

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Part One

Hello! I have a story I'd like to tell you, but first, I think I should introduce myself. I'm Mortimer—Mortimer Allen. I know, I know—who names their kid "Mortimer" anymore? Even though I'm currently 43 years old, the name Mortimer was well out-of-date back when I was born. I often think it was a nasty, sadistic streak in both my parents who set me up for an extremely difficult childhood by inflicting this horrible name on me. I might have avoided the beatings in junior high school had I been bigger and stronger, but I was just a puny weakling then, and things haven't changed that much as I grew older, although I put my small size to advantage by wrestling in high school and college. I'm now five feet, six inches tall, and I weigh all of one hundred and thirty pounds.

Luckily for me, I have an extremely strong brain. I'm smart, and that's no wild exaggeration, nor is it braggadocio on my part. I majored in business administration and mathematics in college, graduating magna cum laude before earning an MBA from one of this nation's premier business schools. I went to work in the actuary department of an international insurance firm (you'd know the name but their lawyers tell me I can't use it here), ascending to the department head in less than ten years. I was the youngest VP in company history, and I had nowhere to go but up. I supervised a team of thirteen; there were more in pre-computer days, but computers had made our jobs faster and easier. They weren't easy, mind you, but they were definitely easier.

I knew why each of my employees had been hired—they were all math geniuses—save one, who I often doubted had even attended high school, let alone a university. I inherited her from my predecessor and suspected he took advantage of her many other charms while looking the other way at work. Victoria was truly a beauty. She was five feet ten inches tall and probably weighed 135 pounds. She had a firm body—she certainly showed it off often enough—with big round and firm tits and jutting nipples and a nice round ass. There wasn't a man at the firm who wouldn't give his left nut to fuck her. This is the story of my life once I became involved with Victoria. Fortunately, I have a photographic memory, so I recall these events as though they happened yesterday.

I was just ending my coffee break one Friday morning when Victoria cornered me, "Oh, hi there, Mortimer, I'm going out to eat this evening. Care to join me?" She batted her eyes and shook her big tits in my face.

"Uh, I don't know, Victoria. I'm not sure I should—you know—being your supervisor and all."

"Oh, Mortimer, don't let that bother you. We can pretend we hardly know each other. Tell you what—you pick the restaurant and make it a good and expensive one. Afterward, I'll make it well worth your while—if you know what I mean."

Now, I have never been much of a lady's man. In fact, at the age of 37 (my age at the time), I had been on all six dates in my entire life, and they had all been disasters. Maybe I was desperate, but I agreed, and Victoria told me to pick her up at her place at seven. She gave me the directions, finishing by hinting that if I played my cards right, I'd be invited back after dinner. Seeing nobody, she looked up and down the hall and kissed my cheek as she whispered, "Later."

I was praying for the rest of the day to fly by, so, of course, it dragged—hour by hour, minute by minute, it seemed that the clock stopped and refused to move. Finally, five o'clock came, and I bolted for the door, something I had never done in my prior years with the firm. I drove home and ran into the shower to clean my body and shave. When I had exited and dried myself, I called Le

Cirque for a reservation at eight. It was the city's finest and most expensive restaurant. It's totally French—even the menus. Luckily, I'm fluent.

I arrived at Victoria's at seven on the dot. She was even more beautiful and sexier at home than she was in the office. She wore a short black dress with those real thin straps—I think they call them spaghetti straps. It had a low back and the center front was open almost down to her navel. It was obvious that she wasn't wearing a bra. How those mammoth breasts were being supported was a complete mystery to me, but I sure was enjoying the view.

We arrived at the restaurant just minutes before eight and were shown to our table. It was at the edge of the room, near the windows with a great view of the river. I never had a doubt—the maitre'd is an old friend of mine. We had a wonderful dinner and the conversation was more interesting than I could have imagined. When the check came Victoria turned the other way, "Darling Mortimer, I'd never insult your masculinity by offering to pay, besides you must make twice what I do." I grimaced at being tricked into a \$200 dinner, but pulled out my American Express Platinum card, placing it on the check. We left five minutes later; she was quiet all the way home, but she did invite me in, promising me a "good time."

Victoria closed and bolted the door before leading me to the living room. She kicked off her shoes as she joined me on the couch. I had barely opened my mouth to speak when she covered it with hers. It was definitely the best kiss I'd ever had. Her lips were soft and full and her tongue wended its way into my mouth. We held the kiss for several minutes when she broke it. "Mortimer, why don't you take off your clothes so I can play with you?"

I've had few invitations that enticing. I got up, removed my shoes and socks and hung my suit jacket over the back of a chair, followed shortly by my tie and shirt. I dropped my pants and boxers onto the chair and turned around. I was surprised to find that Victoria was still completely dressed. She was holding a ball of twine. "Uh, Victoria," I asked, "I thought you...?"

"Oh, Mortimer, we're not ready for that. I do so want to play with you, though. Thanks so much for agreeing.

Now come here and spread your legs a bit for me." I walked the four steps to her side and placed my legs about two feet apart. She pushed them about another foot to the side so my thick erection, all six and a half inches of it, and my swollen balls were fully visible and accessible to her. She knelt on the floor and wrapped the twine around my ball sac. Over and over she wrapped it tightly around the sac until she wrapped a strand down between my balls. She continued this way for several more turns—one around, one down—until my balls were completely separated into tight individual compartments. She tied the package off with a knot before turning her attention to my cock.

"Don't worry, my darling Mortimer, I'm going to hurt you a bit, but nothing serious or permanent, and the more you let me do the better your reward will be once we're done playing." She wrapped the first loop tightly around my erection. It hurt quite a bit but I was able to handle it, especially when she told me she was surprised my cock was so big. All told she made six turns before tying off my cock. I would have a rock hard erection all evening. "Just a few more adjustments, Mortimer," she told me as she moved behind me. She distracted me by kissing my cheek as she snapped a pair of cuffs on my wrists. "I wouldn't want you to hurt yourself while we play. It will be so much better this way—trust me!"

Her final "adjustment" came when she pulled a small length of what appeared to be a waxed cord from a drawer as she put the twine away. "What's that, Victoria?"

"This is a piece of glued twine. I'm going to put it under your helmet where it will glue itself in place so it won't come free. My goodness you do worry. I told you I wouldn't do anything permanent to you and I meant it. This will come off with a little alcohol." She pulled the noose tight and, once it was secure, she attached a dog leash to the two loops at the ends of the cord. "You know I've heard that men will follow their penis anywhere. I guess that's true, isn't it? Now come along, Mortimer," she laughed, "not that you have much choice—unless, of course, you want to pull your cock off, and what a shame that would be. It's such a nice cock—much bigger than I imagined. Come along, now."

She pulled me into her bedroom. The bed dominated—a king, I thought. There were the usual dresser and night tables and a large box covered with a sheet or table cloth at the foot of the bed. The bed itself was a four poster and I could see that there were ropes and leather cuffs attached to each of the posts. She pushed me down onto the bed, attaching my ankles to each of the posts at the foot; she uncuffed my wrists and fastened those to the posts at the head. I was spread eagled and helpless. "Uhh, excuse me for asking, but what kind of reward am I getting for this?"

"My goodness, Mortimer, you sure do ask a lot of questions. Well, so far I'd guess I would allow you to masturbate."

"Can't I do that anyway," I asked, totally confused how that could be considered a reward.

"No! You absolutely cannot! You may not even touch your penis unless I say so. OK, I suppose you have to touch it to wash or urinate, but if you so much as touch it for pleasure I'll have to punish you severely. Believe me, Mortimer," she told me seeming suddenly caring and affectionate, "you do not want that. Now to continue our fun." I was having a hard time figuring out how this was "our" fun, but what was I going to do? She brought out a ball gag, placing it at my lips. "Now, Mortimer, you need to be gagged. It wouldn't do for the neighbors to call the police when you start screaming. Open up like a good boy." She buckled it tightly behind my head. She tousled my hair when she was done.

My eyes went wide when she brought out some small C-clamps. She tightened one on my left nipple causing me to groan in pain. After my groan she tightened another quarter turn, causing me real pain and agony. Next was my right nipple where she followed the same procedure. My nipples burned and throbbed from the pain. Then she brought out several dozen clothes pins which she placed onto my chest, abdomen, and penis and scrotum. When they were all attached she told me, "Now for the fun part. I'm going to knock them all off you with this crop. Lie still or I might hit you instead of the clothes pins."

Victoria's aim wasn't very good—either that or she was deliberately missing so she could hurt me during "our fun." As much as the clothes pins hurt when they were attached, the pain of removal was much worse. She started with my chest, moving down toward my cock and balls, each of which had at least eight pins gouging into my skin. I was in agony, but I was pretty sure it was going to get worse. When they were knocked off the pins left small circular red welts. My torso was covered in them. Hopefully they wouldn't turn black and blue. It was a full five minutes before she began striking the first she had stuck to my sensitive abdomen. She swatted wildly, striking my penis several times, either missing the clothes pin entirely or on the follow through. My poor cock was turning purple from the lack of circulation. That's how tightly she had tied me. I was still rock hard, maybe even harder than I had been when all this had started.

When I looked up at Victoria I could see that she was ecstatic. She had somehow removed her dress and was kneeling on the bed in her thigh high stockings and black silk panties. There was a huge wet spot between her legs. I was glad that one of us was having a good time—I certainly wasn't. So far I'd been hurt and told I couldn't even jerk off any more—what could be worse? I was afraid to

even think.

I knew now why she had insisted on the gag. I was screaming into it almost non-stop as she moved to the clothes pins on my hard cock. The pain was more than intense and it was made all the worse when several pins refused to come off. She hit one of them at least eight times, striking my hard penis every time before it finally came loose. Suddenly, Victoria stopped. There were four pins still on my cock and another eight on my scrotum. "Oh, Mortimer, you're being so good for me. Just look at my panties—see how wet I've become. I've already cum once. Just wait 'til I get down to those lovely balls of yours. I'm getting a drink. Would you like one? Oh, silly me—how are you supposed to drink anything with that gag in your mouth?" She patted my head and left.

Five minutes later she reappeared with a tall drink. "Gin and tonic, Mortimer, I bet you'd love one right about now, wouldn't you? Maybe later—we'll see. I have to tell you...alcohol makes my aim worse. I'll probably hurt you even more now. It's a good thing you're gagged. OK, back to the fun." She picked up the crop and resumed swinging; I resumed screaming. It was some fifteen minutes later that she finally removed the final clothes pin. She must have struck me forty times to remove those dozen pins. My cock ached; my balls were swollen and blue. I was in extreme agony. Beads of sweat formed on my face.

"Wow, Mortimer, you gave me more orgasms than anyone I've ever done this to. Now we're going to do something else. I think you'll like this; I know I love it." She removed the restraints from my wrists and recuffed me, this time in front of my body. She helped me up and fastened my wrists to a chain hanging from the ceiling; she locked the cuffs to the chain. Once again I was stretched and helpless, but this time I was vertical. I didn't know if that was good or bad—time would tell.

Victoria brought out a chain that she attached to my nipple clamps. When she added a weight my agony began anew. Every movement caused the weight to sway and pull on one nipple or the other. When she added a second I was afraid she would pull my nipples off. I stood as still as I could on the springy bed. Unfortunately, standing perfectly still was impossible. While I was concentrating on my poor aching nipples Victoria cut the bindings on my balls and cock. The restored flow of blood was reassuring, but the pain was terrible. She rubbed my testicles in what I mistakenly thought was an act of caring. But that idea was quickly wiped from my brain. She hung a large weight from the loop she had placed under my helmet. My cock, already as hard and long as it had been in years, stretched another two inches. Then she attached a circular weight to my scrotum. When she had screwed the pieces together she added two eye bolts and hung additional weights to my ball sac. "What else could go wrong?" I soon found out. She applied some gel to my asshole and pushed in a large butt plug. I could see a cord running from the end—a vibrator—oh, wonderful! It made me shimmy and shake causing the weights to move and sway. When Victoria saw how much I was struggling she added additional weights to each area. My knees buckled and I was hanging by my wrists. She turned out the lights and left me, closing the door and leaving me in total darkness.

I had no idea how long I was hanging there, but my arms and shoulders ached when Victoria finally returned. "Oh, Mortimer I'm so proud of you." She kissed my cheek as she finally began to remove the weights. It was a great relief when the weight was lifted from my balls, but when she opened the nipple clamps, the circulation again caused me to wince and whine. I was crying with tears running down my cheeks. Eventually, Victoria released me and I sank to the bed. She put my head in her lap and massaged my shoulders, rubbed my nipples, and, finally, moved her attention to my groin. My ball sac was sore to the touch and badly swollen; my penis was bruised—turning black and blue.

"You did marvelously, Mortimer. I came five times while we were playing. Now I'm going to give you another chance to satisfy me. Roll over and eat this pussy," She spread her legs and twisted my head. I found my face in her wet sweaty cunt. I'd had absolutely no experience doing this just as I had no experience at any kind of sex—at 37 I was still a virgin. Maybe that's why I had accepted

Victoria's date offer. However, living alone allowed me to watch a ton of porn so I had some idea what to do. I kissed her cunt all over before sticking out my tongue and licking her from asshole to clit. When Victoria moaned in response I knew I was doing something right. I began at the edge of her pussy and moved slowly toward the center. She almost jumped when I licked her slit and again when I pushed my tongue into her tunnel. I fucked that tunnel furiously, almost exhausting my tongue in the process. I moved up to her clit. I used my hand to pull back the hood, exposing the hard red button to my lips and teeth. I sucked hard, pulling it between my teeth. Victoria came hard, flooding my face with her juices. I knew I was done when she pushed my head away. I licked around my face, savoring the taste of her wonderful pussy.

"Mortimer, you certainly are full of surprises. I would have thought you'd be an amateur and now I find you're an experienced cunt licker."

"Actually, Victoria, you were right the first time. Yours is the first pussy I've ever licked."

"Come on, Mortimer, next you'll be telling me you're a virgin."

I turned red with humiliation and Victoria saw it. She immediately pulled her hands to her face. "I'm sorry, Mortimer, I didn't mean to embarrass you."

"It's OK," I replied once I found my voice, "it's not your fault. I've never been very good with women. In fact all my dates have been disasters until tonight."

"Mortimer, that's the sweetest thing anyone's ever said to me. Just for that I'm giving you an extra big reward. Come over here and lie back. I'm going to jerk you off." I settled back on the pillow as Victoria slowly stroked and caressed my bruised organ. I was surprised when it responded immediately, hardening to her touch. Slowly she began to stroke my cock and twist with her right hand while the left rubbed my tender balls. She increased her pace with every stroke and in my excited state it took no time whatsoever for me to come. My first rope shot more than three feet into the air, landing on my chest and neck. The next two were almost as strong and the final three still shot more than a foot into the air. I had never cum so much in my life. All the pain and humiliation were worth it. What an incredible orgasm!

"Don't get too comfortable yet, Mortimer, you still have to clean up this mess. I'll help you. I'll scoop it up and you can lick it off my fingers." I looked at her as if she was crazy, but her stern expression told me she was not. Meekly, I complied. Five minutes later I had consumed my entire ejaculation. It wasn't horrible, but....

"Well, Mortimer, usually I tell my dates to go home now, but I wonder if you'd like to stay the night?"

"That's a great idea. Which side do you want?"

"Oh, Mortimer you're such a joker. You can't stay in my bed. You have to earn that. You can sleep down here." She got up and led me to the foot of the bed. She whipped off the cover and my mouth dropped at least a foot.

"A dog cage? You expect me to sleep in a dog cage?"

"Of course. You'll be close by and I'll know you'll be safe. See, there's a nice pad on the floor and I'll get you a pillow and a blanket. You're not very tall so there will be plenty of room in there for you, but first I'm going to lock you up." She went to the closet, retrieved something, and pulled me to the side of the bed. She pulled my balls and cock through a plastic ring, slid my cock into a plastic sleeve and locked it with a padlock. I stood there dumbfounded. She must have seen the expression on my

face because she continued, "If we're going to see each other I need to be sure you're saving all your sexual energy for me. No masturbation, ever, unless I say so. Of course, you can just go home and we'll never see each other again. It's your choice." Reluctantly I climbed into the dog cage. She gave me a small blanket, a half-size pillow, and a kiss on the forehead. She closed and locked the door behind me. "Good night, sweetie. I can't wait to play with you some more tomorrow."

Part Two

The dog cage wasn't all that uncomfortable, but it wasn't a bed, either. It looked to be about four feet long by three high and wide. I was able to lie with my back straight if I bent my legs. I found the chastity device somewhat uncomfortable but I was exhausted after everything that had happened tonight. I fell asleep easily and slept through until I heard Victoria open the door. She led me to the bathroom where she removed the device and rubbed my cock to restore circulation. She led me to the toilet where she held it, saying, "Go ahead, pee and then we can take a shower. I'm holding mine for later." This was really humiliating, but, once again, I thought I had no choice so after a few agonizing minutes I began to pee. Victoria did an excellent job of aiming so I had to assume she had some prior experience. She shook it a few times, wiped with a tissue and flushed. She led me to the large shower stall where she joined me as she adjusted the water. It was a bit hotter than I usually like but she either didn't notice or didn't care. I tried to grab the soap but she stopped me, telling me to kneel. She stood over me and I learned why she was "holding it." She pissed over my head and chest. When I looked up she had a huge grin as if to say "Gotcha!" At least she hadn't asked me to drink it. That would come later, I'd learn.

I didn't think it was that big a deal—we were in the shower and it was pouring over me so I was cleaned off seconds later. I rose when she was done and now took the soap. I rubbed it over her back and ass before moving down to clean her legs. I hesitated when she turned around. Her nipples were right at eye level. I wanted to reach out and lick them, so I did. Victoria responded with a knee to my balls. "I decide when you do that, not you. Now behave yourself or go home." I apologized and got back to cleaning her. As I knelt to clean her legs she pulled my hair and face into her pussy. "This you can lick. Do a good job and then I'll let you buy me breakfast."

I ate her hot pussy with gusto, fucking her with my tongue and finding her G-spot and rubbing it furiously with my tongue as I rubbed her clit with my fingers. When I sucked hard on her clit she lost her footing and slid to the shower floor as her body shook wildly.

I took her out to breakfast once we had toweled dry and dressed. We went to a fancy buffet brunch held every weekend at the local country club. I wasn't a member but the brunch was open to anyone who could afford the exorbitant prices. After brunch we returned to her apartment. I didn't know what to expect—should I strip in anticipation of another session or wait and follow her lead. I decided to follow Victoria who just sat silently until almost one. I assumed she was thinking of how to torment me later in the day and I was right. I could almost see the light bulb in her head when she jumped up and told me she wanted to play. I returned my clothes to the chair and stood naked awaiting her orders.

She removed me from the chastity device and led me by the string still glued to my cock to the bedroom. Once there she tied the twine around my ball sac but this time there was only a single loop tied into the middle of about a fifteen foot long piece. She had me stand in the middle of the bed while she tied one end to the right side post at the head of the bed. The other she tied to the left side post at the foot, pulling the cord tight. I was stuck between the two. Matters got worse when she tied another loop around my sac, the ends going to the opposite posts. I stood there trembling in the

middle of a tight “X” knowing that any movement in any direction would bring me extreme pain, if not permanent damage to my reproductive organs. Victoria stood by laughing at my predicament, going so far as to shake the bed.

I didn’t know if she took pity on me or if she had some other torture in mind, but she climbed onto the bed and cuffed my hands to the chains from the ceiling. I learned quickly enough that it was the latter when she began to paddle my ass. I now had two big problems—the burning pain in my ass and the strain on my balls every time she walloped me.

Victoria continued this for almost an hour until she tired of the game. Then she released my balls—Thank God!—and lowered my hands. I shook my arms and shoulders to restore the circulation and ease my muscles. My balls were swollen again from the abuse they had taken. She gave me a brief rest while she set up for the next fun episode.

This was one of the simplest but also one of the hardest on me. She cuffed my hands behind my back and my ankles together. She tied a rope to the rings in my ankle restraints and looped in over the short chain between the cuffs. Then she pulled the two together so my hands and ankles were together. The problem here was that I wasn’t able to balance unless I bent over backwards, and to make things even worse she tied a cord onto the loop at the end of my cock and ran it to the chains overhead. I knew now that if I fell over I’d probably rip my cock off. She left me like this for two hours. I was invited to stay overnight again but I had to decline. I always took almost a full day’s work home on the weekends and I hadn’t done a lick. I needed all day Sunday to complete it.

I met with Victoria every weekend for six months and she brutalized me every single time. Why would I go through this agony over and over? Good fucking question! There’s a saying that bad sex is better than no sex and in my case I’d never had any so I was willing to go through hell to get some. During this period I must have given Victoria hundreds of orgasms while I received two a week, usually by my hand or hers, but it was the excitement and thrill that drove me back week after week. Then I asked Victoria to marry me. What was I thinking?

Part Three

I would have thought that Victoria would want a big wedding, but—no. We were married in a private ceremony on a Friday afternoon in city hall. Bureau clerks were our witnesses. I drove home eagerly anticipating finally fucking Victoria. She did not disappoint, pulling me to the bedroom as soon as we were home. We had moved into my family’s generations old estate, a large Victorian home on more than ten acres. As soon as we had stripped she bound my cock and balls tightly with that damned ball of twine. She then encased my cock in a condom and pushed me back onto the bed. She sat on my cock with no foreplay and, worse, she rode me backwards so all I could see was her back. She rode me to three orgasms before moving off me. The twine had ensured a lasting erection, but it had also made it impossible for me to cum.

I had hoped that Victoria’s attitude and behavior would change once we were married and it turned out that I was right—it changed for the worse. After messing up my first ever episode of fucking she pulled me up and cuffed my hands to the chains she had installed only earlier that week. I found myself barely able to reach the bed and that changed when she attached my ankles to a three-foot spreader bar. “You didn’t satisfy me, Mortimer. I only had three orgasms. Now I’m going to have fun with you until I have five more. She went to the bed table and pulled out the dreaded ball gag, fastening it securely behind my head. Now I was totally immobilized and gagged, my bound cock and balls sticking straight out from my body. I cringed when Victoria returned from her closet with an old fashioned automobile antenna.

She whipped my poor cock repeatedly with the antenna. I screamed into the gag the entire time she hit me. Every fifth or sixth blow was directed to my balls. I could see them turning black and blue as they swelled to more than double their original size. Finally, after more than forty five minutes she stopped and let me down. I fell into a heap on the bed unable to stop the tears. "Go ahead," Victoria told me, "jerk off; that's all you're good for, but don't disrespect me by telling me you can't. I'm locking you up in ten minutes so that's all the time you have. Now get at it." She left me and I could hear the shower running. My poor cock was too tender to even touch, but I found I was able to stroke it if I used a condom. I managed to cum with only seconds to go on my ten minute limit. Victoria examined the condom, turned it inside out and shoved it into my mouth.

The next day the movers came with her stuff. I wasn't expecting much—she only had a one-bedroom apartment. Nonetheless I was dumbstruck to see them unload the dog cage and place it in our bedroom. I gave Victoria a questioning look to which she responded, "Being married doesn't change anything. That's where you'll be sleeping—where I can control you every second and know you're safe. You're still not ready to share my bed." I turned around dejected, already sorry I had ever gotten involved with Victoria.

Also delivered that Saturday was a small parcel from FedEx; I had never seen Victoria smile so broadly. I smiled until she opened it and showed it to me. It was a custom cock cage, one without a padlock; it had what Victoria called "high-security screws." It was like a jail for my cock complete with bars. Victoria loved it; I hated it. She removed it the next day—Sunday—when we began our honeymoon to Hawaii for three weeks. However, once we had cleared airport security she steered me to one of those family bathrooms and locked me up again.

I managed to fuck her three times on the honeymoon, but Victoria had sex much more often. Not only did I lick her to an average of four orgasms a day, but Victoria often disappeared from the pool or beach for an hour or more in the middle of the day. One afternoon I could see cum dripping down her leg. I said and did nothing. What good would it do?

The sex during our honeymoon matched our initial coupling. She bound my cock and balls, encased my cock in a condom and rode me, exposing only her back and ass to my eyes. I was permitted to jerk off after she was done. I could see she was frustrated—she could only beat me so much in the public hotel. She could hardly wait to get home to give me the brutal beating she thought I so richly deserved.

As if things weren't bad enough she really let me have it on the drive home from the airport. "You know, Mortimer that I believe things should be earned; so don't think that just because we're married you're going to be fucking me every night. I'm establishing a point system. You'll need 100 points to fuck me and you'll get three for every orgasm you give me. Since I'm a generous person I'll include the ones I give myself while I'm having "fun" with you. Of course, you'll lose five points every time you complain or whine about how I'm being unfair."

"Victoria, you have got to be kidding!"

"There you go—minus five. Oh, yeah, one more thing—points only last for the month they earned in. At the end of the month they will all expire." When I looked at her disgustedly she simply said, "minus ten—you're not off to a very good start are you?"

Needless to say I did not fuck Victoria very often, only once in the five months we had been married and I had to trick her to do it. Victoria had several times told me that she was much stronger than me and that she could overcome me to get her way with me (unfortunately, her way only meant beating my cock, balls, or body). So, one Saturday morning I baited her into a wrestling match. I

cleared the furniture from the living room and we squared off. It took me all of fifteen seconds to take her down and another ten to get her into a “small package.” The “small package” is a hold I used very successfully when I wrestled in high school and college. I had my left arm around her neck and my right around her right knee. Once I was able to clasp my wrists she was a goner. “How long did you say you were going to pin me, Victoria?”

“Ugh, I didn’t say, but you’re going to have to do it for ten seconds and you’ll never hold me down that long.”

“Really? That’s pretty strong talk for someone in your position.” I leaned her back and counted to thirty, telling her I didn’t want her to claim a foul afterwards. “Give up, Victoria?” I let her go once she had nodded. I pulled her up and led her straight to the bedroom where I ripped off the few clothes she was wearing and jumped on top of her. She cried and whined about not using a condom but I gave her no mercy, “It’s OK, we’re married, you know. Maybe we’ll get lucky and you’ll get pregnant.” I rammed my cock into her pussy, surprised to see it so wet and ready. Victoria was really tight today, perhaps due to her fear of pregnancy. I would have liked her to have moved with me, but all she did was lie there, making it as miserable for me as possible. All the same, I came almost immediately, the result of months of denial.

Part Four

I went to the gym after work almost every day and I invited Victoria to join me. She declined, claiming she had “girl stuff” to do. “Girl stuff” must take a lot of time; Victoria was rarely home when I arrived around 6:30. I hired the city’s finest private detective; two weeks later he had all the details—pictures, video, a record of all their trysts at their favorite hotel and everything. I put the large envelope in my safe at work.

Everything came to a head on a Tuesday evening in March when Victoria told me she was bringing a friend home on Friday evening. “Oh, do I know her,” I asked innocently.

“It’s not a her—it’s a him. I have needs, Mortimer—needs you don’t seem able to fulfill. It’s not my fault you can’t get points fast enough to fuck me.”

I laughed, “Victoria, you created that idiotic system to keep me from fucking you, and I have to hand it to you, it has worked perfectly. Where am I going to be while you’re fucking this guy?”

“Right where you belong—in your cage. I want you to see how a real man fucks a woman. I’ll cuff you and you’ll be in your cock cage, helpless as always. Now not another word from you!”

I let things go as if I was actually as helpless as Victoria believed until Thursday evening as she was locking me into my cage for the night. “I think we need to take both cars to work tomorrow. I have to leave work early to see Dr. Powell. He said something about my prostate. I don’t know how long it will take.”

Victoria just grunted her disgust before telling me, “You’d better be here before seven when my friend is going to arrive. I want you right where you are now, except I’m going to cuff you so you’ll be under better control.”

The following afternoon I returned home—no doctor’s appointment; he agreed to cover for me thinking I was giving Victoria a big surprise. I took her keys from her jewelry box, taking the time to photograph exactly how she had placed them. I went to a locksmith and had duplicates made and

returned home. I replaced the keys exactly as they were when I had taken them. I practiced removing the cuffs from behind my back until I was reasonably proficient. I hid the keys under the pad in the cage, called Victoria to tell her I was home early a little woozy from a shot I had received. I removed my special surprise from my locked desk drawer, hiding it under the bed, and lay on the couch awaiting her arrival.

True to her word Victoria arrived early, stripped me and cuffed my wrists behind my back. She pushed me into the cage and locked it. Then she unlocked it, pulled me to the door and put the hated ball gag into my mouth. She locked the cage and went to the shower. She dressed in a slinky black negligee and thigh high stockings, also black with black heels—all things I'd never seen her in before.

Lover boy arrived exactly on time. Thanks to the detective I knew exactly who he was—Paul Blackman, a local businessman who was almost a foot taller than I was and was quite successful in real estate and development. He walked into the bedroom with Victoria and laughed, "So this is the husband—what a pathetic loser. Gonna watch me fuck your wife? Ha ha, I'll bet I've fucked her more times in the past month than you have, but that's no bet. I know you haven't fucked her at all while I've done it almost every afternoon. Ha ha, look at the helpless pathetic little cuckoo. C'mon cuckold, cluck for us, chicken boy. This is really too much. Let's go, Victoria, I'm really horny tonight."

He threw his jacket on top of the cage but Victoria moved it telling him she wanted me to see everything. They laughed together about my plight. Meanwhile, I had already removed the cuff from my left wrist. The right followed seconds later. The bars in the cage were only two inches apart, but my hands and fingers are small. I held the lock with my left hand and tried the key with the right. It took about a minute for me to open it, but the lovers were so taken up with each other that they noticed nothing. I snuck out the door, reached for my pistol, a .22 caliber target gun I was extremely accomplished with, and racked the slide, driving a shell into the chamber.

Lover boy must have been in the armed forces because he stopped as soon as he heard the pistol in action. "Don't do anything stupid," I told him, "and I won't have to shoot you. Just imagine, I came home and found my wife in my bed with another man and went crazy, killing both. I will shoot if I have to but I'd just as soon not and I won't if you follow my instructions."

"What do you want?"

"Smart boy, Paul." They both started at that. "Yes, I know all about you and my loving wife. I have pictures, video, and all kinds of other information. I wonder what your wife would think if she were to see you in action. What would the good people at your church think? You're a deacon, aren't you? If anything were to happen to me it would all become public anyway once the police search my office at work so you have nothing to gain by trying to hurt me. Look down by the bedposts. See those restraints? There's one for each of Victoria's limbs. Make sure they're tight. I wouldn't want them to come off."

It took about ten minutes for Paul to secure Victoria and then it was decision time, "Well, Paul, decision time for you—pick up your clothes and go, forgetting that you were ever involved with this slut, or watch me fuck Victoria from the cage here."

"I'll go and I'll forget about her. She's not that great a lay anyway." I stepped back away from him as he gathered his clothes and walked to the door. I followed at a distance of about fifteen feet. "Get dressed in your car and consider yourself lucky. I'm an expert shot; I could have taken you out at any time." To prove my point I fired and grazed his heel. He left in pain and I bolted the door behind him, returning to my wife who was seething in anger at me.

“OK, Victoria, where’s the key to this chastity monstrosity?” Victoria gritted her teeth in her silence. “You know, I’m going to get the key eventually. Why not save yourself a world of pain?”

“You don’t have the balls to hurt me, loser. I’ll take care of you when I get free.”

“OK, Victoria, have it your way.” I walked the short distance to my workshop in the garage, finding what I was looking for almost immediately; it was a wooden dowel three quarters of an inch in diameter and about three feet long. It was left over from a project I had done a few months BV—Before Victoria. I tapped her feet once I returned to the bedroom. “Last chance,” I told her. When she refused to cooperate I forced a ring gag into her mouth. Now her mouth was forced open, but she could barely make a sound.

I moved to her feet and I think that Victoria realized for the first time what was about to occur. I reared back and smacked the sole of her foot with the dowel. She screamed so I hit her again. I had read that the Japanese had used this form of torture with great success in World War II. I hit her sole again...and again,...and again. Finally, through her sobs Victoria broke down. I removed the gag and she told me—a shelf in the bathroom closet. Ten minutes later I was free—I’d never again agree to use something like this. I returned to Victoria.

“Well, well, what’s that old saying? Oh yes, ‘the best laid plans’.... Sorry to have spoiled yours, Victoria, but I think I just accumulated 500 points and I plan to use them all tonight—before they expire. Oh yeah, guess where you’ll be sleeping tonight?” I rammed my cock into her as brutally as I could. There was nothing loving about this sex—it was revenge, pure and simple. After I came I rested until I was able to get hard then I rammed into her again. This time she wasn’t quite so wet. I knew it hurt her—so what? Her pussy was raw by the time I finished.

I loosened one of her leg restraints and locked it to the other, hobbling Victoria on an eight inch chain. I cuffed her right wrist and loosened her left, turning her over to cuff her arms behind her back. I gagged her with the ball gag and released her from the bed, dragging her to the cage. I laughed aloud as she tried to find a comfortable position. I gave her no pillow or blanket. Then I opened the window to allow the cool evening breeze into the room. By morning it would be downright cold. I slept extremely well that evening.

First thing I did when I woke was to release Victoria and take her to the bathroom. I stood there and watched her pee and shit. I made a feeble pretense at wiping her butt and returned her to the cage, pushing her in with a foot to the butt. After locking her in I went to my office and got online. I had some ideas of what to do with my wonderful wife. I checked some sites and bought what I thought might be useful. I paid plenty for expedited delivery. I also sat at the computer and typed a letter I would force Victoria to write and sign later in the weekend when she was hungrier and thirstier. This is what I wrote and I thought it was really pretty good:

Dear loser Mortimer,

I’ve had enough of your loser life. I’ve been cheating on you almost every day since before we got married you suck ass loser. I’m going away with my lover and I’ll never see you again. Thank God. Tell those losers at the company that they can take their loser job and shove it. Don’t look for me loser. I’m never coming back to you—ever.

Your loving (ha ha) wife, Victoria.

This would explain Victoria’s disappearance from the community and from work. I wasn’t going to kill her—what fun would that be? But I definitely did have big plans for her. I went back to the bedroom, pulled her onto the bed and beat her feet again until she howled into the gag. I didn’t have

a reason—I just felt like doing it and I felt good—really, really good.

You're probably wondering why I would subject myself to Victoria's brutal beatings. Well, let's face it, I'm naturally submissive. How else would anyone explain my lack of dates or sexual experience? I'm generally too shy and too submissive to meet women. As to Victoria's point plan for sex—for the first two months I must have been delusional—I actually thought I'd earn enough points to fuck her. Week 1 I gave her 56 orgasms either through my mouth or the beatings she administered. Fifty six times three is one hundred and sixty eight. My net total for the week was twenty three. Victoria took off points for everything I did including breathing at the wrong time. I'm not kidding about that! Week 2, I gave her fifty four orgasms for one hundred and sixty two points—my net was seventeen. After two weeks I had earned more than three hundred and she credited me with forty. So eventually I actually refused to play; it infuriated her. Twice she tried to force me by jumping on me, but my wrestling training enabled me to turn the tables on her. I wore the chastity device for my own protection—striking my cock was much more difficult while surrounded by stainless steel. I would let her “play” only when I needed some release...when I needed to jerk off.

Now Victoria was my prisoner and that was where she would stay. Late Saturday afternoon I traded her—food and water for writing the letter. She threw it at me when she was done. I gave her some leftover liverwurst (she hated liverwurst) and a small bottle of water. Then I locked her in the cage again. I went to the basement and took some measurements before calling a local contractor; he told me he could deliver the goods in a week. I called a plumbing supply house and ordered a stainless sink/toilet combination like the ones you might find in a prison.

On Monday morning I trudged into work a broken man. I was almost crying when I went to see my boss. I had been the envy of all the males in the building as Victoria's husband, but now I showed Peter her letter. My eyes were red, presumably from crying but in reality from rubbing when I asked for the week off. I needed time to put my life back together—that's what I told everyone. I got a lot of sympathy from the men. The women just cursed my bitch wife for being such a slut.

When I returned home I found the FedEx man waiting—I had to sign the delivery slip. Much of my order had arrived. Who says money doesn't talk? I had paid a steep premium but now I had most of what I would need. I went to Victoria. “After today you won't need to wear cuffs any longer. Isn't that great?” I pulled her from the cage and bound her elbows together behind her back before I removed the cuffs. She now had very limited use of her hands, but not for long. I put her hands into the large rubber gloves, tightened the belts and locked them in place. When I removed the leather strap from her elbows Victoria was able to see her new puppy paws. “Victoria, how do you like your new paws? That's right, you're going to be my new pet, but Victoria is too long a name for a pet so I'll just call you Vickie.” She glared at me—she hated the name Vickie. The next thing I put on her was her collar—not just any collar mind you. This was a special training collar that would give her one hell of a shock when I pushed the little button on my remote.

Victoria was extremely proud of her long lustrous black hair. She brushed it every evening and again every morning. It had to go; it was too much work for me. “Well, Vickie, my little puppy, time to go to the groomer. Puppy needs a clipping. I pulled out my new home haircut tool with the half inch comb attached. I took her outside by a leash attached to her collar, restricted her movement by tying the leash close to the table and sheared away her hair. Victoria cried like a baby, but it broke her spirit. When I was done she had a short do, exactly one half inch long all over her head. I was thrilled; it looked absolutely terrible.

I installed the sink/toilet combo in the basement near a laundry tub. Then I bolted two-by-fours into the concrete floor forming a rectangle six by eight feet. I added two-by-fours to the ceiling beams exactly matching the boards I had installed below. On Friday the welder delivered the wrought iron

pieces I had ordered. I had him drop off everything by the exterior door where I could easily bring everything down to what would become Vickie's new home. The first piece was three feet wide. I placed it against the wall and screwed it into the two-by-fours I had installed. I added the second piece and then turned the corner for the third. Soon enough I had built a kennel for my pet. There was a door in the center that I would secure with a heavy duty padlock. I put a delightful large doggie bed on the floor, added an old pillow, and a blanket. Then I added the final item—my new pet. She cried when she saw her new home. I had no sympathy for her whatsoever. She was getting better than she deserved—I would be responsible for her care for the rest of her life, or mine (whichever ended first).

Part Five

One of my first jobs when I returned to work was to find a replacement for my wife, as if anyone could possibly replace her. I read through more than a hundred resumes and interviewed twenty, asking four to come back for a second. These candidates were really good—much better than Victoria on her best day. One candidate stood out from the crowd. She had an excellent resume, prior experience with a competitor, and most importantly—in the second interview she flirted with me shamelessly. She wasn't all that much to look at. Her face was relatively plain and her hair—in pigtails in the interview—was mousy brown. Her body, all five foot two of it, on a scale of one to ten might have made a four, but the whole package was surprisingly pleasing. I gave her the job. Sandra worked her way into the team seamlessly and I was congratulated for making a great hire.

Sandy had been on the job about a month when she came to my office at the end of the week. She was almost in tears. I came around the desk to sit next to her. She breathlessly confessed having a huge crush on me, telling me she was terribly unhappy being so close to me but unable to be with me. She was afraid she would have to quit, that's how much it was affecting her. I was overcome by her honesty after dealing with Victoria's duplicity. I kissed her. It was gentle and chaste at first but it evolved into a long and passionate kiss, tongues dueling and exploring each other's mouths. I followed her home to her modest apartment. I met her dog, a big Doberman, and I had an evil idea. We ordered pizza delivery. We sat and talked and watched TV and then we fucked. It was absolutely glorious, everything that sex with Victoria wasn't. We kissed tenderly, holding and caressing each other. Her skin was not perfect, but it was wonderfully smooth and sensitive. She led my hand to her cunt, encouraging me to rub and finger her. She was wet and hot. She reached for my cock and found it hard and ready. Sandy pushed my head to her breast, encouraging me to suckle before she climbed on top of me and lowered herself onto my cock.

Oh God, it was incredible—hot, wet, and very, very tight—as she ground her clit into me over and over. We moved together in an act of love and desire and need. Suddenly she stopped; I could see her body tremble before her orgasm hit her hard. I kept driving into her until I felt my balls clench and I came again and again flooding her womb in baby cream. We lay back holding each other and kissing until we fell asleep still in each other's arms.

Here was the incongruity: I married a woman who was a '10' but whose sex was a '4' at best; I just had sex with a woman who was a '4' but whose sex was at least a '10.' Of course, Victoria was a sadistic control freak who got off on inflicting pain, whereas Sandy was a pliable giving person. Looking at her the next day I noticed that her breasts were different sizes, but it didn't matter to me. I saw that she had some acne on her back, but that didn't matter either. She had loads of imperfections, but don't we all? Sandy's were on the surface; Victoria's were inside. Give me the exterior ones any day.

When we rose in the morning we headed to the bathroom where we peed in the toilet, not on each other, before we showered together. Again, Sandy showed herself to be a giving person, tending to me—placing me ahead of herself. I was learning a lot, a hell of a lot from this woman.

After the shower she led me back to her bed. We kissed, something I had rarely done with Victoria, and held each other. “Uh, Sandy, I didn’t use a condom.” She shushed me, telling me, “I’m on the pill, you silly boy, but having your child has a certain appeal. Maybe someday....”

I kissed her harder then and hugged her, crushing her breasts before she pushed me away. “I read about you in one of my management classes. I thought you were incredible then. And now I’m actually working for you. It’s hard to believe.”

“Yes, and now it’s even better—I’m here in your bed, naked, with a rock hard cock. God—what you do to me.”

“I know what I am, Morty—do you mind if I call you that? It’s so much cuter than Mortimer.” I smiled so she continued, “I’m not beautiful or sexy looking. My boobs don’t match and my skin has acne. I need to be outgoing and giving—I loved giving it to you last night. It was the best ever. You’re such a great lover.”

I tried to live up to that billing over the next hour, eating her delicious juicy pussy to four or five orgasms—I lost count somewhere. I moved her onto her hands and knees before entering her from behind, fucking her like a dog. Sandy moved back as I moved forward driving my cock deep into her cunt. I’d always wanted this, but, of course, Victoria had refused every time. Now with Sandy I was living a big part of my dream. I pulled out and came all over her back—she asked me to rub it in. I was happy to oblige. When we were done I kissed her and told her I had to go home, but I would return to take her to dinner.

I had been working with my new pet for more than a month and her training had progressed beautifully. As a dog she could not speak; I required her to “woof.” One meant yes; two meant no. I had also bought her several pairs of industrial strength knee pads. She reared onto those pads when I appeared in the basement. Was she happy to see me? I had to take her outside to relieve herself. There was the toilet but that was for emergencies only. I leashed her and led her to the back yard. The yard was more than an acre and completely fenced with a high concrete wall. My nearest neighbor was more than a quarter mile away. I had installed a large eye bolt into almost 200 pounds of concrete at ground level, adding a twenty foot long steel cable to use as a dog run. I clipped Vickie’s collar to the cable and let her free.

I did this with her on most good weather days, just as I would with a real dog. I had also built her a dog house that would protect her from the weather if it started to rain. She ran on all fours to a section of the lawn, squatted and moved her bowels, just like a real dog. She returned to me and I petted her head. “Did you miss me last night?”

“Woof.”

“Did the feeder give you enough for your dinner?” I had installed an automatic feeder for situations like this.

“Woof.”

“Did you need to use the toilet?”

“Woof, woof.”

“What a good puppy you are becoming. I think I may have a nice surprise for you, but not yet. I need to see how things go. I met a girl at work—your replacement, actually—and spent the night with her. It was really nice. I got to sleep in her bed, not in a dog cage. Incidentally, our divorce came through yesterday.” She lowered her head and frowned. “Don’t do that, puppy. You had your chance and you blew it. Bad enough fucking some other man, but bringing him home and making me watch was too much. It would have been much better if you had let me fuck you, but that’s ancient history now, isn’t it?”

“Woof,” she said sadly. I left her there while I attended to some chores in the house. I brought Vickie back to her cage and fed her, petted her head, and left. Sandy was waiting for me dressed for a fancy dinner. “Wow,” I told her, “now I’ll have to take you someplace special.” I took her to Le Cirque.

I dated Sandy heavily for several months when she asked me, “Morty, why haven’t you ever taken me to your house? I know you have a really nice one. Is there something wrong?”

“No,” I replied, “everything is wonderful. I just had to be sure that I could trust you. C’mon, now’s as good a time as any. I drove her to my house and we went straight to the basement. “Sandy, meet my pet—my former wife Victoria, now my puppy Vickie.” She looked at Victoria, turned to me, and laughed. She laughed and laughed. “So this is what happened to the famous bitch everyone hates at work. Morty, this is so precious. Can I take her for a walk?”

I opened the kennel and Vickie came out. I hooked the leash to her collar and up the exterior steps we went to the back yard. Sandy walked Vickie around the yard twice. I could see her talking to Vickie but all Vickie returned was an occasional woof. I locked her to the cable and Sandy and I went inside to fuck. I threw her onto my bed—she noticed the chains on the ceiling immediately. “What’s this, Morty?” I explained how Victoria liked to play with me—how she tortured me, made me sleep in a dog cage, and worse, about her insidious point system for fucking. I told her how her abuse of my body would bring her so many orgasms. Sandy was really pensive as I explained all of this.

“Why would you let her do this to you? Are you a masochist?”

“No, I’m not. Part of it had to do with trying to fuck her, but mostly it happened because I’m pretty submissive.”

“Really?” she asked. “Would you submit to me? I wouldn’t torture you, but I would punish you if you misbehaved or were disobedient. You must have a cock cage here. I’m sure she controlled your orgasms.”

I couldn’t believe where this conversation was going and I wasn’t sure that I wanted to be submissive to a woman after the problems I’d had with Victoria. “I like you, Sandy—a lot, but I had such a negative experience with Victoria I don’t know if I could ever serve a woman again, at least not like I served Victoria. I’m just not all that trusting.”

“That’s OK, Morty, I understand; it was just a thought. I’m having a lot of fun with you as things are.” We began to kiss as our clothing found its way to the floor. When we were completely naked we groped each other fervently. We couldn’t get enough of each other. She pushed me onto my back, taking my cock into one hand, my balls into the other. “I could hurt you, Morty. I could squeeze these things really hard, but I know you trust me and you know I’d never hurt you. All I want is to give you incredible pleasure and that’s what I’m going to do. She began to squeeze my balls and as she did she stroked my cock firmly and slowly. My balls began to react; they were hurting now as Sandy began to stroke me faster. She was right—the feeling was incredible. When

she squeezed hard the pain caused me to erupt, shooting rope after rope of white cum more than three feet into the air.

“Did you like that, Morty?” I nodded. “That’s what I thought. I think your experiences with Victoria have conditioned you to associate your pleasure with pain—you’ve become a pain slut. You need it, maybe not every time, but you definitely want to be hurt.”

“Yes, you’re right; that was the best orgasm I’ve had in months. How did you know?”

“Just a guess, just as I think you’d benefit tremendously from being in chastity. Cumming once a week or less would make the experience much more intense and much more pleasurable for you. You’ve been conditioned that way, too, I expect.”

“So, what should I do?”

“Well, I already offered to dominate you, but you’re not ready so I think you should do nothing until you’re ready. That day may never come and if it doesn’t it won’t kill me. I’m not the kind of domme who must control. I’d like and enjoy it but I’ll be happy just being with you.”

I was feeling guilty about the fantastic orgasm I’d had while she had nothing. “Can I take care of you?” She shook her head, telling me “later.” She lay down, her head on my shoulder. I told her of my plan for Vickie. She chuckled and suggested Friday so we could do it all weekend long if we wanted. That meant I would have some work to do before then.

Rex, Sandra’s Doberman was a well trained and behaved dog. He had been told to “Sit’ and “Stay” at the top of the cellar stairs and that’s where he was when we left the bedroom. Sandy told him to stand and I took a measurement. The three of us went to my workshop where I made some drawings for Sandy to review. She made a few suggestions and I calculated what lumber I would need. I started the project Sunday morning. By Thursday night it was done. I moved it out to the back yard, covered it with a tarp, and went to bed.

I hadn’t seen Sandy all week, but we had plans to get together Friday evening. She went to her condo to pick up Rex and I went home to plan for the fun and to organize our cook out. I got Vickie from her kennel just as Sandy arrived. I showed her the apparatus and moved her onto it. It was a padded wedge with the high end for her knees and hips and the low end for her head. It was placed on a wide piece of plywood which held several eye bolts for securing her wrists and ankles. I put her into it, tied off her leash to keep her head still and secured her wrists and ankles. The placement of her ankles opened her pussy and ass for assault. Rex approached her warily, sniffing her pussy as Vicki woofed twice, telling me “no.” I replied, “Relax and enjoy it; it’s probably the only sex you’ll ever get.”

Rex licked Vickie’s cunt making it wet and hot. His rough tongue stimulated Vickie to her first orgasm. It didn’t take very long. Now we were ready for the main event. Sandy pulled Rex away while I put the booties she had made onto his front paws. These were leather socks for lack of a better term which would cover his front paws while he fucked Vickie. Without them his claws could seriously cut and damage her. We both wanted this to be a pleasurable experience for both of them.

Once the booties were in place we led Rex back to his bitch. Vickie was still going “woof woof,” but I ignored her. We lifted Rex’s front paws to help him mount Vickie. I figured we would only have to do this once as he would recognize his bitch in the future and mate with her. Rex was excited; I could see his huge red cock slide from its sheath as he thrust madly. He made several wild misses before he hit home. Vickie reacted with a huge groan, even forgetting her training and speaking, “it’s too big; it’s too big. Please, don’t...ohhhhh, fuck!” I smacked her with my hand, reminding her, “You’re a

dog.”

“Woof,” was her response. Watching Rex pound her pussy made Sandy and me really horny. I pushed her onto the picnic table and ripped her panties from her body. I had just entered her steaming cunt when I heard Vickie scream; Rex had knotted her, sealing his cum into her cunt. He remained fairly still until he began a series of extremely quick short strokes. I’ve never seen any animal fuck like a dog, moving almost as fast as the eye can see. He was hammering Vickie’s cunt until he came—her cunt was flooded with his sperm, so much so that a great deal of it leaked out in spite of the knot. Vickie was groaning like I’d never heard her. She was an orgasmic wreck.

As Rex and Vickie waited for the knot to subside Sandy and I were just getting into it. I couldn’t remember ever being so long or hard, that’s how turned on I was. Sandy had her hands behind my neck as we moved together faster and faster, her legs wrapped around my waist. Looking into her eyes I could see the need—dreadful powerful need, the same need I was feeling. Our bodies met in a violent thrashing as we both came—hard! We moved together again and again and every time I blew my hot white semen deep into her, bathing her womb in my baby making cream. We were covered in sweat when we broke apart. Rex came to us a minute later. I hastened to Vickie and removed her restraints. “Get over there and clean his cock, puppy. Do it now and I’ll let you fuck him again.” Vicki scuttled to Rex, stroked his sheath, and licked and sucked his cock clean of her juices and his remaining cum. I fastened Vickie’s lead to the dog run. As she lay on the cool grass to rest, Rex walked over to her and licked his cum from her pussy.

I got the grill going, kissed Sandy, and went to speak with Vickie. “Did you like that, puppy?”

“WOOF!”

I’m glad. Even you can use some sex once in a while. With those paws you can’t even masturbate, can you?”

“Woof, woof.” Well, I think Rex likes you so I’m pretty sure he’ll try again. Did the wedge help you handle him?”

“Woof.”

“Good, now I have to fix our dinner. If you promise to be good I’ll remove your paws so you can use your hands to eat. Would you like that?” Her response surprised me, “Woof, woof.”

I fixed the burgers—six of them including two for Rex and one for Vickie. I broke them up and put them in dog bowls. Rex pushed his bowl to Vickie when she had finished hers. Rex let Vickie eat from his bowl—how interesting. I guess males will follow their cocks anywhere. Rex started sniffing Vickie’s cunt a few minutes later; Vickie rose to all fours, her head on the grass to encourage him. He needed no help coupling with her this time. His thrusts pushed Vickie all over the lawn as she moaned and groaned in her rapture. “Looks like two sets of lovers,” Sandy said to me as she ran her fingers through my hair and kissed me.

That night as I put Vickie back into her kennel Rex was pacing outside impatiently. Vickie put her face to the bars and whined, “woooof.”

“Are you trying to tell me something, puppy?”

“Woof.”

“Would you like company tonight? Is that it?”

"Woof!" I opened the door and Rex ran in, kissing Vickie's face. She smiled and woofed several times as she led Rex to her doggie bed. They lay down together as Vickie encircled Rex with her arms. I was actually touched.

I went upstairs, showered again with Sandy and climbed into bed naked. She was about to kiss me when I stopped her. I held up one of the wrist restraints; she knew immediately what I wanted. She buckled the restraints around my wrists and pulled them tight. "We can do this every night if you want—this and more. Trust me, Morty, I'll never torture you. I'm not sadistic; I just like control. I'd love to have a relationship where you let me control you, but, as I said, it won't kill me if I don't. Just being with you is enough for me."

"Thank you," was all I meant to say but from somewhere came, "Mistress." Sandy smiled at that, stroked my cheek and proceeded to have her way with me. She left me bound all night and—yes—she had her way with me several times, even after Saturday morning had arrived. Sandy was a mess the following morning and I was even worse—we were sweaty and covered in cum. "Thank you, Mistress," I told her, "that was wonderful."

"Just a sign of things to come, my slave." Somehow those words coming from her sounded soothing rather than threatening. We went to the basement to find Rex knotted to Vickie again. She was ecstatic and I noticed a huge puddle of cum in the kennel. Apparently we weren't the only lovers last night.

I continued to see Sandy every weekend and a few months later she and Rex moved in with me and Vickie. I used a chain to secure Vickie to a floor support instead of restricting her to the kennel. She could get in to use the bed or get a drink/use the toilet, but she had much more room to romp with Rex.

I allowed Sandy more control over me with each week. She did chain me and paddle me on a few occasions, but only when I needed discipline. Afterwards she soothed my aching ass, showing her love for me. She had bound my cock and balls on occasion, but only when she wanted to fuck me for more than an hour. She always allowed me to cum when she was done. She was patient, apparently knowing I was hers, so she never pushed—she waited until I was ready.

I knew I would be her full-time slave when I presented the stainless steel cock cage to her. She placed it on me and turned the screws tight, kissing me when she was done and whispering, "Thank you, my wonderful slave," in my ear. She never asked where the spare key could be found—she knew I had it hidden in case I needed it. I never did.

I asked Sandy to marry me after we had been together for a year and I had been her 24/7 slave for more than four months. We're still together four years later and she's still my mistress. I wear my cock cage every day, but I know I will get at least one orgasm every two weeks. I can live with that. She was right about chastity, too. My orgasms when released are nothing less than incredible. A few weeks ago Sandy informed me I was to be a dad. On that occasion she presented me with a stainless steel slave collar. I wear it proudly.

The End