it to Keith when Tina arrived with lunch. We went to the lunchroom and I was telling her about how much detail they wanted on the application when Phil and Keith came in.  
  
Keith listened to me finish telling Tina and said, "And they'll go over the whole thing again when they do their interview."  
  
"What interview?" I asked.  
  
"They'll send an agent, usually two; to sit with you and go over your whole application to be sure you didn't forget anything. Usually, during the interview, you remember something to add, or find a mistake in an address or something. I guess that's why they do the interview." he said opening his sandwich.  
  
"When will they do that?" I asked getting a little worried. It wasn't that I had anything to hide, but, like most people, I've had almost no contact with any kind of law enforcement people. The thought of the FBI, of all people, examining my life was kind of scary.  
  
"I'll try to get them to meet with you as soon as possible. I'd like to get your clearance approved within two weeks." he said. "It's nothing to worry about. Answer their questions as best you can, do whatever they ask, and you'll do fine."  
  
I felt better, but there was still that nagging apprehension. After all, they were the FBI.  
  
Keith turned to Phil and Tina, "The weather has been staying really warm for this time of year. Why don't you two come over tomorrow morning and we'll spend the day by the pool. We'll cook something on the grill and, if you like, you can spend the night and Sunday morning we'll go to brunch together."  
  
Keith looked at me and I shook my head yes. I loved having Phil and Tina over. The guys always cooked on the grill; it meant less work for Tina and me. So, it was settled, they'd come over in the morning and spend the weekend.  
  
We finished lunch, Tina left and we all went back to work. The signed contracts came. I gave them to Keith and called Joe. Joe came in and he and Keith went over everything line by line. I deflected calls for Keith, handling what I could, and taking messages for the rest, so they wouldn't be disturbed. It still took them until almost six o'clock to get finished, but the contracts were signed and we would be starting production in a month.  
  
We left the office and both of us were exhausted. "I think we should call the deli and have something delivered for dinner." Keith said as we started for home.  
  
I gasped, and I'm sure I turned pale as I looked at him remembering what he made me do the last time we had food delivered from the deli.  
  
He looked over at me, confused for a second. Then his face broke into a smile. He put his hand lightly on my bare thigh, "No... no Kitten," he chuckled realizing what was going through my mind, "I'll answer the door this time."  
  
"That's sounds good." I giggled. I was relieved, but, before I could stop myself, I asked "But daddy," I was his little girl again, "What am I going to do when the weather gets colder and you make me answer the door wearing what you did before... or even less?"  
  
He softly squeezed my thigh, smiled, "I'll get you earmuffs!"  
  
I gasped, and then laughed; but inside I was tingling, thinking about Keith making me answer the door naked, or practically naked, when it got cold out. As we drove, I wondered if the same guy would bring our order and how he would react to seeing me naked wearing just earmuffs and my six inch high punishment heels.  
  
When we got home, Keith ordered salads from the deli and I went up to change out of the clothes I wore to work. Actually, I stripped off all of my clothes, freshened up, and put on my six inch heels. I knew it wouldn't be long before Keith would make me either wear them in public or to one of his group's meetings. I wanted to get used them before that happened.  
  
When I stood up in the heels, it took me a minute to get my balance. I stepped in front of the mirror and checked myself out. I could see why Keith liked these six inch heels. I thought my legs looked pretty good, but in these heels they looked incredible.   
  
They made me stand on my toes and the very front edge of the balls of my feet; this tightened all the muscles in my legs. Another half inch higher and only my toes would be touching the ground. The heels also made my ass tighten and lift up. To counter balance this, I had to slightly arch my back making my breasts push out. 'Just walking in these heels is pornographic.' I thought to myself.  
  
Even though it would take some time, and practice, before I could wear them for any length of time without my feet and legs hurting, I got wet and tingly just thinking about what men would be thinking if they saw me dressed, or undressed, in these heels.  
  
I went downstairs to find Keith. He was in the kitchen opening a bottle of wine. As I walked into the kitchen, he heard my heels clicking on the tile floor. He turned to look at me and I stopped one foot slightly in front of the other, my damp and shaved little pussy just peeking out between my legs, belly flat, breasts pushing out, and nipples hard.  
  
He just stood there with his mouth open while his eyes devoured my naked body. He tried to speak; tried twice as a matter of fact, but nothing came out. I loved teasing him like this, and the bump growing quickly in the front of his pants told me he liked it, too. Exhibitionist that I am, I get so turned on knowing the effect I have on men, and especially my Keith.  
  
Finally, I slowly walked, no undulated, on my high, high heels over to him. Making sure I rubbed my naked body against the front of his body, I kissed his cheek. "Thank you, daddy," I giggled softly in my little girl voice, "now close your mouth and please pour me a glass of wine."  
  
He moaned, more like a low growl, but at least he snapped out his trance just in time to watch my bare ass and legs walk slowly away from him. Of course, I made sure my ass jiggled invitingly, even though in my six inch heels I couldn't have stopped it if I wanted to. When I got to the end of the table, I sat down and crossed my legs making sure he got the full advantage of my long smooth legs.  
  
As Keith poured the wine I noticed his hands were shaking. I couldn't believe, after all we'd done together, everything he did to me, everything he made me do, that I still had such a powerful effect on him. I wondered if it was just lust -- or did he really love me that much?  
  
We talked, well, I talked and Keith tried to get himself under control, until the salads came. When the doorbell rang, Keith looked at me with that little smile on his face. The butterflies in my belly went crazy. After all of my teasing, I hoped he would keep his promise and not make me answer the door. When he got up to walk to the door, I started breathing again. I would have died of embarrassment if I had to go to the door naked in my punishment heels.  
  
We finished dinner and Keith cleaned up the kitchen. In fact, he insisted that I go into the living room and turn on the television. As I walked out of the kitchen, I glanced back over my shoulder and Keith was staring at my bare ass and long legs. It's so good for a girl's ego to know that her man can't keep his eyes off of her; no matter how hard he tries.  
  
He ran upstairs and changed into a tee shirt and shorts while I picked a station on the television. He came in, sat in the middle of the sofa and lay back toward the far end of the sofa. He motioned to me to come to him and I crawled along the sofa until I could stretch my soft naked body next to him. I put my head on his chest and he put his arm around my back holding me close to him.  
  
He reached down with his other hand and gently pulled my knee over his upper leg so I was almost lying on top of him, my breasts against his chest, my pussy pressing teasingly against his hip. He softly, slowly ran his fingers up and down my thigh, lying right across the bulge in the front of his shorts.  
  
We whispered to each other while we stared at the television and I listened to his heart beat.  
  
I woke up, as usual, to the smell of coffee; but since it was Saturday, I knew Keith wouldn't wake me. I got out of bed and jumped into the shower. I shaved everything below my neck but my arms, making sure that my pussy and between the cheeks of my ass was perfectly smooth. When I got out of the shower, there was a steaming mug of coffee waiting for me on the marble counter top next to the sink.  
  
As I sipped the hot coffee and let the warmth travel through my body, it hit me that I didn't remember coming to bed last night. I didn't remember anything after lying with Keith on the sofa in the living room. I know I was tired -- we were both tired, but we were so horny, too.  
  
I dried off and threw on a short white bathrobe, grabbed my mug of coffee and ran downstairs to the kitchen. Keith was sitting at the table drinking coffee and reading the paper. He looked up as I walked into the kitchen and I stopped with the table between us.  
  
"Good morning, Kitten." he said with a big smile on his face.  
  
I didn't say anything; I just stood there looking at him. I put my coffee mug on the table.  
  
He put his paper down and his coffee mug on the table. "What's the matter? Are you okay?" he asked his big smile quickly changed to a look of concern.  
  
"No... yes, I'm fine." I stumbled now shifting my weight from one bare foot to the other. His look of concern changed to a very worried look. "Did you carry me upstairs last night?" I asked softly.  
  
"Yes, I did." Now he was totally confused.  
  
"And, did you take off my punishment shoes... and put me in bed, naked?"  
  
"Yes... but" he said.  
  
"And you just went to sleep? You didn't want to make love to me?"   
  
He stood up and the smile was back on his face. "I wanted you, Kitten, very, very badly." He started walking slowly towards me. "I wanted you more than you could imagine."  
  
"Then why didn't you..." he stopped me by putting his finger to my lips.  
  
"Wake you?" he asked.   
  
Before I could answer, he continued, "When I carried you up to our bedroom and put you in bed, you were so soft and warm and pink. You were almost purring you were sleeping so peacefully. I couldn't wake you."  
  
He took my hands in his, kissed the back of both of my hands, one at a time, and looked into my eyes. "I just got into bed with you, pulled the covers up and let you cuddle up against me. I don't have to have sex with you to make love to you."  
  
I moved my hands from his and threw my arms around his neck. The front of my robe opened exposing my freshly shaved and showered body to him, as I kissed him. "I love you so much. I'm sorry I fell asleep last night. I promise I'll make it up to you." I said wiggling my body against him.  
  
"I know you will, and sooner than you think." he said, that smile on his face again. I knew something was up, but before I could say anything he changed the subject. "Take off that robe; you know you're supposed to be naked unless I tell you what I want you to wear."  
  
"Yes, daddy." I said, dropping the robe to floor.  
  
"And no high heels, either." he said in his stern daddy voice. "Just remember that you broke two house rules; and you'll be glad later today that you got a good night's sleep last night." he said. "Now, take the robe back upstairs and put on a pair of high heels while I make breakfast."  
  
I grabbed my robe and my mug of coffee and ran up to our bedroom to get a pair of high heels. I picked out my white four inch heels for no particular reason and went into the bathroom to finish drying my hair.  
  
I finished in the bathroom and went downstairs, naked in high heels, Keith's favorite outfit for me. He made an omelet and some toast and it was ready by the time I got back to the kitchen. We talked about my birthday; it was two weeks from today. I was really excited about the party and seeing my parents and little sister.  
  
When we were done, Keith asked if I would put the spices on the chicken and steak so they could marinate for a few hours before they were put on the grill. He took two big bags of chicken and a bag of steaks out of the refrigerator and laid them on the counter with all the spices. "I'm going out and clean up the deck and the pool, Kitten, thanks for your help prepping the meat." he said kissing me on the way out.  
  
I walked over to the counter. There was a lot of meat on the counter; maybe eight steaks and a dozen or so boneless chicken breasts. Suddenly, the butterflies were dancing in my stomach. This was too much meat for four people.  
  
Keith's words echoed in my head. I could feel my stomach drop and my body shivered. Phil and Keith decided awfully quickly to have this little cookout today, and they didn't discuss any details in front of Tina and me. 'Oh, my god!' I said to myself, 'This isn't going to be just a cookout; Phil and Keith had something planned.'  
  
I started to spice the steaks when the doorbell rang. I looked out the window and saw Phil's car so I went to the door to open it. Phil and Tina were there, Phil had a big overnight bag and Tina was naked and in high heels, just like me. "I'll take this up to our room. Is Keith out back?" Phil said kissing me on the cheek.  
  
He was used to seeing me naked, but that didn't stop him from taking a few seconds to look me over from the hair on my head to the high heels on my feet. I nodded my head, but he seemed to know the answer before he asked the question. He headed for the stairs and the guest room where he and Tina would sleep.   
  
I closed the door and looked at Tina. "Something's up!" she said as I led her to the kitchen. "He made sure I was completely smooth after I shaved in the shower this morning, and he wouldn't let me wear any clothes to come over here. I'm really glad the tint on the car windows is really dark"  
  
"That's nothing," I said as we entered the kitchen, "Look at all the meat Keith is having me get ready for the grill. There's going to be more than four of us here today. Do you have any idea what they have planned for us?" I asked.  
  
"Not a clue, but I'm sure we're going to be two busy little girls." she smiled.   
  
"I don't know what's worse," I sighed, "What they make us do, or waiting for it to happen."  
  
I poured Tina a mug of coffee and we finished preparing the steaks and chicken. We made a really big salad since we weren't sure how many people were going to be here. "I wonder if we're going to get to eat any of this food." Tina laughed.  
  
When we finished, we went out to the deck to see how the guys were making out. It looked like they had swept and washed down the deck and down around the pool. They had moved one of the wooden picnic tables to the center of the deck, but they didn't put the benches along the sides and they had a cushion, like the cushions from the lounge chairs, on top of it.  
  
"You girls are just in time." Phil said. He handed Tina a set of wrist and ankle cuffs. "Here, put these on." he said. Tina took them without a word and started putting the cuffs on her ankles.  
  
"Heather," Keith said, "Your cuffs are up on my dresser. Could you run up and get them and put yours on, too?"   
  
"Yes, sir!" I said and started up to our bedroom to get my wrist and ankle cuffs.

I couldn't believe how Tina just took the cuffs and started putting them on. She even seemed happy and excited that she was going to be tied up for the heavens know what. Then I thought, 'Look at me, I'm going up to our bedroom to get my wrist and ankle cuffs, and I don't know what they're going to do to us either.' I was looking forward to this as much as Tina.  
  
My white cuffs were on top of Keith's dresser. They weren't there before; he must have put them there after breakfast. That's how he knew to use the white ones to match my heels -- not that the color matching made any difference to him.  
  
I got my cuffs and put them on in the bedroom. I had to stop and look in the mirror. Naked in high heels, wrist and ankle cuffs. Whoever was coming was going to get quite a show.  
  
When I got back downstairs and walked onto the deck, I got the shock of my life. The guys had Tina tied, bent over the wooden picnic table, with her legs spread, her bare ass in the air and a concerned look on her face. But, that wasn't the shocking part; they were setting up the big clear enema bags, one at each end of the table.  
  
My stomach did flip flops and my asshole tightened up all by itself. I knew what was going to happen to me and my first instinct was to run. That was quickly followed by a definite tingling in my pussy and my ass. The guys haven't done this to us since the cabin, and that's when I learned just how sensitive my little asshole was.  
  
I walked onto the deck and Keith and Phil grabbed me like they knew my first thought was to run. They took me over to the picnic table next to Tina and tied me down in the same humiliating position. My legs were spread so wide that I could feel how exposed my asshole and pussy were, and Tina was just as exposed as I was.  
  
I laid there while the guys finished setting up the big bags. Somehow, they looked even bigger than the ones they used at the cabin, and they made sure they set them up where we could see them. When they went to get something else, I said, "Tina, it's not even noon and they're starting to torture us already."  
  
Tina laughed, "You're tied down with your naked ass in the air. You're going to get god knows how many gallons of water pumped into you, and you're worried about the time?"  
  
"No," I said with an uneasy chuckle, "It means that cleaning us out isn't the only thing they have planned for us."  
  
Tina's eyes opened wide, "My god, you're right! They're not cleaning us out for them; they're going to have guys come over to play with us."  
  
I moaned and buried my face in my shoulder and upper arm that was tied securely over the side of the table. Keith had never let anyone else have sex with me; but, I had offered, begged him even, to make me do it. Of course, I usually made that offer either when he was torturing me and I was begging for mercy, or he was teasing me almost to orgasm but not letting me cum.  
  
The guys came back on the deck carrying plastic buckets of soapy water. I knew it was soapy because I could see all the bubbles on the water like it was a bubble bath. They started pouring the water into the big clear plastic bags and I could see a little steam coming off of the water as it poured into the bag; at least we weren't getting a cold water enema.  
  
Keith had his bag half full, "Phil, do you think that's enough water?"  
  
"Nah, fill it all the way up. It'll give the water more pressure so it can fill them faster. We can see who can take the most water." he chuckled.  
  
Tina and I both moaned as we watched the big bags get filled to the top. Tied as we were, next to each other, Tina was able to move her right hand just enough to reach my left hand. We held hands. We could support, or maybe console, each other while our asses were getting filled.  
  
They put the tips on the hoses while they stood in front of us so we could see just what it was that they were going to shove up our asses. They were shaped like a butt plugs with the bulge in the middle so our asses would close on them and hold them in place. On the bright side, they didn't seem as big as the biggest one's they used on us at the cabin.  
  
They walked around behind us and I felt a finger covered with cold lubricant rubbing over my poor asshole. The finger moved away for a second and before I could control myself, I moved my ass back and up searching for the lost finger. Both of the guys chuckled at my masochistic display. It wasn't bad enough they were humiliating me; I was humiliating myself, too.  
  
My empty asshole was quickly filled with a long finger covered with lubricant. I could feel it ooze inside of me and my pussy and my asshole started to tingle. What was wrong with me? I'm tied down, naked, with my ass in the air, and my belly is going to be filled with warm, soapy water, and I'm getting excited.  
  
The finger left my ass and was immediately replaced with the butt plug shaped enema tip. It filled me in one long push and I was moaning again, but not from pain. It felt bigger in my ass than it looked when Keith was holding it, but I had learned that my ass was very sensitive, and having it played with got me very excited, very fast. I looked over at Tina and her eyes were half closed and she was panting through her open mouth. She was enjoying this as much as I was.  
  
It occurred to me that since we couldn't look behind us, I couldn't be sure it was Keith's finger that lubricated my asshole or pushed the plug up my ass. My thoughts were interrupted by a long low moan from Tina, followed by the same from me as the soapy water gushed into my ass.  
  
The water seemed hotter than I remembered, and it seemed to be filling me a lot faster. That was probably because Phil told Keith to fill the bag to the top. Thanks, Phil.  
  
After a minute or so, my belly started to fill with the warm, soapy water and I had to raise my ass further into the air to get my belly off of the top of the table to relieve the pressure. No easy feat when you're tied and bent over the way Tina and I were.   
  
Lifting my belly helped with the pressure and it seemed like the water wasn't pushing in as fast as it was when it first started. It was a relief, but now the cramps were starting. Tina's hand squeezed mine and she moaned. I looked at her. She loved the pain and humiliation of being given a forced enema more than I did.  
  
I started moaning; I couldn't help it. The guys chuckled at my predicament and Keith pointed out to Phil how I was wiggling my ass in the air. The combination of feelings; my belly swelling with warm soapy water, the cramps, and the humiliation of the guys discussing how sexy my ass looked with the hose sticking out of it had my pussy wet and my nipples hard.  
  
A hand reached under me and started gently massaging my belly. I was grateful as the massaging relived the cramps, but it seemed to allow even more water to pump into my poor ass. Worse, I couldn't see behind me so I didn't know if it was Keith or Phil touching me.  
  
I looked up at my bag and it was almost half empty. I couldn't believe that I had already taken that much water. Even though I didn't know how much water the bag held, my bloated belly and the cramps that had started again told me it was a lot.  
  
I was just about to beg for the water to stop when I felt a hand on my bare ass. It ran down the cheek of my ass, between my legs and wiggled into my open and very wet pussy. I groaned, and even though I tried to stop it, I obscenely wiggle my ass in the air. The finger pulled out of my wet hole and went right for my clit. I gasped and moaned, wiggling even more, and I could feel even more water pump into me.  
  
The water stopped and the finger left my clit and I moaned even louder. I was gasping for air and so was Tina. My bag was less than half full; I couldn't believe that so much water could fit inside my ass.   
  
"We're going to untie you," Phil was saying, "But don't touch the plug up your ass. If you do, you'll never make it to the bathroom and I suggest you use the toilettes in the shower room by the pool, they're much closer than the ones upstairs. You will empty yourselves completely, clean yourselves, and come back out here as quickly as you can."  
  
The cramps were getting worse as he was talking. Fortunately, they were untying us as Phil talked. Keith untied my feet first and then my hands. I stood up and I could feel the water moving and gurgling inside of me. I looked down at myself and I looked five months pregnant from the water pushing out against my belly.  
  
Tina squealed and ran by me, one hand holding her ass cheeks together and the other trying to keep her breasts from bouncing as she ran down the steps to the pool, the shower room, and relief. I thought how funny she looked when Keith pulled the plug from my ass. I squealed, just like Tina. I tightened my asshole as much as I could and ran, one hand on my ass and the other holding my breasts, for the toilette in the shower room.  
  
I made it just in time. Tina was in one stall and I was in the other as the water gushed out of us. Despite the cramps that caused me to bend over and grasp my knees, it felt so good to let all that soapy water out of me.  
  
Neither of us could talk at first as the water gushed and we flushed the toilettes every minute or so. "They enjoyed doing that to us way too much." Tina finally said with a giggle.  
  
"Oh, and you didn't like it?" I replied.  
  
"You know me," she said, "I love the attention. I'm just wondering how many more times they're going to fill us up."  
  
"I'm wondering what they're going to do with us when they're done cleaning us out." I sighed.  
  
When we were empty, we jumped in the shower to be sure we were clean. We dried off and went back to the deck. The guys had fresh bags of water hanging, but they were hanging so high up that the hoses stopped about a foot off of the deck.  
  
We both groaned, knowing where all that water was going. Keith clipped my wrist cuffs together and tied them over my head to a rope hanging from the roof of the deck. He walked to the side of the deck and pulled on a rope coming down along the screened wall. My hands rose even higher until I was stretched until my feet, in my high heels, just touched the ground.  
  
Tina was being tied the same way and even though I knew no one could see us, being tied, outside, and exposed the way we were, was just so humiliating. I kept imagining someone just inside the tree line surrounding the back of our house, looking at us naked, being tied, teased and tortured. The problem was it was getting me excited. I was becoming a real exhibitionist.  
  
Tina and I were facing each other, our breasts almost touching so when Keith walked around behind me, I could see Phil behind Tina. Keith's put his hand on my bare ass and he separated the cheeks of my ass with his thumb and finger. With a finger of the other hand he covered my puckered little asshole with cold lube and I knew I was going to be filled with water again.  
  
Tina's eyes opened wide and she opened her mouth but she never made a sound. I felt the plug at my ass again and I tried to get high up on my toes as Keith slid the plug deep up my ass. He leaned in close behind me and whispered, "This is going to be a day of firsts for you, my little sub. I want you to make me proud of you, but don't be afraid to use your safe word if you need to."  
  
He leaned back at the same time the water started pumping up my bare ass. I gasped, but at least they were still using warm water. I remembered how bad the cramps were when they used cold water at the cabin.  
  
Phil must have started the water up Tina's ass because she gasped and moved close enough to me that her nipples brushed up against me. The touch of her nipples sent like shocks through me and I knew I wanted more. Tina, being a little taller than me, tried to lower herself so our breasts would meet and I tried to raise myself wanting to feel her pressed against me.  
  
Between the two of us, we got the height just right and it was like an electrical circuit closed between us at our breasts. We both groaned. With our feet free, we were able to work ourselves together so the front of our bodies pressed against each other from our thighs to our breasts.  
  
I could feel our bellies pushing against each other as they filled with water. Tina started gasping and wiggling against me, getting me even more excited. I looked over her shoulder and I could see Phil, shaking the hose connected to the plug up Tina's ass.  
  
It must have been driving her crazy, pulling at her asshole and the big butt plug moving around inside of her ass. I don't know what made me do it, but I leaned my face close to hers and kissed her. The circuit was complete now and I could feel the insides of my thighs get wet as Tina pressed her tongue past my parted lips.  
  
Before I knew it, I was on the verge of an orgasm, and so was Tina. The water was still flowing up our asses as we wriggled against each other and the relentless flow of water. With us standing up like we were, I thought the water would run slower, but our swelling bellies proved otherwise. I later found out that that was why they had the bags hanging so high; to keep the pressure of the water up. I'm so lucky to have a science savvy man... not!  
  
I could feel our bellies puffing out between us. I looked at Tina's bag was less than half full and she was wiggling against me in a most delightful manner. She moaned as I kissed her again and I was glad Keith and Phil were doing this to us before any other guys got here. I know that if the guys were here watching our little girl on girl show, we would have a lot more to deal with than just water filling our bellies.  
  
Keith moved behind me and Phil moved behind Tina. They must have stopped the water, but we were too involved with each other to notice. The guys pulled us apart, untied our hands from the rope connecting us to the ceiling and disconnected our wrist cuffs. I felt a slight tug on my butt plug, then a harder pull and the plug was out of my ass.  
  
I screamed and pressed my hands on my ass cheeks to keep the water inside me and, without waiting to be told, ran for the shower room by the pool. I heard Tina yelp and then cry out, "Oh, please sir, let me go. You put too much water in me, I can't hold it. Please let me go."  
  
I didn't dare stop and turn around. I heard the guys laughing, then Tina's squeal and her high heels clacking on the wooden deck as she ran, closing behind me, for the shower room.  
  
When most of the water had gushed out of us and we could catch our breath, I asked Tina what the guys did to her after they pulled the plug out of her ass.   
  
"Uhm..." she hesitated, "Phil knows that I like it when he makes me hold in whatever he pumped up my ass." I could almost feel her blush in the stall next to me as she continued. "But he usually does it when I'm sitting on the toilette, or in the shower. He makes me hold it and hold it, promising me all kinds of terrible punishments if I let it go.  
  
"He only stopped me for a few seconds, but I panicked when I thought he was going to make me stand there on the deck. He doesn't usually use so much water, either. God, I thought my ass was going to explode." she laughed.  
  
"What do you mean by whatever he pumped up your ass?" I asked.  
  
"Well, at home or in front of other guys, he doesn't always use just water. Sometimes he uses coffee, tea, milk, or sometimes special mixtures that he gets from the internet, I guess. They do different things inside of me; some good, some embarrassing, but he always finishes with water," she sighed, "lots and lots of water. But my favorite is club soda. God, I can feel the bubbles moving around inside of me. It's like something's alive in there."  
  
"Wait," I asked as I tried to get my head around everything she just said as more water gushed out of me and the last cramp stopped, "He does this to you in front of other guys?"  
  
"Oh, yeah... well, guys in the group, anyway. I usually get fucked a lot at those meetings. I guess seeing Phil do things to me really gets them excited. Sometimes they don't even give me a chance to empty myself. God, my ass full of water, or whatever; being held in by a big cock being shoved up my ass, while the other guys watch. Soooo humiliating, but soooooo good." she sighed.  
  
I heard her stand up. "We better finish and get back out there. We don't want to give them an excuse to do more to us then they already have planned." she said. We cleaned up and went back up to the deck and groaned when we saw yet another big bag full of water.  
  
"You get a choice this time." Phil said like we had won a prize. "We are going to see if you can take the whole bag this time."  
  
I couldn't imagine all that water pumping up my ass, but then again, my ass was a lot emptier than it was before we started. In fact, my belly wasn't just flat; it actually was caved in a little. Maybe that's why Tina's belly was always so flat.  
  
Phil continued, "We're not going to use a plug this time, we're going to use a tube and slide it up as far into you as we can while we empty the bag in you. It's called a high colonic enema and if you think you're empty now wait until you've had this done to you."  
  
It was too much information for me all at once. Between what Tina said in the shower room and now this, I wasn't sure what was going to happen next. Tina interrupted my thoughts, "Well... you said we had a choice." she asked looking submissively at the ground.  
  
"Oh, right." this time it was Keith talking. "You're choice is, we can do it now, or you can wait until the guys get here so they can watch. But you both have to make the same choice so you can do it together."  
  
Tina and I looked at each other. I could see in her face she wasn't sure, and I knew she could see that I wasn't ready to have that done to me in front of a bunch of guys and then have them do what they wanted to me. I knew Keith wouldn't let them injure me, but I wasn't sure I was ready for that much humiliation.  
  
Tina must have known what was going through my mind. Without a word passing between us she said, "If it pleases you, sir, we would prefer to have you give us another enema now."

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The guys each took us by the hand and led us to opposite ends of the six foot wooden picnic table that had been the stage, so to speak, for our "preparation". This time, they had us facing the table lengthwise. When they bent us over and secured our hands to the table, our upper bodies flat against the table top with our bare asses sticking up in the air; while we faced each other.  
  
I spread my legs, expecting to have my feet tied, but that didn't happen. Keith walked over to the clear bag, which was still hanging high up, close to the ceiling of the deck, and took the hose in his hand. The bag was completely full again and had to hold at least a gallon of water – probably more. The water looked like it was clear, but I would have to wait until the water started filling up my ass before I would know if it was warm or cold.  
  
The hose was a little less than a half inch in diameter, about same as the hose that connected to the plugs they used to fill us up earlier. But, there was no plug at the end of the hose; it was more like a tip that rounded off the end of the hose. Probably because I knew where it was going, it seemed like the hose was fifty feet long. It was really about eight feet long, and it took almost five feet of the hose to reach from the bags near the ceiling to the level of our pert little asses sticking up in the air.  
  
Keith walked behind me so I couldn't see him anymore. I looked up, over Tina's naked body, and I could see Phil, holding the hose to Tina's bag, walking behind her. Tina was looking at Keith when she noticed that I was looking up, too. Our faces were about a foot apart and our hands were tied to the sides of the table just far enough away from each other so we couldn't quite touch to give each other moral support.  
  
I was worried about what was going to happen to us... to me. I looked at Tina and, while she looked apprehensive, I could tell she was looking forwarded this. Knowing Phil had done this to Tina before, and she seemed to like it; I calmed down a little. She smiled at me; it made me wonder if she wouldn't have rather waited until the rest of the guys arrived so they could see our abuse and humiliation.  
  
Phil applied what appeared to be lubricant to the end of the hose at the same time Keith applied the cold lube to my exposed and puckered asshole. Again, the thought crossed my mind that they must keep the lube in the refrigerator. I wouldn't put it past Keith; just to add one more thing for me to deal with while he tormented me.  
  
Tina gasped and her head shot up, eyes wide and mouth open. Phil was standing behind her with his hands out of sight behind her and I knew he had started pushing the tube up her ass. Her gasp was still echoing in my ears when I started gasping and wiggling my bare ass as I felt the tube slide up my ass.  
  
It didn't hurt at all, which relieved a lot of my apprehension. However, I could feel the hose sliding against the ring of my asshole as it made its way up into my ass. I wiggled my ass; I couldn't help it. You know how sensitive I am back there!  
  
At first, I could only feel the hose rubbing against my asshole, but after a few seconds, I could feel the tip moving inside me. He was pushing in an inch or two and then backing off a little and pushing in another inch or two slowly working the hose deeper into my belly. To me, it seemed like he had a couple of feet of hose in me already, but it was only about six inches or so.  
  
Tina let out a long, low, "Ooooooooohhhhhhhh", and I looked up at her. Her eyes were closed and she was wiggling and shaking her ass. I could see Phil's arms moving as his hands worked at her ass and I assumed he was pushing more of the hose up her ass.  
  
Keith stopped pushing the hose up my ass, and I was quickly wiggling my ass frantically and moaning submissively as the warm, almost hot, water started pumping up my naked ass. I could feel the water moving inside of me, then I could feel the hose pushing deeper into my belly while the water flowed into me.  
  
Now it was my turn to "Oooohhh" and "Aaaaahhh" as my ass filled with water and the hose slid slowly deeper and deeper into my colon. I couldn't keep my feet still and my ass bounced and jiggled, as I danced, trying to stop the feelings in my belly – or make them intensify – I wasn't sure which.  
  
Keith kept the water running into my ass. The water stretched my colon, so he could feed more hose into me, which expanded another section of my colon so he could feed in more hose. I could feel the hose moving inside my body. It was so erotic; like something was alive inside of me. And still, the hose moved deeper and deeper.  
  
Tina was moaning and shaking her head so I looked up. Phil wasn't behind her. When I found him, I moaned for Tina. Phil was standing on a short ladder next to Tina's bag which was less than a quarter full and he was adding even more water to her bag. I couldn't believe he was going to make her take even more water.  
  
"Would you like me to top off Heather's bag?" Phil said calmly, as if he was asking Keith if wanted another drink.  
  
"Oh, no, please sir, no more water." I cried turning my face to look at Tina, "My bag is still almost half full and I can't take much more." Tina had a surprised look on her face and slowly shook her head.   
  
There was a loud 'Pop' and my ass exploded in pain. I squealed, and shook and wiggled my naked ass trying to cool the fire that Keith's sharp slap suddenly started on my ass cheeks.   
  
Keith slid a few more inches of hose up my ass, "Thanks, Phil. I wasn't going to go more than a bagful, but the extra water will keep the pressure up." I moaned as Phil 'topped off' the bag of water destined for my belly.  
  
Now I realized why Tina shook her head when I protested having more water added to my bag. We were there for Phil and Keith's pleasure and amusement and I had no say in what happened to me. I shuddered to think what else my Keith had planned for his little submissive.  
  
I raised my upper body up off the table as best I could and looked down underneath me, past my tits with their hard nipples. I couldn't believe how swollen my belly was. I was cramping a little but there was no urgent need to empty myself. I later learned that Keith slid the hose up my ass before he turned on the water, and kept sliding the hose in deeper while the water was running so my colon filled with water, but not my rectum, at least not yet.  
  
I let myself back down onto the table top and Keith kept sliding the hose slowly deeper and deeper into my body. Feeling the hose rubbing against my asshole and moving inside me was really getting to me. I was wriggling my bare ass and now, to add to my humiliation, my pussy was getting that itch and I could feel that little hole between my legs getting very wet. My humiliation and 'abuse' was getting me excited. I shivered realizing what a little slut I truly was.  
  
I was dancing from foot to foot now. It must have been quite a show for Keith; my bare ass split by a rubber hose, wiggling and bouncing atop my long naked legs and high heels. I wondered if Tina was right. Maybe we should have waited for the guys to get here so they could watch us get our final cleaning out. Just the thought of the guys standing with Keith, seeing what he was seeing, made me tingle.  
  
The water stopped just in time. I thought my belly was going to explode. Keith came to the side of the table next to my head. I turned to look up at him, but stopped at the very large bulge in his pants. Teasing and torturing my naked body got him as excited as it did me.  
  
"Now comes the real fun." he chuckled as he untied my hand. He went to the other side and untied my other hand but put his hand on my back to keep me from standing up. "I'm going to help you stand up," he said, "But you are not to move until I tell you to."  
  
I understood the words, Keith's orders, but I didn't understand why. He helped me to stand in my four inch heels and gently put his arms around me, holding me against him. I could feel his hard cock against my swollen belly and it felt soooo good. I wriggled against him just to tease him a little.  
  
That's when I understood why he told me not to move. Lying bent over the picnic table, the water pooled in my belly, my colon actually, and standing made me a little light headed for a second or two. Now that I was standing, gravity did its thing and I could feel the water bubbling and gurgling as it worked slowly from my colon and into my rectum. I needed to get to the guest shower room. It wasn't bad...yet, but it was getting more urgent by the second.  
  
"Please sir, may I go to the guest showers?" I asked shifting my weight from one foot to the other. He looked down at me and I knew he could see my distress in my face. "In a minute, Heather." he said still holding me in his arms, but looking over at Tina.  
  
I was going to have a serious problem in a minute, I thought to myself. I looked over toward Tina where Keith was looking. Phil was helping her to stand and her belly had a slight bulge and she moaned as he helped her stand up straight. I looked her bag and it was less than half full. She had taken at least a bag and a half of water; no wonder she was moaning. If it weren't for her firm stomach muscles, I'm sure she would have looked six or seven months pregnant.  
  
Lying bent over the table, I could feel the water, but now, standing up, I could feel and hear it churning and rumbling as it moved around in my belly. I thought about my bag and, almost with dread, I looked up to see how much Keith made me take. Like Tina's, my bag was just about half full, but Phil refilled my bag when it was about half full so I had taken almost a full bag compared to Tina's bag and a half. I looked down at my belly and it was more swollen than Tina's. I was going to have to work harder on my sit ups and crunches.  
  
Tina was begging Phil now for permission to go to the guest shower room. "What do you think, Keith? Should we let them go?" Phil asked casually as Tina and I danced and squirmed naked in our high heels.  
  
"Please sir?" I moaned softly looking up at Keith.  
  
"Yeah... sure," Keith said with a smile, "You girls did good."  
  
We both ran for the shower room, naked in our high heels. We must have been quite a sight. I wondered if we would have made it to the shower room if Keith and Phil's friends were here.  
  
When we finally got rid of all the water the guys had filled us with, I stood up and looked down at my belly and I could not believe it. After three enemas, there was actually an indention where my flat belly used to be. My belly was so empty; it curved in instead of being flat.  
  
"Did Phil really do this to you in front of a bunch of guys?" I asked Tina.  
  
"A few times," she said casually, "But he doesn't use as much water when guys are around. They usually don't let me go and empty myself right away, so Phil uses enough water to make me beg to be allowed to go, but not so much that I can't hold it."  
  
"But, isn't that terribly humiliating?" I asked.  
  
"You can't imagine." she said with a smile on her face. "The guys tease and taunt me as my belly fills, seeing how excited they can get me. Then, when Phil stops the water and removes the hose, they torment me even more. The feel me up while they stop me from going to the bathroom. There are so many hands I can't stop them from touching me everywhere. It drives me crazy.  
  
"They finally let me go, and after I get cleaned up and come back to the guys, they actually do the things to me that I offered to let them do when I was begging to be let go. And I make some really outrageous offers when the need to go gets really bad."  
  
"Then why do you let Phil do that to you?"  
  
"Because, I love being displayed and tormented in front of a bunch of men and then being made to let them do what they want to me and Phil knows it. The more the merrier and the harder it is for me to endure without using my safe word, the better I like it. I can't explain it; it's just something about me. I see all those men looking at me, wanting me, and then finally getting the chance to do whatever they want to me."  
  
"Phil let's those guys do anything they want to you?" I asked a little more curious than shocked now.  
  
"Phil is always there," she said, "Just like Keith is with you. It's always the guys in the group and, while they can get real inventive, they know how far they can go. Sometimes they hold back a little too much as far as I'm concerned, but Phil is there to make sure I'm safe. It's just seeing all those guys, and knowing I'm going to have to satisfy all those cocks that feeds the exhibitionist and masochist in me."  
  
My mind was really churning now. I knew what she was talking about. Maybe not to the extreme Tina had experienced, but I could imagine how excited I would be with a bunch of guys.  
  
"We better get back out there before the guys decide we need another cleaning out." Tina said. I groaned at the thought of having my ass probed again and my belly full of water.  
  
We went back to the deck and Keith took me into his arms and kissed my cheek. "You girls go upstairs and get ready before the guys to get here. Your outfits are on your beds. Make sure you are perfectly shaved. Inspection is in one hour." Keith said with a smile.  
  
Tina and I scampered up the steps; tits and asses bouncing as we ran in our high heels. Tina went to the guest room and I went to my bedroom. Sure enough, my outfit, such as it was, was on the bed; a blue bikini, and five inch blue high heels. The bikini was skimpy, but not as bad as most of the bikinis Keith made me wear. I examined the bathing suit and, just as I thought, the lining had been removed. This bikini was not for swimming... I hoped.   
  
The top was held on by a string that tied behind my neck and another behind my back. The bottom left half of my ass exposed and was held on by two strings that tied at my hips. I knew immediately that if the guys decided they wanted this bikini off; it wouldn't take much to strip me naked.  
  
Tina came into the room as I examined my 'outfit'. "Yours too, huh?" she said with a giggle. "By the time this day is over, we are going to be well and truly fucked."  
  
Tina was carrying her 'outfit'; identical to mine, but in bright yellow. "I figured if we got ready together, we could help each other with the hard to reach spots." she said.  
  
And that's just what we did. After making sure we had gotten all the water out of our bellies, we got into the shower. We washed each other, making sure not to miss a spot. We shaved each other, even though we were both perfectly smooth already. We didn't want to take a chance on failing our 'inspection'. Then, we washed the places again that we knew were going to see the most activity.  
  
We finished dressing, such as it was, and headed back out to the deck. Even though we weren't exactly sure about what was going to happen to us, Tina was excited, looking forward to whatever 'it' was. I, on the other hand, was nervous.  
  
I knew Keith would never let me be injured, but I knew he was going to let some of the guys fuck me; a new first for me. I also had no idea what else he had planned for their amusement and our humiliation. Whatever it was, it would be starting soon.  
  
We walked onto the deck and the guys had been busy. The picnic tables had been laid end to end lengthwise making one big long table. There were three ice chests, a small one with beer and coolers and two others with soda, ice tea, lemonade and the like. It seemed like anytime the guys got together with any of the girls, the use of alcohol was severely limited.  
  
The guys looked us over, even making us turn around slowly so they could see us from every angle. They even pulled down our bikini bottoms and rubbed their fingertips over our shaved pussies to be sure we were smooth. Then, they switched so Keith could inspect Tina and Phil could inspect me. I suspect they did that just to embarrass us more than to actually inspect us and it worked.  
  
They pronounced us ready and asked us to get the table covers, plates, knives, forks and stuff to set the table. "How many are coming?" I asked, more to find out how many guys Tina and I were going to have to deal with than concern for setting the table.  
  
"Well," Phil said rubbing his chin, "There will be us four and six guests... that makes ten."  
  
We hurried off to the kitchen, in our little bikinis and five inch heels. The guys never took their eyes off of our legs and asses until we were out of sight in the kitchen. "My god, Tina," I gasped grabbing her hand and turning her toward me, "That's eight guys and two of us. That means four guys are going to fuck each of us."  
  
"Your math is right," Tina said with a smile, "But you're assuming they will be divided evenly and that there won't be any seconds or crossovers."  
  
"Crossovers?" I asked not understanding.  
  
"Yeah, you know, when a guy is done with you, he takes a turn with me... or vice versa." she said with an eager look in her eye.  
  
I hadn't even thought of that possibility. Would Keith allow that? This could be a very long afternoon for both of us. We gathered all of the things for the picnic table and went back out on the deck to help the guys prepare for our "guests".  
  
While we finished setting everything up, the guys fired up the grill. Then they brought out another ice chest with all the stuff to be grilled. They made us drinks that they served in tall glasses. Then they started grilling since the guys should start arriving any minute.  
  
"After all the guys get here and we're about ready to eat," Keith asked, "could you girls bring out the stuff in the refrigerator? The coleslaw, potato salad and stuff like that; I don't want it to sit out in the heat too long before we eat."  
  
We both nodded our heads. I don't know about Tina, but I was wondering what a hamburger would cost in a restaurant with waitresses dressed like us and then giving the extra 'service' that we were going to be made to provide.  
  
We sat at the table with our drinks and in less than five minutes, the first guest arrived. It was Joe, our company lawyer. I was both shocked and relieved. Shocked that Joe was going to see and participate in whatever Keith had planned for me, but relieved because I would know at least one of our six guests and I really, really liked Joe.  
  
He greeted both Tina and I with a kiss on the cheek, but when he kissed me, he let his fingertips slide ever so lightly down my sides; from the string holding the top of my bikini on, down over the curve of my waist to my hips where the bow held my little bikini bottom on. I tingled all over. He must have seen me shiver at his touch; he smiled at me and kissed my forehead and walked over to the guys at the grill.  
  
We started back to the table when two more guys walked in. Keith must have left the front door unlocked so we didn't have to go to the door each time one of the guys arrived. I recalled the last time Keith made arrangements for me to answer the door as each guest arrived. It was the night he made me "dance on the pole", my pussy tingled just thinking about it.  
  
I recognized one of the guys; Frank from the poker game. He was the guy that spanked me in front of everyone. Tina knew them both, and she introduced Michael, who I didn't know. He was in his late twenties, dark hair, brown eyes; about six feet tall and medium build. He had a short sleeved shirt on and I could see his arms were well defined and I found myself wondering if the rest of him was as well defined as his arms.

My immediate thought was that I was really becoming such a slut, but considering how Keith made me dress – or undress, what he had planned for me, and why Michael was here, I was past the point of 'becoming' Keith's slut. Besides, the way Michael and Frank were looking at Tina and I was making the butterflies flutter in my belly and that sensitive spot between my legs quiver.  
  
While Tina was introducing me to Michael, Jake walked onto the deck. I remembered Jake from the poker game and he was at the lounge during our trip to the cabin. He came up to us and shook hands with both Frank and Michael who he obviously knew and then turned to Tina and me.  
  
He kissed us both on the cheek, stepped back holding one of our hands in each of his and looked over our bikini clad bodies. "It seems like every time I see you two," he said with a chuckle, "you are wearing very little, and you tend lose what little you are wearing before the day is over."  
  
Tina and I both blushed remembering the situations Jake has seen us in. "Not that I'm complaining, mind you," he chuckled as his eyes traveled up and down our nearly naked bodies.  
  
Jake, Michael and Frank walked over to the grill where Keith, Phil and Joe were fussing over the meat on the grill the way men do. Tina and I picked up our drinks and walked over to the table and sat down. We hadn't been standing for long, but we didn't know how long we would be standing in our five inch heels later, so we took advantage of the chance to sit down.  
  
We only sat for a few minutes when two guys walked in who, even though they weren't dressed alike, were obviously twins. Tina was on her feet before I could turn to ask her if she knew who they were and was almost running up to them.  
  
When I caught up to her, she introduced me. "Heather, this is Eric and Seth." she said as she indicated which was which, "And, they are identical twins." she concluded with a big smile and the emphasis on identical.  
  
They both said hi and Eric, I think, said, "So you are the one that captured Keith, heart and soul."  
  
I blushed a little more, looked down and mumbled, "I guess I am."  
  
"I can see why." he said, "And he says you're really smart, too."  
  
I blushed even more as the guys at the grill called over to Eric and Seth. "I guess they can't cook without us." Eric said with a smile.  
  
"Or they're really jealous" said Seth, looking my almost naked body up and down. "We'll see you ladies in a little bit." He said with a wave as he walked toward the grill and the guys.  
  
Phil came over to us and said that we would be sitting down to eat in a few minutes and could we go and get the stuff from the refrigerator. Tina and I walked toward the door to the kitchen and every male eye was on us as we walked away. How could they help it, with us in our skimpy bikinis, most of our asses bare for their viewing pleasure, and five inch heels?  
  
When Tina and I came back from the kitchen with the coleslaw and potato salad, the guys were putting the stuff from the grill on the table. Joe ran up to me to take the large bowl of potato salad from me and Michael ran up to Tina to take the coleslaw from her. They walked us to the table and put the bowls down on the table.  
  
Keith sat at the head of the table and he had me sit to his right. Joe sat next to me and Jake sat across from me. Phil sat at the other end of the long table with Tina to his right. The guys filled the rest of the seats and we began to eat.  
  
The food was delicious, but I didn't eat much. Not that my stomach wasn't empty, that was for sure. I was apprehensive about what was going to happen to me later. I couldn't help but look around the table and wonder which of the men sitting at the table were going to fuck me – and whatever else they wanted to do to me – before the afternoon was over.  
  
The conversation was light and lively. Current events, sports, what was happening in everyone's lives, and a lot of poking fun at each other. The guys made sure Tina and my drinks were always full and, I didn't realize it at the time, but by the third drink, Tina and I were the only ones that had not switched to non-alcoholic beverages.  
  
After about an hour and a half, lunch was over and it was time to clean up. Much to my surprise, all the guys helped clear the table while Keith and Phil took care of the grill. The guys rinsed the plates and silverware and left Tina and I to load the dishwasher and make sure the few leftovers were stored in the refrigerator while they went out to help clean up the deck. When we finished in the kitchen, which took no time at all since the guys did most of the work, Tina and I headed back out to the deck.  
  
I caught our reflection in the glass doors leading to the deck and I gasped when I saw myself. I was so comfortable with the guys, I had forgotten about the very skimpy bikini and five inch heels I was wearing. I was practically naked and I remembered why everyone was here.  
  
Keith called out, "What are you girls doing in there?" as we approached the doorway to the deck. As we walked out onto the deck, I could see the guys had been busy. They had separated the two picnic tables and placed them parallel to each other with about eight feet between them. They were standing between the tables in a group talking and laughing.  
  
As we approached them, they separated to allow us to stand in the center of their group. They quieted down and Keith said, "Today is special for two reasons. It's the first time Heather has been the guest of honor at one of our get-togethers." He paused, looked at me and then looked at Tina, "And I am going to fulfill a fantasy for Tina that I had no idea she even had."  
  
With that, he took Tina by the upper arm and leaned close to her ear and whispered just loud enough for the rest of us to hear, "By the time this afternoon is over, my little slut, I am going to come in every one of your holes."  
  
Tina's eyes got wide and she looked at me. She knew I told Keith what she had said to me about wanting him to use her any way he wanted, but I don't think she expected to get her wish with so many people watching. But Keith had that taken care of. As he led her to the far picnic table he turned to me and said, "Heather, be sure and keep the rest of the gang entertained while I'm fucking Tina."