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Thank you,

Ardor

Chapter 1 Nice to meet you Part 1

My friend Sally and I had looked all over town and finally found a great townhouse to rent. We both needed a new place and, we get along so well, we decided to go in as roommates. It was kind of an intimate little community. The town homes were all placed pretty close together and they were built in twos. Two of the homes were attached and shared a wall. It was a pretty quiet neighborhood though, and everyone seemed friendly, so we didn't think anything of it. A few days after we had moved in Sally was staring out the window and said, "Oh my God."

"What?" I asked.

"Joanna, I just saw our neighbor walk past his window naked," Sally said stunned.

"Was he flashing or something?" I asked suspiciously.

"No, he was just kinda walking by and, oh my God, there he is again," she said stunned.

I rushed over to the window and looked over her shoulder. I didn't see anything but an empty window. I was about to walk away when I saw a fully clothed woman walk by the window with a completely naked guy right behind her. She had a hold of his dick and used it like a leash.

"I guess someone is about to get lucky," I said with a smirk before I walked away.

Sally waited there for a little longer. When there was nothing else to see she gave up a few minutes later.

That window became a major attraction in the house. Sally was always staring out at it. I had to admit that I even looked as I walked past it. Over the next few weeks we were both treated to the occasional free show. Most of the time it was just him walking around naked. Occasionally we would see her too. The theme never changed though. He was always stark naked and she was always completely dressed. One time Sally swore she saw him run past the window as the woman swatted at his naked butt.

Usually a guy flaunting himself naked would have me worried. He could be a flasher or some kind of pervert. Somehow this seemed different though. While he was walking past a window he wasn't doing anything overtly sexual. There was also this feeling that the woman was somehow in charge of all this. Neither Sally nor I knew that for sure of course but, it just kind of seemed that way.

The whole thing became a regular part of life. It was just something we'd see now and then. Then one day that all changed.

Sally and I were in the supermarket doing our weekly shopping. I had just taken a can of vegetables off the shelf and I backed right into someone as I went to put it in our cart.

"I'm so sorry," I said sincerely. "I didn't see you back there."

"Don't worry about," she said with a warm smile.

Then we just looked at each other for a second.

"You look so familiar. Do I know you from somewhere?" I asked with a questioning look.

"Funny, I was just about to ask you the same thing," the strange woman said with a thoughtful look.

Just then a guy came up the aisle with a loaf of bread in his hand. We all looked at him as he came up to her cart.

"Oh my God it's him," Sally said quietly.

That's when I recognized him too. It took me a second because, I wasn't used to seeing him dressed.

"You two must be the girls who moved in across from us a few weeks ago, huh?" The strange woman asked.

"Yeah, that's us," I said still staring at the guy.

"Well, since you obviously know at least one of us intimately allow me to introduce myself. I'm Lilly and this is my almost always naked husband, Doug."

Doug blushed two shades of red, looked around to see anyone had overheard us and squeaked out a meek, "Hi."

Sally stepped forward and eagerly said, "Hi, I'm Sally and this is Joanna. Is he really naked all the time?"

"Whenever possible, yes. He's never allowed to wear clothes at home. I'm sure you've probably guessed that by now," Lilly said.

"We kinda figured. Is he a nudist or something?" Sally asked.

Lilly was about to answer but then this look came across her face. She turned to Doug and asked, "Why aren't you allowed to wear clothes at home, boy?"

Doug swallowed and then he said, "Because, I'm your submissive and nudity reminds me of my position in our life."

"So, you're a dominatrix or something?" I asked.

"No, I wouldn't go that far. We're actually pretty tame as far as most people in the kink world are concerned," Lilly said with a smile. "I'm definitely in control, he does what he's told and is naked whenever possible. We do some other stuff but, for the most part, we're a pretty normal couple."

"What kind of other stuff?" Sally quickly asked.

This time Lilly looked around to see if anyone could over hear. A woman with a toddler in her cart had come into the isle with us. She was at the other end and probably couldn't hear us but Lilly said, "I don't think it would be wise to have that conversation here. Say, I know, why don't you two stop by after dinner tonight? I can have my boy serve us drinks and then we can talk without worry of who might overhear what."

Before I could say anything Sally eagerly said, "We'd love to."

"Just to be clear, Doug is forbidden to wear clothes at home. However, we're not swingers or anything, so this isn't an invitation to an orgy. Nobody expects you to do anything you're not comfortable with. It'll be just drinks with the girls but, we'll have a naked waiter. Eight o'clock sound good?" Lilly asked.

"We'll be there," Sally said happily.

"I look forward to serving you ladies," Doug said with a little nod of his head.

With that we said our good byes and they walked away to finish their shopping. As we walked away I said, "I don't know about this Sal."

"Oh, come on, I already said yes. Besides, aren't you dying to see it up close and in person?" She asked.

"I gotta admit, I'm a little curious, but the moment it gets weird or creepy we're outta there OK," I said with a wave of my hand.

"Agreed."

We didn't want to show up empty handed so we picked up a small cake, finished our shopping and then headed home. The rest of the night was kind of a daze. We both tried to act normal, as if we weren't going to do something totally bizarre in a few hours. We ate dinner, watched a little TV, Sally clothes twice and then it was time for us to leave.

"You still want to do this?" I asked as I looked at the clock.

"You're kidding right? We have to go," Sally said putting an emphasis on the word have.

"OK, OK, I was just asking."

The truth is, I was actually a little nervous. It's one thing to catch your neighbors being kinky through a window. It's something else entirely to see it up close and maybe become a part of it.

Sally practically ran the entire way. Not that we had a long way to go or anything. In minutes we were at the door to Lilly and Doug's townhouse. Sally looked at me, smiled like a crazy woman and then knocked on the door. After a few seconds the door slowly opened. There, standing in the doorway, stark naked, was Doug.

Chapter 2 Nice to Meet you Part 2

"H-hello ladies, please come in," a very naked Doug nervously said as he moved to the side and gestured into the townhouse.

Sally giggled and walked inside. I smiled and awkwardly and followed her. I couldn't help but take a peek between Doug's legs as I passed. He wasn't hard. I didn't know whether to be relieved or insulted.

Doug closed the door and led us into the living room. It was a simple set up. There was a fancy over stuffed chair a love seat and a couch around a small coffee table. The fancy chair had lots of ornate carvings and plush cushions. It almost looked like a throne. In that chair sat Lilly with a glass of wine in her hand.

"Welcome ladies, so glad you came. Please, sit down," Lilly said gesturing to the couch that was right across from her.

Sally moved to the couch and sat down. I did as well but then held up the little box of cake and said, "Oh, we brought this. Just a little something to snack on while we talk."

"That was thoughtful, Doug take it from her and bring it back out on a plate," Lilly ordered. Then she asked Sally and I, "Can I offer you a glass of wine?"

"Yeah, that would be great," Sally said happily.

"Sure," I said as I handed Doug the cake box.

"What type of wine would you like?" Doug asked us.

"Red please," Sally said.

"Do you have something white and sweet?" I asked.

"Yes Ma'am, I'll bring it right out," Doug said before he bowed slightly and left the room.

"He's polite, I'll give you that," I said with an impressed look as I watched him walk away.

"He'd better be," Lilly said with a smile.

"And he's naked, he's really naked," Sally said with an excited grin.

"Of course he is. I told you he would be. If I had my way he'd never wear a single item of clothing again," Lilly said confidently.

"Would he really go for that?" Sally asked stunned.

Lilly laughed and said, "First off, you're forgetting who makes the rules in this relationship. If I say he stays naked then he stays naked, and he's happy about it." Then Lilly smiled, leaned in a little and said, "One year we went on vacation to a clothing optional resort. I brought a big suitcase of clothing and stayed dressed the whole time. He was only allowed to bring the clothes he wore on the plane, a t-shirt, a pair of loose shorts and flip flops. Of course, I took those away from him the moment we got to the resort. I made him strip right there at check in. A few times he was the only one naked in the room. It was so hot."

"But why does he do it?" I asked.

"Because he likes it. I can't tell you how many times he's knelt right there on the floor in front of me, stroked himself while he's told me his fantasies of being exposed and controlled by me," Lilly said proudly.

"Wow, that's impressive," I said.

"He does, that, for you?" Sally asked as she made the universal gesture for a guy jerking off.

"It's one of his rewards if he's a good boy," Lilly said smiling.

"I couldn't help noticing he wasn't all that happy to see us," I said trying to be delicate.

"That? Oh, it's probably just nerves. This is the first time I've exposed him to someone at home. If you like I can enact general order 23," Lilly said with that evil smile again.

"What's general order 23?" Sally asked.

"I'll have Doug explain it to you. In fact, Douglas what's taking you so long in there?" Lilly called out across the house.

Doug quickly appeared with a tray in hand. It had the cake on a little plate, three extra plates, forks, two wine glasses and two wine bottles.

"Sorry Ma'am, I didn't want to interrupt your conversation," Doug said humbly.

"You mean you didn't want to be here as I told the ladies how you like to tug your weenie and tell me your dirty little fantasies," Lilly said with a don't you dare lie to me look.

"Y-yes Ma'am," Doug said quietly.

"Well, in that case, you'll be glad to be the one to tell them all about general order 23," Lilly said plainly.

"G-general order 23," Doug stammered.

"Yes, explain to the ladies exactly what it is."

Doug looked at Sally and I. Then he said, "Um, well, general order 23 means that I have to get hard and stay hard."

"And what, exactly, happens when you start to go soft?" Lilly asked with a hint of annoyance in her voice.

"I have to, um, stand up and, masturbate to a full erection," Doug said with a bright red blush.

"And are you allowed to orgasm?" Lilly asked.

"Only if you give me permission, and, um, if I ask for permission you get to spank me before deciding if I can have it or not."

"Doug," Lilly said, "don't just stand there like a naked mannequin give our guests their drinks."

"Oh," Doug said as if he'd just remembered he was holding a tray.

“So what do you ladies think of general order 23?” Lilly asked looking at us.

Doug put the tray down on the table and poured a glass of red wine and then handed it to Sally.

“It sounds amazing to me. Thank you Doug,” Sally said with a smile at Doug as she took her wine.

“You're welcome Ma'am,” Doug replied as he went to pour my glass of wine.

“It could be interesting,” I admitted. “I've never seen a guy jerk off before.”

Doug took the poured glass of wine, walked around to my side of the couch and handed it to me.

“Thank you Doug,” I said as I took the glass from him.

“You're welcome Ma'am,” Doug replied and he started to go back to his tray.

“Doug,” I said stopping him.

“Yes Ma'am?” Doug asked with a questioning look.

“Has Lilly spanked you before?”

“Yes Ma'am, she has,” he replied with a blush.

“And how do you feel about being spanked?” I asked him.

“It's very humiliating,” he admitted.

“But you enjoy being humiliated, at least to some degree, don't you?”

“Yes Ma'am, I do.”

“Doug,” I said with a small smile

“Yes Ma'am?” He asked.

“I would love to see you get spanked.”

Then some movement caught my eye. Doug began to get hard right there in front of us. We all watched Doug's dick until it was completely hard. Then, almost as one, we all looked up at his face.

“I think we need to invoke general order 23 but,” Lilly said with a dramatic pause, “with one change, in honor of our guests. Sally and Joanna will be the one to give permission for you to come. If you don't get it from them, before they leave tonight, you will not be allowed to come this evening, is that understood Douglas?”

“Yes Ma'am,” Doug said as he sneaked a look at Sally and I.

I have to admit, I felt this rush of power that I didn't expect. I was in control of Doug's orgasm. I could get him spanked and still leave him stone hard and unsatisfied if I chose. An interesting position for a woman to find herself in. This was going to be fun.

“Shall I serve the cake?” Doug asked.

“What kind of cake is it?” Lilly asked.

"It's this completely decadent chocolate mouse cake," Sally said. "It's horrible for your diet but so, so, good."

"Maybe just a small piece for me," Lilly said. "After you've served our guests you may set a small piece for yourself at my feet if you'd like to have one."

"Y-yes Ma'am," Doug said with a shocked look on his face.

"What's that about?" I asked suspiciously.

"Oh, this will be fun, trust me," Lilly said with a devious smile, "but oh, so embarrassing for Doug. What will our new neighbors think of you Douglas?"

"What are you going to do?" Sally asked as if she was about to burst with curiosity.

Lilly just smiled like the cat who ate the canary and said, "Let's leave that a mystery until we find out what Doug's decision will be."

We all looked at Doug for some hint of what he was going to do. It was obvious from his straining hard dick that whatever it was still had him excited.

"W-would either of you ladies like a piece of cake?" He asked.

"Yes, I would like one please," Sally said.

"I'll have a small piece too please," I said.

Doug cut a piece of cake, placed it on a plate and then handed it and a fork to Sally. Then he cut a small piece for me, put it on a plate, carefully placed a fork next to it and stood up to bring it to me. He walked around the couch, stood near me, bent over and offered me the plate.

"Thank you Doug, you're a good boy," I said without thinking.

"Thank you Ma'am," Doug said happily and then he walked back to the tray with the cake on it.

"You hit a nerve there," Lilly said. "Doug loves to be praised like that. It makes him feel very submissive, doesn't it Doug?"

"Yes Ma'am it does."

"So Doug, have you decided to have some cake?" Lilly asked.

"Yes Ma'am I have, if that's still OK?" He asked.

"Of course it is Doug and, it'll give the ladies something to look at while we chat," Lilly said with a smirk.

Both Sally and I gave Lilly a questioning look while Doug cut his cake. She held up her hand and shook her head as if to say, "Wait, you'll see soon enough."

Doug placed his piece of cake on the plate but didn't bother with a fork. He peered at Sally and I from under his eyebrows. It looked like he was trying to think of something to say but he couldn't find the words. Finally, Doug just smiled at us weakly, stood up and took his plate over to Lilly. He knelt down

in front of her and placed the plate on the floor at her feet. Then he reached down for her right foot. Both Sally and I leaned forward to watch as Doug carefully, and lovingly, took off her shoe.

Then Lilly put her toes right, into, Doug's slice of cake.

She moved her foot around until there was chocolate cake between her toes and all over her foot.

"Are you my good boy?" Lilly asked Doug as she took his face in her hand.

Doug shook his head yes.

"Then you're going to show our guests how well you lick my messy foot clean aren't you?"

"Yes Ma'am," Doug replied in a breathy tone.

Lilly looked down at Doug's dick. She placed her hand on it, rubbed it gently and said, "Look at how hard this thing is. Is it because you're about to embarrass yourself in front of our lovely new friends?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Doug said visibly panting.

"Good boy, now get to work and don't be shy. I want you to have something to be really embarrassed about when we run into them in the parking lot the next time."

To Be Continued.

Chapter 3 The Study Part 1

"You're dismissed," Professor Monroe said to the class. Then she looked at me and said, "Mr. Collins I'd like to talk with you a moment."

"Um, sure Professor Monroe," I said wondering what was up.

I sat there and watched the rest of the class file out of the lecture hall. Most of the people just walked past me on their way out the door. Then I noticed that, as they left the room, several of the girls in class smiled at me as they walked by. At the time I figured it was just because they thought I was in trouble. Boy, I couldn't have been more wrong.

Once all the other students had left I looked at Professor Monroe. While almost twice my age I found her to be a very attractive woman. She had a warm smile and a curvy body. There was also something else about her. Something that always made me feel a little weak inside. Maybe it was the way she looked at me from behind her dark rimmed glasses? Her eyes seemed to look right through me. Maybe it was her assertive, confident, attitude with which she seemed to confront everything. Whatever it was Professor Monroe always made me feel like a tiny little person who stood before a giant. Professor Monroe looked right back at me. She smiled softly and then said, "You had some very interesting views on the subject matter of today's class."

"T-thank you Ma'am. I find your class fascinating."

"I'm so glad that you do. So many men find the concepts I teach difficult to handle but you take to them like a fish to water," Professor Monroe said with another of her soul melting smiles.

"Thank you again Ma'am."

"In fact I think you would be perfect for a study I'm working on."

"Me? Really? What kind of study?" I asked.

"Well," professor Monroe said as she walked up to me, "it's a, sort of, gender study."

"That makes sense," I said since Professor Monroe taught a college course in gender studies.

"Yes, but the study is a bit more radical than my class work."

"Oh? How so?" I asked hesitantly.

"Before I get to that I'd like to ask you some questions. Would that be OK?"

"Sure, I guess," I said with a shrug.

"Excellent, now, some of these questions are very personal. I promise that all your answers will be kept in the strictest of confidence. When I publish my findings your answers, and any other part you might take in the study, will be kept totally anonymous. Would you still like to participate?" Professor Monroe asked.

"Yeah, sure, I guess," I replied wondering where all this was going.

"Great, let me just get my recorder and my notes. Then we can begin."

Professor Monroe turned and walked back to her desk. As she did I couldn't help but look at her ass. There seemed to be a little bit more of a wiggle to it than there usually was. I was hypnotized by her curvaceous body as she leaned over her desk. I wasn't even paying attention to what she was doing. All I could do was stare and drool. Then suddenly she stood turned to walk back towards me. She had a clipboard and a digital recorder in her hands. Her blouse was also unbuttoned at the top. She must have undone two, or maybe three, buttons. Suddenly there was a lot of cleavage on display. I could also see just the edges of a lacy white bra. Professor Monroe stood in front of me. I don't know how but everything about her seemed different. It wasn't just the cleavage or the sexy walk. She seemed to have even more of her normally take charge attitude. She placed the recorder on my desk, turned it on and then she said, "I need you to answer these questions honestly."

"O-OK."

"I mean it. If I even suspect that you're not being truthful with me you'll be punished."

"P-punished?" I asked as I looked at her with wide eyes.

Professor Monroe leaned over me. Her breasts were practically in my face. I looked from them up to her eyes. With an almost predatory look she said, "Yes, punished, a spanking right on your bare ass. Would you like that?"

"Anything you want," I said hypnotized by her. Then I realized what I had admitted to and quickly said, "I mean no!"

Professor Monroe stood up, smiled and said, "Then you'd better be a good boy and tell me the truth."

"Yes Ma'am," I stammered.

"Are you currently seeing anyone right now?" The Professor asked.

"No."

"Good, I don't want problems with infidelity to skew my findings."

Infidelity? Was all this some excuse to have sex with me? I looked the Professor up and down again with eager eyes. She smiled at me and asked, "How many women have you slept with?"

"I, um, two," I stammered.

"Have you had any sexual experiences with men?"

"No," I said as I shook my head quickly.

The Professor smiled at me and said, "There's no shame if you have. You can tell me, and remember, I need you to be honest."

"I was, I swear. I've never had any kind of sex with a guy."

"OK," she said as she looked down at her clip board, "how about your masturbation habits."

"W-what?" I asked as I blushed bright red.

"How often do you do it?" The Professor asked as she casually ran the fingers of her right hand up and down the collar of her blouse.

The movement, of course, caught my eye. I looked right into her cleavage and said, "At least once a day."

"At least? Does that mean sometimes you do it more than once a day?"

When I realized what I had just admitted to I looked up into her eyes again and stammered, "S-sometimes."

"Really? What's the most amount of times you've masturbated in one day?"

"I, um..."

I felt my face get hot as I blushed bright red. I tried to answer her but I couldn't get my mouth to form the words.

"Oh, come now. There's no shame in masturbation. I do it myself. I have a nice big dildo at home that I like to use."

"You do?" I asked as I felt my mouth go dry and my heart start to pound.

"Yes," she said with a smile. "I'll tell you the most amount of times I've done it in a day if you'll tell me your high number."

"Uh, three times," I said as I blushed and looked right at her.

The professor smiled and said, "Well, you're a horny little thing aren't you?"

I felt myself blush again. The professor chuckled and then she said, "Four times. That's the most I've used a dildo in one day. One of those times I even used it on myself."

I just stared at her blankly. That sentence didn't make sense to me. Before I could ask her about it she said, "Next question. Have you, or any of your sex partners, ever put anything into your anus?"

"I, what? Um, no I don't think so," I said with a nervous laugh.

The professor smirked and said, "Believe me you would know. The anus can be a very intense source of pleasure for a man."

"It can?" I asked feeling a little surprised.

"Oh yes, if you haven't tried it you have no idea what you're missing," the Professor said in a sexy voice.

I blushed bright red again and said, "Well, maybe someday."

"Excellent, I like a man who can keep an open mind. Now, just a few more questions," the Professor said as she looked back at her clipboard. Then she looked at me and asked, "Who do you prefer initiates sex? The man or the woman?"

"I don't mind if the woman initiates it," I said as I again wondered if she was coming on to me.

"You don't mind or you prefer it?" The Professor asked with a leer.

My eyes flicked over the Professor's body quickly. Then I looked up at her face and softly said, "I prefer it."

"Interesting, do you have any experience with fetishes or BDSM?"

"W-what do you mean?" I asked in a quiet uncertain voice.

"Have you ever been tied up or spanked as an adult? Do you have any desire to kiss my ass or feet?"

The professor asked as she pointed her foot at me.

I looked down at her foot. She had such lovely legs and feet. She wore a tasteful business skirt. It fell just above her knees. She also had on nude colored hose and black pumps.

"Would you like to get down on your hands and knees and worship my feet?"

I have to admit that at that very second there was nothing that I wanted more. I slowly looked back up to the Professor's face but was unable to say a word. I felt myself blush bright red.

The Professor chuckled and said, "I'll take your cute little blush as a yes. You would be perfect for my study. There's just one more thing you need to agree to."

"W-what's that?" I asked nervously.

"Well," she said as she turned back to her desk and fished around in her purse, "I'll need you to wear this."

Then the Professor turned around and showed me a clear plastic device.

"What is that?" I asked as she came towards me.

"This is a chastity device. It's important, for the study, that you refrain from masturbating until the day of your participation."

"Exactly what kind of study is this?" I asked not able to take my eyes off the chastity device.

"It's a behavioral study that focuses on the responses of the average male to certain sexual stimuli.

There's also a psychological aspect to it but I'd rather not disclose that until afterwards. It might skew the results."

"I see. So would I be having sex with you?" I asked nervously.

"Oh no," the Professor said with a chuckle, "that would be unethical. You're a student in my class. No, I've chosen several female volunteers for that."

"Several volunteers?" I asked surprised that there would be more than one.

"Yes, would you like to meet them?"

"Uh, sure, I guess so," I said completely stunned by everything that had happened so far.

"Ladies, it's time for you to come down now," the Professor said as she looked at the back of the room.

I turned around quickly to see three women my age at the back of the room. They each had a smile on their face as they walked past me to stand beside the Professor. I looked at the four of them in a stunned silence. They were the women who had smiled at me as the class filed out of the room. They must have snuck back in while the Professor talked with me.

"I believe you know Tara, Julie and Mandy," the Professor said as she gestured to each of my classmates.

"H-how long have you b-been back there?" I asked.

"Almost the entire time," Tara, a cute brunette said.

"Yep, that means we know your dirty little secrets," Julie, a bubbly little blonde, said with a laugh.

"I'm truly, truly looking forward to this Lewis. I hope you're not going to back out on us," Mandy said with a very sexy pout.

Mandy was a truly beautiful woman. She had dark hair, large eyes, pouty lips and wore black rimmed glasses that gave her that sexy librarian look.

"I, um," I stammered and then gulped.

"Stop teasing the boy ladies," the Professor said. Then she looked at me and said, "Each one of these young women has been sworn to secrecy. Nothing that happens as part of this study will ever be attributed to you personally. Isn't that right ladies?"

All three of them smiled at me and then agreed to their silence.

"And all three of you are going to have sex with me?" I asked in disbelief.

Tara and Julie smiled at me. Then they eagerly shook their heads yes.

"I'm especially looking forward to it," Mandy said in an unbelievably sexy way.

I just sat there and looked at them in disbelief.

"So will you do it Lewis? Will you wear the chastity device until the day of the study?" Julie asked with the largest doe eyes I've ever seen.

"Um, sure," I said as I blushed.

"Excellent, then we'll need you to stand up and undress," the Professor said.

"N-naked?" I asked as I looked at all four women.

With broad grins of their faces all four women shook their heads yes.

"C-couldn't I just open my pants?" I asked almost begging.

"I'm afraid not. You need to be completely naked," the Professor said.

"We want to see what we have to work with," Julie said with a cute little giggle.

"I've been looking forward to this ever since Professor Monroe asked you to stay after class," Tara confessed with a sexy smile.

I looked at Tara and, somehow, found it hard to resist the look on her face. Slowly, almost as if in a trance, I stood up. I stepped out from behind my desk. I looked at all four women as I took off my shoes. I wasn't exactly sure how I had gotten to that point. How was it that I was about to undress in front of three of my female classmates? Not to mention my professor and, all that, right in the middle of a college lecture hall. However it had happened I seemed unable to stop it.

I reached for the bottom of my t-shirt and pulled it over my head. Then I just dropped it to the floor.

After that my hands went to the opening of my jeans. Still looking at all four women I found it hard to open them.

"Are you having trouble going all the way?" Tara asked.

I numbly shook my head yes.

"Come on ladies let's give the boy a hand," Tara said as she walked towards me.

Julie and Mandy were quickly behind her. Before I knew it I was being undressed by three of my female classmates. They weren't gentle about it either. Tara pulled open my pants. Mandy yanked them down. Then Mandy and Julie took turns pulling them off my legs.

Once my pants were off they were tossed towards the back of the room. While Tara held me up Mandy lifted one leg and ripped off my sock. It went flying over head somewhere towards the back of the room. The moment Mandy let go of my leg, and my foot hit the floor, Julie lifted my other leg and yanked off that sock. It too sailed over my head and landed who knows where.

While my head spun from all that I felt something cold slide into my underwear at my side. I looked down to see a pair of scissors cut my underwear down to the leg hole. Before I could even open my mouth they were at my other side. With a sharp snip the other side was cut and my underwear, now a useless scrap of cloth, fell to the ground beneath me.

Tara, who stood behind me, reached around my body and hugged me. Then she ran her hands up and down my naked body until she got to my dick.

"Professor," she said over my shoulder as she waggled my hard dick, "he's stiff as a board. How are we gonna get him into that chastity device?"

The Professor rolled her eyes, breathed out slowly and said, "Oh, go on. We've got two days until the study. I suppose one last orgasm won't hurt anything."

Tara licked my ear and then said, "Now you're gonna get a taste of what's to come, so to speak. Go on ladies you get the front. I'll take care of the back end."

Tara let go of my dick. The moment her hand was out of the way Julie cupped my balls. Then Mandy started to stroke my dick. While they were busy with that I heard the telltale snap of a small bottle open. Then I felt two wet, slippery fingers slip between my ass cheeks. When they pressed up against my asshole my eyes flew wide open and I took in a sharp breath.

"Relax, you're gonna enjoy this I promise you," Tara whispered in my ear.

It was hard to argue as Mandy and Julie played with my dick.

Tara slowly circled my tight little hole with her lubricated fingers. I wasn't lying when I said I had never been touched back there by anyone. I was surprised at how good it felt. At first she rubbed me gently. After a few passes she pressed a little more firmly on my asshole. A few more times and one of her fingers pressed at the center of my opening. I looked right into Professor Monroe's eyes as Tara's finger slowly moved into me. "Just relax into it. Enjoy the feeling," The Professor advised.

It was hard not to enjoy what they did to me. Mandy and Tara were still playing with my dick and balls, I felt Tara's tits press into my back and my attractive college professor stood there and watched the whole thing.

Tara's finger was now into me past the first knuckle. She wiggled it around inside me gently. I couldn't help myself. I moaned softly as these three women ravaged me. Tara laughed quietly. Then she whispered in my ear, "You like it don't you?"

When I didn't answer right away Tara moved her finger deeper inside me and said, "Answer me."

"Yes," I said in a breathy whisper, "I like it."

I felt her look at Professor Monroe who smiled back at her. Then Tara kissed my cheek and said, "Good boy, let's finish him off ladies."

Julie and Mandy went into overtime on my dick and balls. Mandy stroked me faster and from somewhere, I don't know where, Julie pulled out a small vibrator. When she held it up to my balls I couldn't believe how good it felt. Tara's finger started to move in and out of me. That finger went deep inside me. I leaned back against Tara a little and just let them take me.

"Oh," Tara whispered in my ear, "I think someone is ready for another finger."

I moaned and gyrated my pelvis.

"Definitely ready for another finger," Tara cooed in my ear.

The next time she pulled her finger out she pressed her middle, and her pointer finger, up against my asshole. Slowly she pressed them both of them inside me.

"How does that feel Lewis?" Professor Monroe asked me.

"Good, so good," I moaned.

"Didn't I tell you he'd be an ass slut?" Tara asked as she wiggled her fingers inside me.

"I have to admit your instincts are impressive," Professor Monroe said with a smile.

Tara's fingers were now all the way inside me. The base of both her fingers stretched my asshole wide open.

"Are you ready to come? Are you ready to spurt all your boy juice at the Professor's feet?" Tara asked me.

"Oh God yes, please," I begged in a frenzy.

Tara started to move her fingers in and out of my ass. She did it slowly at first. Then she started to pick up the pace. Between Mandy's stroking hand, Julie vibrating my balls and then Tara roughly finger fucking my ass I quickly came to the edge of an orgasm. I moaned louder and louder as all three ladies expertly worked me over.

I gyrated my hips as Tara fingered my ass. Mandy stroked my dick faster.

"Here it comes," Julie said as an orgasm rushed through me.

Tara pushed her fingers all the way inside me. She wiggled them around as my entire body tightened. When I came I pumped jet after jet of come onto the floor in front of me. Mandy stroked my dick the entire time and Julie held my balls.

When it was over I slowly opened my eyes to see Professor Monroe as she smiled at me.

"Did you enjoy that Lewis?" The Professor asked me.

Still a little out of breath I shook my head yes.

"See, I told you that the anus can be an intense source of pleasure for a man," The Professor said with a satisfied grin.

"Yeah," I replied out of breath, "I guess so."

Tara moved her fingers around inside me, licked my ear and whispered, "And you've only had a small taste of what's to come, so to speak."

"I think that's enough for now. You're going to make him hard again. No more orgasms until the study.

Julie, give me what's left of his underwear," The professor said.

Julie handed the professor my underwear while Tara slipped her fingers out of me. The professor gently wiped my dick clean. I could feel myself blush again as my college professor handled my dick. When I was clean Tara asked for my underwear. She wiped her fingers clean as the professor opened up a thick plastic ring. There was a hinge at the bottom and some kind of tab at the top. The Professor put the ring around my dick behind my balls. Julie and Mandy now stood on either side of me.

"Hold the ring in place while I fit the other part of the device on him Mandy," the Professor instructed.

Mandy cupped one hand under my balls, to hold them and the ring, while her other hand held the ring closed at the top. I felt the ring around me. It was a snug, but not uncomfortable, reminder that I was about to be locked up.

The Professor brought the other half of the device up to me. It looked kind of like a hollow plastic dick. It was a tube that had a helmet shaped head attached to it. There was another tab at the top of the tube. This tab was positioned at 90 degrees to the tabs on the ring. It was obvious that the tabs on the ring would fit through the tab on the tube. A hole that went through the tabs on the ring was for the tiny lock that Professor Monroe held in her hand. Before I could say anything Professor Monroe fitted the tube over my dick and then locked it in place.

"There we go. Locked up nice and safe," the Professor said with a smile. "Now, if you'll come over here with me I have something I want you to present to each of the ladies."

The professor walked back to her desk. I followed quickly behind her but not before Tara gave me a playful swat on the behind. All three women laughed as I jumped in surprise. The spanking didn't hurt much. I just wasn't expecting it.

The Professor took four necklaces out of her briefcase. On each necklace was a tiny key. She kept one for herself and handed me the other three.

"Your device needs to be monitored for the next two days to make sure you're safe and there are no problems with it. Since giving you a key would defeat the purpose of the device you're going to need volunteers to check in on you. Tara, Julie and Mandy have all agreed to help out. I think it would be nice if you presented each of them with a key and thanked them for their efforts."

I looked at the keys, back at Professor Monroe and then over towards Tara, Julie and Mandy. All four women smiled and waited expectantly. When I didn't move right away the Professor turned me towards the ladies, swatted me on the butt and said, "Get going young man. We still have one more thing to take care of."

The swat on my butt, although not hard, sent me on my way. Before I knew it I stood in front of Mandy stark naked except for my chastity device of course. I took one of the necklaces, held it out to her and said, "T-thank you for volunteering to check in on me Mandy."

Mandy took the necklace from me and said, "You're very welcome Lewis. It'll be my pleasure."

I stood there and watched her put the necklace on. The chain was long enough so that the key fell into her cleavage. I looked at the key, nestled between her breasts, until someone cleared their throat. Then I looked up at Mandy, blushed and moved over to the next woman.

Tara smiled at me expectantly as I stood in front of her.

"T-Tara, thank you for volunteering to monitor me," I said as I handed her one of the necklaces.

"I'm happy to Lewis. Believe me you will enjoy this more than you think. The two days will fly by,"

Tara said as she put on her necklace.

Once again I watched the key nestle snugly between Tara's breasts. This time I managed not to stare too long. I smiled awkwardly at Tara and then moved over to Julie.

"J-Julie, thank you for volunteering to check in on me," I said as I held out the necklace to her.

"You're very welcome Lewis. We will all take very good care of you and your little pee pee. I promise," Julie said with a smile.

"T-thank you Julie," I stammered.

Julie put her hand gently on my chest and said, "Oh, you're welcome Lewis. You're, so, very welcome."

I blushed and then had to look away from Julie. I turned my head and looked down at the floor. Then I looked over at Professor Monroe.

"Good boy Lewis, that was an excellent job. Now come over here. We have one last thing to do before you may leave," the Professor said.

Julie's hand slid down my body. She grabbed the chastity device and wiggled it a little as if to remind me it was there. Then she smiled and gestured to the Professor with her eyes. I walked over to the Professor and stood in front of her.

"You're being such a good, obedient, boy Lewis. I'm so proud of you," the Professor said happily.

"T-thank you Professor Monroe."

"You're welcome Lewis. Are you finding it difficult to do as you're told?"

"More embarrassing than difficult," I admitted.

"That's good, very good, you're the absolute perfect subject for this study. Now, as I said, we have just one more thing to take care of."

Professor Monroe turned towards her desk. She took something out of her briefcase. Then she closed the briefcase and set it on the floor. This left her desktop empty. Then she turned and held up something to me.

"Do you know what this is Lewis?" The Professor asked.

I looked down to see what was in her hand. In her left hand was a small bottle of lubricant. In her right hand was a small butt plug. It looked to be about two fingers thick at the widest.

"It's, um, a butt plug isn't it?" I asked as I looked up at the Professor.

"Yes, Lewis, it is. I need you to hop up on my desk now and get on all fours," The Professor said as she stepped out of the way.

I looked at her as if to ask why but the answer to that question was obvious. She intended to plug me in front of three of my classmates. At that exact second a million things ran through my mind, embarrassment, humiliation, excitement, fear, eagerness. The Professor didn't say anything. She just looked at me. I looked down at the floor. Then I looked back up at Professor Monroe. After another few seconds I crawled up on her desk on all fours. The Professor moved behind me and said, "Spread your legs a little more Lewis. Come over here ladies. You'll want a good view for this."

Julie, Tara and Mandy walked towards the Professor's desk. As they did Tara asked, "Professor, I have plenty of experience with inserting butt plugs. Would it be all right if I went up in front of him? I want to look into his eyes while it's being done."

The Professor smiled at Tara as if she was overcome with pride in her best student.

"Yes, that'll be fine Tara."

Tara came up in front of me while the Professor, Julie and Mandy gathered behind me. With the way my legs were spread I could only imagine what those three could see from behind me. I could feel the

cool air of the room on my asshole. My balls hung and swayed heavily. My caged dick dangled below me. All that was on display for the three women as they gathered behind me.

Tara looked into my eyes and smiled as the Professor started to speak.

"Plugging the average male is quite simple. First you put a little lube on, and in, his anus."

I heard the top of the bottle of lube open. Then seconds later I felt her slippery finger on what used to be my most private opening. The Professor swirled her finger around, cupped my balls firmly with her other hand and said, "Always take hold of his balls whenever you get the chance. Most males enjoy this but the submissive male especially. He likes the vulnerability of you handling the most sensitive part of his anatomy."

"Submissive?" I said to myself quietly as if the idea was impossible.

Tara chuckled and said, "Of course you are sweetie. Look at yourself. You're stark naked, on all fours with a cage on your dick as your college professor is about to stick a butt plug up your ass in front of three of your classmates. You're as submissive as you can be."

I just looked at Tara blankly and didn't know what to say.

"Don't feel bad about it though. For every submissive boy like you there are women like me who know just how to take care of you," Tara said as she brought her lips close to mine.

Tara kissed me softly. Then as she pulled back the Professor pressed her finger inside me. Tara was able to look right into my eyes as the Professor held my balls and plunged her finger in and out of my ass.

"You just love a finger up your butt don't you Lewis?" Tara asked.

I bit my lower lip and just barely shook my head yes.

"Oh Lewis, we have so much to teach you about yourself," Tara said with a sexy smile.

My eyes were half closed as I looked at Tara. It took every ounce of my will power not to gyrate my hips with the Professor's invading finger. That's when I felt it. That's when my dick started to get hard. It felt like the cage had suddenly shrunk and gripped me tight. My eyes opened and I breathed in sharply.

"Oh," Tara said with a giggle, "is that nasty old cage getting in your way?"

I shook my head yes.

"Poor, poor baby," Tara said as she stroked my cheek gently and then kissed me again.

The Professor slipped her finger out of my ass. There was a moment or two where I felt nothing back there. Then something pressed against my asshole again. The Professor didn't push it in though. She held it right at my opening and said, "Lewis has had plenty of warm up. Even so, you don't want to just cram the plug up his anus. You want to work it in slowly."

The Professor started to press the plug into my ass and move it around. My eyes went wide and I moaned softly.

"This is so that he has time to accept the plug but also so that you have time to enjoy putting it in him. Don't forget to savor the penetration. It's a lovely moment for both of you."

"That's so true isn't it Lewis?" Tara asked as she looked right into my eyes.

All I could do was moan again softly. The plug slowly opened me up and went inside me.

"How does that feel Lewis? Do you like it?" Tara asked.

I shook my head yes.

"Say it Lewis. I want to hear you admit it, out loud, for all of us to hear," Tara said eagerly.

"I like the way the butt plug feels in my ass," I said in a loud breathy voice.

"Like it? Or love it?" Tara asked.

I had to pause for a second. The Professor had reached the half way point with the plug. Its long slender length just started to grow to it's widest point. The Professor took that moment to move the plug in and out of me. As I stood there, naked on all fours, she fucked me up the ass with the plug.

"Oh God," I moaned, "I love it."

"I just knew you would," Tara said with a self satisfied smile. "Like I said, I can spot an ass slut a mile away."

The Professor fucked me a little faster with the butt plug. Eventually I couldn't help but move my ass in rhythm with the in and out motion of the plug.

"You can tell by his movements that, not only is he enjoying this but, he's loosened up and is ready for complete insertion. If he's been a good boy you could, if you chose, unlock him and allow him to come. Unfortunately for Lewis he's had his last orgasm until tomorrow night," the Professor said as she pushed the plug all the way inside me.

My eyes opened wide again, and I looked right at Tara, as the widest part of the plug stretched me open. The Professor held the plug inside me right at that point. She squeezed my balls firmly, but gently, with her other hand. Then she pushed the plug all the way inside me.

The Professor held my balls and fondled them gently. Mandy and Julie came on either side of me. They both stroked the bare skin of my sides and told me how good I was doing.

"I have to agree Lewis. You're doing so well. I'm very proud of you. You're taking to anal sex like a champ. This is gonna be so much fun," Tara said with a smile.

All that female attention, combined with the butt plug up my ass, got me hot again. My dick tried to get hard. Of course the chastity device prevented that. A pained look of frustration came over my face. An amused look came over Tara's face.

"Poor baby, are you having a little problem down there?" Tara asked me.

I shook my head yes.

"Aw, poor thing," Tara said with an exaggerated pout. "I'm afraid you're just going to have to deal with it until tomorrow night. You can do that can't you? For me?"

When I looked at her with a stunned expression she said, "I promise you it'll be worth it Lewis.

Tomorrow night I'm going to fuck you. In fact, we're all going to fuck you."

Mandy and Julie walked around me, they stood beside Tara and faced me. They both shook their head yes and smiled.

"We're all going to fuck you Lewis," Julie said.

"Isn't that worth a little discomfort?" Mandy asked as she leaned over a bit and let me look down her blouse.

"It's not even two days really. More like a day and a half," Tara explained.

"T-that's not so bad, I guess," I told myself more than anyone else.

"Of course it's not," Tara said as she caressed my face.

"OK, yeah, yeah, I can do it, sure," I convinced myself.

"What a good boy you are," Tara said. "I'm so proud of you."

"I think it's time Lewis put his clothes back on. I have a class in twenty minutes," The Professor said in a firm tone.

A disappointed look crossed the faces of all three woman.

"Don't pout, just think of what's to come tomorrow night," the Professor reminded us.

"She's absolutely right. Besides you don't want to get caught naked in a college lecture hall while you're caged and plugged do you?" Tara asked me.

I quickly shook my head no while Tara chuckled at me. Then she offered a hand to help me down. After I took it I crawled off the desktop and stood in front of all four women. I looked at them all and felt humbled, and yet somehow excited, by everything that had happened.

"Well, go on, find your clothes," Tara said.

"Find my clothes?" I thought.

I quickly turned to look back at the lecture hall. I could see that my clothes were strewn all over the place. One sock was here while the other one was way over there. My shirt was in one row while my pants were in another.

"You better hurry," the Professor warned, "there's going to be an entire class of students walking in that door in fifteen minutes."

I ran out into the lecture hall and started to collect my clothes. As I did I heard all four women chuckle.

I grabbed my pants. When I had done that I saw my shirt on the floor one row behind it. Not thinking, and desperate to get dressed again, I bent over the seats to grab it off the floor. This put my naked, plugged ass up in the air. As I strained to reach my shirt I heard the click of a camera shutter. Shirt in hand I stood up and looked over my shoulder. I saw all four women smiling at me. Tara stood there with her cell phone in hand and tried to feign innocence.

"I guess I could tell my next class that we have a naked exchange student from Cap D'agde, that naked city in France. This way you could spend the whole day as my naked assistant. Would you like that Lewis?" The Professor asked.

A panicked look crossed my face.

"Then I think you'd better get dressed huh?" Tara said with a laugh.

I quickly put on my pants and shirt. Then I grabbed the rest of my clothes as fast as I could find them. I was dressed in record time. My shirt was half untucked and I looked like a rumpled mess but at least I was completely covered. When I was done I turned back to the ladies who gave me a round of applause.

"I liked him better naked," Julie said with an unhappy look.

"I agree. A good man is naked and does what he's told," Tara said as she came up to me. "And you do want to be a good man don't you Lewis?"

"Y-yeah," I stammered.

"Excellent, then when you come to my apartment tonight, for your inspection, the first thing you'll do is remove all your clothing. Is that understood?" Tara asked.

"Yeah, I guess so," I said still a little dazed by everything that had happened to me up to that point.

"Don't worry Lewis once you get used to things you'll find yourself happier than you've ever been before. Here's my address," Tara said as she handed me a card that she took out of the back pocket of her jeans, "be there at 7:30 sharp, OK?"

"Y-yeah, sure," I stammered.

"Good boy," Tara said with a smile.

After that I exchanged cell numbers with all four women. When Professor Monroe's next class started to file into the lecture hall the ladies and I said our goodbyes to the Professor and left. Once we were out in the hallway the three women surrounded me. Then they backed me up against the wall.

"We have two more inspections to schedule," Tara reminded me.

"Oh, yeah," I said a little relieved.

"Worried that we were going to do something sinister to you, right out here in the hallway?" Tara asked.

"Maybe a little, yeah," I admitted.

"Lewis," Tara said as she put a comforting hand on my shoulder, "we're not mean or cruel. We don't want to hurt you. We'll always look out for, and take care of you. We just like to be the ones in charge that's all."

"Yeah," Julie said with a huge grin.

"You just do as your told and we'll take complete care of you," Mandy said with a sexy look.

"OK, s-sure," I agreed.

"Good boy, now, you're to meet with Mandy at 3 PM today," Tara said.

"You know the reference library on the West side of campus?" Mandy asked.

"Y-yeah," I replied.

"Meet me there precisely at three. The fourth floor by the elevators. I know a quiet place where we won't be disturbed."

"Then tomorrow at twelve you'll meet with Julie," Tara instructed.

I looked at Julie who smiled and said, "You know the gym where the cheerleaders practice?"

I shook my head yes.

"Well, I know for a fact they don't practice until later that day. We'll have total privacy," Julie said with a giggle.

"O-OK," I stammered.

"This is gonna be so much fun," Julie said as she bounced up and down.

Julie kissed me hard and fast. Then, before she walked away, Julie said, "See you tomorrow at twelve Lewis and don't be late."

"I-I won't," I promised as she walked off.

Julie was hardly gone when Mandy stepped in front of me. She gave me a sexy look and said, "Don't forget, 3PM at the reference library. I'm looking forward to it."

I was about to say that I was also looking forward to it when she stopped me with a kiss. Mandy's lips presses against mine in a slow sensuous kiss. Then she just winked at me and walked away.

That left me alone with Tara. She smiled at me, ran her hand up and down my chest and said, "I'm really glad you've agreed to take part in this study Lewis. You, aren't having second thoughts or anything are you?"

"N-no, it's just, a bit overwhelming," I admitted.

"Yeah, I can see how it might be. One minute you're sitting there in class minding your business. Then, boom, out of nowhere you're being stripped by three of your classmates."

I shook my head yes with a look of disbelief on my face.

"It is pretty exciting though isn't it?" Tara asked. "I mean, here we are standing in the hallway, people all around us and none of them know your little secret but me."

I scanned the hallway quickly. Students walked by and didn't pay us any attention. Then Tara reached into her shirt and took out the key. She held it by the chain and dangled it in front of my face.

"Not a single one of them know your dick is locked up tight. And what about that butt plug up your ass? Can you still feel it back there?" Tara asked with a sexy smile.

I shook my head yes.

"I can't wait to watch you walk away. How many classes do you have today?"

"I have two. One before three and one after," I said as I looked right into her eyes.

"That's at least two hours you're gonna spend sitting on that butt plug. Right, in the middle of, a crowded classroom," Tara said as she came up close to me.

She kissed me and then said, "God, it makes me so wet knowing that. Think of me every time you squirm on that plug. Now, you'd better get out of here before I drag you into the lady's room and make you lick my cunt until your late for all your classes."

When I just stared at her blankly, with visions of eating her out in the lady's room in my head, she smacked my ass and said, "I said get moving Mr. and I meant it."

The swat on my ass got me to move. I walked a few paces down the hall and then looked at Tara over my shoulder. She smiled and winked at me. I was so distracted that I almost walked into some guy. I apologized to him and walked away.

I was finally alone. I had some time before my next class. I made my way through the halls. There was a small cafeteria not far from my next class. I figured I'd get a coffee and sit quietly while I tried to process what had just happened to me.

The butt plug moved around inside me with every step. It wasn't as good as Tara finger up my ass but it still felt nice. The cage weighed heavily on my dick. I tried to ignore it but it was hard not to realize it was there. I was only half hard so, while it was snug, it wasn't uncomfortably tight. It was just enough to remind me it was there.

I tried my best to ignore all of it while I got my coffee. It was frustratingly difficult while I stood there in line. Even more so when I had to make small talk with the cashier to pay for my coffee. It was damn near impossible though when it came time to sit down and drink my coffee though.

My full weight came down to press on the butt plug that was shoved firmly up my ass.

The moment my weight pressed on it my eyes went wide and I froze in place. Then of course I realized that I was in a crowded public place. If I didn't act normal people might realize what was going on. I sat down and tried to relax. I drank my coffee while the plug poked me deep inside.

After a minute I got the nerve to look around the room. No one seemed to notice me. I sat there in a crowded cafeteria, with a butt plug up my ass, and no one cared. Of course no one knew either but that was besides the point. To me it felt like I was on display to the world. I relaxed back into the chair and finished my coffee with a smile.

I had to admit to myself, whether I wanted to or not, that I liked this. I mean, I was alone, there was no one there with me. While the cage was locked onto me I could remove the butt plug at any time. Then all I had to do was slip it back in before I went to meet Mandy at three. I could do that, but, I didn't want to. Some part of me liked being controlled. Some part of me enjoyed all of this.

I leaned forward, felt the plug shift inside me, and put my coffee cup on the table in front of me. Then I just leaned back and enjoyed the feeling of the plug up my ass and the cage around my dick.

Strap-On Stories 1

I didn't know exactly what to expect from that night. I could tell by the way she started things that it was going to be interesting if nothing else.

Late in the afternoon Melissa told me to take a shower. I was also told to wash and shave myself thoroughly. When I was done not only was I smelling like a rose but there wasn't a hair to be found on my naked body south of my eyebrows.

After a complete and thorough inspection, in which she examined my cock and balls for any sign of imperfection, Melissa told me to kneel and bend over the edge of the tub.

"You're all clean and pretty on the outside. Now let's make my little slut clean and pretty on the inside," Melissa said rubbing two fingers over my asshole. She went over to the sink and opened the little cabinet beneath it. That was where we kept the enema equipment.

I couldn't see what she was doing of course. I had my back to her, my ass in the air and my head in the tub but I knew from experience what was coming next. While she was readying the enema bag all I could think about was the special nozzle she had bought me.

It was made of hard black plastic and it was long and sleek with a bulbous egg shaped head that came to a point. There was a little flair at the base but it wasn't as big as something you might see on a butt plug. It was just large enough to keep the nozzle from getting lost inside me.

Not that it was usually a problem. Melissa generally held onto the base of the nozzle as she fucked me with it. That was, of course, all I could think of as I listened to the water run and waited for what we both knew was coming.

Melissa hummed happily as the water ran. She was either waiting for the right temperature or she was filling the enema bag. The anticipation was driving me crazy. My hard cock pressed up against the cold porcelain of the bathtub and, I know this is just my imagination but, I could feel my asshole aching to be penetrated. It was like it had a mind of its own that over took my entire body and screamed fuck me. I stuck my ass up in the air just a little higher, spread my knees just a bit farther apart and moved my ass around in circles.

"Look at you," Melissa said with a laugh as she shut off the water. "Always such an eager little slut just begging to be fucked."

She fiddled around with something for a moment or two and then came over and sat down on the rim of the tub next to me. She hung the enema bag from the shower rod and then caressed my ass gently with her hand.

Melissa ran her hand over my ass in circles and then she squeezed one cheek firmly. She spanked me a few times just hard enough to make me feel it. What really had me moaning like a little bitch in heat was when she put her hand at the small of my back and slowly moved it downward until it was between the cheeks of my ass.

Her thumb pressed up against and rubbed over my exposed asshole as she moved her hand down. Eventually she cupped and gently squeezed my balls and then stroked my hard cock while I moaned and pushed my ass back at her.

"Such a dirty, little, slut," Melissa said happily. "So eager, and willing, to be fucked up the ass like a cheap, little, whore. Aren't you?"

"Oh God, yes," I said in a quiet breathy voice.

"What was that? I didn't quite hear you," Melissa asked teasingly.

"I'm your cheap little whore. Your dirty little slut that loves to be fucked up the ass," I said loudly.

"Of course you are. That's just one of the many reasons I love you."

Then she leaned across my back, put her head next to mine and kissed me on the cheek. Her right arm came around my body and she brought her hand up on the other side of my head. The enema nozzle was in her hand attached to the bag with an extra long hose.

"Now be a good little slut and suck my cock before I stick it up your ass," she said as she pressed the tip of the nozzle between my lips.

I wrapped my lips around the nozzle as it smoothly slipped in and out of my mouth.

"That's right baby. Suck on that cock. Get it nice and hard for your tight little ass," Melissa whispered in a sexy voice as she fucked my face.

"OK, now work the head. I want to see your lips flow over the head of my cock," Melissa instructed as she worked just the tip of the nozzle in and out of my mouth.

Then she smiled and said, "As good as you look with my cock in your mouth I think it's time to stick it up your ass. Are you ready to take it in the ass for me baby?"

With the nozzle still going in and out of my mouth I shook my head yes.

She laughed and said, "Of course you are. Dirty little sluts like you are always ready to take it up the ass aren't you?"

Again I shook my head yes.

She laughed at me, kissed me on the cheek and took the nozzle out of my mouth. Then she got up off my back and sat back down on the edge of the tub again. The next thing I heard was the tell tale snap of the tube of lube opening up. She squeezed some of it out on her fingertips and then rubbed them in slow circles over my exposed asshole.

She just rubbed her fingertips around and around waiting for me to break. She knew I would. Hell, we both knew I would. It was just a question of how long I could hold out before I begged her to finger my ass.

Around and around and around her fingertips circled my asshole. Eventually I started to grind my hips in circles and push back against her teasing fingers. I started to moan and clench my fists aching to feel her inside me.

"Please, Melissa," I moaned softly.

"Yes sweetie? Is there something you wanted?" she asked innocently.

"Please finger me, please, please, please," I begged.

"Aw, do you want your boy pussy finger banged like some slutty little high school girl?" She asked with a laugh in her voice.

"Yes, please," I whined, "please, please."

I couldn't see her. I couldn't see anything because my entire being was focused on the way her fingers teased my eager little asshole, but I know she smiled. She smiled and then smoothly slipped her fingers right up my ass. I bit my lower lip and moaned as I felt her enter me.

I started to move my ass in time with her probing fingers. I lewdly pushed back and ground my ass against Melissa's hand as she fingered me. My hard cock bounced and flopped around underneath me as I shamelessly fucked myself on her hand.

"Such a dirty slut. You just love being fucked don't you? Well, just wait until tonight. Gina and I are going to bang your ass like it's a dirty little gong."

Melissa punctuated her her sentence by pushing her fingers deep inside me and rubbing my prostate. I moaned, spread my legs even wider and lifted my ass a little higher.

"Whose ass is this?" Melissa asked.

"Yours, Melissa."

"I own you don't I? You're my dirty little slut aren't you?" Melissa asked putting emphasis on the word my.

"Yes Ma'am," I said grinding my ass on her fingers.

"Even if I lent you out to a thousand women? Who would you come back to?"

"You, Melissa, every single time, I'd come back to you," I said in a desperate breathy voice.

"That right, but don't worry I know just what my little slut needs. I always know just what you need."

Her fingers disappeared from my ass leaving me feeling empty but she quickly replaced them with the nozzle. She pushed it inside me and fucked me with it for a minute or two. Then she pushed it in to the hilt, let the water start to flow into me and said, "I think that's enough for now. I want you to be hot and ready for Gina. Take the entire enema bag, clean yourself out and then rinse off if you need it. When you're done come out to the living room."

Having said that Melissa turned to leave. She got to the bathroom door where she stopped and said,

"Needless to say there will be no orgasms for you until the end of the night. So no jerking off until I give you permission is that understood?"

"Yes Melissa."

"Good boy."

Chapter 4 The Study Part 2

I stayed bent over the tub with my legs spread wide and my ass held high until the enema bag emptied out into me. Then I let it sit inside me for a few minutes. I thought I heard something behind me once or twice. A noise as if Melissa had walked by the bathroom to check on me. I didn't see anything when I looked over my shoulder though.

I knew better than to disobey an order. A good little slut does as he's told. Melissa making me wait until the end of the night to come would be difficult but the truth of the matter is that a delayed orgasm can often be better than a quick one. There's a build up, a level of arousal that can only be achieved after a period of denial. Once you reach that level the orgasm can be mind blowing.

I also knew that no matter what happened Melissa would take care of me. She truly loved me and would look out for me in a way that no one else would. Freeing me to be who and what I truly am; a dirty little ass slut that loves to be fucked up the ass by any woman Melissa chooses.

I, of course, have to be willing to obey and please her but in most cases that is something I'm more than willing and eager to do. All relationships are a system of gives and takes. In the long run a dirty little submissive slut like me couldn't ask for a better Mistress, lover or girlfriend. I love Melissa as much if not more than she loves me.

After I expelled the enema, cleaned up, dried off and put away the enema bag I went out, naked, into the living room to find Melissa. I didn't find her but I did see that she had set up the living room for our little party.

The coffee table had been pulled out of the way and a thick, soft comforter had been spread out in front of the couch. In the middle of the comforter, facing the couch, was my box, a few tubes of lube, a bowl of condoms and a small garbage can.

The box was a little project Melissa had me make one day when she couldn't find anything to attach her suction cup vibrator to. Some nights Melissa liked me to entertain her by fucking myself for extended periods while she watched. The box allowed me to do that easily.

It was basically a simple wooden box about two feet by two feet attached to a board. The board was the same depth as the box but it stuck out on two ends. This way if the vibrator was attached to the top of the box my feet would be on the board and hold it in place while I fucked myself for her. If the vibrator was attached to the front of the box my shins would hold it in place while I fucked myself for her.

Tonight Melissa had the vibrator, with the wired remote, stuck to the top of the box facing the couch. The remote was on the couch. I knew I'd be expected to entertain both Melissa and Gina before they both strapped it on and fucked me.

I felt myself blush as I imagined what Gina was going to see. I had only met her once before and now she was about to watch me fuck myself for her amusement. My hard cock throbbed between my legs as I thought about what a total slut I was going to make of myself for this woman I barely knew. It took every ounce of self control I had to keep from jerking off right then and there.

"There you are. Nice and clean?" Melissa asked coming up behind me.

I turned to look at her and said, "Yes, Ma'am."

She ran her fingers lightly over my cock and balls inspecting them closely. Then she said, "Good boy. Now turn around and spread 'em."

Without hesitation I did as she asked. I turned around, bent over and spread my ass cheeks for her inspection. Melissa looked me over and then ran her fingertips lightly over my asshole.

"Very nice little slut. All clean and ready to be fucked by whomever I choose. And trust me your boy pussy is going to get a workout tonight."

Melissa went over and sat down on the couch. Then she picked up the remote and said, "Gina will be here soon so I want you to mount yourself on the box. I want her to see exactly what kind of slut you are the second she walks in."

"Yes Melissa," I said as I walked over to the box.

I picked up a tube of lube and popped open the cap. Then I squirted some out on my finger and rubbed it around my asshole. Once the outside was coated and slippery I went back for some more lube and slipped my finger deep inside my ass. Melissa looked at me smiling as I stood there and fingered my ass for her.

"Such a good, nasty, little slut boy. I just love how you are always so eager to fucked like a little bitch."

"I'm glad I please you Melissa," I said with my finger deep in my ass.

"Of course you are. Now get that dick up your ass. Gina will be here soon and we have to have a little conversation before she gets here."

"Yes Melissa," I said pulling my finger out of my ass and squatting over the vibrator.

I grabbed the vibrator and rubbed the tip up and down the crack of my ass until the head was positioned at the center of my asshole. Then I leaned back a little, so Melissa could watch it penetrate me, and slowly lowered myself down while looking her right in the eye.

Melissa smiled at me and then her eyes moved down. She watched my ass slowly gobble up the cock shaped vibrator. Inch by inch it sank into me as she watched me smiling all the way. When it was about half way in she looked up at my face and said, "Look at you, stark naked, legs spread wide, cock slowly going up your slutty little ass... You're in heaven aren't you?"

"Yes," I said in a breathy moan.

"What could make it better? Oh, I know. Maybe this?" Melissa asked as she pointed the remote at me and hit the button.

The vibrator, already buried three quarters of the way up my ass, started to vibrate deep inside me. I took a sharp breath in and moaned. I started to fuck myself vigorously on it but Melissa quickly shut it off and said, "That's enough of that. Save it for Gina."

"Yes Melissa," I said with a little grunt of frustration.

"Good boy. Now, I want you to remember just what tonight is all about. We're introducing Gina to the joys of strap-on sex with a man. So you're to be eager and slutty but, I don't care how much it aches or throbs, you don't even think about your cock tonight. Tonight is all about Gina. Is that understood?"

"Yes Melissa, I understand," I said slowly moving the vibrator in and out of my ass.

"Good boy. You're to do anything she tells you to. Obey her exactly as you would me. I'll be supervising everything so you'll be completely safe. I wouldn't let anything happen to my dirty little slut. You know that don't you?" Melissa asked as she turned the vibrator on high.

"Oh God, yes, I know that Melissa."

"Such a good little slut. Now fuck yourself for me until Gina gets here."

I started to move up and down on the vibrator and steady pace while Melissa played with the remote. I also made sure that my cock flopped around a lot as I fucked myself for her. I knew that was something Melissa liked to see.