

Kinky Co-Workers

Part 1

In my line of work as an auditor, I work with some beautiful women. There are two particular ones which have had my eye for quite some time, but unfortunately they're both married. The first which we'll call Stacey, is a hot 27 yr old. Perfect body, firm ass, and what I'd guess to be 36 D breasts on an incredibly, almost unnaturally small frame. She's got cute, chin length blonde hair, with eyes and a smile to die for. Looking at her, you'd think she was a former stripper, not a young married mother. Incredibly friendly, we've worked together on a few projects, and chatted at work events. This is the type that everyone dreams of, but no one catches. After a work Christmas party and a few drinks in, the subject of bedroom behavior came up within the group of people I was talking to.

Now as a background, I'm a very kinky man. I prefer to be on the receiving end of things, but at the same time and more than happy to have a naked helpless girl squirming at my finger tips. I've often dreamed of having Stacey in my grasp, but with her being married along with myself living with my girlfriend, I figured it would never happen. Little did I know that was going to change.

As we were standing there, some people started to talk about their bedroom behavior, which was odd for what is normally a quiet, conservative, stiff group of people. It started out light – who preferred condoms, who has tried it in a public place, etc. The typical almost high school type of talk. At one point, Stacey chimed in that her husband had wanted to tie her up, but she wasn't fond of the idea. She said that she didn't like the idea of not knowing what it was going to feel like, and not knowing what he was going to do. The conversation luckily for her progressed, to talk about some light bondage instead of just stopping. She was pretty quiet, and I have a feeling that she'd be embarrassed if people were put off by the idea in general.

Later that day back at the office, all I could think about was her comment. About having her bound in my control. I had to at least get the opportunity to tie her, so I popped open a new email. I wanted to give her an easy out, just delete the message, and didn't want it to be too descript.

"Stacey. I've been thinking about your comment at the bar, and can let you get a feeling for it without any risk. Lemme know if you're interested." Send. Crap – I hope I don't end up with a harassment problem, or freak her out and end up having a manager talk to me. I went to retract and delete the item, but it was too late. She had already read it. Too late now I guess, just wait and see what happens.

We both leave around the same time. I was standing there waiting for the elevator, and she came walking up behind me.

"Hi John."

"Hey Stacey". I didn't know what else to say. It was a bit awkward.

"I got your email, and if you meant what I think you did – I'm not sure what you had in mind, but I won't cheat on my husband".

Crap, that didn't sound good. At that point the elevator doors opened.

"After you". Ok, so she may be interested, but I had to explain quick and thoroughly to try to save myself. Luckily no one was on the elevator, and we're rather high up. The doors closed. "I'm interested in that type of stuff as well. (1 floor lower – no one got on). I was thinking if you wanted I could tie you up, and you could get a feel for it without your husband knowing. (2 floors). That way you could stop if you didn't like it without being embarrassed." 3 floors down before I was done and she had a chance to reply, the elevator stopped and the doors opened. A few people got on, and there was just awkward silence again between us all the way to the bottom. Finally the elevator stopped, and the people in front of us got off. "Listen, I didn't mean to offend you, and there'd be no funny business. Ask a friend to come watch to ensure things don't go bad if you want. All I ask is a bikini or you in your underwear – there's gotta be a little something in it for me."

She started to blush and smile. " Let me think about it – I'll let you know tomorrow." It was Thursday, and this coming weekend would be the perfect opportunity since my girlfriend would be out of town, and therefore unable to give me the usual 20 questions.

We left, and I thought at least I managed to save myself trouble at work. That night, her bound body was all that was in my mind, replaying itself over and over – hogtied and spread eagled, squirming in front of me. I managed to fall asleep, eager to get to work the next day. She got in a bit before me, and I had an email waiting when I got in. I opened it and gave it a read.

"Thanks for your offer. I know you're a nice guy and won't do anything I wouldn't approve of. I think I'll give it a go. Sandy said she'd be willing to come over, so I won't do anything if that will cause a problem. If it's ok, reply back and lemme know when is good for you, and what I need to have at my place. My husband is traveling on business this week and next, so the sooner the better." Stacey.

Wow – I couldn't believe what I was seeing. My incredibly hot, nice, co-worker was going to let me tie her up, while another co-worker watched. Sandy was smoking hot as well. 5'10", nice 34 c perky tits, and a great body. Shoulder length blonde hair, she was also very personable as well. What a dream.

"How is tonight? I'm free any time after I drop my girlfriend off at the airport at 7p. You don't need to have anything there. I'll bring what I need with me." John.

I waited a few more minutes, and got the reply. "8 will work, my address and number are below. Mapquest it, and gimme a call if you get lost. See ya later!"

The day dragged. All I did was think about what I'd do with her, what positions I'd put her in, how she'd be tied. I couldn't concentrate at all. I ran into Stacey and Sandy in the elevator on the way to lunch. Stacey smiled and said she couldn't wait, Sandy just chuckled and started to shake her head in disbelief. Finally work was over, and I got home and gathered my stuff up before my girl got home. I packed a couple hundred feet of rope. I figured maybe her husband would have some handcuffs, so I packed those so that she could see what they felt like. I grabbed a cloth and leather blindfold, as well as 2 ballgags and a scarf, and put it all in a bag. I figured her man probably wouldn't have leather restrains, so I decided to leave my cuffs and collars at home. I also grabbed a small flogger, and put them in a backpack. I tossed the pack in my trunk, and waited for my girlfriend to get home. I was hornier than hell, and watched some bondage videos to pass the time. My girl got home on time, and we had a quick dinner before I took her to the airport. I hate to say

it, but I couldn't wait to drop her off. I just couldn't wait to get this girl tied. I dropped my girl at the airport, gave her a hug and kiss goodbye, and sped over to Stacey's house. I still couldn't believe this was happening.

I got to her house and parked out front, hoping that maybe that way the neighbors wouldn't bring anything up or ask questions. It was 7:45, and I was a bit early. I went and nervously rang the doorbell.

"Hi John, come on in." she said. I walked into her living room. She looked great as usual. She had on a tight maroon turtle neck top, which was stretched across her beautiful breasts. Tight grey pants and bare feet completed her ensemble. I couldn't wait to get a better look at that body with less clothing.

"Thanks. You have a great house. Is Sandy here yet?" I asked. She did have a great house, but I had no clue what to say or how to get this started. Asking so, ready to get tied up? just didn't sound right. Her house was great looking from the outside. Inside there appeared to be a formal living room, which led to a dining room. In front of me from what I could tell was a hallway, which led back to an informal family room. Of course, I may have been able to take in more if I could manage to get my eyes off of her incredible body and beautiful smile.

"Nope. If you don't mind, I'd kinda like to wait for her to get here. Want a drink?"

"No thanks – I want to be 100% sober so I can be sure we're safe. Are you willing to just try some handcuffs behind your back while we wait?"

"I guess. I'm sure that will be pretty harmless. I suppose then you're putting me under arrest?" she said with a sly smile.

"Yes miss I am. Hands against the wall, legs spread." She gave her best pouty face, and put her hands on the wall and spread her legs. I thought I was imagining it, but it looked like she was arching her back as well, sticking that hot ass out for my clear view. I wanted to frisk her, but wasn't sure if I'd be stepping too far – after all she was married. But then again, this opportunity wasn't going to come along again. "I'm going to have to frisk you to make sure you don't have anything illegal on you."

"Yes sir" she said. To me, I was just granted permission to run my hands over that beautiful body. I grabbed my cuffs out of my bag, and set the bag aside. I started with her left arm, stroking it down to her shoulder. Then I moved to her right arm. She didn't move or tell me to stop. I moved down her body, across her breasts, giving each a firm feel. I saw her face getting red, but she didn't move, or say a word. I moved down to her hips, and gently ran my hands between the front of her legs. She gasped, but still didn't move. I ran my hands over her ass, down her legs, and then stood up.

"Looks like you're all clean." With that, I snapped a cuff on her right wrist. I gently pulled the right behind her back, while I reached for the left.

"Do they have to be behind my back?" She asked.

"Yes they do, for both of our safety" I replied, giving her the usual cop bullshit that I've heard on tv and in person. I pulled both her hands gently but firmly behind her, and locked the second cuff on her left wrist. I snugged them both up, and engaged the double lock. I couldn't believe it, I had her. Cuffed, under my control. I had a raging hard on, which she noticed when she turned around. I was a bit embarrassed.

"I can see you're enjoying this." She said.

"It's not everyday someone gets the opportunity to tie up someone as beautiful as you. Are you ok? How does it feel?"

"I'm fine. It's not bad at all actually. I thought it'd be a lot worse. Wanna watch some tv till Sandy shows up? I told her to swing by at 8:30. We still have about a half hr."

"Sure that's fine. With me ma'am". With that I grabbed a tight hold of her upper arm, and walked her to her family room. She pulled at me and the cuffs a bit, and realized she wasn't going anywhere. We went to the back room where there was a sizable sofa. I gently pushed her down sitting onto it.

"Geez, I didn't think I'd feel this helpless with these on." She said.

"I promise I'll be good until Sandy shows up. Two questions. Where do you keep your pop, and can I touch your amazing body one more time fast?" She

blushed and stood up.

"Officer, if you think you need to re-search me, check away. Pop is in the fridge". With that, I walked behind her, and cupped her breasts in my hand. She smelled amazing as well. I felt her reach around, eventually finding my hard on. She gave it a few rubs, and I pulled away.

"Too bad for you I'm married – who know's what you'd do with me huh?"

"Yep." I got my pop and we went back to the family room, and watched half of an episode of dirty jobs before the door bell rang. It seems like that fucking show is on some channel somewhere 24/7.

"That must be Sandy." She said. "Will you go get the door?" she said.

"It's your house, you go get it. I'll stand in the hallway incase it's not her so you're ok if it's not her in your helpless state."

"How will I open the door – I'm cuffed!"

"Reach behind you, find the knob and open it." A second ring came, and she got up and quickly went down the hall, tits bouncing a bit with her hands out of the way. I stood and watched her grasp around for the door, and open it. I thought she'd look through the window first. Lucky for us it was Sandy.

"Hi come on in!"

"I can see you two already started. So much for waiting for me. Hi John! – You're a bad boy!"

"She said it was ok. Lets go in the dining room and chat for a few. Sandy can you make sure the door's locked and shut?"

"Sure." With that , the girls followed me back to the family room. I laid out what I wanted to do, to see if it was ok.

"I want to put you in three positions tonight Stacey, each tighter than the last. First I'd like to tie you up to a chair. I'll put your hands behind your back, and tie up your ankles and let you see how it is. Then, will be a hogtie. Your arms

will be bound behind you again, as well as your legs together. But this time you'll be laying face down on your bed, and your ankles will be drawn up to your wrists. Finally, I'd like to put you in a spreadeagle on your bed. As the name implies, you'll be spread to each corner of the bed, pretty helpless and exposed. What do you think?" By this point, Sandy was staring at me wide eyed, and Stacey was red as a tomato with embarrassment.

"I think we can give that a go." She said. I was excited. With the look on Sandy's face, I doubted I'd get her tied too, but I wanted to try. She was Stacey's "safety net", but also married so I figured my odds were slim.

"Lets take a chair from your dining room, and go to your master bedroom. Seeing as how you're a bit tied up already, I'll grab the chair if Sandy wouldn't mind grabbing my bag out of the hallway."

With that, the three of us moved upstairs to the master bedroom. To my happy surprise, it was a four poster bed, which would make restraining her to the bed even easier.

"First we need to get these cuffs off, because I'm going to tie you up all night with rope. Sandy, what are the odds that you'd be ok with me cuffing you to the post for the bed? Maybe you can get a feel for it as well. It's up to the both of you ladies – the deal was for Stacey not you, but I'd like to cuff you to the bed while she's tied to the chair if it's ok."

The girls looked at each other for a moment. Stacey was still cuffed behind her back. "I'm ok with it I guess if you are Stacey – I'm supposed to be here as your safety. It's your call, but I don't mind trying the handcuffs."

"I think I trust John. I've known him for a bit at work, and the cuffs aren't that uncomfortable. I know you've wondered what bondage would be like, but were too afraid to try with someone other than your husband, so this would be a good opportunity."

I could see Sandy's eyes get wide with embarrassment, and her face got a bit red.

"Good. I tell ya what. Sandy, here's the key to Stacey's cuffs. You can uncuff her, and she can cuff you to the post. I'll just observe". With that, I handed the

keys to Sandy. With a bit of work, she disengaged the double lock, and got the cuffs off her friend.

"Why were they so complicated to get off?" she asked me.

"There's a safety feature on them, which prevents them from over tightening and hurting the captive. Turning the key one way disengages the safety, the other opens them." I explained. By this point, Stacey had taken her hand, and led her over to one of the posts at the end of the bed. Sandy stepped up to it facing the bed, and put her hands around the front.

"Oh no, they're going behind you." Stacey said with an evil grin on her face. She spun her friend around, and hopped up on her bed kneeling. She pulled her hands behind her back and the pole.

"I don't kn.." click click click click. Both hands were cuffed before she got out an objection.

" Too late, all locked up now!" she said. "John, come show me how to put on the safety."

I showed Stacey how to double lock the cuffs with the slide. Sandy was pulling against her restraints, testing them out and realizing how helpless she actually was.

"I don't know about this guys" she said.

"Relax, John won't do anything more to you. But we better give him something to look at before he ties me up." With that, she lifted up Sandy's top, exposing a sexy, purple bra. I couldn't believe she just did that.

"NO MORE!" Sandy said. Stacey smiled, and sat down on the chair.

"I'm all yours." She said.

"No no, the deal was bra and panties or bikini before you're bound. If you want, I'll leave the room for you to change, but I'm not tying you up until you have a lot less clothing on.

"I remembered the deal, I was just hoping you didn't." With that she stood up, and started to strip. First came her top, revealing a red lace bra, which pushed her tits up for my viewing pleasure. Then she turned around and put her back to me, and started to pull her pants down. She bent at the waist, and pulled them off her legs. They revealed a sexy pair of matching boy shorts, hugging her sexy, tight ass. She sat back down on the chair. I walked around her, and pulled her arms behind her back, and behind the back of the chair. The chair had a short back, so I planned to tie her hands to the bar under the chair. I wanted to tie her elbows and tits, but didn't want to push it too fast. I started by wrapping the rope around her wrists, cinching it between while her friend and our co-worker watched from her position with her breasts popped out of her shirt handcuffed to the four poster bed.

"How are you doing?" I asked Sandy. "Do you want me to let you out?"

"No, that's ok. I'm fine. But would you mind covering me back up?"

"Sure – lemme just get her finished up quick". With that, I cinched another rope between her wrists and let it hang. I had her sit up straight, and wrapped a rope around her waist and the chair, holding her to the back of it. Next, I bent down in front of her, and tied off each leg spread to its own chair leg. If she wanted to, she'd be able to pull her knees together, but not her ankles. Finally, I walked behind the chair, took the loose rope and strapped it to the support bar at the bottom of the chair. She was trapped, hands behind and lashed down, legs spread to the chair – all while her co-worker watched.

"There we go, try to get out of that." I said. I walked over to Sandy, and pulled her shirt down. I went to whisper in her ear, and she jumped a bit. "Relax – I'll give you the opportunity to get back at her later if you want." She smiled.

I'll leave the two of you to struggle for a bit. I'm going to go back downstairs and grab my drink, and raid your cupboards for a snack.

"There's chips under the sink" Stacey chimed in.

I walked out the door, and stopped to listen to their conversation for a few minutes.

"What the hell's wrong with you – I'm supposed to be your safety net. Instead

you get me all cuffed to your bed, then lift my top. I'm married – and I don't think my husband would have appreciated that."

"Relax, John's a good guy and I trust him. Besides, you wanted to know how it felt too, but were too embarrassed to ask or try it. Actually – how are you liking it?"

"You're right, but I'm still pissed. It's funny – it's only a pair of handcuffs, yet I'm really turned on and dripping wet. You?"

"I can't believe this is the easiest position – I'm so fucking horny I'm tempted to tell him to take my panties off and shove the vibe in my dresser in me." Stacey replied. I had to remember where that was. I quietly snuck away to go get my drink, and the chips I didn't plan to eat. I took my time coming back up.

"How are you ladies doing?" I asked. Both girls were squirming and pulling a bit, realizing they were both helpless to my whim.

"Ok. These cuffs are starting to get uncomfortable – can you let me out?" Sandy asked. I hated to do it – she looked super hot there, but I didn't want to scare her, and I hoped to get her tied again later.

"Sure – one sec." I grabbed the key, and let her out. "How did you like it?" I asked.

"It was ok – a bit more restrictive than I thought just a pair of handcuffs could be, but it wasn't bad. Not much of a turn on though." I knew she was lying, but she didn't know I had heard the conversation the two of them had prior.

"Can you let me out too?" Stacey asked.

"Nope. You wanted to know how it would feel to be controlled, not Sandy. You're stuck till I feel good and ready to let you go.

"I'm going to get a drink myself I think" Sandy said.

"Gimme two seconds and I'll join you. We can leave her alone up here for a few." With that, I reached into my bag and pulled out my scarf. I walked behind Stacey, and held it up to her lips. "Open up" I said. Normally, I wouldn't

leave a captive alone with a gag in, but a simple cleave without her mouth stuffed was safe. Sandy stared on in disbelief, and Stacey opened up. I pulled the cloth in her mouth tight, and knotted it behind her head. She mmped and moaned in her bonds, while Sandy and I left the room.

"The cuffs actually were kind of enjoyable. I couldn't believe she did that to me though. Where did you learn how to do this stuff – she looks pretty helpless?" Sandy asked. We made it to the kitchen, and I explained I've enjoyed bondage since puberty, and the sight of a helpless woman is a great turn on to me. I told her I also enjoy being on the receiving end, and maybe later I'd let her cuff or tie me to see how she likes being in control."

"That'd be fun. What did you have in mind to let me get back at Stacey?" she asked.

"That's a surprise for later. You'll see – and have to decide whether or not you trust me. We shouldn't leave her too long while she's gagged. Lets go back upstairs."

With that we made our way back up to the master bedroom, and Stacey was right where I left her – bound and gagged on the chair.

"Stacey, it's not nice to take the only seat in the room while your friend stands and watches you squirm. I think we need to move you onto the bed." I said.

With that, I untied her legs, and the ropes keeping her tied to the chair. Wphat ambout mwy wists n gag?" She asked.

"I don't feel like listening to you – do you Sandy?"

"Nope" she replied.

"Hmmp" came from the gag. I shoved her face first onto her bed, and climbed on top. Out of the corner of my eye, I could see Sandy pick up the cuffs and look at them, then set them back up. While this was happening, I started to get Stacey hogtied. I first slid her centered on the bed, so she wouldn't fall off. I then sat her up, and pulled out a long coil of rope. I started to pull her elbows behind her back, looping the rope around them.

"What's that for?" Sandy asked?

"You can see that as I tightly pull her arms together, it forces her to stick those great breasts out." As I was explaining this, I finished off the cinch between her elbows, trapping them together to the point they were almost touching. I was impressed by how flexible she was. I reached around, and felt her up.

"See – stuck out for you to touch, helpless to stop you". Stacey mmped and pulled away a bit, Sandy laughed. Next, I tied a chest harness, explaining to Sandy that this simply was because I liked the way it made her tits look. I rolled her onto her stomach, and tied her ankles together. Finally, I wrapped a rope between her ankles, and ran it around her elbow rope and back down to her ankles, but didn't pull it tight yet. I loosened the knot in the cleave. "Are you ok before I finish this tie?" I asked her.

"Yes, and rather turned on. I think I'm definitely going to have to let my husband have his way with me – please continue." I placed the cleave back to her mouth, which she willingly opened and accepted. I knotted it tight behind her teeth, and moved back to her hogtie. I tied her tight, legs drawn snug to her hands.

"That looks really painful" Sandy said.

"Imt's not bwad" came from behind the cleave.

"Would you like to try too Sandy? I have some extra rope."

"No thanks, I'll just watch." She said from the chair.

"I saw you eyeing up the cuffs – want to wear them again?" I asked.

"No ..well, maybe, but can they be in front of me?" she asked.

I smiled – these girls were incredible. Both insanely hot, and kinky. "Sure I replied." picking up the cuffs. She held her wrists out in front for me, and I snapped them on, double locking them on tight.

"Wow – snug" she said, pulling at them – reaffirming that they weren't coming off without the key in my hand.

"Of course – it's no fun if you can get out. I think Stacey is staring at you quite a bit – it's not polite to stare is it?"

"No, its not" Sandy replied. With that, I grabbed the cloth blindfold out of my bag, and put it on Stacey.

"Sandy – do you know if she's ticklish?" I asked.

"I think so, but am not sure –we better find out huh?" she said.

Stacey started to squirm against her bonds before I even started. I first went to her feet. She bucked and pulled, but the ropes held her immobile. I started to tickle her waits, arms, everywhere. I let this go on for about a half hour before I finally stopped, and pulled out her gag.

"Please, please no more tickling. Please untie me."

"I don't want to yet." I replied.

"I have to pee – please, let me go and then we can try the next position?" she asked.

"Ok, but you're peeing tied up." I said. I untied all of her ropes and pulled off her blindfold. She stretched out a bit. Sandy was still cuffed, sitting in the chair taking it all in. From the look in her eyes, I could tell she wishes she was in Stacey's shoes.

"Hands out in front of you." I said. I quickly lashed her wrists together in front of her, and let her pee.

"Do you want me to let you out?" I asked Sandy.

"No, I'm ok. You can actually tie me up a bit tighter if you want after you put her in her next position. Just keep my clothes on and nothing too crazy." She said.

"Sure." I told her. Stacey came back, and said she was ready for the last one.

"What are the odds of me getting you a bit more naked? I'd love to see more of your body if you don't mind. If not, no worries." She said.

"I suppose a bit more skin would be ok. I'll give you my bra – literally. You can keep it as a souvenir of today." She reached behind her, and undid the clasp. She let it fall off, revealing the most beautiful, perky pair of breasts I had ever seen.

"Wow. Amazing. On the bed please, centered on your back. She hopped on the bed, her breasts bouncing a bit as she flopped on her back. I started to tie her to the bed. I grabbed her left wrist, and wrapped the rope around it. I tied it so that when she struggled, she wouldn't pull the ropes tighter. I tied it off to the corresponding post. I walked around the bed, and repeated the same thing with her right arm. I hopped on the bed over her, and she looked apprehensive.

"Relax, you're safe. Are you ok?" I asked.

"Yes, I just feel really, really helpless." She replied.

"I'm going to increase that feeling. I grabbed her waist, and slid her down the bed, stretching her arms tight. I then looped a rope around each of her knees. I grabbed the left one, and pulled it up and out, and tied it off to the same post as her left wrist. I did the same with the right, preventing her from closing her legs. Her cunt was exposed, and there was nothing she could do about it. I moved to her ankles, and tied them off to their corresponding bed post. I finally placed the leather blindfold on her. She was trapped to her bed, exposed, helpless and blind in front of her two co-workers almost completely naked. Her breasts were heaving up and down with deep breaths.

"Are you ok?" Sandy asked her from the chair.

"Yes, I'm fine. I think. I'm feeling very turned on, and incredibly exposed. As I'm sure both of you noticed since my legs are held wide open. I can't even close them!" she said. She pulled at her bonds, testing her limits.

"One more piece – open wide." I said. Sandy saw me dip into the bag and pull out my 2 inch red ballgag. Her eyes grew wide. I held my finger to my lips, signaling for her to keep quiet. Stacey would assume it was the cleave.

"I have to be gagged again?" She asked.

"Yes, I don't want the two of you talking to each other this time." I said. Both of them turned deep shades of red, realizing now that I heard their convo before. "I promise, you're both in good hands. Now open up." Stacey opened her mouth, and I promptly but gently shoved the bright red ball deep into her mouth.

"MMMPPPHH!!!" she replied, pulling at her ropes. She was surprised. I held it in, while I buckled the straps tight behind her head.

"This is called a ballgag. It keeps you quieter than that scarf, and adds to the helpless feeling." She was moaning from behind her gag, pulling at the ropes, clearly hotter than hell. I walked over to Sandy and whispered in her ear.

"Why not give her a touch, see how wet she is. I want her to jump – thinking it's me. This is the first part of getting back at her."

Still cuffed, Sandy got up, and touched her friends crotch. I couldn't believe it – I had two of the hottest women I had ever met, both my co-workers tied up. One spread eagle blind and gagged on her bed, the other cuffed, and touching her pussy. Stacey jumped. Sandy giggled, showing Stacey that it was her. She rubbed a bit, and backed away.

I whispered again in Sandy's ear. "Do you still want me to tie you up more? You'll be able to torture your coworker if you let me."

"Yes please" was her reply. I took her cuffs and cinched a rope off to the chain connecting them. I drew her hands over and behind her head, tying the rope off under the chair. I tied her waist to the back of the chair. "Are you ok?"

"Yes, fine" she said. With that, I walked over to Stacey, and started to tie a crotch rope on her. She mmphed a bit, but I whispered in her ear to relax, that she may enjoy this. I knotted the rope so it was positioned in her pussy with 3 knots, as well as one rubbing on her clit. I took the long end of the rope, and looped it up and out through the front. I walked over to Sandy, and tied one leg off to a chair leg. I took the other, and raised it in the air. Next, I grabbed the crotch rope extension, and tied it off to Sandy's outstretched leg.

"No, this isn't a good idea" she said. Stacey started to mmph and pull at her

bonds, wondering what's going on.

"It'll be ok." I said. Stacey started to panic at this point, so I explained her predicament to her so she'd calm down. "Stacey – relax. The rope buried in your pussy is tied off to Sandy's extended leg. Eventually, it will get tired and fall, pulling on your pussy. The rubbing will most likely start to excite you, but eventually it will hurt a little. Your pain and pleasure is in the hands of the poor co-worker you exposed to me earlier. Revenge is fun isn't it ladies?"

"Wow, that's wicked, and fun" Sandy said while lowering her leg. Stacey mmped into her gag, arching her back to the extent she could (which wasn't much), to alleviate the pressure on her pussy. These two went back and forth for a while, Sandy bound and torturing her near naked and bound co-worker. After about 15 minutes, Stacey's phone rang. I checked the caller ID and it was her husband. I didn't want him to think something was wrong, so I told Sandy to be quiet, and quickly took off Stacey's gag, putting the phone to her ear. "Hi honey. What's that – home early? Tonight? Great, I miss you and can't wait to see you. 2 hours? Good – love you!".

I hung up for her. "Tim will be home in two hours. We should probably wrap this up." She said, still bound and gagged. Sandy deftly dropped her leg, pulling the rope hard in Stacey's cunt. "Ayyeeee" she screamed, those big tits flapping side to side. I had a wicked idea.

"Stacey, I have a proposition for you. I wanted to let Sandy tie me a bit before I left, and I know you had said your husband wanted to play with you like this, so I have an idea. I know you probably don't want me near your bare pussy – and I don't blame you. Since he's coming home soon, how would you feel about being bound like this when he gets home. I'll take off your blindfold so you can see me release Sandy. She'll cuff me, and cut off your panties. I noticed some left over xmas ribbon downstairs. She'll tie a bow around your waste and over your pussy, and replace your gag and blindfold. We'll leave a note on the door telling your husband you have a surprise for him and to hurry up stairs, and we'll sit out front to make sure he comes home and it's him. We can leave your cell in your hand – if you have to you could call us and we can come to your rescue if something goes wrong in between the time. What do you think??"

She paused to think about it – "What will I tell him when he asks how I ended

up like this? I can't just tell him my male co-worker came and tied me up like this."

"Sandy – Are you ok with taking credit for this. Technically you were here, and will be gagging and blindfolding her."

"I suppose, but this has to stay between the 4 of us".

"I guess then I'm in. Please get this rope outta my pussy, it's driving me nuts." She said.

"Sure." I untied her crotch rope from Sandy's ankle, and released Sandy from the chair. She got up, and I took the cuffs off of her wrists.

"Looks like it's my turn Mistress Sandy." With that, I turned around, and put my hands behind my back. I couldn't believe this beautiful co-worker of mine was about to cuff me. She picked up the cuffs, and locked my hands behind my back. She locked the cuffs tight, and engaged the double lock. I turned around, and saw her placing the key in her bra. I knew I was in for it.

"Ok girl, take a drink, you're going to be here for a bit." She held the cup to her bound friends lips, letting her take a long drink. Where's your scissors and that ribbon?"

"Scissors are next to the sink, ribbon should be in the drawer under it." She said.

With that she started to walk away. "Wait, I better not leave the two of you together with John mobile." She pulled the cuff key back out, and unlocked one of my hands. She pulled me to the bed, and cuffed my hands behind my back around one of the posts. She pulled out the scarf I had used on Stacey prior, and tied it tight in my mouth.

"Payback really is fun, I could get used to this – don't go anywhere" Sandy said. I pulled against my cuffs, knowing that they weren't coming off. My cock was hard as a rock, pulling at my pants for freedom to fuck just one of these beautiful women. I knew this wasn't going to happen though.

She came back a few minutes later, and cut Stacey's panties free. Cuffed as I

was, I couldn't see her bare cunt. This wasn't part of my plan. Sandy reached for the cloth blindfold, and pulled it down over my eyes. "Seeing her vag wasn't part of the deal mister. Shame on you." I was extremely turned on, and frustrated at the same time. I could hear the ribbon being tied, and the gag being re-applied.

"Ok, she's blindfolded, gagged, and tied. She has the ribbon around her waist and through her snatch, and her cell phone is in her hand. I took the liberty of grabbing a vibrator out of her dresser, which I'm sure you hear her humming away to get her ready for her husband. The ribbon works nicely to keep it nested in place. Lets go downstairs and write that note. We still have about an hour – maybe I'll tie you a little more. By sweetie – have fun tonight.

"Mmmppph." Was the only reply. With that I felt my left cuff being undone, and I was pulled forward. My hands were pulled behind me again, and I was tightly re-cuffed and double locked. I was let out of the room, blind, cleave gagged, and cuffed behind my back. This was torture. She led me gently down the stairs, and from what I could tell into the dining room.

"You were a very bad boy tonight, but very respectful. Thank you for turning me on to this type of thing. I noticed in your bag this nice little flogger, which never came out. Can I use it on you?"

"Yef Miftreff Sandy" I replied from behind my cleave. She pushed me forward over the back of a chair, and reached around in front of me. She undid my pants, and pulled them to my ankles. I'm going to give you a few spankings. I've never done this before, so tell me if it's too much. She proceeded to spank me with the flogger, rather light, then a bit harder. It felt good to be cuffed, gagged, blindfolded and dominated – even if it was barely. It was a turn on to be by someone I don't really know. After about 25 spankings, I felt a hand around my cock. It pulled me towards the family room from what I could tell in my blind state. I shuffled along as best as I could. I felt a shove on my chest, and I flopped back into the couch.

I could feel her climb on top of me. I couldn't figure out what to expect – I didn't peg her as the cheating type. Plus I wasn't either, and I had a girl at home. I felt the hand that was controlling my cock start to stroke up and down.

"I won't cheat on my husband, but I don't feel like you should go unrewarded for such a good night. You said you like to be bound by women, I assume dominated too?"

"Mmmhmm" I said, enjoying the sensation on my cock.

"I'm enjoying the domination side of this – I hope my husband doesn't mind. I'm going to jack you off, and you're going to keep it in your pants all night slut. Understand?"

"Mmmhhmm" I replied. This was followed by a sharp twist on my nipple.

"That's yes Mistress slut". Wow – what did I unleash?

"Yepp Miftreff". She slowly brought me to climax. She wiped her hand off on my face, and took off my blindfold and gag. She got off of me, and told me to stand up. She pulled up my pants, patting them and rubbing my spunk all over me and into my boxers. "Lets get out of here" she said.

"Care to uncuff me?" I asked. She slapped my face, somewhat strong.

"Please uncuff me Mistress?" I asked.

"That's better slave. No, you'll be cuffed while we sit in my car waiting for Tim to get home and find his present. Then I'll think about letting you out. It's dark out – her neighbors won't be able to tell...I hope.

With that, she led me to the door, and taped the note to the door. It read:
"Dear Tim. I've really missed you. I know you've wanted to have your way with me, so I think I arranged your fantasy with the help from a co-worker. Hurry up stairs and rescue your damsel in distress."

I'd be turned on if I came home to that before I got the door open. Sandy knew what Tim's husband looked like and the car he drives. It was relatively safe. Sandy led me to her car, and shoved me into the front seat.

"Thank you for being really respectful of us. I had a good time, and you taught me about a part of me I never knew existed."

"Thanks for trusting me – I had a great time too." With that, we sat out front for about 20 minutes until Stacey's husband Tim showed up. She took the key out of her bra, and undid my cuffs. I gave her a hug, and went home. I couldn't wait to hear on Monday how Stacey's night went.

Part 2

The next week Sandy, Stacey, and me went out to lunch.

"So dish it girl, what did Tim have to say?" Sandy asked Stacy.

"I heard him say hi to me, and ask what I had in store. Since you two thought it'd be fun to ballgag me, all I could do was mmmphh into my gag. He came running up stairs, asking me if I was alright – I think he thought the house was broken into, until he saw me. I think the response was "holy shit look at you". I tried to arch my back a bit, and present his present to unwrap. Lets just say when he untied the ribbon, I was more than ready to go."

"Wow. So you had a good time then?" Sandy asked.

"Yea, that was one wild night. I think I was tied up and getting drilled from all different angles for at least two hours. He made me sleep with my hands tied together in front of me, and my legs bound together. He was really sweet though. The next morning he switched my hands tight behind my back, and strapped me to a kitchen chair. He cooked breakfast while we talked...granted I was naked and bound. He fed me, then released me. I have a feeling I'll be being tied up a lot more often."

I couldn't help but wish it was me that had that beautiful woman at my hands. My girlfriend will tie me once in a while, and let me tie her once in a while, but nothing like that. The rest of the week was pretty mundane. Nothing too eventful until the end of the week on Friday around lunch time. I get an email from Sandy.

"What you doing later? I have a proposition for you." was all it said.

I walked over to her desk, and asked her what was up.

"Let's take a walk".

We walked to the elevators, and went down to the lobby. We walked outside, and stopped out in front of our building. "I liked being in control last weekend. When you let me cuff you and dominate you on Staceys couch, it opened up something within me. I went home that night, and my husband Jeff was egging me on to get a little action. I was pretty turned on already, but still in a dominant mood. I told him if he wanted it, he had to earn it".

"So what did you make him do?"

"Well, first I told him to kneel with his hands on his knees while I changed. I went and put on a black corset I have, with a short black skirt and the tallest black heels I had. When I came back, he started to get up. I shoved him back on his knees, and told him if he wanted it he had to earn it. I made him crawl to our room behind me. Up the stairs he had a good view of my bare snatch. When we go to our bedroom, I had him stand and strip. I took his clothes, and made him kneel again. I sat on the bed, blindfolded him, and made him beg to have the pussy that I made him lick. We went on like that for a while, and ended up fucking after about a half hour of his begging. It just wasn't the same without the bondage, so earlier this week I cuffed him, and had him eat me out. I didn't satisfy him at all, and he was rather pissed, and horny. He thought maybe begging for it like last time I'd let him, but I decided not to. You unleashed a dominant side of me. As a reward, we were talking and a threesome has always interested him, and now that I'm into my dominant side, it interests me. I was wondering if you'd like to be the third?"

By this time, my cock was rock hard, and I had no clue what to say. My girl had a "ladies night" tonight, out with her friends. Luckily I had nothing to do, and didn't want to pass this up. I didn't want to cheat on her either, but then again how often does an opportunity like this come up? There was no romantic involvement, at least that I could tell. I figured what the hell, but needed to know more.

"What's the terms?" I had to ask.

"I wanna see my bitch husband controlled a bit. You'll both be under my control, but I'll probably have you dom him. The degree can be up to you. I'll

give you a safe word – you can stop any penetration from and/or to him. However, as far as I'm concerned you're mine. I do what I please with and to you. You'll have a different safe word for me. That one stops the night – use it and you go home. You in?"

I took a minute to think about it. I wasn't really into doing anything with a guy, but being properly dommed' by her was a huge deal.

"Yes, what time do you want me to stop by?"

"That's Yes Mistress slut."

"Yes Mistress" I said quietly – after all we were outside, but still at work.

"Be at my house at 8 sharp. I want you gagged and cuffed when you ring the doorbell. The cuff key should be in your front pocket, so you can't get to it with your hands cuffed behind you. Do you understand?"

"I don't want anyone to see me Mistress – I don't want this aired in public."

"Nor do I. It'll be dark by then, so no one should see the cuffs if you're smart about it. As for the gag, wear something with a hood and walk with your head down like a proper slave should. Submit to these terms or the deal is off."

"Yes Mistress, I'll see you at 8."

Needless to say, I couldn't get any work done the rest of the day. My mind was on my after work activities. Quitting time rolled around, and I eagerly sprinted home. My girl came home around 6, and we had dinner together.

"What you doing tonight dear?" I was asked.

"Oh, I dunno, maybe go to a bar with Josh or Walt, otherwise just sit in most likely and play on the computer or watch tv."

"I should be home by 12 or 1. The girls and I are going to a bar or 2, and I think we're going to the casino. I'm gonna head out right after dinner."

We finished up our meal, and she took off, with plenty of time for me to get

ready. I hopped in the shower, and shaved myself bare for the night. I hopped out and tried to figure out what to wear. After about 5 minutes I gave up, and threw on jeans and a t shirt, figuring I'd just end up naked anyway. I got dressed, finished getting ready and ran out of the house. I didn't want to be late. Got in my car, and stopped. I almost forgot my gag and cuffs. I ran back in the house, grabbed my hinged handcuffs, a hoodie, and my 2 inch ballgag. I hopped in the car, and barely made it to Sandy's house by 8. My plan was to gag myself in the car, and walk to the door gagged with my hood of my hoodie up. Then I'd cuff up just as I got to the door. I opened wide after looking around to make sure no one was watching, and strapped the ball tight in my mouth behind my teeth. I pressed against it with my tongue – no coming out for this one. I grabbed the cuffs, and put the key in my front pocket. This was it, do or die. I flipped up my hood and hopped out of the car. I walked briskly to her front door. Luckily her car was in the driveway, so I knew I had the right house. I cuffed one hand, took the key and double locked the cuff. I put the key in my pocket, rang the doorbell, and quickly locked my hands behind my back. No turning back now. After what felt like an eternity, the door opened. For a split second my heart dropped – if I had the wrong house this could look extremely bad, and being gagged I'd have no way to explain myself. Luckily it was Sandy who answered.

"Hi slave, come in."

I walked in, and stood there in the entry while she closed the door behind me.

"Is that how you greet your Mistress slave? On your knees and kiss my boots like a proper slut."

Wow. She was really taking this to the next level. I got on my knees, bent over, and kissed her feet. She looked amazing. Her hair was pulled back into a tight pony tail. Her neck was highlighted by a black leather choker, with black beads hanging from it down towards her shapely tits. She had on a tight red leather corset, which pushed her amazing breasts up towards the ceiling. A short leather skirt, and a pair of 5 inch black stilleto's completed the outfit. Oh yea, and then there was the flogger hanging out of her skirt waistband, and the riding crop she held in her hand.

"Come".

I stood up, and walked behind her through her house. She stopped quick and turned towards me. "Can't forget to take away your freedom can we?" I was thoroughly hard by this point, which I'm sure she saw when I got up from kissing her feet with my tightly gagged mouth. If not, it would have been noticed when she stuck her hand in my pocket to grab the cuff key, and grabbed my hard cock. She had a nice place, from what I could tell anyways. We walked through the entryway, down a hallway towards the back of the house. Once we got to the back, there was a large livingroom, and a kitchen. We went through a door, down into her basement. It was partially finished – a rec room in one half with a fouton bed, tv, stereo, and pool table. From what I could tell the size of it was only half to $\frac{3}{4}$ the size of her house, so I assumed tucked behind a door was the rest, unfinished. She already had gotten started on her husband. He was standing in the basement naked, hands cuffed behind a support beam. He was gagged, legs spread tied to a makeshift spreader bar (made out of a broom handle), and his cock was hard as a rock, waiving in the air.

"Jeff, this is John, John, Jeff." Mfff was his reply, and mine. I felt myself getting hard already. I couldn't believe I was turned on by the prospect of this beautiful woman dominating me with another man, but here I was, bound and gagged in her basement being introduced to her naked husband. This is the type of shit I've read about, but never thought I'd be doing. "Now that we're all friends, John I think you're a bit over dressed for this party. I'm going to unlock one of your hands. You'll take your sweatshirt and shirt off, then place your hands behind your back again to be cuffed. Do you understand?"

A muffled "Mmmph" was the reply, while shaking my head up and down. A hard swat to my ass was immediately given courtesy of her riding crop. "Mff Mfftreff".

"That's better slut". With that she walked behind me, and unlocked one of the cuffs. I took off my hoodie and shirt, and placed my hands again behind my back, rather slowly. She promptly pulled both of them back, and snugged up the cuffs again, double locking them on. "Now let's see what's been hiding in those pants". With that, she undid my pants, and pulled them off, along with my boxers. I started to turn red at being so exposed in front of my co-worker which I barely new, and her husband. "Not bad. I can see someone is already exited and ready to go. Time to have some fun with my toys." With that, she walked over and grabbed a collar and two leashes off of a shelf next to me. She

placed the collar on me, and locked it in place. She clipped a leash to my collar, and walked me closer to her husband so she could leash him up as well. The she uncuffed him from the pole, and led us both to the middle of the floor, his hands free but hobbling in the spreader, myself still cuffed behind my back but able to walk "Ok boys, on your knees". With that, we both dropped in front of her. She took off her husbands hobble, and cuffed his hands in front with the handcuffs he had on. She then pulled him with his leash to crawl on his hands and knees in the opposite direction. "Stay". I saw her walk to the shelf, and grab a handkerchief. With that, she came to me, and switched my wrists around in front as well. She pulled me to my hands and knees, and told me to stay. She came back with another handkerchief, and blindfolded me with it. I can only assume she did the same to her husband. A few minutes passed, then I felt her hands on my balls. First a tugging, then a cord being wrapped around them. It was rather taught, and stretching them a bit.

"OK boys, since you're both blind and silenced, let me explain what is going on. You're both tied facing opposite directions on your hands and knees. You're both still gagged, blindfolded, and handcuffed. Your balls are tied together with a small distance in between. You're going to have a good 'ol fashioned tug 'o war with your balls. The winner will be rewarded, the loser punished. You'll pull when I say to start."

I couldn't believe the circumstances. I was scared at my balls getting tugged apart, yet incredibly turned on by the situation. I was also worried about what the punishment may be should I end up losing.

"OK sluts, on your marks, get set, go!"

I felt a sharp tug on my balls. Her husband meant business. He was probably worried about what the reward was, trying to keep me from his hot dominant wife – and rightly so. I instinctively mmmphed into my gag, and moved back a bit. I wanted to win, so I started to pull in the opposite direction. Unfortunately by this point it was already too late. The momentum was on his side, and I was stuck being pulled in his direction. I heard her call finish, and the tugging on my nuts stopped. I was a bit disappointed, I wanted the reward, and to show up this beautiful woman's husband. I felt my balls being untied, and the leash being clipped to my collar again. I was tugged for a few feet, and pushed back on my heels. I felt rope being tied around my ankles, and wrapped around my cuffs. I was stuck kneeling, still blind and gagged. I heard

her clip the leash to her husbands collar, and heard her walk towards me. My gag was removed, and left dangling around my neck.

"Don't speak slave. I'm disappointed in you. You lost, and you will be punished. Open." With that, I opened my mouth, and to my unhappy surprise I felt the tip of her husbands cock at my lips. "Fuck this sluts mouth slave. Slave 2, you better swallow his whole load, or else you'll be punished more." I felt him force the rest of the way in, and start to thrust in and out. I pulled against my bonds, but they held tight. This wasn't what I had in mind when I volunteered for the night, but yet I was still hard as a rock. He thrust deeper into my throat, slowly picking up rhythm. "Do a good job slave, I don't see any effort from you." I tried to answer back, but just ended up choking on cock. I decided to please her and started to bob back, sucking and teasing his head with my tongue. A few minutes later he exploded in my mouth. I almost choked on his cum – I've never gone down on a man, and never realized how explosive it is when it happens. I kinda felt bad about the women in my past that I shot down their throat on numerous occasions – it wasn't pleasant. I swallowed down every last drop, and licked his cock clean. "Good job slave. Now open up." With that, the ballgag was promptly re-inserted, and pulled way tighter than I had previously had it. I felt the leash being clipped on again, and being pulled along next to what I presumed to be her now satisfied husband. She led us up stairs, down a hallway, and then up more stairs. I presumed we were in their master bedroom.

"Ok slave 2. Since you lost the last bet, I'm going to give you two options for our threesome. My backdoor is off limits, which means you two cucks will in some way have to satisfy each other. Option 1 – you get to fuck my pussy, but you take it in the ass from my slut husband. Option 2 – you eat me out, while my slut husband rides your cock. Option three – you eat me out, and my slut husband sucks your cock. Since I want to see one of you two take it in the ass, if you pick option three, you'll both be taken back downstairs afterwards, and take 25 lashings from my whip. The choice is yours."

The idea of fucking a guy in the ass didn't interest me in the least, nor did taking it from one. However, the thought of 25 lashings wasn't really enticing either. After a few seconds of thinking, I felt a hand grip my balls and pull. "What's it going to be slut? Mmph the number of times of your choice now, or you'll both take it from behind and be whipped."

I mmped into my gag 3 times. I could handle the prospect of eating her out, even though I really did want to fuck her. The idea of taking or giving anal with a guy however just didn't enthuse me.

"I'm disappointed slave 2. Slave one – do you hear that? Looks like you'll be returning the favor, then thanks to this wimp taking a beating downstairs. I felt my leash being tugged, and I ended up stumbling into the side of the bed. "Up". I knelt up onto the bed, and followed the lead down onto my stomach. I was laying there, hands cuffed behind my back, still blind and gagged. Next I felt a cord being wrapped around my balls again. I couldn't figure out what the hell was going on, but unfortunately soon found out. I felt the cord being pulled between my ass cheeks, around my cuffs, and back down to my balls. My hands were effectively pulled taught behind my back. If I pulled with my wrists, I pulled my balls. Great. I felt her lift my hips, and then set me back down, in her husband's mouth. I then felt the gag being loosened, and draped around my neck again like a necklace. My head was lifted up, and placed back down – right in her snatch. I felt a sharp crack to my ass cheek, which made me instinctively jerk my hands. This of course translated to excruciating pain in my balls. Get eating sluts, or else you'll both be feeling more of the crop. With that I started to eat this beautiful, dominant co-worker out like eating pussy was going to save my life. Of course, I didn't have much choice, as she still had me leashed, and was pulling me deep between her legs, and squeezing my head with her knees. Even if I wanted to, I wasn't leaving that cunt. I started slowly, licking the outside of her pussy softly, up and down. Moving gently, alternating licking and sucking. I could hear her moaning in ecstasy. It was odd going down on a girl without being able to use my hands, or see the girl I was eating, but I think I was doing a good job. I did my best to concentrate on her, and ignore the building orgasm from her husband sucking my cock.

As he built speed so did I, thrusting her wet hole with my tongue, licking, sucking, and fucking with my tongue. As she started to climax, her husband blew me harder and faster, making me finish at the same time. I grunted into her pussy – keeping her screaming and moaning for as long as possible, while at the same time filling her partner's mouth with my load. I barely got to stop for more than 2 seconds, when I felt the ballgag back at my lips again. I let her re-insert it, pulling it unnecessarily tight once again. "MMmmpf" was m reply.

"Time for you sluts to get your punishment. Let's go." I felt a tug at my neck, and followed her back to the basement. My blindfold was removed, and I got a look at my kinky coworker again. She stood there in a black pushup bra, with lacey boy shorts and black high heels. Of course, riding crop and flogger were in hand. Next to here on the shelf were two harness ballgags and a lot of rope. She went and got two tall backed chairs, and placed them facing each other. First she walked over to the shelf, grabbed some rope and a gag, and came back to me. She pulled me over to a chair, and told me to spread my legs. One leg was tied to each leg on the back of the chair. Next, she untied my nuts from my cuffs – finally I could move my hands. Little did I know that small piece of freedom would be short lived. She removed the ballgag, and replaced it with the harness. She strapped all the straps up snug, and left me and walked over to her husband. He received the same treatment – legs tied to the chair spread, hands still firmly cuffed behind him, and his gag replaced with the harness. Next, she grabbed his balls, and wrapped some rope around them, pulling them down. She then threw a lot of left over rope under the chair towards me. I didn't like where this was headed. She walked behind me, and lashed my nuts again, similar to her husband, and threw the excess under the chair.

"MMmph" I said, trying to stand up. I had a bad feeling where this was headed.

She grabbed the d ring in the front of my collar, pulling me right to her face. "Are you using your safeword slut? Remember, you go right home if you do. You mentioned you had till 12 earlier..it's just barely 10 now..." I still had hopes for fucking this woman, but at the same time, who knows what evil torture I was about to endure. I thought it over for a second, and my hope beat out logic. I looked towards the floor, and shook my head submissively no.

"Good boy. Another outburst like that and you'll receive additional punishment. Understand?"

"Mff, mifftreff". I let her pull me over the back of the chair again, and to my dismay she grabbed the rope attached to her husband's balls, and tightly tied it through the d ring in my collar. She grabbed the excess attached to my nuts laying on the floor, and tied it off to her husband's collar. Any jerk resulting from a hard, well placed hit would translate to the others nut sack. This woman was evil.

"Almost ready" she said.

Almost ready? What the fuck else could she do? I saw her walk behind me, and I felt more rope being attached to me – this time to the ring on the top of my harness gag. I felt my head getting pulled back, and my arms being raised at the same time. After a minute or so I my arms were stretched hard towards the ceiling, and she knotted off the rope. She did the same to her husband. So there we were, in makeshift strappado's bent over the back of a chair, our faces tightly gagged with harness ballgags and pulled back, tied to our cuffs so we were forced to look at each other's pain. The pain would not only come from the flogger and crop, but also from any movement we made to the other man's balls. This was going to be hell.

"Ok sluts. All set. Since we like to be polite and let guests go first, slave 2 will take the first 25 hits, then my little permanent slave will take his 25. I want to hear you boys count them as I go. Lose your place and we start all over."

I was tense with the anticipation. First swat. "Mff. Wmon Miftreff." Wow. That hurt, and it was just the first. Luckily I managed not to jump even though she caught me off guard. I could tell it was the riding crop. I was afraid of the flogger.

CRACK! "Mwo Miftreff" "MFFFMMMM" from me, as well as in chorus from the guy tied and gagged across from me. I jumped. My balls, and from the sound of it his, were burning with the pain. That hit was from the flogger, which hurt a hell of a lot more. She went back and forth, crop to flogger, for the remaining 25. I managed to only jump one more time, which again, snagged our balls pretty hard. It was hard to keep from jumping bound in a strappado, because you couldn't tell when the next hit was coming. They caught you off guard. The next 25 went to her husband. He jumped only once, and counted them out as well. Luckily, he didn't miss any.

"Good sluts. That was fun, and your asses are a nice shade of crimson. Slave 2, I'd have liked to have had you fuck me tonight – too bad. It's about time for you to go home." With that, she started to untie me. She untied my balls, which felt fantastic after having them get pulled for the last half hour. Next my strappado, and my gag was removed. She untied my legs, and left me cuffed behind my back. She clipped on a leash, and led me upstairs. She had left her husband tied as he was. We walked towards the door, but she quickly shoved me into the wall, and grabbed my neck, kissing me deeply.

"Do you want to fuck me slave? You have enough time for me to tie you up upstairs. I want you, even though you refused to do my husband. He'll of course have to watch, but I promise he won't be involved."

I thought about it for a minute. I didn't want to cheat on my girl, but at the same time this woman was incredibly hot, dominant, and horny. I couldn't help myself. I lowered my eyes to the floor. "Whatever Mistress would like" was my reply. If she tied me up and fucked me, at least in my mind it wasn't completely consensual.

"Good boy". With that she disappeared for a moment, and came back with a leather hood. It was a full hood, which she quickly pulled over my head, and buckled tight around my neck. I felt the leash re-attached to the hood collar, and I followed the tugging, up to the bedroom. She pushed me onto the bed on my stomach, and jumped on top of me. I felt my handcuffs being undone, and then I was rolled over. I felt her straddle me up high by my neck, as she grabbed first my left arm, and tied it off to the corner of the bed. Then, more rope around my right arm, tying it off to the bed. The process was repeated with my legs, so I was left spreadeagle on the bed. "Don't go anywhere slave, I'll be back in a minute." I pulled against my bonds – I couldn't move. She tied me tight. I could only imagine what I looked like, tied to the bed spread, my hard cock waiving in the air like a flag in the wind. After a few minutes of darkness, and smelling the intoxicating leather of the hood, I heard a shuffle, and a crack of the crop. She must have drug her husband up to watch.

"Kneel slave". With that a few more minutes of silence and chain rattling, then I felt her get on the bed. "I'm going to make you beg slave, beg for me." With that she started to rub my balls, gentle at first, then grabbing and pulling.

"Please fuck me Mistress" I said.

"Mmffff" And some rattling. Her husband must not approve.

"Shut up slave or you'll be punished." She said. Then moved on to my nipples, sucking and licking, still playing with my balls.

"Please Mistress, let me cum, please fuck me." Not yet slave, I don't think you want it. With that she sucked my nipples more, and started stroking my cock.

At this point I was pulling at my restraints hard as I could, wanting a free hand to get this woman on my cock. "Please Mistress, please fuck me, I want you, please."

No reply. I felt her head move down, and she started to suck my hard cock, still massaging my balls. "Please Please Please". I kept pleading. I couldn't get free. "Please Mistress." She kept on my shaft. I was at the edge, but couldn't finish. After a few more minutes of begging, she pulled her mouth off of me. I could feel her changing position. I felt her straddle me, and hop on top. She slowly slid her wet pussy on my already hard cock. "Oh, that feels good Mistress, thank you Mistress."

"MMMPPPHH" and chains rattling. She started to pump me more and more, rhythm building. I still couldn't get free. "Please Mistress, may I cum."

"Yes slave." I started to thrust as much as I could, and eventually exploded inside of her. She rode me till the end, and climaxed herself, digging her nails into my chest to hang on and steady herself. When she was done she climbed off, and left me for a minute.

"Well that was fun slave." She untied me from the bed, took my hood off, and handed me my clothes. "No cleanup for you slut." Get dressed. I put my clothes on. Oddly enough, my shorts were missing. I could now see her husband, cuffed behind his back on the floor kneeling. His ankles were cuffed, and the chain wrapped around his handcuffs holding him kneeling. He had a rope tied tight around his neck, pulled up to the top of a dresser holding him high to watch. I was turned on – this guy was just forced by his wife to watch her fuck another man."

She walked me down to the door, untied, but still with a collar on and walking at the end of a leash. "Thank you slave. You have no idea how much fun that is, and how much I'm grateful for what you've shown me. I think if you hurry you can make it home and clean up before your woman comes home. If not and she gets home and kicks you out, you're welcome back here kneeling at the foot of my bed."

"Good night, thank you. See you at work." With that she took off my collar, and I headed back home to clean off.

