

STEEL SHACKLES



PATRICK RICHARDS

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Introduction

When we wake up in the morning, we never know where life's journey will lead us. There will be many twists and turns. Dead ends and sudden changes in directions are all part of the plan. Who would know that flunking out of college and trying to start a landscaping business would change my life forever?

Well, maybe it was obvious. I was going to be a success in life. I had it made. With great marks in high school and a full ride scholarship to a major university, I was on the road to success. I could have followed that map, but I fucked it up. Instead of studying, I spent every night on the internet or in adult book stores addicted to porn.

My dad warned me when he got a notice in the middle of the first semester that my grades were seriously low. He told me about the valedictorian of his class. He had a similar scholarship to MIT. In January, he was working on construction, pulling wires for minimum wage with an

electrical company instead of learning how to be an electrical engineer.

I had the world by the tail. Nothing could slow me down except for an unstoppable interest in Femdom porn. It was more than that. Everything I read, I wanted to experience. I was totally addicted. It was all that mattered to me. I was like an alcoholic. I couldn't stop. I wanted more. Everyone knows that until you are ready to quit, you'll never get your ass out of the pool. School didn't matter. It wasn't what I wanted.

Life has its ups and downs. Instead of graduating with a six figure plus income, I rode a lawn mower, making two hundred a week if I was lucky and the weather cooperated.

Someone said you have to play the cards that you're dealt. The trouble is, I didn't know the difference between a five card flush and two pairs. The first hand would give me the entire pot, but those Jacks and fives left me exactly where I wanted to be.

When you get on the highway through life, it's not the Grand Canyon, Glacier or Yellowstone. Those places are not what made me happy. It was on the back streets in darkened doorways that stirred my soul. For me it was the sex and bondage, the pain and servitude and the need to be dominated by a Mistress in black leather underwear. That was all that mattered.

As Robert Frost said in his famous poem *The Road Not Taken*, 'and that made all the difference.' I think it's more than that. I read that poem many, many times and believe he says you have to follow your own path in life. No one can plan it for you. The key is never being sorry you didn't take the other.

Chapter One

'Tyler....'

'Yes, Mrs. Phillips.'

'I want you to stop what you're doing right now and come into the house and fuck me,' I thought I heard her say.

'Ex... ex... excuse me, Ma'am,' I responded, looking up at her a little bit confused.

'Let me explain it in a little more detail, so you'll understand. I'm really horny. I need your big, hard cock in my pussy. I want you to come upstairs to my bedroom and make love to me. I like it hard and deep. I want you to fuck me until I scream and shake with a dozen powerful orgasms. You can do that for me, can't you?'

I immediately stopped spreading the ground-up wood mulch around the shrubs near her house and looked her right in the eyes. Mrs. Phillips stood there beside me. She was naked except for a nearly transparent, pale pink silk robe that was completely open, revealing her magnificent body. I could see her beautiful breasts. They were perfect, but to a twenty year old, overly horny guy, any naked boob would be flawless. Her pear shaped breasts were not huge, but they were full with large, round, dark nipples pointing right out at me.

I swallowed hard and just stared at her, trying to comprehend what she just said.

My eyes continued down her tan, slender body. A ways below her navel a thin line of blond pubic hair led my eyes down between her slightly spread legs to her magnificent pussy. Immediately I started to get hard. What guy wouldn't?

'Wh... wh... what was that, Ma'am?' I tried to say, fumbling for words.

'I want you to come to my bedroom and make love to me. I do excite you, don't I?'

'Ye... ye... yes, Ma'am, bu... but....'

She laughed. 'Part of your job, besides being the landscaper, is satisfying my personal needs. I'm sorry if I didn't tell you that when you were hired, but understand this... you are not just the gardener. I didn't hire you just to work around the yard. The big bulge in those tight Levis definitely turned me on. Besides, I've seen the way you look at me when I'm at the pool. I've watched you sneak around behind the bushes to watch me sunbathing in the nude. I've seen your big cock grow, trying to get hard as I lay out there getting a tan. I knew you went behind the shed and got yourself off, didn't you?'

She took a deep breath. 'But, if you aren't able to handle it, I can easily find some other young guy with a big dick who can satisfy my needs. The choice is yours boy. Lick my pussy and fuck me whenever I want it or hit the road. It's just that simple.'

I was sweating, and my cock was fighting with all its might to get hard and stand up at attention.

She laughed, as she watched me squirm.

'How big is it anyway?' she asked with a sexy little smile.

'What's that, Mrs. Phillips?'

'First off, if you're going to be my boy toy, it's not Mrs. Phillips, it's Leanne, understand?'

'Yes, Ma'am.'

She chuckled and shook her head back and forth. 'It's not Ma'am either,' she said coyly, as she approached me. 'I see your mother raised a gentleman, but what I want you to do to me probably wouldn't please her, would it?'

Her hands closed around the back of my neck and pulled me closer. 'It's Leanne.'

She leaned in tighter and pulled my head down enough to nibble on my ear lobe. Then I felt her hands on the button of my jeans. They loosened. Her teeth left my ear as soft kisses led her down the side of my neck while her hand lowered the zipper.

My cock was throbbing. Without thinking, I put my arms around her. We kissed passionately for a couple of minutes. Her tongue pushed deep into my mouth and tangled with mine, as her hands slid my Levis and boxers down just a bit. Immediately my hard cock sprang forth, fully erect and eagerly ready. I lowered my hands down on to her ass cheeks and pulled her in tight against my stiff, throbbing shaft.

'I knew it wouldn't take much to get you excited,' she giggled. 'You young guys are always so fucking horny. I guess it doesn't matter that I'm nearly twice your age,' she remarked. 'I'm what's known as a cougar, and I've decided that you are my prey.'

I didn't respond, as her left hand slid down the length of my stiff manhood, and her right one gently cupped my balls.

'What's this monster anyway - seven or eight inches?'

'I guess.'

She laughed. 'Every guy knows how big his cock is. It's bragging rights, and it appears that yours is something to really boast about.'

Her hand slid back up and grasp the bottom of my tee shirt, pulling it up over my arms and head.

'Ever made love to a woman?'

'Yea... sure.'

'Now I'm not talking about a quick fuck in the back seat of your car, or in your case on the front seat of your pick-up. I'm talking about an hour or better of licking a woman's pussy, bringing her to a number of powerful orgasms - maybe even more. Do you know how to satisfy a woman? Have you ever made one of your little tiny-bopper girlfriends scream and moan with sexual pleasure and beg for more?'

I didn't say anything.

'I thought so.'

'But...'

'There's no need to explain. You young guys think that having sex is just getting yourself off,' as she laughed.

'You're so naïve. You have no idea about a woman's needs. We want orgasms too, and trust me - one is never enough. So, let me ask you... are you man enough to satisfy me? Can you make me scream and beg for more?'

'I... I'd like to try.'

'I bet you would. Come on, let's see what happens.'

'But, what about your husband?'

She laughed. 'It may not look like it right now, but I'm the only one who wears pants in our family. That worthless piece of shit... he's no man - not even close. He's unable to satisfy my needs. Hell, he can't get himself off either. So don't worry. He'll never bother us. What I do is none of his concern, and he knows it.'

She grabbed my hand and pulled me along behind her. When we got to her bedroom, she immediately lost the robe and stood there totally naked in front of me. I couldn't believe what was happening. There was the most beautiful goddess I've ever seen. Her body was perfect - gorgeous tits, narrow waist, long legs and a magnificent ass.

'Get undressed. Let's shower,' she said, as she disappeared into her bathroom.

Before long we were rubbing soap with a luffa on each other's bodies. We kissed and felt each other. Then she got down on her knees and took my hard, throbbing cock in her mouth. With one smooth motion all eight inches of my prick slid into her mouth. She licked and sucked on my cock for several minutes, bringing me ever closer to ejaculation. But just before I blew, she pulled back.

'Please, Leanne... don't stop.'

She laughed. 'You've got a lot to learn, young fellow. You don't get to blow your rocks and get any pleasure until I'm completely satisfied, and if you do, you'll be severely punished.'

I chuckled, 'What you gonna do, spank me?'

She grabbed my balls and squeezed them extra tight.

'Ah - h... don't... please.'

'Then don't be a smart ass. Spanking would be way too easy. Later you'll see what I do to punish those who displease me, but let's not discuss that right now,' she explained, as she released my nuts.

A funny feeling came over me, but quickly subsided, as she put her arms around me and drew me in tight. As we kissed, she rubbed her snatch up and down on my erect manhood, keeping me right on the very edge. I reached down and cupped my hands under her round, little ass cheeks, lifting her up just a little. She nibbled on my neck and probed her tongue in my mouth as our excitement rose to yet another level.

Finally, she urged me down on the floor of her immense shower. I was on my back, and she mounted me as if she were riding a wild stallion. With one smooth movement she was straddling my face with her hungry twat on my mouth.

'Let's see how good you are, boy. Bring me. Make me happy.'

Oral sex was not actually in my repertoire. It was something I'd never had any experience doing. None of my earlier girlfriends were into it. Yea, some would give me a blow job, but they would never let me near their pussys.

I remember the first night I had sex. We were in the back seat of my father's Chrysler. I was with a sexy, overly horny, little blond from my Chemistry class named Jeanie. She obviously had more experience than me. She had sucked my cock. I was fully hard and ready when she said that she had to go pee. She got out of the car and squatted just behind the door. 'Don't look,' she said. I didn't. When she climbed back in and wanted to fuck, I couldn't get hard. I fumbled around with a rubber and totally missed my opportunity, but three days later, we did it. There was no Trojan, just sex. I liked it. I got myself off, but she didn't. She never went out with me again because I didn't know how to satisfy her. But now, it was different. I'd read about it on the internet. I knew what I had to do, and I did my best.

My tongue probed deep into her love tunnel for several minutes, as the water cascaded down upon us. I tongue fucked her as deep and as hard as I could, but that was not what she needed.

'Move forward. Find my clit,' she whispered, as she moved back just a little.

As I licked up the length of her crack, I found her hard, little nub. She jumped slightly, as my tongue brushed over it and let out a soft, pleased purr. There was no doubt that this was what she wanted.

I concentrated my efforts on her clit and threw her right into a powerful orgasm. She screamed and moaned with delight as a violent shudder consumed her. I didn't stop even though her girl cum filled my mouth. My tongue beat her love button with all the force I could muster. Her screams of joy echoed off the marble tiled walls.

Quickly she swung around, so she was facing my weapon.

'Don't stop! More... more... more,' she begged.

As I continued, she leaned down and again took my cock in her mouth. I continued my oral attack, as she bit and sucked on my dick. I knew she was getting closer to another orgasm. Her hands fondled my balls and started to squeeze them ever tighter. As I took her over the edge for a second time, her hands crushed my nuts while her teeth bit painfully into my cockhead. I moaned in pain but didn't dare lessen my attack on her hard, sensitive clit.

Her grip eased up, and I continued to please her, bringing her to a third orgasm. Finally, she eased her body off my face. We finished our shower and soon dried off, but I couldn't get the lyrics of a recent song by Tori MacLeod called *Ex's and Oh's* out of my mind. The first lyrics were, 'she taught me all the things that I didn't know, then she let me go.' I got the funny feeling that I wasn't going to be let go any time soon.

'You're a fast learner. You did well and seemed to tolerate the pain. Now you can have your reward.'

She lay on the bed and spread her long, slender legs apart, inviting me in. I was so hot. I easily slid my hard cock into her moist pussy and started right in, but it didn't take me very long. A little over a minute passed before I blew a huge load of cum deep inside her. God it was wonderful.

Leanne laughed. 'You've got to learn to pace yourself. Women don't like a two minute wonder. Come here.'

I pulled my now flaccid cock from her love tunnel and moved up next to her on the bed.

'Did you like all of that?'

'Oh my God, it was fantastic.'

'Good, 'cause I need that every day - sometimes more than once. Think you can handle it?'

'I hope so.'

'Truthfully, I think you're in far over your head when it comes to sex, but I'll be delighted to help you. I'm surprised. You're such a great, good looking guy with a magnificent big, long, hungry cock. Your tall, lean, muscled body and tight little ass should attract any woman out there. God, you're so fucking cute, and with that long, curly blond hair, sweet young face and magical dark blue eyes, I'm surprised that every girl out there isn't chasing you.'

I blushed with her compliments.

'Look. I'm still young,' she explained. 'I'm lonely, and my husband is useless. I have needs that only a young guy like you can satisfy. I need you. Sometimes I'll just want you to bring me with your tongue and other times I'll let you fuck me. There'll be times when I'll just give you a blow job, but you won't be allowed to come. That's alright, isn't it?'

'What do you mean?'

'I'll explain it all later.'

'Yea, sure, but your husband is home. His car is in the driveway. What about him?'

'I told you earlier... he'll never bother us. Besides that, he's away in Europe. You have nothing to worry about. He has his life, and I have mine. And right now, he's in France or Italy on business for the next few weeks. We import the majority of the best European wines, so he spends several months a year working with the wineries in Bordeaux and Tuscany. I'm sure you've heard the phrase 'when the cat's away, the mice will play.' Well, I'm the mouse - the dominate mouse. I control the cat, and I play with whom I want and when I want. So, you needn't worry about him.

We lay there for a while. Leanne reached over and ran her fingernail along my soft cock. It twitched and immediately started to grow, as she giggled, but she didn't stop. Within a few moments I had a full-blown hard-on and ready for more.

'That's what I like about you younger guys. You're always ready for another go-around.'

Moments later she straddled my hips and lowered herself down on my ridged horn. Her fingers tightly grasped my nipples, so she could hold on. She slid up and down on my pecker as if she were riding a wild bronc. The only thing she lacked was the spurs.

I must have looked a little concerned or at least confused as she pinched and twisted my tits, but even though it hurt a bit, I didn't make a sound or push her away. A couple of minutes later she howled in pleasure, getting herself off once more. My cock and my pain had satisfied her. I was definitely intrigued.

When she finished, she lay next to me, rubbing her hand across my tender breasts.

'You liked that, didn't you?'

I was too embarrassed to answer her.

'Oh, don't play dumb with me. I felt your cock twitching inside me, when I pinched and pulled on your little boy titties. You can't fool me. The expression on your face gave it away. You liked it, just like you would have liked it, if I gave

you that spanking you mentioned earlier. Trust me... those feelings are nothing to be ashamed of. Maybe we can explore them later on.'

'What do you mean?'

'Oh, you'll see. Now I think you should get back to work. That yard work won't finish by itself, will it?'

'No, Ma'am. I'll get right to it.'

As I got dressed, she stopped me. 'Don't you dare go out behind the shed and spank your little monkey, or you will pay a very dear price. And, make sure you're back here precisely at four o'clock. I'll be rather horny by then. And, it's Leanne, remember?'

I smiled, as I left.

By the time I got back to where I left off, I wondered what would happen next. In the last two hours I had more sex than I've had in my entire life. Oh my God, she was something special.

As I trimmed some of the hedges, my mind continued to think about the past couple of hours. I couldn't stop thinking about her. But, the problem was, my cock wanted more. I had satisfied her needs, but mine were hardly fulfilled. I was rock hard and needed to be satisfied some more. Finally I couldn't take it. My balls were so full of cum and needed some relief.

I couldn't wait. That young man's need to shoot his load and get life's ultimate pleasure over took me. I looked around and saw no one in sight, so I disappeared down in back of the garage. With a vision of her in my mind I dropped my pants just enough and started to whack off. It wasn't going to take very long. I was so hot and horny, as I stroked my cock up and down.

Then I heard her. 'Hum, hum, hum, hum..., ' she said with a chuckle. 'Couldn't wait, could you? So, what do you think I should do about this?'

'I was just going to go pee. That's why I came around here.'

'So you're going to lie to me as well. The way I figure it, if you were just going to piss, you would have just unzipped those jeans and pulled it out enough to do your business. But, when you unbutton them and pull them down, totally exposing your little wiener, I think you had something else in mind. So I think you deserve to be punished. Would you please go to the house and ask the maid and housekeeper to come out here?

'Yes, Leanne,' I replied while looking down into the grass.

'The three of you can all meet me on the patio.'

A few minutes later we were all assembled there, waiting for Mrs. Phillips. I was surprised that she had what looked like a ping pong paddle in her hand.

'Tyler, I want you to tell Maria and Juana why I am going to punish you.'

'Please don't make me, Ma'am? That's really embarrassing.'

'That's why you're doing it. I think a little humiliation will be far more effective than the punishment you will be receiving. And, the longer you wait, the worse your punishment will be. Besides, they know why you have been spending time in my bedroom. So, I suggest you get started.'

I stood in front of them and began. 'I... I... I disobeyed Miss Leanne. She told me not to go out behind the shed and... ah... and jerk off,' I said, as I hung my head in shame. 'I was going to do it. I needed to.'

'Now that wasn't too difficult, was it? Why don't you open those blue jeans and push them down along with your underwear all the way to your ankles and give us a little demonstration.'

'Please, Leanne.'

'Do it now!'

I looked her in the eyes and silently pleaded, but all I got was a look of determination and you'd better do it or else.

Slowly I unbuttoned them and pushed the zipper down. Reluctantly, I put my thumbs under the waist band and my boxers and slowly pushed them down passed my knees, all the way to the stone floor.

Maria and Juana were blushing as much as me, as Leanne spoke once more. 'Go ahead, show us. Get that thing hard, so these women can appreciate the size of it. After all, you weren't ashamed to show it to me earlier today, were you?'

I grabbed hold of my flaccid cock, but no matter what I did, it just hung limply down over my balls. They all laughed.

'Well, we might as well get on with your punishment then. Lay down over my knees and take your spanking.'

'You're kidding, right?'

'No, I'm serious. Lay down here, now!' she demanded, as she sat down on a stone bench and patted her thighs.

Grudgingly, I complied and draped myself over her lap, as she continued, 'I presume you've heard that old saying, 'this is going to hurt me more than it hurts you.' Well, they got it all wrong. As I blister your ass, I'm going to enjoy it, but you won't. After all, I like to cause pain. I have a very sadistic streak.'

Using her open hand, she slapped my ass as hard as she could on both cheeks. I'm sure she was smiling, as she continued striking me over and over. It hurt like hell, but I never uttered a sound.

'Now for lying, I'm going to use this little paddle. Trust me, I won't stop because my hand got sore. Your ass will hurt far more than my hand by the time I'm through.'

After saying that, she brought the paddle down on my right cheek with all the force she could muster. God, it hurt, but she continued, going back and forth from one cheek to the other over and over again.

She took a break after the first dozen. 'Do I feel something growing?' she whispered.

Again the paddle struck my reddened butt. She gave me another dozen and stopped once more.

'You fucking pervert! Stand up and show these nice ladies your newly reddened ass and then turn around.'

I resisted.

'What's the matter, Tyler? Don't want everyone to see you? Stand up, now!' she demanded emphatically.

When I did, they both saw my fully erect cock.

'Oh, look Juana,' Maria exclaimed with a little snicker, 'He's just like Mr. Phillips.'

'What does she mean?' I asked.

'You'll see, Tyler. Sometime you'll see. Now, get back to work and make sure you show up at four.'

'Yes, Ma'am.'

So, I continued making the lawns and gardens look immaculate to anyone who happened to go by and look. But with the six foot high stone wall, no one noticed. Hell, other than three people, no one saw my ass being beat on the patio. But, then I realized... just like in her bedroom, there was only one person that I had to please.

I spent the next few hours doing the job for which I was hired. But every so often, I wondered which job was going to be more important.

Finally I looked at my watch. It was four o'clock - quitting time.

So I headed up to the main house as was requested. I rang the bell, after all, I didn't think I could just walk right in. Juana met me and told me that Miss Leanne was waiting, and I was to go on up.

As I walked into her bedroom suite, she started right in. 'Didn't I tell you to be here precisely at four?'

'Yes Leanne, but I work until four and then it took me a couple of minutes to get here.'

'I don't accept any excuses from the men in my life. You should know after what happened today that I demand complete obedience. Do you need a refresher course?'

'Not right now, Ma'am.'

'Maybe later then, after all, we all know you enjoyed it.'

'It's not that I enjoyed it, but being paddled by you really turned me on.'

'Oh, you can't lie. You liked it, and it was apparent to everyone present.'

'I couldn't help it.'

'I know, but I would be willing to bet that if any woman laid a whip across your ass, you'd get hard.'

'Probably, but you are the first one to do it. It's been a dream of mine for several years.'

'Don't you mean a fantasy?'

'Whatever, but every time I've read a story about some guy being whipped by some sadistic Mistress, I'd get turned on.'

'Well, every time I whip some guy's ass, I get turned on as well. I would have loved to bring you up here after your paddling and make you satisfy me with your tongue.'

'Why didn't you?' I asked. 'And why just with my tongue?'

'Oh little man... you've got a lot to learn about serving a woman like me. My needs are all that matter. You'll see.'

'Now, why don't you get undressed and lie down on my bed. Maybe you could put those cuffs on your wrists and ankles while I go into the bathroom. I bet they'll excite you too.'

As I picked them up, I noticed that they were made of thick, heavy leather. Immediately I realized that they were strong enough to hold the strongest stallion. I rubbed my fingers across the soft leather padding on the inside, and put them to my nose. The scent of the leather was sexy and intoxicating. She was right. They did excite me.

As I wrapped the first one around my wrist, I felt my cock begin to grow. By the time I secured the last one, I was fully erect. She knew it would happen. I shook my head and wondered why things like this excited me so. Then I noticed

cables protruding from the thick, heavy, wooden, corner posts of the bed.

By the time she returned, I had put on the cuffs and was laying spread eagle on the bed with three of the cables attached, waiting for her.

‘What’s wrong with the other one?’

‘I tried, but I couldn’t quite get it attached no matter what I did.’

‘I can, if it gets that big, long cock of yours nice and hard.’

‘It will definitely help.’

She laughed, knowing it was true. I watched intently and smiled, as she hooked the last cable to my wrist. Then she picked up a dark green remote from the bedside table. With a little grin on her face, she pushed one of the two buttons on its surface. Immediately the cables started to retract, pulling me in all four directions. As they continued to tighten, my mind drifted back to the seductive, intoxicating stories that I loved reading on my computer. Actually, I think those tales of unsatisfiable sex, extra tight bondage and unfathomable torment with a bit of pain – no, hours of intolerable agony mixed in, led me down this very road. Now, there’s a deep, unsatisfiable thirst that I can’t seem to quench. My bouts with self-bondage and self-inflicted pain were never enough. It always lacked something, but I didn’t know what it was until today.

‘Is that tight enough?’ she asked with a rather sadistic smile.

‘I don’t think so, but it’s not my choice, and I don’t want it to be.’

‘I know. You need more. You want to be controlled. You need to be dominated and punished by a superior woman for your misdeeds,’ she told me, as she stretched me even tighter.

She must have thought it was enough, but I asked for more. Then she looked at my manhood and knew what I

needed. With just a slight push of her thumb, she increased the tension that held me.

As she looked at me, I whispered, 'More, please, Leanne.'

'Are you sure you can take what I have to offer?'

'It doesn't make any difference. I know that once I'm tied down and helpless, I'm giving you all control.'

'Are you sure that's what you want?'

'Of course. That's definitely what I need.'

'I guess we'll see.'

My cock was as stiff as a flag pole, but it didn't make any difference. She slid her tiny black panties down and climbed aboard for the time of her life. I know I was a little uneducated when it comes to sex with a woman, but I would try my best. I would please her or die trying.

Yea, that was a stupid thought. The only way I was going to die tonight was if she smothered me with her luscious twat, cutting off all air until I passed, but that was never going to happen. She needed me as much as I needed her. The way I figured it; I was her salvation. I could give her what she needed. There was no one else who could tongue-lick her clit until she could take no more. And being stretched painfully tight on her bed, she was the only thing I had going that could possibly satisfy my needs. We were made for each other.

As she settled her nether lips upon my tongue, I lapped deep into her slit. Moments later I found her clit. It was already hard, filled with lust and desire. Gently I grasped it with my teeth and beat the hell out of it with my tongue. I was determined to give her every bit of the satisfaction she desired. God, she was hot. Lustful drops dripped from her pussy. I savored the aroma of her sex. I welcomed her girl cum, as she moaned and howled. She screamed with delight as her first orgasm hit her like a lightning bolt. Her hands grasp my hair and pulled me in tighter.

'More, more, more!' she screamed.

My movements never lessened, as I chewed more aggressively on her love button. It threw her into a second earth-shaking convulsion. Her deafening shrieks and body-grations continued as she struggled to catch her breath.

I eased up with my attack and just licked gently until I felt her settle down, but then I began once more. As my tongue grazed over her clitoris again, she lifted herself off me. She could take no more.

'Oh my fucking God! You're one hell of a fast learner. No one has ever done that to me.'

'Maybe it's the motivation or the bondage. Knowing that my duty is to please you, or if I knew I was your slave and you were my Mistress would make the difference. I don't know, but I think this is where I want to be for the rest of my life. Please let me serve you. I am so hard and need some relief as well.'

'That just spoiled the mood.'

'What do you mean?'

'You've read enough stories. You should know that your Mistress is the only one who has needs. If you were my slave you would quickly learn that satisfying me with no regards to your own feelings or cravings is all that matters, but that will come in time. That's why I sent you back to work today with instructions not to go behind the shed and jerk-off. I want you to learn to deny your own feelings and desires because they are not important to me. Serving me could be the most important thing in your life from now on.'

'But....'

'There are no buts! You'll see as time goes along. You're still in the learning stage of your life. This road is very difficult, but it will be the one you choose. You have no choice. It is your destiny. You'll see, Tyler. Trust me.'

Finally she allowed me to go home. I was tired and too confused to even eat, so I grabbed a beer from the fridge and sat in my old recliner. With the computer on my lap, I surfed the internet, read a couple of stories and then went

to bed. I spent a very restless night. It was almost impossible to get to sleep. There was all that sex, but being paddled over her lap was the highlight of my day. I got a boner immediately while thinking about it. I finally gave in and jerked off to those wonderful memories and was able to get to sleep after that.

It was early morning when the sun coming in my window woke me. I showered and ate a couple of pop tarts for breakfast before heading to work. I had been there about an hour when Maria came down to the shed.

‘Miss Leanne wants you.’

‘Thank you, Ma’am. I’ll be right up.’

‘She said to hurry, she needs a favor,’ she said with a chuckle.

‘Okay, I’m on my way.’

I knew what she wanted, and I was right. I know I wake up every morning with a stiffy; I suppose that little clitty of hers is at attention as well. It was, and we spent about an hour getting it more relaxed. She told me she would be gone for the day but expected me back in her bedroom at four. I smiled and went back to work.

Do you know how hard it is to work all day and hardly get anything accomplished? My mind constantly dwelled on her and what would happen this afternoon.

Finally it was time, and at exactly four o’clock, I knocked on her bedroom door.

‘You may enter,’ her sexy voice responded.

There on the bed was a goddess in pink underwear, sipping a glass of wine. Her outfit with a garter belt and stockings made me start to sweat. I wasn’t just hard and horny; I was in love.

‘Oh, God. You are so beautiful and so sexy.’

‘Well, why don’t you get undressed and join me?’

‘I should probably shower first. I’ve been working all day.’

‘You’ll smell like the man that I want to fuck me. Just come to my bed and kiss me.’

It didn't take me very long, and I was naked. After I gave her a kiss, she handed me her glass. We finished the bottle and made out for a while before I was once again licking her honey pot. But, suddenly I stopped.

'What was that?'

'I don't know. I didn't hear anything. Come on, get back to work.'

After I made her cum, I heard it again. There were sounds coming from her closet.

'I think you're just hearing things.'

I was bewildered, but something wasn't right. No one should be here besides us.

In a bit of confusion, I asked her once more, 'So, what about your husband? What if he comes in and finds us? I can't afford to lose my job.'

'Trust me... my husband will never be a problem. You're here for the duration. He has absolutely no say in the matter. You see, my husband is a cuckold slave. He gets off watching me have sex with other men, because he is unable to satisfy my needs. Come on. I'll show you.'

She got off the bed and pulled me up. Grabbing my still hard cock, she pulled me along behind her, heading right for a mirrored door opposite the foot of her bed. As she swung it open, I was shocked by what I saw. A man in his late thirties stood there.

'This is my cuckold husband Phillip. He's not in Europe or anyplace else. As you can see, he's right here and unable to do anything about our little fuck session. And as Maria said, he's just like you. He gets off on pain and bondage. He'd be rock hard if it weren't for that extra-small cage on his worthless cock. Now, his other pleasure is watching me have sex with anyone I want.'

I stared at him in awe. He was wearing a bright red, lacy bra and a matching, stiffly boned corset. It was very obvious that the laces were drawn extremely tight, giving him a woman's perfect hourglass appearance. Around his neck

was a tall, stiff posture collar which restricted any possible movement. All he could do is stare straight ahead. Below the corset was a garter belt which held up black, thigh-high fishnet stockings. On his feet were black ballerina boots that were laced up just below his knees, making him stand in an extreme en pointe position.

His legs were almost-painfully spread. Black leather cuffs held them apart and were padlocked to rings at the bottom of a bondage frame on the sides of the door. His hands were balled up tight and encased in leather fingerless mitts that were laced up just below his elbows. His arms were stretched high over his head to the upper corners of the frame where cuffs and heavy locks held him tight.

He wore no panties, but his cock and balls were equally secured. A very small, extra tight, steel cage was locked on his privates. Off the end of the rather short cock section I could see a silver padlock hanging.

I looked more closely. 'Does that lock go through the end of his dick?' I asked inquisitively.

'Of course. It makes it impossible to be removed. Let me show you.'

She grabbed the cage and pulled it up until he moaned in pain.

'You see, I decided to make his chastity more permanent. In order to do that, I punched a hole through the end of his dick with a leather punch and put a lock through it, holding it into the end of the cage so it would never come off.'

'This one is called an ampallang. As you see, it goes horizontally through the end of his dick. I put it just high enough so it wouldn't interfere with the urethral tube.'

'Didn't it bleed a lot?'

'Yea, but just for a minute or so. The shank of the lock was bigger than the hole and was really tight when I pushed it through. It was like putting pressure on a wound. The bleeding stop within a few minutes.'

'God, that had to hurt.'