

## Jim's Surprise

The sound of the door bell broke into Jim's thoughts. "Who's that" he thought to himself "the postman's already been". He managed to drag his eyes away from the women on his laptop's screen just in time to see Pam standing outside the floor to ceiling lounge windows, looking back in at him. With a guilty start Jim pulled his hand out from the waistband of his trousers and gave Pam a wave of acknowledgement. Pam waved back in turn and pointed with a questioning look towards where the front door was. "Well that's who it was then" Jim again thought to himself as he simultaneously stood up and minimized the porn site's screen before heading into the hall to open the front door for Pam, "that's a pain". It wasn't that Pam was a particularly unattractive visitor, in fact quite the opposite....and particularly dressed, as Jim had already made out through the window, in her dark blue nurses uniform. Jim had always had a 'thing' for women in uniforms and Pam looked rather nice, standing out there. It was just that, well..., it was just that Jim had been rather enjoying himself as he worked through his favorite websites and he had been planning to pop into the bathroom for a quick wank to relieve all the tension that had been building up. But now that was out of the question, "well, for the moment anyway" he thought.

Looking at his watch as he went down the hall Jim realized rather guiltily that he had been 'enjoying himself' for rather too long..... pretty much all of the morning and into the early afternoon in fact..... he really should have sorted himself some lunch out an hour or so back. He was at least fairly sure that Pam would not have seen what he was doing though. The dining table where he had set up the laptop was at the back of the through lounge/dinner and there was also the sofa that his wife and he had used as a divide in the rooms two functions between him and the window. So, reassured by those thoughts, Jim made it to the front door and opened it with a smile to Pam. His welcome though was met with "What was up with you then, I rang twice and no reply. I thought that I was about to have to lug these back to the nurses home" Pam held up a bag and juggled it a bit. Jim could see that it looked heavy. "I've walked all the way, couldn't get a bus" Pam went on "just come off shift but Wendy said that she needed these things back so I bought them". Jim tried to get his brain in gear. "Well, err, well that's great...thanks" he held out a hand. "What! Is that all I get? Thanks. Not even the offer of a cup of tea after I've

walked all this way, and after my shift. I wouldn't have bothered but I'm on nights for the next few weeks and so I wouldn't see Wendy" Jim tried another smile at his other-half's friend and nervously withdrew his hand "err, sorry.... didn't think. Come in".

Having offered Pam a seat in the lounge Jim retreated to the kitchen and put the kettle on. This was the first real contact he had had with Pam and her bristling attitude made him a bit nervous. Thinking back he couldn't remember if she had not been like this the couple of other times that he'd seen her before. But then both of those had only been when he had been picking Wendy up from some sort of 'do's' at the hospital's Staff Club. Pam had been waiting with Wendy both times when he had driven up. "Just keeping me company" Wendy had said when he had commented on it. Not that it bothered Jim. OK, it might be a little strange that working in administration Wendy had made friends with this nurse "but then that's how it happens sometimes" he thought to himself as he went to the cupboard to look for some biscuits.

It was as the kettle was really starting to boil that Pam's voice suddenly broke into Jim's thoughts. "What's this then Jim? You're being a naughty boy aren't you?" "Christ" Jim thought as he started to rush from the kitchen, "her voice is close, too close". Sure enough, Pam was no longer sitting where Jim had left her at the far end of the room. Instead she was standing by the laptop, scrolling down the screen that Jim had just been looking at. Jim knew exactly what was on that screen and he leapt forward as he instinctively went to reach for the laptop's off button. But he suddenly found that his outstretched hand had been grabbed by the wrist and as he went past Pam her other hand connected between his shoulder blades, pushing him onwards towards the dining table. Jim's groin came up hard against the table edge and stopped with a painful bang. But momentum kept his upper body moving forward and Pam was easily able to twist Jim's hand right up behind his back and then pin his upper torso down to the table. Pretty confident that she had already him where she wanted him, Pam just made sure by half climbing onto Jim's back and bringing her elbow down hard on his head, pinning him to the table.

There was a moments silence as Jim tried to understand what had happened. Had he just been assaulted, here is in his own home.....and by a nurse.....a nurse who was pretty smaller than him and also a friend of his wife? He tried to get up but the pressure from Pam's bony elbow in his ear persuaded him stop that and instead try his voice. "Hey, what's going on Pam, what are you

doing". Pam sounded only a little bit out of breath above him "What am I doing", I'll tell you what I'm doing. I'm finding out why my friend's lazy sod of a husband is still unemployed all these months after being made redundant I'm finding out that, while my friend is worrying herself sick about him, about his prospects and their future, he is sitting here at home looking through all sorts of porn sites, not job sites. Busy working your hand up and down your dick all day I don't doubt". Jim didn't want to have to explain to Pam about his and Wendy's sex life, so instead he tried again to get up. But his hand was painfully pushed further up his back and the pressure on his head increase even more. Clearly he was not going to be able to physically overpower Pam, well certainly not from this position. Jim decided that he had better try and reason with her.

"Well whatever Pam, I don't deserve this do I? I can do what I want in private and it's not for you to go round assaulting people and judging them". "Oh, so what are you going to? Have me charged with assault then? Maybe go to the police and say that this little nurse beat you up? Is that what you're going to say? Well if you do that then the police will hear all about what's here on your laptop. They'll have to in order to investigate the 'assault'. How do you think that is going to go down with Wendy? .....or in the hospital.....or at an interview, if you ever get one. How is your wife going to be able show her face at work then?" Jim had to admit that Pam had a point but he was about to interject when Pam went on "Now I'm going to give you the option of getting out of this problem, a problem, I would point out that you made for yourself by being a randy little sod who was too interested in what he was looking at to shut down his pc before inviting me in. I can leave you here and allow Wendy to find out what you've been getting up to during the day or we can take a nice walk down to the Police Station and you can try to file those assault charges". Pam was pretty confident what Jim's reply would be. Wendy had already filled her in on what they both got up to in the bedroom and Jim's overriding wish for secrecy about his 'interest'. So she already knew which of the two options Jim's dick would choose - it was just a case of pushing his mind in the same direction.

Jim meanwhile was just happy to be being presented with what appeared to be such an easy get-out. "It's OK, you can leave me then" he said and anticipating a quick agreement he tried to stand up again. "Whoa, not so quick." Pam's voice came from behind him. "Get your other hand back here with this one". "Why?" "Well you don't think that I'm stupid enough just to let

you roam around for the rest of the afternoon do you? I'm not going to have you wiping the pc's memory and then denying all this happened to Wendy. No, you get your hand back here and I'll make sure that you won't be doing any of that.....otherwise the deal is off and you can take your chance out in the big wide world". If he had thought about things for a moment or two Jim might have reacted differently. He might have realized that there was no obligation on him to go to the Police, that had been Pam's suggestion, and, if they have of gone then Pam would be risking her reputation just as much as he. But Jim didn't get those moments to think. Pam kept up the pressure, "come on what's it to be?" Jim sighed and brought his free hand back behind his back. The clicks from the hand cuff's came as a surprise, the first one on his free hand and the second quickly on the hand Pam was pushing up his back. Relaxing slightly Pam released her hold on his wrist then but her elbow was still pressed against his temple. "Now in a minute I'm going to let you stand up. But I don't want you to try any funny stuff. You've only experienced a small part of what I learnt at the self defense classes that my last hospital ran. But if you give my any trouble I'll use you as a punch bag, you got me?" Jim grunted an "OK". He knew that he had no choice.

Minutes later Pam sat back to admire her handy work. Jim was now down on the floor behind the sofa in a fairly tight hog-tie. He had offered no resistance as Pam had produced some cord from the bag she had bought with her and firstly tightly tied Jim's ankles and then loosely joined them to the cuffs. Then, wanting to keep Jim exactly where she had put him, Pam had ran a further cord under and around the sofa, positioned in the middle and tied tightly against the give in the sofa's cushions A final cord was looped round the rope between Jim's hand's and ankles and knotted, before both of the end's were taken well out of the reach of his fingers and tied to the rope around the sofa.

Pam came and crouched by Jim's head where he had a worm's eye view of her regulation black shoes, together with the black woolen tights that she was wearing, as they disappeared under Pam's blue uniform dress. "You should be alright here Jim. The sofa will hide you from anyone looking in through the front window. If you didn't already realize, all of the ropes holding you are tied to the sofa. They'll stop you from moving around but they shouldn't be too uncomfortable.....if you keep still. I should probably gag you, you know, to stop you calling out for help. But it's dangerous to do that to someone who's inexperienced, you could choke and since there won't be anyone here to help you until Wendy gets home, that might not be so good. So you'll just have to

keep quiet until Wendy comes to get you, won't you" Pam stood up, the movement giving Jim a brief glimpse up Pam's dress to the white pants at her crotch. She headed away from him, towards the door into the hall. Jim tried to follow her with his eyes but it meant straining his head back and he gave up. Pam's voice carried to him as she delivered her parting shot "Of course your Wendy is going to be terribly pissed off when she finds out about all of this, still I'm sure that it will all work out in the end".

The front door closed and the house descended into silence. Jim tried to move a bit but quickly found that what Pam had said about the ropes was true and he gave up. Then the realization of what he had allowed Pam to do to him dawned on Jim. How would Wendy take it when she found out that he had allowed one of her friends to tie him up? OK both he and Wendy were not averse to playing some bondage games together; in fact, in the past they had 'a bondage night' as they called it most weeks. But Jim had to admit to himself as he lay there, the side of his face down on the lounge carpet that the frequency of their B&D games had dropped off recently. Maybe it was the fact that he was unemployed - that was supposed to effect a man's libido wasn't it? But", Jim thought, "if he was true to himself the problem was really that Wendy had started to become reluctant to take the leading role in any of their games. Oh she was fine when Jim was in charge. But on the increasingly rare times when it was the other way around Wendy was less enthusiastic. And it wasn't that Jim didn't enjoy the times when Wendy was submissive. Who wouldn't enjoy ordering Slave Wendy to do whatever they wanted. She'd still pretty much kept the same 34/28/34 figure that she had had when they married. Yes she had cut her bottle blond hair a bit shorter but it was still long enough for her to get it into a couple of bunches on the times that Jim ordered her to dress up as a naughty school girl. But the increasing emphasis on Jim taking charge had had its effect on their sex life. He had started to feel aggrieved that it was always he who had to plan and execute the evening while Wendy just acquiesced to whatever he arranged. It was difficult to have to come up with new ideas all the time". That was really why Pam had found Jim as she did, doing his idea of 'research'. Not of course that it had started with looking at Femdom sites. No, Jim had been looking on the web for new ideas of what to do with Wendy, new positions he could tie her in, fresh ideas for the uses their stock of B&D equipment could be put to, etc., etc. But then the Femdom sites had sort of started to take over and before long he'd find that he had spent the whole day working his way from one site to another. And things wouldn't have been so bad if it had stayed at that. But instead of saving things up for

when Wendy came home Jim had started to take to nipping up to the loo and 'stroking one out', as he and his friends used to refer to it during their youth. So of course Jim then found that he was then less and less interested in indulging Wendy's submissive needs and, as a result, their sex life had started to suffer even more.

Jim realized all this while lying on the floor. But he also realized that he was sporting a large and throbbing hard-on - one that was harder than any he had had recently. Perhaps that should not have been any sort of surprise. A sexy nurse had always been a major turn-on for Jim, and that, combined with the lack of recent attention to his submissive needs, made it inevitable that being first slightly 'roughed up' and then restrained by one would lead to a 'boner'. "And," thought Jim, "Pam is not un-attractive herself. Pretty much the same height as Wendy, but could possibly do with losing a few pounds, she kept her dark brown hair in a nicely styled bob .....and those tits! - Certainly bigger than Wendy's C-cup, probably Double D's at least, if not E's. They could do some damage if she leant over you to take your temperature". Jim groaned as he shifted his position as much as the ropes allowed him to in order to try to relieve the weight of his body on his dick, "that sort of thinking is only going to cause me problems..... And I've got several hours now until Wendy is due home".

Little did Jim know but the object of those randy thoughts was even now asking to be put through to his wife's extension in the hospital. "Hi there". Wendy stiffened as she recognized the caller's voice. She had been expecting the call, dreading it even. "Hi" she replied. "Don't worry I'll keep this short, I know you can't talk, but then that's why I rang you on the office number and not your mobile. Everything was as I thought and not what you were worried about at all". Wendy's body visibly relaxed on hearing Pam's words and the tension that had been building all morning, well actually for a lot longer than that, flowed out of her body. "He's not having an affair....." Pam went on. Wendy felt that if she was not careful she would almost cry with relief right there in the office. ".....but he was doing exactly what I said he would be". Suddenly her feelings of relief were cut short, transformed into new worries. Wendy managed a "No, not really". "Oh yes sweet cheeks. I caught him red handed getting his rocks off to some very naughty porn. So you know what that means don't you?..... You've lost our little bet haven't you?" Wendy felt a rush of blood to her face and she looked round nervously to see if anyone else in the office had noticed. "Yes.... yes, I guess I have". At the other end of the line

Pam's face broke into the broadest possible smile.

Jim couldn't see the clock but he was more than certain that it was well past the time that Wendy should have been home. It was difficult for him to tell from behind the sofa but he was sure that daylight had been fading from the room for some time now. He had initially tried to pass the time trying to think about what he was going to say to Wendy but it had been difficult. He kept drifting off into daydreams. Dreams which mostly featured Pam in various Femdom nurse guises. Jim could not help but think about a vision he had of her hovering over his body as she bent it over the dining table, her nurse's uniform riding up as she half climbed onto him in order to keep the up pressure on the arm which was up behind his back. Jim was pretty sure that he'd actually had a short sleep while he was here on the floor, as sleep which he had been propelled into with Pam on his mind. So it was even more difficult for him to now know what the time was. Finally the sound of Wendy's key in the latch broke into yet another round of thoughts about Pam and all that he would like her to do to him. A feeling of relief flooded over him. Thank heavens Wendy was here to rescue him. Of course he had still not fully worked out what he was going to say, what sort of explanation could possibly he give to her when she came in to find her husband tied up on the living room floor. But Jim figured that he would mangle somehow, and at least something was going to happen now..... A fresh thought rushed into Jim's head "maybe Wendy wouldn't untie him straight away but would punish him instead". That thought transferred itself straight to Jim's dick.

But Wendy didn't immediately come and find her husband like she usually did when she came home. She didn't call out either. Jim heard noises in the hall but then there was silence. Where was she? Jim started to slightly panic. "Honey" he called out, "honey I'm in here.....but don't be surprised at what you see..... At how you find me. Something happened today. Pam came round and ..... well, there was a problem....." He didn't want to explain any more to an empty room so Jim's voice trailed off, but it got the results he'd wanted. There was a sudden rush of air as the door to the hall was opened and Wendy came into the room. He tried to turn to face his wife but she had already moved behind him and out of his line of sight. "Now come on, it's not as bad as it looks mmmmm." Jim's attempt at an explanation was cut short as a cool hand pulled his forehead back and a ball gag was stuffed into his mouth. Then the hand went to the back of his head in order to push his face into the carpet while the gag's strap was buckled tightly at the back of Jim's head. When the

hand moved away Jim started to turn to try to look back over his shoulder at his wife. But that movement was bought up short by the appearance, for the second time that day, of a pair of shoes right by his head. But to his surprise these were not the brown flats his wife had put on this morning. Instead, the pointed toes of a pair of black high heeled boots were only an inch away from his face.

There was a rustle of material as the wearer of those boots crouched down by Jim's head. But instead of his wife's familiar voice breaking the silence it was Pam's voice that crashed into Jim's mind. "Poor Jim" she fingered the gag's strap "still being naughty. I told you to keep quiet didn't I?" While Pam had been talking Jim had felt a tug on the hog-tie and there was the sound of cord being pulled through cord. "There's a lot to talk about Jim, so let's make you more comfortable shall we". Pam repositioned herself by his head while at the same time Jim felt his feet being moved back down to the floor. He groaned into the gag as the cramp and stiffness which had built up during the afternoon made its self know. Suddenly Jim was lifted by his ankles and shoulders and rolled up and over the back of the sofa. The handcuffs bit into his wrists as his body weight suddenly pressed down on them and he cried out again into the gag.

Pam bent over the sofa to ease Jim shoulders into a more upright position. At the same time she bought the front of Jim's T Shirt up and over his face and then pulled it down at the back until it was scrunched around the handcuffs. But, as Pam released him, and as he leant back, all thoughts of pain immediately went out of Jim's head when he saw who had been pulling his legs round so that he was now sitting up with his feet now set on the floor. It was Wendy. But not the Wendy he knew. Oh no, not the Wendy who have gone out of the house that morning dressed in a simple blouse and sensible skirt. Instead it was Wendy dressed in a pastiche of a nurse's uniform. Its slinky shiny blue and white stripped material appeared to follow every curve of her body, the neckline scooped low to show off a pair of breasts that looked to Jim's eyes to be barely restrained. A white hat bobbed up and down as Wendy positioned his feet but it was when Wendy looked up at Jim that he got a further surprise. Wendy was wearing a large ring gag. No wonder she'd not responded to any of his calls! Pam came round from the back of the sofa and took in Jim's amazed stare at his wife. "Like I said Jim, there is a lot to talk about .....but it will only be me who will say anything". She looked at Wendy "Go and shut the curtains, I want you to put that light on and there's no point



in putting on a show for everyone". Wendy got up and did as she was told and then switched on a floor lamp that flooded the room with light. Now Jim could see the hemline of Wendy's uniform hardly got past the flare of her hips. A small V of white material showed at his wife's crotch and she was wearing white fishnets stockings and matching court shoes. Pam's finger directed Wendy to a spot a foot or so away from Jim's feet and then she came and stood next to her. It was then that Jim realized that Pam was also dressed in a nurse's uniform. But it wasn't the one she'd been wearing earlier. It was still the same sort of dark blue but again the hem and necklines were a lot more revealing.... and of course there were those boots that Jim had seen a minute or two ago. These were thigh-high black leather with four inch heels. Both women were heavily made up, bright red lipstick (in Wendy's case set against the shiny black ball gag) matched red finger nails....."in fact" thought Jim "almost my ideal pair of woman".

It was then that Pam resumed her monologue. "So Jim, all this might well have been too much for you to take in but I'll try to explain as clearly as possible. As you know your wife and I have been friends for some time, and of course we've been talking, as us girls do, about our sex lives. Well in my case there wasn't much of a current sex life to talk about; shift work can play havoc with your social life. But of course for Wendy that wasn't the case". Jim looked worriedly at his wife and she stared back at him. "You see it's nice to have someone to confide in isn't it? So over perhaps rather too much wine at one of the hospital 'socials' your Wendy told me all about you and the games that the both of you like to play". The color started to rise again in Wendy's cheeks. "Now" Pam went on "as you are both about to find out, I happen to like playing those games as well. So, when Wendy also told me that your sex life had rather dropped off recently, and that she was beside herself with worry that you might be having an affair"..... Wendy looked up sharply at Jim while he shook his head and made what he hoped were strenuous denial noises into the gag..... "So touching" Pam laughed "Well, to continue. So I, good friend that I am, offered to check up on you. The only thing is that I also made an arrangement, a bet if you like, with Wendy about the outcome of my investigations. You see, I told her that if you were not having an affair then there was a price for her to pay. After all an accusation of infidelity is such a serious one, isn't it". Pam cocked her head as she looked first at Wendy and then back at Jim before she dropped a bombshell - well at least as far as Jim was concerned. "You probably didn't know that your Wendy is.... now what do they say in those personnel ads? That's it, Bi-curious. I can see from your face

that that is very much news to you Jim. Well I'm very Bi myself.....in fact there's nothing I like more than ringing the changes with a bit of girl/girl action. So, as you've probably already guessed, the 'price' Wendy would pay if I found out that you were not having an affair was that she would have to spend the night with me".

Wendy cast a very concerned look at her husband. She wasn't sure how Jim was taking all of this and that worried her. It was, and indeed had been, almost too much for Wendy to take in herself.....and she had had plenty of time to get used to the situation. The planning of how to arrange for Pam to 'drop in' on Jim, then the relief when Pam had rung her this afternoon and told her that there was no affair.....it had all allowed Wendy to at least start to get used to what she had thought was going to happen. But then of course there was all that had happened since. Yes, there had been hints during their earlier conversations about how Pam liked to play, her interest in B&D. But it had still been a shocking surprise when Pam's call that afternoon had turned into a series of orders and demands. Wendy had thought that if she lost the bet with Pam then they would have got together one night later on, maybe when Jim had got a job and perhaps went on a business trip. But oh no, that wasn't what Pam had had in mind at all. It hadn't been difficult to leave the office a bit early and nip into town in order to buy the nurses outfit she was wearing now. Pam had given her directions to the stall in the market and she'd been able to get her size. But it was when she had reported, as per Pam's instructions at the Nurses Hostel, that Wendy had learnt the full extent of Pam's devious plan.

For his part Jim could hardly take in what Pam had been telling him. But when he looked into Wendy's eyes he knew it was all true. His wife's eyes were softening as if she was about to start crying. Pam must have noticed as she moved to stand beside Wendy. "Of course I'd told Wendy about my own B&D experiences. So I expect that she had a good idea about what 'spending the night' with me would entail, but she agreed anyway". Pam caught the wide eyed denial from Wendy "Oh come on now Wendy, after all I said you must have guessed. You didn't think that we'd have just gone out for dinner and then ended up having a snogging session in a hotel room did you?..... You did, Priceless!" Pam turned back to Jim "well whatever Wendy thought, and I'm pretty sure that she knew what she'd be letting herself in for, she agreed to what I wanted. Maybe she was so worried about you and an 'affair' that she decided to put up with 'it' from me for a night. Perhaps though" and Pam leaned towards Jim for effect "that Bi-curiosity of hers extends to my sort of

B&D.....at least that's what I've been banking on". Pam leaned back and reached for the ring hanging from a collar that was around Wendy's neck. "Show him" she ordered and she pulled the ring down and forward. Jim realized that he hadn't seen the collar; he'd been so busy taking in the two female visions before him. Following Pam's directions Wendy got down on her knees and shuffled up to the sofa. As she got close to Jim he could see that there was something written on the white leather of the collar. Pam pulled Wendy's upper body to one side and he could see the word PAM'S. Then Wendy was pulled in the opposite direction and the word SLUT stood out.

Pam straightened up but a hand on her shoulder ensured that Wendy stayed on her knees. Jim could clearly see the rapid rise and fall of his wife's chest that betraying her excited state. "I have to say that it took a fair bit of persuading to get Wendy here tonight - hence why we were a bit late. It was only really when I suggested that someone might anonymously ring the Police and report a man tied up in a certain front room that she decided to go along with my plans. Much like you, I think that Wendy realized that what the Police would find would cause all sorts of upset for both of you. Of course, it also took a bit of time for Wendy to get ready. For some reason the silly girl didn't want to get undressed in front of me.....or put on that collar. I mean how she thought that we would have had sex together on whatever supposed 'secret' assignation that we would have..... fully clothed? I put the gag in her mouth as we arrived here, and you already know when you got yours. There will be a time in the future when one or both of them come out, but for the moment I think it is better that only I do the talking. Mind you I think that you'll agree that your wife does make a rather fetching student nurse doesn't she" Pam came and sat down right next to Jim, on the other side from where Wendy was kneeling. "Yes Jim, a student nurse. Well, she's got a lot to learn .....and of course I'm going to be her teacher".

Pam caught Wendy's eye "There's still some stuff to explain to hubby but you can go now and set everything up upstairs like I told you, quick as you like. Remember I locked the front door behind us, so don't be tempted to run away". Pam turned to Jim and continued in a mocking tone "Dressed like that she'd certainly cause a commotion in suburbia wouldn't she?" Wendy sheepishly exited to the hall as Pam started to caress Jim's bare chest. "So you've seen what Wendy has let herself in for Jim and now I'm sure that you are thinking about where you figure in all of this, well I'll tell you. You see I was initially just happy with to have nice compliant Wendy to play with. But

then I got to thinking, why not have both of you". Pam's hand was now at Jim's crotch caressing the bulge in his trousers. With all that had gone through his mind today it felt so good. "After all, I like men as well as women and Wendy had already made it quite clear how much you enjoyed giving up control..... and how desperate you were to do so after all those weeks of being 'in charge'. So Jim, the plan is that....., wait a minute why don't you shift up out of the seat a bit so I can pull these down". Still bound hand and foot Jim struggled to lift himself from the soft leather of the sofa but he was eventually able to pinion himself sufficiently out that Pam was able to pull down his trousers. "May as well do these" she said as she pulled his pants down as well. As he flopped back down again Jim felt the cold top of Pam's leather boot press against the warm flesh of his thigh as she shifted her position and her hand started to gently caress his balls and dick. "Now where were we? That's right. The plan Jim."

Wendy moved around upstairs nervously carrying out Pam's instructions. The tingle that had been in her fanny since, well, since Pam had rang told Wendy that she wanted what was about to happen was building into something that she wanted to give some attention to. But she was scared that Pam might find out if she touched herself at all. Wendy had been scared back in the nurses hostel when Pam had made the threats to expose her and Jim but once Wendy had agreed to her demands Pam became rather different. She had pushed Wendy back against the wall and forcefully kissed her. Before Wendy knew what she was doing she'd responded to Pam's oral assault, entwining their tongues together and embracing her assailant. They kissed passionately for some minutes before Pam pushed herself off Wendy. "That's a little on account, there's a lot more where that came from..... but only if you are a good little girl and do as I tell you". And Wendy wanted more. That first kiss had been electric, just thinking about it made Wendy go moist. But she needed to be good, well good in the terms that Pam had laid out during their drive home. So, instead of giving in to her baser desires, Wendy concentrated on setting things up in the way Pam had instructed her to do. First she shifted the clothes from the fitted wardrobe at the bottom of their bed and moved them all into the spare room. Then she pulled the boxes away from the eye bolts that were usually hidden within the wardrobe. Lifting the fitted carpet revealed more securing points and then she got out what both she and Jim referred to as the bondage chair. Originally an ordinary hard-backed chair, Jim had modified it by taking away the seat part and replacing it with a simple framework that left the centre empty and anchor points and straps to secure

whoever sat on the chair. Wendy positioned it carefully on a thick sheet of plastic in the wardrobe and connected it to some of eye bolts so that it couldn't fall over. Then she set about fetching and setting out their collection of bondage gear.

As she had continued with her explanations Pam's ministrations had become centered on Jim's dick and it now stood out strong and hard from his stomach. "So you will both be my slaves and we will play a game of Sister, Nurse and Patient like you have never imagined. Do you think that you'll like that?" With her other hand Pam turned Jim's head so she could look directly into his eyes "Yes, I think that you do." Right at this moment Jim felt that he couldn't string a coherent thought together. Pam's gentle stroking of his dick had been bringing him closer and closer to the edge and it could only be a few more strokes now before he shot the load of sperm that had been boiling inside of him since this morning. "Of course there will be punishments for both of you" Pam went on "but there will also be some pleasure as well". She smiled at Jim "I think that you'd especially like some pleasure now wouldn't you?" Jim could do no more than nod. Just as he did so Wendy appeared at the lounge door. Pam looked up and laughed at the shocked expression on his wife's face as she took in what Pam was doing. She suddenly released Jim's dick. Jim groaned to himself, only a stroke or two more and he'd have come. "Are there you are Nurse Wendy, about time too. What have you been doing up there. The poor patient nearly got to cum because you were taking so long. Now, did you bring what I told you to?" Wendy nodded and Jim groaned once again as he recognized the small leather strap that his wife held in her hands. "Well come over here and fit it will you. I can't be expected to all of the work Nurse.

Still sporting a hard and throbbing dick, Jim was lead by his balls upstairs by Pam. Normally he would have enjoyed the sight of a pert uniformed bottom ahead of him, especially one that jutted above the kinky thigh high boots that Pam was wearing. But the leash coming out of his re-fastened trousers was connecting the strap that Wendy had, under Pam's attentive instructions, closely fastened around his balls..... and it was rather short. So instead Jim concentrated on keeping up with Pam while simultaneously not tripping up the stairs. The hobble that Pam had used on his ankles was just long enough for him to take one of the stairs steps at a time. Wendy bought up the rear carrying a small suitcase which Pam had worryingly called her bondage bag. "What has she got in there? It can't be just a few bits of rope and a blindfold or two" Jim wondered. But the slack in the leash shortened again and so he

turned his mind on the problem of making the next step before his balls were pulled off.

Once they were in the bedroom it didn't take long for Pam to secure Jim firmly in the bondage chair. It had already been fitted with a strap to go across the chest and two more secured his upper thighs once his pants and trousers had been pulled down to his ankles. Then, once they and the hobble had been taken off, Pam instructed Wendy to cuff Jim's ankles and then clip them to the two anchor points on the front legs of the chair. Jim had to admit that he enjoyed seeing Wendy tying him up, even if she was 'only' doing it under instructions. Then the T Shirt and the handcuffs came off although once again they were replaced by leather cuffs. His hands were then pulled out on either side and padlocked to two vine eyes on the side of the wardrobe. Without his feet on the ground and his arms pulled out hard on each side Jim realized that he would not be able to move very much at all. Pam's hand went under the chair and Jim felt the leashes snap lock being released from the strap round his balls. Still holding the leash Pam then stood up and moved away towards Wendy and then she locked it onto the ring on the front of her collar. Jim noticed that the heels on Pam's boots gave her a couple of inches height advantage over Wendy in her less extreme white shoes.

"So you see Nurse how easy it is to tie up a man, to render him completely helpless and immobile. You should realize that any bondage to the patients dick or his balls will usually get their attention, and in light situations that alone can be enough to sure that you have control over him. But as we are going to torture this patient it was necessary to restrain him much more effectively. Now go and get those things from the kitchen". As his wife left the room Pam moved back to Jim and bent down to bring her face next to his ear. "Oh, didn't I mention that downstairs, it must have slipped my mind .....probably because I was concentrating on stroking you while not letting you cum. But it is right Jim, Nurse Wendy needs to learn how to torture you and I, as the oh so cruel Sister Pam, am going to be teaching her.....well as you already know I'll be teaching her some other things as well. But now I need to do some unpacking" and with that Pam moved out of Jim's sight. He heard Wendy come back upstairs and Pam saying "let me check" and then "that's OK".

After a minute or two Pam re-appeared by Jim's side, followed by Wendy on his other side. Both women looked down at Jim's restrained body while he

could only helplessly look back up at them. Wendy still looked rather pensive and uncertain but Pam had a broad and wicked looking grin on her face. "So Nurse, the patient has not been able to pass water for some time and we must do something about that". It took a moment for Jim to realize what Pam was talking about. Well yes of course he hadn't been able to go to the loo, having spent most of the afternoon and evening in a hog-tie. Pam went on "but we've just taken a lot of trouble to tie him up so we don't want to have to un-tie him". Jim figured that Pam had some sort of bottle there for him to pee into - "trying for humiliation" he thought. "Now the problem" Pam lent forward "is this" and she lightly tapped Jim's still hard dick. "We can't do anything with this so hard and unyielding.....so Nurse, what you will have to do....." Pam swung a leg over Jim's bound body and dropped her body onto his lap while at the same time taking hold of his head with both hands. ".....is apply the ice to his dick and balls". Jim cried a NO into his gag as Pam held his gaze. "Do it now Nurse". Out of one eye Jim could see Wendy bend down and then he felt the first tentative application of the ice.

Wendy didn't like to think about what she was being ordered to do to Jim. She'd certainly never have thought about it herself, this use of ice on his dick and balls, not in a million years. Her first application had been uncertain but she was getting the idea now. Jim had jerked about a bit at first, well as much as he could with both the restraint that he was under and Pam's body pressing him into the bondage chair. Pam shifted her position slightly so that her groin pressed harder into Jim's erect dick. "Use a lot more ice Nurse.....I can still feel the patients dick pressing into me". Jim tried to move his head but Pam held him tight. She was enjoying just looking straight into his eyes as they widened with each application of the ice and the sound of air rushing past the gag only added to her excitement. Pam was surprised that even just watching Jim was turning her on. Normally she'd have only thought that actually torturing someone herself would have got herself this worked up. But of course now there was none of the distraction that might have come if she was having to do the work herself, now she had her own little torturer to order around. She pressed herself even harder against Jim's dick, trapping it between their two bodies and she gently started to gyrate her hips. Below her Wendy felt Jim's balls squirming as she pressed another ice cube against the skin closest to the black strap. Surely he had to get small soon didn't he? She could not imagine that this sort of treatment of his balls was a turn on for Jim. Pam was evidently getting impatient above her and both she and Jim seemed to be moving around a bit. From above Wendy came Pam's demanding voice. "Fetch the

iced water Nurse and let's see how his balls respond to a nice cooling bath".

Jim concentrated on just getting his breath back. The previous few minutes had been a particular form of hell for him. Below him his wife, following 'Sister's instructions', had offered a plastic tub of incredibly cold water up to his balls and then alternately immersed them in it for ten seconds or so before giving them, and him, a brief respite while ice cubes were again played around the skin immediately adjacent to the black leather strap. Each time that stopped Jim knew that the ice bath was about to be applied again and he squirmed. Meanwhile above all that, up with him, he was sure that Pam had just cum. She'd firstly been working herself off against his dick, and then, as that shrank following Wendy's ministrations with the ice, she'd jammed a hand down between the two of them and started to frig herself. He'd certainly felt her knuckles up against his shrinking dick and, as she'd lent forward to rest against his bound chest, her head on his shoulder, Pam's breathing had become increasingly ragged until he could have sworn that he heard several low guttural groans escape her lips.

But if she had cum his tormentor certainly had good powers of recovery. No sooner had the thoughts come into Jim's mind than Pam was climbing off him and telling Wendy to "let me see if he's ready yet". Evidently Jim was because leaving Wendy on the floor by the side of the bondage chair with the instruction "only the ice now," Pam disappeared from Jim's sight again. But she was back a few seconds later holding a tray. Jim tried to see what was on it as Pam bent down but it quickly went towards the back of the wardrobe and out of his sight. He managed to make out some sort of plastic tubing in yellow and black, two syringes without needles and something which looked like it was made of metal on the tray. Pam smiled at Jim "Now this might be a bit uncomfortable" and then she ducked down to the level of Jim's dick. Horrified at what might happen Jim looked down as Pam picked up one of the syringes and pushed its end into Jim's pee hole. He immediately felt something being injected down his dick. "Now watch Nurse, you might have to insert a catheter one day". "Oh bloody hell no. Not one of those" Jim thought. He looked at his wife hoping to somehow appeal to her but she was being careful to be seen to be following what Pam was doing and so was looking intently at his dick. Pam took the end of the catheter and positioned it just in the end of Jim's dick. Then, knowing that he could only be watching, she waited until Jim looked directly at her and slowly started to press it home through the lubricant.



Minutes later and Jim looked down at the two women as, under Pam's instruction, Wendy made sure that the Catheter's bag was firmly strapped to Jim's thigh. It had been a strange sensation, having something slid down the inside of his dick. Not particularly painful, just very, very strange. Jim realized though that it certainly served to underline how totally vulnerable he now was. "OK" he thought "Wendy was relatively free and so, he at least hoped, she could intervene if Pam went too far, if she looked like she was going to do him some real damage. But then would Wendy actually know what Pam was doing until it was too late? And of course it was also possible that Wendy was much more under Pam's spell than he had thought. After all he could never have imagined his wife of all these years wanting to be with another woman.....or that in that process she would, .....well, almost betray him." Discomfort though had begun immediately the catheter had been pushed down his dick and Pam had used the other syringe to inflate the catheter's bulb inside him. He had had an instant urge to go but Pam had already placed a clamp on the catheter right by the end of Jim's dick. She'd laughed at the expression on Jim's face "no peeing for the Patient until I say so. See Nurse how the Patient immediately needs to urinate once the catheter is in place. Isn't it nice to have a needy Patient?"

But, bad though that was, it was not the end of the torment that Pam had thought up for Jim's dick. She reached for the tray and brought the metal item up to Jim's eye line. "You should know that the patient isn't allowed to get a hard-on either". Jim moaned behind his gag. He could see now that the metal was shaped like a small dick. "This is metal chastity and it will keep you from getting hard, at least until I say so". Pam turned to Wendy who was wide eyed behind her own gag. "Undo the strap round his balls please Nurse." Jim felt Wendy tug on the straps buckle and then came a feeling of release as his balls hung free. But that relief had only lasted for a moment. Pam had immediately bent forward and fitted the chastity's base plate behind Jim's balls. Then she'd slid the part of the catheter's tube that was sticking out of his dick down inside the rest of the chastity and out of the hole at its end. Pam had caught him looking and laughingly said "this hole would normally allow the wearer to pee. Ironic isn't it that you won't be able to go through precisely the same hole". From then on it had been a simple task for the chastity to be slid down until it reached the clamp at the end of Jim's dick. A further clamp outside the chastity had removed the possibility of anything flowing down the tube while the inner clamp was taken away and the chastity tube was pushed right down Jim's dick until it could be padlocked to the base ring that was now firmly in

place behind Jim's balls..

Jim felt like a broken man. "Surely they'll leave me alone now" he thought as both Wendy and Pam stood up. Pam lent forward and lightly pinched Jim's right nipple where it rolled over the strap that was holding him to the chair. "Nurse attend to the patient's other nipple please". Wendy hesitantly extended a hand and took Jim's left nipple between thumb and forefinger. "Mmmmm, they might be a good point of interest later on". Then, seemingly surprised, Pam stood back and looked at Jim. "Oh I forgot, there's still one other thing that you are not allowed to do". She stepped forward again into the wardrobe and sat by Jim's side. "You can leave his nipple now Nurse" and Wendy straightened up. Then Jim felt something touching his arse, a finger that was spreading something on his arse hole. He looked to his side down at Pam and she looked back at him. "If you are not allowed to get hard, and you are not allowed to pee.....well then, tied like that you certainly cannot be allowed to have a shit, can you?" While one hand continued to lube his bottom Jim could see that her other was wrapped tightly round the base of a slim black rubber butt plug. Jim already knew what a butt plug was, Wendy had bought one a month or so ago and begged him to use it on her. But he'd never experienced anything 'up there' himself. It wasn't anything that Jim did want to experience and he started to struggle. Pam sighed. She caught Wendy's eye. "Sit on him Nurse so I can administer the correct treatment". Pam was amused to note that Wendy actually sat with her back to her husband. She would have to remind Wendy of the value of teasing Jim like she herself had done those few minute ago when Wendy had been applying the ice. But now she just positioned the end of the butt plug up against Jim's sphincter and pushed. Jim felt the invasion but he was powerless to do anything. He tried to clench his buttocks together but the plug was slim and well lubricated. There was a moment's pain when the widest portion was pushed through and into his bowel but then his muscle closed around the slimmed base.

"You can get up now Nurse" Pam instructed from down by Jim's side. He watched as Wendy stood and turn towards him. For a few moments nothing happened and then Jim felt movement in his bum. He turned to look at Pam who was sporting a wicked smile. She was holding a black bulb and Jim realized that what was now lodged in his backside could be made much larger. "I thought that might get your attention. Now, how many I wonder..... what will give you that 'really full' feeling? I'll start with four I think" and Pam gave the bulb a hard squeeze. Jim gave a gasp as he felt the butt plug's expansion

deep inside his and Pam laughed. "Don't worry only three more to go and then I can leave you alone and move onto the main event" She flicked a sharp look at Wendy "put those handcuffs on Nurse, behind your back". Pam's gaze returned to Jim "That's it. Keep looking at me, I like the need that is showing in your eyes". The second and third pump were spread out as Jim looked into Pam's unblinking gaze while out of the corner of his eye he watched Wendy as she carried out her instructions. "Last one now. Perhaps as a special treat you should look at Nurse Wendy while you get it; after all she's helped with today a lot. Kneel right there in front of the patient Nurse"

Wendy sank to her knee's in front of her bound husband but she had difficulty looking Jim in the eye. She'd already worked out what the 'main event' that Pam had referred to would be.... herself....and nerves were getting the better of Wendy again. For his part Jim calmly regarded his wife, kneeling there before him, the rapid rise and fall of her chest within the tight confines of the nurse uniform had been exaggerated now that her hands were being pulled behind her back and, even more than before, they were betraying his wife's excited state. But Pam wasn't about to let Wendy off by allowing her to avoid Jim. "You always need to look at the Patient, Nurse, you need to watch his vital signs. But you don't seem too keen to that. As a punishment....." Pam mock whiskered into Jim's ear "for both of you". "You are to make a close oral inspection of his penis while I complete the rest of his treatment. That ring gag will allow you to carry out a full inspection and I expect to see you doing just that. Do it now!" Jim's mind immediately went back to all the times Wendy had given him a bondage blow job. Like that time just after they'd got married, when she'd tied him up on the bed and then spent five hours bringing him right up to the edge with her mouth before finally, after much begging on Jim's part, taking him deep into her throat and sucking every last drop of cum from his balls. Just the thought was torment for Jim and he turned to Pam, his eye's offering up a mute appeal. But there was no dice with his tormentor and his cheek received a hard slap. "I told you to look at Nurse Wendy Patient". There was the first waft of Wendy's breath over his dick while Pam went on "you are obviously in need of some extra treatment since you cannot follow a simple instruction". Not wanting any more pain Jim quickly did as he was told and looked down at the bobbing white nurses cap perched on his wife's head. But the expected further expansion of the Butt plug didn't come immediately. Beside them Pam enjoyed a few moments of relaxation while she alternated between watching Wendy's head moving in Jim's groin and her friends husband's pained expression as his cock came up against the hard restriction

imposed by the chastity. "This is working out so much better than I could have possibly thought" she said to herself "It looks like wife's is now fully compliant after her little rebellion back in Nurses Hostel and hubby is coming along well to" Pam stirred herself..... It was time to put that slut's tongue to work somewhere else, somewhere that had been dripping in anticipation pretty much since she'd first tied Jim up. So Pam gave the bulb it's last hard squeeze and stood up.

Reaching behind Wendy's neck she started to release the gag's buckle even while her face was still pressed in Jim's groin. "You remember how you are to address me". Still looking down as instructed Jim saw Wendy give an almost imperceptible nod and then his wife's head was pulled back as the gag fell away. "Is your mouth a bit stiff Nurse?" "Yes Sister". "Turn round then" and, as Pam sat back on the end of the bed a few feet in front of Jim, between them Wendy shuffled through one hundred and eighty degrees in order to face the woman who was enslaving them both. Pam bent slightly forward and her hand went to Wendy's chin. "Well not to worry, I've got some very good exercises planned for you to do that will work that stiffness out" and with that Pam pulled Wendy to her and kissed her forcefully. Realizing in horror that Jim was still watching Wendy tried to pull back. Pam had promised her that Jim wouldn't see, wouldn't see his wife with another woman. But Pam's other hand had already found the leash which was still connected to the collar around Wendy's neck and her pull on it was too strong for the kneeling woman to resist.

Jim could only sit in the bondage chair and watch as, despite herself, his wife started to respond in kind to Pam's shower of deep kisses. As Wendy pressed herself forward against the end of the bed Pam's hands came round Wendy's back, ostensibly to pull the two of them closer together. But instead one grabbed the handcuffs and moved them to one side while the other pulled the back of Wendy's dress up to reveal to her helplessly tied husband his wife's almost bare arse - just the thin material of a white G String parting her cheeks. Pam broke the kiss and, with a broad smile, looked over Wendy's shoulder at Jim. Her hands ran across each of Wendy's cheeks, roughly kneading the soft skin and then bringing a small cry to Wendy's lips as a hard smack was landed on each of them. "I'm sure that you'd like to take in all that is about to happen but "I'm afraid though that I made a promise to Nurse Wendy so this is where your view of the show ends, at least for her first full-on lesbian encounter". Pam laughed at Jim's pained expression "Keep quiet and don't disturb us and

who knows.... something nice might happen to you. But so help me, if one whimper comes around the side of that gag, then what you've experienced so far will be a cake walk compared with what I'll do..... to the both of you". With that Pam's booted feet kicked the wardrobe's doors shut.

Almost making the mistake of crying out, Jim just managed to catch himself in time and the resultant low groan was lost in the clatter of the doors slamming shut. Like most men Jim had often fantasized about lesbians - everything from the mild titillation he felt when he saw two women holding hands in the street to the full-on thrills he got from checking out all the girl/girl websites. And now his wife was actually about to act out just such a fantasy just a few feet away from him! Jim had been wondering where things were going to go since Pam had dropped the bombshell news of his wife's bi-curiosity downstairs. Was he going to get a chance to somehow participate, or at least view, Wendy's introduction to lesbian sex? Certainly the elaborate arrangements that had been made to bring him to the bedroom and to then secure him facing towards the bed had made it seem that way to Jim's fevered mind. But now, now he was shut out from all the fun - sitting strapped to the bondage chair behind a pair of firmly closed doors. "But wait a minute" Jim thought "the doors are louvered. Maybe if I can just bend down a bit". There was just a little bit of give in the restraints holding his arms and by lowering his head as well Jim was rewarded by a rearward view of his wife kneeling between two polished black leather thigh boots.

Pam repositioned the leash under her bum so now it was easy to pull in the slack and bend Wendy's head towards her fanny. Just before her chin was about to touch the short hem of Pam's dress the pulling stopped and Pam once again took Wendy's chin in her hand, this time directing the woman's eyes upward as Pam looked down on her. She felt supremely turned on by all that had happened. The ride on Jim's lap had been good, very good. But it had hardly satiated the needs that were still deep inside her. Needs that had been building since Wendy had first approached her with her concerns over Jim and she'd agreed to that stupid bet. They'd grown of course as Pam had realized the possibilities that the whole situation offered to her, two slaves instead of one, a nice throbbing dick to ride when she felt like it, yes this was going to be something special, and the first special thing was here, kneeling in front of her. "I didn't wear any pants Nurse, especially for you" her hand released Wendy's chin and moved round to the back of her new slaves head. Pam hoped that pressure on the back Wendy's head was not necessary - that

the woman knew what she had to do. But just the thought of 'making' Wendy put her head under Pam's dress was enough to set Pam on the road to her next orgasm.

Wendy dipped her head under the hem of Pam's uniform. The outfit was so short she could easily see the mass of thick black curls at the top of Pam's thighs. "Oh no" Wendy thought "not even shaved (Wendy enjoyed keeping herself fully smooth 'down there'). It was undeniable that the evening was not turning out as Wendy had thought that it would and she didn't know if she should be happy or sad. It was certainly right that she'd only imagined that she and Pam would have a 'normal' encounter together - certainly nothing like what was going on now. "But then was it really so bad? After all, Jim was getting what he wanted. And while what was happening to me was not what was planned it's not as if it is not turning me on" A further pull on the leash and Wendy turned her mind to what was about to happen. She shuffled forward on her knees until her lips were just brushing up against Pam's hairy crotch. "Well here goes". She hesitantly extended her tongue through the hair until it touched warm, wet flesh. A groan came from above her and the hand behind her head increased its pressure.

Jim had slept only fitfully. Certainly he was not in any sort of normal position for sleeping. His arms were still hanging from the chains that pulled them out on either side of his body and the straps held his parted thighs tightly to the bondage chair. He'd almost got used to the plug in his arse - even though it was absolutely the first time that anything had been 'up there' - so it couldn't be that. Nor was it the catheter's insistent intrusion into his dick. True he really, really needed to have a piss but again he'd sort of got used to not being able to and eventually that need had shifted to the back of Jim's mind, rather like the dull ache that accompanied a minor pain. No, what had kept him awake into the early hours was all that had gone through his mind since Pam had paid her last visit to him - when she'd "just thought that I should look in to make sure that the Patient is all settled down for the night..... And of course add one more item of restraint". The scent that assailed Jim's nostrils as the leather collar was been locked around his neck was that of warm, wet female flesh. Whispering close by his ear Pam had reiterated her instruction that he had to keep quiet as she removed his gag "just to avoid any problems". But she had also fleshed out the promise she'd made just before she'd shut him in the wardrobe. "If Sister get a nice undisturbed sleep then she might be inclined to let this (she gently tapped the chastity around Jim's dick) out to play

tomorrow".

And judging what Pam had just done with his wife, Jim had easily been able to imagine what 'out to play' might entail for him. Neck strain had meant that it was only a few minutes before he had had to give up the sitting/stooping position that had allowed him to watch his wife as she had had her first experience of servicing another woman's fanny. But the view over Pam's shoulder when she opened the doors to check on him had made up for that. Wendy's long legs, still sheathed in their white stockings, were there, almost within touching distance if he'd been able, and spread indecently wide. Leather ankle cuffs like the ones he was wearing, together with some rope, had been used to pull them towards the corners of the bed and a couple of pillows under Wendy's hips had lifted her pelvis, so that there had been absolutely no mistaking his wife's total availability.

In any case all the noises that had come from beyond the wardrobes doors had more than made up for being deprived of a view. Pam had been very vocal in everything that went on, from the stream of explicit instruction that she gave to 'Nurse Wendy' through to the loud guttural cries that she gave every time Wendy took her over the top into another ('yet another' it appeared to Jim as he had sat behind the doors) orgasm. She had also made sure that Wendy had had to join in with the vocalization by giving her instructions that forced Wendy to have to talk. Phrases like ".....and I've got my tits out now for you to suck on Nurse. Do you like my tits?", "I'm going to lick your clit now Nurse, tell me if you like it". They had all elicited a dutiful response from Wendy. Most erotically for Jim was his wife's single "Please Sister,.....please may I cum". So it was no surprise that all the words, all that had happened, it went around in his head for the whole night, prompting all sorts of erotic dreams and regularly jerking him awake as his trapped dick pressed up against the steel confines of the chastity.

Pam lay back on the disheveled bed sheets, reviewing the evening just gone in her mind and planning for what was about to happen. She had cum really hard from that initial first session with Wendy between her legs.....the whole mix of emotions that she had been carrying since she had started to plan this whole event had ensured that her body was always going to respond to that first tentative touch of Wendy's tongue. Pam realized pretty early on that she could, if she had wanted, just sit back and let Wendy apply her mouth to her rapidly soaking cunt. Clearly Wendy had already put some thought, perhaps

some research and, Pam was sure, fantasized about what she was going to do for the first time she kissed a fanny. In fact Wendy was better than some of the one-night stands that Pam had picked up in the local gay bar. But it just wasn't in Pam's nature to just accept what was being given to her, even if it was pretty good. Besides, she knew that sitting just a few feet away there was a fully restrained male who could not help hearing everything that was happening with his wife. Pam found that the thoughts of Jim, tied to the chair listening to the sounds of two women having sex, his dick trying to get hard but unable to do so because of the chastity that she herself had recently applied....., well, they added immeasurably to her own pleasure.

So, once she'd regained some breath, Pam had drawn Wendy up onto the bed and cleaned her own wetness from Wendy's mouth. She had unlocked the handcuffs from behind Wendy's back, although Pam had then relocked them in front. "Now you can use your hands as well Nurse". Pam's own hands were busy with her dresses buttons and the clasp of her bra....."and I got my tits out now for you to suck on Nurse". And suck Wendy had. Manacled hands had supported each of Pam's breasts in turn while Wendy's hot mouth had tormented Pam's swollen nipples. Pam sighted to herself. She had been in too much of a hurry last night, been too keen to feel Wendy's mouth again on her clit, and, Pam smiled to herself, much too keen to cum again. But not today. Today she could afford to take things slower, to fully use Wendy and that delightful blend of her submissiveness and lack of experience with another woman. Then of course there was also Jim. Pam's smile widened. Now that bought a whole set of other possibilities. Suddenly she swung herself off the bed. The day was waiting and Pam was ready to fill it.

Like Pam, Wendy had also been lying in the bed thinking. Keeping still in case she woke Pam, Wendy's mind was also going back over what had happened the previous night. A part of her worried about Jim, still shut in their wardrobe, and no doubt desperate in more ways than one. Wendy hoped that he would believe that she had not wanted him involved at all, that Wendy had only ever imagined it would be she and Pam together if she lost that stupid bet. She didn't want Jim to leave her over all of this. "But then of course he was getting what he wanted out of this as well" she thought "he's been well and truly dominated, and after going on at me for weeks to do it". Reassured Wendy's mind turned to her time with Pam. She'd been nervous certainly, that first time Pam had made her kiss her fanny. But Wendy had found that she'd really enjoyed being 'made' to serve another woman rather than the same old



same old with Jim. In fact Wendy had found herself getting wetter and wetter, something that Pam had helped along when she'd felt Wendy up while she had been busy kissing Pam's tits. It had of course been Pam's idea to tie Wendy spread-eagled on the bed.... but by then Wendy hadn't been complaining. Not when Pam had then spent what seemed to Wendy like hours bringing her gradually to a shattering climax. She had certainly known how to tease. Having been told not to speak Wendy could only lift her head and look down her own exposed body, silently imploring the top of Pam's head not to stop, to keep that tongue working on her slit. In the end though Wendy's neck couldn't take any more and she had had to flop back, resigning herself to the knowledge that she only cum when Pam wanted her to.

Pam's sudden movement caught Wendy unprepared and, unable to help herself she gave a short cry. "Glad to hear that you are awake Nurse. Now it's time to get ready for a new shift. Come on, up you get" Wendy's legs had been released from the ankle-cuff's just before she and Pam had gone to sleep. So it was no problem for her to get up and head in the direction of Pam's pointing finger towards the bathroom. Pam's other hand ran along the louver doors to attract Jim's attention "we're just off to get ready to give you some more treatment. Nurse Wendy was naughty. She made a noise when she'd been told not to. Keep being a good Patient and who knows what might happen to you". Behind the door Jim could only sigh in relief. He was going to call out when he heard the movement. The pressure in his bladder was getting much too much now. It was almost more than he could stand. But luckily for him, he'd remembered Pam's warning from the night before and managed to stop himself. "Now though" he thought "it's Wendy who is going to get it, she's the one who's been 'naughty'". Jim groaned at the buildup in his bladder "but I'm still suffering" he thought.

In fact Jim had to suffer for rather longer than he'd expected before he heard the two women coming back into the room.. There had been plenty of muffled noise coming from within the house, along with a couple of very distinct smacks but even so Jim had lost count of the times he'd asked himself "how long does it take for those two to get ready?" The sound of running water coming from the shower room did not help his situation with needing to pee either. But finally the wardrobe doors were thrown open by Pam. She was wearing her nurses outfit again, complete with those boots. A hand held out a strap for Jim to see, a strap with a ring in its middle. He looked at it, and then on past to Pam's smiling face. "A different kind of gag for you this morning.

Now, are you going to be good and open up for me? Or do I have to hurt you first? Because you know that I'll enjoy doing that". Pam's other hand appeared holding the small flogger that he and Wendy had bought. Jim knew he had no choice and opened his mouth. With a rustle of material Pam bent to fit the ring behind Jim's teeth and then his head was pulled forward and into her generous cleavage while she buckled the strap behind his head. Jim breathed in the smell of fresh, clean, skin, the smell of soap - something that always contributed to his particular fascination with a nurse doing anything 'dirty'. "There" she said as she released him and stepped back "now, as you've been a good boy, you can have the pleasure of Nurse Wendy" and with that Pam stepped for a moment out of Jim's line of sight until she reappeared pulling Wendy forward at the end of the lead which was connected to clipped to the PAM'S SLUT collar which was still locked around Wendy's neck.

Pam positioned Wendy so that she stood right in front of Jim but starring up at her Jim was confused and his still slightly fuzzy sleep deprived mind tried to work out why. His wife was wearing the same outfit as last night, well at least ostensibly so. Jim looked though first at Wendy's face, searching for some sign from his wife. She was wearing the ring gag again but Jim was relieved to see that there was still love in her eyes. Relieved he then went back to examining the rest of her body. The white fishnets hold-ups were there, as were those white court shoes and the wrist and ankle cuffs. His wife's dress though had been completely unbuttoned at the front. Some sort of white criss-cross straps had been put around Wendy's boobs and Jim could see that they were being squeezed forward, so much so that the dresses fabric was hanging free off her breasts. Wendy's fanny was uncovered but, Jim realized, he could not see it so easily. "Why is that" he thought, "hey what's wrong with her tummy?" It was then that Pam, who had been closely following the looks that Jim had been giving his wife, broke in. "Now Nurse it is time for you to minister to the patient" and she prodded Wendy forward.

Apparently Wendy knew what to do and stepped forward and sat on Jim's lap, facing him. As she sat down her stomach gave a strange gurgling sound and Jim realized that it was somehow dissented. "Come on Nurse, get nice and close to the patient. Closer now or I'll have to punish you". Wendy was made to press her stomach right up against Jim, as well as bring her face close to his, almost lip-to-lip. Apparently to keep her in place Pam clipped their two collars together and then she bent to attach Wendy's ankles to the back legs of the bondage chair. Wendy's two hands were guided around behind Jim's back and

Jim heard a click. He had no idea what was going on and knew he had to wait for Pam's explanation. But instead of giving it she stood up and then left the room. Trying to understand what was going on Jim looked into his wife's eyes, only inches away from his own but at that moment her stomach gave a further gurgle and Wendy groaned and involuntarily shut her eyes. Then Pam was back, holding, as far as Jim could make out three rubber bags and some lengths of tubing. Wendy's eyes flicked up from his as she watched while the bags were hung on the clothing rail behind Jim.

Pam busied herself behind Jim, apparently attaching the tubing. Finally Pam came by the side of the tied couple and brought her face down close to theirs. "I've no doubt the patient is wondering how you are going to minister to him, eh Nurse Wendy, shall I explain?" Since his wife was still gagged Jim knew that Pam's was a rhetorical question. "Nurse Wendy here has recently 'enjoyed' the same treatment that you are about experience. That is to say a rather large enema, hence her rather distended stomach. Now, as I was administering it, Wendy didn't have any choice as to the speed with which she was, what shall I say, filled. But, for you Jim there is a choice..... it's just that the choice is Nurse Wendy's. I will shortly release the clamp that is on the first of the enema bags. Its tubing is small so the contents will take a long time to be delivered. Once that first bag is empty I will release the second, and then, with the passage of time, the third. But tied as she is Nurse Wendy can reach the clamps for the other two bags. So she can, if she wants, release the clamps before I do. Of course Jim, the tubing for the other two bags is rather larger, so the flow from those bags will be a lot stronger, and of course the discomfort for you will be heightened a lot more quickly. No doubt you're wondering why your loving Nurse Wendy should want to release those clamps and in so doing will add to your suffering. Well, you see I will only be releasing her and taking her to the bathroom to remove the rather large butt plug from her arse once all three of those enema bags are completely empty. Until then she is going to be experiencing a full range of cramps and without the lovely Sister Pam there to rub her poor tummy". Pam stroked Wendy's cheek in mock concern and as if to reinforce her point, Wendy's stomach gave another gurgle and a long groan came from the wide open lips of the captive. "I don't know if you realize but it is possible to ease the flow of an enema into a person's body by stroking the recipient's tummy. It was so nice of Sister to stroke you wasn't it Nurse.....well your tummy and other places". Pam paused and caught Jim's eye. "Of course in your current position it's not possible to stroke your tummy but I think I can arrange a distraction for you". She switches her gaze to

Wendy. "Can you reach to two other clamps Nurse?" Wendy gave what passed in the circumstances for a Yes. "Good. One last thing both of you. I want you to kiss each other while it is all happening, lots of nice loving French kissing. Remember, I'll be relaxing on the bed and watching both of you so you had better make it good, otherwise..... well I'm sure you can guess what the possible consequences might be".

Out the corner of his eye Jim saw Pam's hand move behind him and a moment later he felt the first tentative flow entering his body. It was a sensation that was so alien to any other experience that he had had that Jim couldn't help but cry out. But the half formed noise was swiftly muffled as Wendy's wide open mouth closed over his. "Perfect" Pam declared "I'll be thinking about that image when I'm relaxing just here on your marital bed." and with that she moved out of the wardrobe. Initially Jim didn't think that the enema was that bad. Certainly there was the very strange feeling of liquids running into his body, but really it wasn't too bad. So, his initial concerns allayed Jim concentrated on returning the kisses his wife was giving him. At first the gag made it difficult but he soon found the best position to return his wife's efforts. Indeed after all that had happened since Pam knocked on their front door yesterday Jim found that he was enjoying the close presence of his wife and her sensuously moving tongue. Hot flesh pressed against his thighs and below it there was the silky sensation of his wife's hold-up's running along the outside of his legs. Even better, Wendy's breasts were pushing up against his chest behind the thin fabric of her 'uniform'. True his dick was bursting with piss and was that the first feeling of an impending erection? An erection that he already knew would be stifled by the chastity. But yes, Jim didn't think that things were too bad at present, certainly better than what had happened to him last night. It was then that Wendy broke the kiss and he heard an almost unintelligible "Sooorrby".

Wendy had not particularly wanted to cause Jim more pain. In fact she was feeling rather guilty at the moment. After all she'd had some pretty amazing sexual experiences last night....and she'd got to cum and that Jim hadn't. So, to make up for that, she had initially thrown herself fully into the kissing task that Pam had set. But the pain from the cramps was just getting much too much for her to bear. Pam was right when she'd suggested to Jim that she had not spent too much time in administering Wendy's enema. A large bag, together with Pam's widest hose, had ensured the quickest possible delivery of the enema solution. As a result Wendy had been experiencing a lot of

discomfort and real pain as her dissented stomach churned the water that was inside of her. And her tits were starting to hurt as well. Well they certainly felt tender as they pressed up against Jim when she kissed him. But then it wasn't that much of a surprise, given that Pam had wrapped them rather tightly out in the bathroom. As she gave Jim another kiss Wendy became aware of a low moan behind her. It didn't take much imagination for her to work out what happening. "That Pam is insatiable" Wendy thought "and the curse of it is that she's lying back there behind me, getting off on my pain". Wendy's mind travelled on. "And then there's Jim. No doubt he's been really getting his rocks off being tied up by 'Sister Pam'. And now he's had me tied to him, being made to press myself right up against him. I'd never have worn this bloody nurse's outfit, not even for his birthday, and now I'm in it, in loads of pain and with a bloody big butt plug shoved up my bottom". A particularly strong wave of cramps broke over her and almost without thinking Wendy's hands sought out the other clamps. It was the work of a moment to release them. "At least that will mean that I'll get to the bathroom more quickly.

Propped up by a couple of pillow, Pam didn't miss the movement of Wendy's hand. "That didn't take long" she thought to herself as she closed her eyes and stroked the puffy flesh of her fanny. "She must be really suffering. Well, they're both going to be suffering even more soon". A thrill ran from her fingers, up through her clit to her brain as her mind went back over the genius of getting Jim's own wife, tied up and helpless, be the person who decides how much torture her own husband was getting. But she'd clearly not thought things through, oh well, more fun for me". More chills ran through Pam's body and she recognized the familiar feeling of an approaching climax. Her fingers increased the speed of their ministrations to her clit as the increasingly frequent groans from her two captives served to push Pam over the edge once more.

It certainly was true that both Jim and Wendy were really feeling the pressure now as the water that was flowing into Jim's stomach pressed against what was already in Wendy. They both tried to keep up Pam's last instruction to French kiss each other but cramp upon cramp was breaking over them as the trapped water was pushed ever higher within them. The need to give vent to their pain lead to both of them groaning more and more frequently, groans that escaped around each other's lips. Looking over Wendy's shoulder Jim watched Pam. Although he couldn't actually see it there was no disguising what her hands were doing down there in the part of her body that was

hidden by Wendy. So Jim watched as the need built in Pam, watched her face as that need intensified more and more until, unable to deny herself any longer, Pam orgasmed. He knew that he should have looked away but without knowing why Jim kept watching Pam as the convulsions in her body died away. Pam's eyes flashed open, triumphantly locking onto his and it was then that Jim realized that he had never seen a woman so assured with herself, one who was so certain of her place in the world. "Well" though Jim "perhaps she's at least certain of herself here in Wendy's and my world".

Eventually Pam swung herself off the bed, straightened her uniform and came and stood behind Wendy. She leant forward so that her face was level with theirs. "How is the patient Nurse? I see that you decided to speed up his treatment". Wendy didn't dare break from the kissing that Pam had ordered but she managed a muffled "Mmmmmm" of agreement. Pam reached round the both of them and weighted the two bags by hand. "These are almost empty; you must be feeling a reduction in the flow Jim". Now that she had mentioned it Jim had to admit that Pam was right. There was certainly a lot of discomfort still but it was not increasing at the same rate as it had been. But it was when Pam came placed her face close still to them that Jim felt a wave of trepidation. He realized that she usually did that when she had a particular announcement to make - and it was usually resulted in something nasty for Jim. "So I suppose that you'll be expecting to be released soon, won't you Nurse?.....oh, but what's this? Oh dear me, the original bag is still quiet full. That small pipe must have really slowed it's flow". Pam straightened up and rested her hands on Wendy's shoulders "Well I can't interrupt the treatment can I? So it looks like you will both be here for a bit longer". With that Pam left them and went back to the bed and a few moments later the buzz of a vibrator was added to the muffled groans that Wendy and Jim were making.

To Jim It seems that an interminable length of time passed until Pam came back again and announced that his 'treatment' was finished. Even then it was Wendy who was taken to the bathroom first "for emptying" as Pam had put it. He was forced to sit there as the enema gurgled and churned inside him. Pam had repeated her instruction for him to "stay quiet". So Jim sat there, trying (& mostly failing) to suppress the groans that accompanied the cramps that were still playing about his distended stomach. Eventually though Pam and Wendy made their reappearance. Jim was almost un-surprised that Wendy's uniform had disappeared and that his wife was now pretty much in the nude.....well apart from the white shoes and stockings, and those straps around her

breasts. Wendy's hands had been handcuffed behind her back so it was only Pam who released Jim from the bondage chair and helped him to stand.

After so many hours of being forced to sit Jim felt strangely weak and unsteady as he was guided by Pam into the bathroom. Jim noticed that a chain had been pad-locked around the pedestal of the wash basin. Pam eyes had followed his "just a small precaution to stop runaways" she said as the other end was looped round Jim's ankle and secured with another padlock. "Not that I think that I really have to worry too much about you doing that do I? This must be the fulfillment of a fair few of you dirty little fantasies.....as well as starting a good number of new ones, right? And don't forget that promise of a reward for being good. That might be closer than you think. Now in a minute I'm going to remove the catheter and deflate the butt plug. Then you are going to very quickly sit on the loo, all the while clenching your tight little arse, along with everything else, so that nothing comes out before it should". Pam moved close again "any sort of mess and that reward goes out the window, so I hope that you can manage". With that her hands went to Jim's dick and started to ease the catheter out. Then he felt the plug deflate and, as Pam moved out of the way, Jim gratefully sat on the loo.

It wasn't until several minutes had passed that Jim realized he was on his own. "Well given the smell I'm not surprised that Pam disappeared" he thought. But then, at least from his short acquaintance of her, it also was unlike Pam to miss the chance to witness someone's humiliation. Because the past few minutes certainly had been one of the most humiliating episodes of Jim's life, the uncontrollable gush of water and god knows what else, together with the pain of the forced evacuation of his bowels had left him feeling completely drained. "Still" he thought to himself after spending a while getting his breath back "I'd better get myself cleaned up. Who knows when Pam will be back" and he reached over to the wash basin to wet some toilet paper.

It was actually some time before Pam came for Jim. But as he was lead back into the bedroom he could see that in his absence she had been busy. Wendy had been secured in the bondage seat in his place, a black ball gag parting her red lips. "Get on the bed, on your back. Quick as you like". Once Jim was correctly positioned Pam quickly secured him using the same tethers that had held his wife. Pam made sure though that a couple of pillows lifted Jim's head sufficiently high so that he could see down the bed to Wendy's bound form. She stood back and surveyed her two captives in their now exchanged

positions. "I'm sure that you have both realized that your two roles have changed". She looked at Wendy "You're the viewer now Nurse as I undertake some special ministrations to this patient". She turned to regard Jim "and, because I feel like indulging my hetro side you'll be the participant. But there's still one or two things to finalize" She held up the butt plug, together with its inflatable bulb "this is for you Nurse" and she advanced on Wendy and bent in-between her forcibly spread legs. "No time for playing around .....or any lubrication". Jim could see the sudden movement of Pam's upper arm and heard the resulting grunt from his wife. Pam "There now Nurse, that wasn't so bad was it. Now I'll pump it up. Five should stretch you nicely. But what shall I do with my other hand? I know, I'll spank your delightfully puffy, and sooo available, pussy".

Eventually Pam stood up and turned from Wendy's reddening fanny to advance on Jim's exposed and vulnerable body "and now I must look into giving this patient some more special treatment". She came and lay full length beside Jim, draping a leg over his spread thigh as she pressed her still uniformed body against him and positioned her face close to his own. "Do you think that you will be a good patient for Sister Pam?" She held her finger to his still widely spread lips "no don't answer....let's just see" and with that Pam forcefully kissed his still ring gagged mouth. Jim lay there trying to respond to the assault that Pam was performing on his lips. Her tongue darted deep into his mouth as she kissed him again and again. A hand started to explore his body, reaching down to cup his balls. "The wetness you can feel on my hand is from your Nurse's pussy" Pam explained between kisses. "She's such a slut isn't she? Eventually tiring of her game Pam rose up onto her knees, swung one leg over Jim's head and pulled the hem of the uniform dress up to her waist. Ignoring Wendy, she looked down at Jim who was slightly out of breath. "Time to put that mouth of yours to more important work", a riding crop appeared in Pam's hand " I can very easily reach some rather tender pieces of flesh from here. Now get to it" and she lowered herself onto Jim's face. Pam enjoyed the sensation of rolling her cunt up against Jim's trapped face knowing that his mouth was held wide open by the gag. She was pleased to feel his tongue tentatively starting to explore her fanny. "That it what a quick learner you are. You may even become my favorite Patient if you keep this up". Letting Jim get into a rhythm Pam rode his face until she could feel her climax starting to approach. But something was missing and Pam suddenly realized what it was. Climbing from Jim's now rather wet face Pam reversed her position so she was facing the end of the bed. Looking down again at Jim



she announced "I'm about to cum, in buckets probably, so you had better get ready....." Pam lowered herself again, pressing so tightly against the helpless man under her that Jim's nose was in danger of burrowing into the cleft in Pam's arse. Looking up, her eyes met Wendy's looking back at her from the cupboard. Fixing her stare, Pam brought the crop down on the inside of Jim's thigh bringing a muffled cry from him ".....and make sure it is as good as you give that slut wife of yours" cried Pam mischievously.

Like her husband had discovered the previous night, Wendy now found that she had a ringside seat for what then happened. Pam was as vocal with Jim now as she had been with her last night. There were plenty of instructions to "kiss me there" or "stick your tongue right in, that's it" or, as happened several times, "now lick like hell". All the time Pam had been looking at Wendy, taunting her almost by her demonstration of how to use her husband. The thought "I could be getting that" sprang into Wendy's mind. And it was true, there had been times, earlier in their marriage, when she had been in that self same position as Pam now. Jim restrained helplessly and able only to do her bidding. She remembered that afternoon, oh several summers ago now, when she had surprised him with the ropes when he came in from the garden. She had ridden his mouth for at least an hour right there in the kitchen, promising to let his dick out of the tight confines of his jeans and fuck him if only he'd bring her to one more orgasm. And then of course finding an excuse to go back on her 'promise', frustrating him time and again ...but always leading him on with what might happen if he was to "just kiss me there one more time". The sound of a loud slap broke into Wendy's thoughts, together with Jim's muffled cry. Wendy lifted her face to Pam's as "watch me" was mouthed silently across to the bound and gagged woman. Their eyes locked together once again, Pam's hands roamed across her breasts, dragging them out of the nurse's uniform before cupping them, caressing her nipples. Her breathing was becoming more gagged now, her cries gradually forming a crescendo until, unable to hold out any more, Pam slumped forward, her hips jerking as she rode Jim's mouth.

A long moment passed. "Alright you can draw breath now". Knowing that he had not be told to stop, and not wishing to receive another slap from the crop on the inside of his thigh, Jim had made sure to keep his mouth firmly planted on Pam's fanny as she had come down from the high that he himself had given her. Pam looked up again to find Wendy was still looking at her. She gave a triumphal smile as she shifted her weight from Jim's mouth. "That wasn't

bad.....at least for starters". She smiled back down her body at Jim, his face half covered as it was with her juices. "I'll give you a break and let you get your breath back. Pam raised her gaze to where Wendy sat "of course that means that you take centre stage my dear Nurse. And I want to make sure that the Patient here gets a good view". Repositioning herself Pam's breast pressed into Jim's face as she pumped up the pillows that were under his head and which had been squashed when they'd been asked to support Pam's lower torso as well. "There now, you'll have a much nicer view now". She bent to pick two things up from the floor but Jim couldn't see what they were. One got dropped between Jim's spread legs but the other was held in front of Pam as she advanced on Wendy. "I'm thinking that you know what this is Nurse, and that you know where it will go".

Pam stepped into Jim's line of sight and held the double dildo gag up for Wendy to see. Her captive's expression told Pam that Wendy did indeed know what the gag was .....and how it might be used. For Jim's benefit Pam said "I see that you do Nurse". She bent down and whispered softly in Wendy's ear "I'm not going to let you wear it though, that will be your husband's job .... But I will let you lubricate it for him. Pam crouched in front of Wendy's widely spread legs. She ran a finger up and down Wendy's slit. Despite herself Wendy found that she was responding to Pam's touch, her pussy juicing up as the skilled lesbian stroked her fingers back and forth, in and out. Again for Jim's benefit, and to humiliate Wendy a bit more, Pam loudly announced "wow you are so very easy to turn on Nurse. I bet just being close to me is making you hot". Wendy shuddered in her bonds as Pam suddenly withdrew her fingers and held them up for Jim "see how hot this little slut is for some girl girl action". She looked again at Wendy "naughty Nurse. There's the poor patient, all tied up, still not even able to get a hard on. And here's you getting randy at the slightest excuse. Still we'll just put this somewhere safe...." Pam pushed the smaller of the gag's two dildos into Wendy's fanny ".....and then we can get on with punishing you".

A few moments later, when the dildo gag had been secured in place by some rope around its base and Wendy's waist, Pam stood just to one side of Wendy. "Oh yes Nurse, you do deserve some punishment don't you.....all those times you cried out when I'd told you to be silent..... so you defiantly deserve something special. Mmmm, what about these tits?" She looked over her shoulder, smiling at Jim "don't they look to you like that are just asking from some punishment?" Jim of course could not reply so Pam answered her own

question. "I think they are just ripe for some attention". She was right of course. Wendy had been wearing the straps for some time now and although their constriction had initially been fairly mild, the effects had slowly come on. So now when Pam squeezed each breast, gently at fist and then increasingly roughly, a series of moans came from behind Wendy's gag. "Mmmm, nice and tender, just how I like them." She held up the whip that she had threatened Jim with the night before "but that's not to say that they can't be improved".

Wendy squirmed as much as she could under the onslaught that Pam unleashed against her tits - but of course strapped tightly to the chair it was almost as if she hadn't moved at all. Pam grabbed hold of a tight handful of her hair and told her to "look at your Patient while you get this Nurse, you little slut". Wendy knew that she had no choice but to obey, just as Jim, strapped to the bed and head propped up on several pillows, had no choice but to watch his wife receiving Pam's attention. Pam's eyes ranged between her two captives "good, now Nurse....." and the whip landed once more. Soon Wendy's breasts were a mass of red and pink. Pam stopped to draw breath and evaluate the situation. "Well, I think that you're just about ready". Wendy's eyes shot up to meet Pam's gaze. "You didn't think that that was your punishment did you? After all the poor Patient has spent all night in that chastity....." Pam picked a bag up from the floor, wiggling her uniform clad bum at Jim in the process. "These should do the trick.....now let's get you sorted" and with that she plunked herself on Wendy's lap.

The bed creaked slightly as Jim pulled on the straps holding his arms up by the bed's headboard and his weight shifted slightly. Pam looked over her shoulder "Don't feel lonely. I'll be with you soon". Jim groaned inwardly. Why did he attract Pam's attention? It was only going to end in more discomfort for him. Pam went back to work on Wendy's breasts but whispered in Wendy's ear "he still appears to be keen doesn't he? Still up for it..Even though he doesn't realize what I'm going to do to him". She drew back and took pleasure at the widening of Wendy's eyes before going back to work on the tender skin of her chest. Minutes later, and after several muffled cries from Wendy, Pam sat back with a "there, that looks so much better now". She stood and swung her leg off Wendy's bound form "what do you think?"

It was now Jim's eyes which widened. Pam had certainly gone to town on his wife's breasts. A thin black belt had been centered on Wendy's nipples and then passed round the back of the bondage chair before being tightened. Now

his wife's breasts appeared to be almost split in two as the belt pressed the top and bottom of each breast outward against the straps that Wendy had been wearing since the start of the day. But Pam had not stopped there. Both of Wendy's breasts now sported an array of clothes pins, each one pinching a piece of Wendy's tender tit meat. Pleased with Jim's rather amazed expression Pam ran her hands over the clothes pins, increasing Wendy's agony tenfold. A loud goan escaped from around the ball gag. "Oh does that hurt Nurse?" she asked in mock concern. She did it again and got the same response. Pam bent to release the rope that was holding the dildo gag in place "well not to worry .....our Patient obviously feels that he is in need of some more attention" and she abruptly pulled the gag from Wendy's fanny.

Careful to keep her new toy out of Jim's sight, Pam stood and then advanced on Jim's prostrate body. Putting the gag on the floor wet side up Pam once again came to lie side-by-side with him. She looked deep into Jim's eyes "Almost at the end now" she said in a whisper. Then in a voice that carried easily to Wendy "Sister needs to cum twice more before the treatment will be over. Do you think you can help Sister do that?" Knowing that in any case he would have no choice but to agree, Jim nodded his head as much as he could. "Good". Pam reached for the buckle to his ring gag and a minute later Jim found his mouth to be free. The oft repeated instructions to keep quiet were still in Jim's mind though so he restricted himself to working his jaw to get any stiffness out of it. Now propped up on an elbow Pam smiled down at him as her other hand cupped Jim's balls. "Good" she repeated "I'm glad to see that you continue to obey my instructions. Or is it the prospect of the reward we talked about that is making sure that you are being such a good Patient? Let's check 'down there' shall we?" Pam shot Jim a low "still nice and quiet though" as she slipped down the bed to place herself between Jim's widely spread legs. Jim felt Pam's finger nails start to lightly press into the skin of his balls. She fixed him with a look "these are nice and full. It would be sooo easy to hurt them .....or empty them perhaps". Then Jim gasped as Pam dipped her head .towards his groin.

The warmth of Pam's mouth had a clear effect on Jim's dick and once again it pressed right up against the steel confines of the chastity. Above her Jim pulled at the restrains holding his arms. Not with any hope of escape, but just to effect some sort of release from the tension of being simultaneously both stimulated and restricted. Eventually though Pam appeared to tired of her game and she got off Jim's body. In fact though she had decided that it was

time again for her pleasure. As she came to lay again by Jim's side one hand swept up the dildo gag. "Did you like that treatment?" Suddenly Pam bent forward and kissed Jim, her tongue rapidly finding its way into his mouth. She broke the kiss just as Jim had recovered his wits and was beginning to respond. "Pity though that that your dick is still trapped in that chastity. I'll need something nice and hard to get me off again". She bent to fasten her lips to his again. Pressed back into the pillow, trying to respond to this new assault, Jim wondered if it might be worth risking suggesting that the chastity was taken off. There was a risk of breaking the code of silence that Pam had imposed on him.....but then it certainly appeared to be what she was suggesting herself. What he couldn't see though was Pam holding the gag out of his sight. She shifted herself and brought her other hand above Jim's head. A particularly forceful kiss and that hand closed over Jim's nose, pinching his nostrils close.

Pam felt Jim struggle under her as she held the kiss, pressing her lips firmly against his and pushing his head into the yielding pillows. She'd timed things for just after he'd taken a breath so that she would have the maximum time to enjoy the uncertainty and terror that he would now be feeling. Moaning in time with Jim's own muffled cries she pressed her body into his and readied herself. Suddenly Pam lifted herself from Jim's oxygen starved body and Jim gasped for air. But his respite was short lived. Pam brought her other hand down and pressed the dildo gag into place in Jim's gaping mouth. It was only once that was in place did Pam release her hold on his nose. As Jim frantically worked to get sufficient air Pam quickly secured the gag's straps behind his head.. Jim's breathing, and thoughts, had barely returned to normal before Pam's thighs straddled his head. But now Pam had discarded her nurse's dress and so he looked up past her belly to where Pam was smiling down at him from above her two now fully exposed tits. A hand came and gripped the top of the dildo, positioning its head between the puffy lips of Pam's dripping slit...."so now I've got that something hard, haven't I?" Jim could do nothing but look up into Pam's smiling eyes. "By the way, you really should thank Nurse Wendy". Jim's eyes conveyed his confusion " ...well she's lubricated your side of the gag so nicely for you". Suddenly Jim realized what that taste was that the sub-conscious part of his brain had been trying to figure out. Pam went on " .....but no need for any lubrication for me, I'm soaking wet" and she impaled herself in a single downward motion. A low guttural groan escaped Pam's lips "oh that is so so good". She looked down at Jim's face, now pressed between her thighs, his nose a fraction of an inch away from her clit " .....now

just hold still and I promise that you'll get such a lovely view.

It seemed to Jim that an age passed before Pam eventually climbed off the dildo and stood next to the bed looking down at him. She'd ridden the hard black plastic dick sticking out of his mouth the whole time but it seemed to Jim that Pam had almost been toying with herself. There were a couple of times when he could have sworn that she had been about to get off, but each time she had slowed the pace before she had cum. The first time Pam had simply stopped on a downward stroke and pressed herself against Jim's face, her thighs pressing hard against his skull while her clit hit his nose and her lower belly spread itself over his face. She'd held that position for long seconds and said nothing when she re-started fucking the dildo. But the second time she stopped Pam had shifted position so that she was facing Jim's widely spread feet. Still impaled on the dildo she had bent forward. "Like I said, it would be so easy to hurt them" and a hand had closed a firm grip around the top of his ball sac.....and then started to squeeze. Jim had cried into the gag then and things had got much worse when Pam's other hand had joined in the assault on his balls. Jim didn't know what she was doing but Pam had looked up to see Wendy staring at her. "See Nurse" she explained "it is so easy to get the patients attention. Just a little bit of tension on his balls and ...." Pam held her hand near to Jim's balls and flicked her thumb into one of them. From behind her Jim's cries were partly muffled as Pam pressed herself again onto his face. ".....you can cause all sorts of reactions". Pam eased herself off Jim's face and said over her shoulder "just imagining how much pain there could be if you just kept flicking on the same spot.....with that sort of treatment even the most uncooperative of patients will come to heal". Pam had released his balls then and turned to face Jim again. Sliding down the plastic dick once again she'd locked eyes with Jim "I'm sure you'd agree....wouldn't you". Jim had tried as much as possible to nod his head; anything was better than what Pam had just done. "Good" Pam had said, and a vibrator had appeared in one of her hands ".....and now let's enjoy this", and pressed the vibrator right against her clit "....by which, of course, I mean that I enjoy this".

Wendy watched Pam climb off her husband's face on what she thought were rather shaky legs. Pam's last orgasm had been the most intense yet and Wendy guessed that Pam needed more than a few minutes to recover. She looked at her husband. Jim's face was covered in Pam's juices. "So that was it" she thought to herself. She had thought that there had been a hesitation in the up and down movements of Pam's fanny on that dildo, just right before she'd

cum. Pam must have stopped at the top of the dildo and squirted herself all over Jim before she'd convulsed back onto the dildo's hardness. But a new thought broke into Wendy's mind "now she's finished with Jim, she'll come for me". That had been the pattern, first one of them and then the other. Wendy shifted her gaze back to her erstwhile office friend and she found Pam speculatively gazing at her. A smile spread on Pam's face as she started towards the bound woman "Oh no" thought Wendy. Pam came and stood in front of her. "Now Nurse, it's time that you got more involved in the Patient's treatment" and hands went to the buckles holding Wendy to the chair.

Satisfied, Pam stood back and examined the outcome of her work. It may have taken some time to prepare what might be called 'the end game', but it had been worth it. Jim was still in the same position on the bed, still gagged with the dildo gag. But now his wife was the one kneeling over his head, the dildo's head just slipped into Wendy's slit. Wendy's feet had been secured to the head of the bed, right next to her husband's wrist restraints but the ball gag had gone, as had the butt plug. The thin belt still pressed into her breasts but was now secured behind her back. The clothes pins were also still on her breasts and with her hands now free Wendy could have been expected to have used the opportunity to relieve the constant pain that they were causing. But Pam had been very clear as she had released her from the bondage chair. Coming close to Wendy's ear she'd whispered "touch just one of those pins and I'll hurt both you and Jim like never before. Understand". Wendy had indeed understood. She had no choice and she had nodded her acquiescence to Pam's latest command. So now she was concentrating on staying as still as possible, her hands resting on Jim's stomach while she tried to keep the head of the dildo just inside her fanny.....just as Pam had instructed.

Picking up a key and one of her favorite pieces of bondage gear, Pam came and sat at the very top of Jim's legs, facing Wendy. "Not long now until the finale of the treatment". Pam reached for the chastity. "Now then, in a minute I'm going to release this and enjoy a nice final ride. But remember that I said earlier that I wanted to come twice more, and I've only come once". soooooo...." she looked around Wendy's body and caught Jim's gaze as he shifted focus from Wendy's arse as it hovered a few inches above him. "...you will NOT cum before me..... is that understood? Jim nodded as much as he could, moving the dildo just in and out of Wendy's fanny. "Good" Pam continued "I'll help you of course but it will be up to you to in the end". Reaching out, she lifted Wendy's face from where she had been looking down to make sure that, as instructed by Pam,

she kept the dildo right at the mouth of her fanny. "Now Nurse, while the Patient concentrates once again on pleasing Sister, you will ride that nice hard dildo in and out of your delightfully pliable cunt. You'll find that it has already been liberally lubricated. Of course, just like the patient below you, you are not to cum until I have taken my own pleasure, after all seniority has its privileges.....and remember that, as the slut Nurse that you now are, you must obtain my permission before you cum. Do you understand/". Not trusting herself to even try to speak Wendy could only nod to this latest order. "Good" Pam smiled, "so let's begin".

Minutes later Jim could feel what he knew must be the wetness of Pam's fanny just pressing against the tip of his dick. Pam's piece of bondage gear had turned out to be a quick release Cock Tie which she had looped round the base of his dick before sliding it closed. Jim could now feel several points around the base of his dick where small beads were pressing into it. He would have liked to actually see what Pam had used on him but his view was dominated by the smooth skin of his wife's backside as Wendy maintained her position on the dildo. He knew that cumming before Pam would cause untold problems, and possibly untold pain, for him as well. Jim hoped that he would be able to avoid spurting before Pam. The tie should be able to help with that. But then, after what had gone on for all of yesterday and now today, he just didn't know if he could hold out. Tied as he was and under the control of a very dominant woman, well, it was the very embodiment of several of his fantasies."At least the only visual stimulation I'm going to get is Wendy's backside rising up and down, and I can always close my eyes if that gets too much". Jim tried it, shutting his eyes and trying to concentrate on something else. But, almost as if she had anticipate just such an action, Pam's voice came to him. "Now Nurse, how about a kiss? After I've been so nice to you so I'll expect an especially sexy one". Jim groaned to himself....with that sort of stimulation to his imagination he wouldn't last a minute.

It was almost an hour later when Jim and Wendy eventually managed to make it out of their disheveled bedroom, sheepishly descend the stairs and make it into the lounge. Pam had been very clear about how long they had to wait until they could untie themselves - well Wendy could untie herself and then release Jim. So they had both pretty well guessed that she would be dressed and gone by the time they got downstairs. But they also knew, because Pam had told them, that there would be note for them on the settee. Now feeling perhaps rather awkward in their respective dressing gowns Jim and Wendy



looked uncertainly at each other as they looked down at the folded plain white piece of paper. Whatever it said they knew that they were both going to have to address all sorts of issues about their own relationship. "Maybe I'll put the kettle on and make a nice cup of tea" Wendy said. Jim smiled; they both knew that they were only putting off picking the paper up. "That's a good idea" he replied. Well, he thought, after the time that they'd both just had it was no surprise that they were finding it difficult to actually talk about it.

Wendy absent mindedly put the kettle on and reached for the tea bags. She was worried now. Worried about how Jim felt about her, about the two of them together, and of course about Pam and what she, Wendy, had just caused to happen to their marriage. Adding someone else, even when it might be the fulfillment of any number of fantasies, could kill everything - particularly since Jim had had almost no option but to go along with things. What was he thinking she wondered as she got two mugs down from the cupboard? Letting himself get tied up like that. But WOW, that had been an absolutely amazing end to the whole thing. Typically Pam had maintained control right to the end. It had started with Pam instructing her to follow exactly the movements she was carrying out on Jim's dick. So Wendy had slid inch by inch down the dildo as Pam slid inch by inch down Jim's dick. Of course Pam toyed with her, delaying 'full entry' by claiming that Wendy had moved more than an inch. So then she'd been instructed to "start again", raising herself up again to the tip of the dildo and then waiting while Pam flicked the clothes pins on her breasts until she decided that Wendy had had enough of that particular type of punishment and instructed Wendy to again start to take each inch of the hard dildo within her. Not surprisingly then that the moment when she had felt the base of the dildo pressing against her pussy's lips had been accompanied by an ecstatic groan of satisfaction and a wiggle of pleasure on the solid intrusion that was then buried deep inside her. In fact, when she had then failed to lift herself off the dildo, (& consequently failed to follow Pam's movements) she had had to be reminded of Jim underneath the dildo and his need to breath Pam had been less than subtle "A slut like you Nurse might love to be filled up as much as possible but don't forget the poor patient. Stay with his nose buried in your arse like that for too long and he is unlikely to come through the final course of treatment".

Back in the Lounge Jim was also going through the past few hours in his mind and he was thinking about the same time as Wendy.. He smiled when he remembered that Wendy had almost jumped off the dildo in her haste to

follow Pam's instructions and Jim had once again able to breathe through his nose. After a couple of more slow descents of their respective fanny intruders Pam had then decided that it was time to get some pleasure. In clear confident tones she had instructed Wendy to pick up the vibrator that was lying on the bed and "use it on Sister's clit". With just the head of his dick in Pam's cunt Jim could only just feel the vibrations as Pam had Wendy slide the vibrator around her clit. But he certainly knew about it when Pam came rather forcefully a minute or two later. Sliding off his dick, her juices splashed onto his stomach as Pam came on a torrent of cries and moans.

Lying there, Jim had hoped that now at last he might be allowed to cum. But Pam had other ideas. "That was very good Nurse" she slightly breathlessly eventually managed "now I want you to do the same to yourself. That's it; press the vibrator right against your horny little clit.. But..." and she had waited until Wendy had looked up at her "when you cum I want you to do it all over the patient's face. So you'll hop off that dildo and spread your juices all over his face". Pam paused "And remember Nurse I already know just how much of a juicy little slut you become when you do cum". Wendy's face had reddened when she realized that Pam had been refereeing to last night....but of course Jim had not been able to see that. Instead he had had to just lie there, with a worm's eye view of her backside as he felt his wife slide the vibrator around the dildo. But minutes later it was a rather wet worm's eye when, having taken herself to the edge, Wendy followed Pam's instructions to the letter and positioned her cunt right above Jim's forehead. Remembering her previous punishment Wendy tried to keep the vibrator on her clit but the strength of the approaching orgasm was teetering to overcome her. Seeing what was about to happen Pam lent forward and took hold of the vibrator. "Here Nurse let me help you". As Wendy's arms went behind herself to support her upper body Pam again pressed the vibrator up against Wendy's slit.. She smiled down at Jim "I wouldn't want either of you to miss this" and with that Wendy came, her cunt shooting juices right over Jim's face.

After a minute or two Wendy's moans and cries had subsided and Pam moved the vibrator away. She had looked at both of them. "That was good Nurse..... and now for the Patient's final treatment. You'll ride his face again Nurse while I'll be back on his dick". Her gaze had transferred to Jim. "I'll be releasing that tie round your dick ...but only of course when I've been satisfied". Her gaze shifted then back to where Wendy had been trying to recover her breath. "Now Nurse hop back onto that dildo. I'll want plenty of sexy kisses from you

before the Patient will get to cum....you might start with some on my breasts, my nipples are certainly in need of some real attention". As Wendy positioned herself once again on top of her husband's face Jim had felt Pam's hot cunt sliding down his dick. One of Pam's hands then sought out the quick release pull for the cock tie. Wanting to try to time receiving what she fully expected to be a massive load from Jim's balls with her own orgasm, her other hand pressed the vibrator against the hard nub of her clit. "That's it Nurse, suck hard on my breast..... now your tongue on my nipple..... ". Pam had started to pump up and down on Jim's dick, her voice betrayed her rising excitement "that's it Nurse, that's soooo good. Ahhhh. Keep it like that".

About thirty seconds later Jim had felt a sharp pull at the base of his dick and he knew that Pam had released the tie round his cock. For some strange reason that even now, an hour later and standing in his lounge, Jim did not know why he had tried very hard not to cum before Pam. Maybe it was some sort of foolish male pride sort of thing - not wanting Pam to know that her fanny could milk him that easily. But the more he thought about it the more Jim had to accept that the real reason was that he wanted to give Pam the pleasure of cumming one more time. "Maybe giving pleasure to others is my default setting" Jim thought to himself. Whatever, when he had cum it had been one of the most amazing things he'd ever experienced. It was lucky that Wendy had been alert, listening out for the tell tale quickening of his breath that she knew signified an orgasm. If not it would have been doubtful if Jim could have got his breath as, until then, Wendy's arse had been regularly blocking Jim's nose. As it was he still had difficulty getting enough air - even though Wendy made sure she stopped moving and just left the tip of the dildo gag in her crotch.

When Wendy came back with the tea Jim was sitting at the dining table holding the still folded note. Wendy joined him and they tentatively opened the note and started reading its short sentences. "I do hope that you both enjoyed the time we have just spent together. I certainly enjoyed myself and so I therefore would be happy to take control of you both again - under my terms of course. Jim, I am aware that you might think that such an arrangement would mean an end to your dominating Wendy but I am certain that this would not be the case (for example, fancy beating her arse while under my instruction?) If you both like the sound of this idea for the both of you (& the other 100's that are in my head) I have left something for Jim under the cushion on the settee. You are to fit it and Wendy is to bring the key

to me when I come on shift tomorrow evening. It is important that you both realize that this would be a very significant change in your current relationship - this is why I am giving both of you until tomorrow to think about it. If I do not see you Wendy, then my offer to both of you will lapse, as will our friendship".

For a long moment they both looked at each other. Realizing that they were still unwilling to initiate a discussion Wendy got up and went to the settee. She lifted a cushion and then held up, as Jim had already guessed, the chastity. His wife came back to sit beside Jim and then she suddenly passionately kissed him. Surprised, Jim responded in kind. As they kissed Wendy's hand sought out Jim's semi-erect dick and stroked it to full erection. Between increasingly passionate kisses she whispered in his ear "well there was nothing to say when the chastity had to be fitted .....so we've got plenty of time before tomorrow evening.....if that's what you want of course". They both slide off their chairs and onto the floor. Lying with her back to the floor Wendy's dressing gown fell open and Jim rolled onto her so that his dick pressed against her cunt. Surprised at how forward she was being, even after all that they had just gone through, she brought her feet up against Jim's backside and pushed him into her. He slid in with one fluid movement and they both groaned. Wendy's hands grasped Jim's buns. She knew now that things between her and Jim were going to be alright, that they would make it through. Then another thought came into her mind "No doubt I'll be 'made' to report this to Sister." She wriggled under Jim, that prospect was something to look forward to.