

She Gets The One She Wanted

-The Bench

Carl was waiting for his hair to dry. As was his habit after his usual Saturday workout at the gym, he would relax on his favorite bench in a small neighborhood park. On nice days like this one, it only took a few minutes for his short hair to be dry enough so he would feel comfortable donning his motorcycle helmet. A small nondescript car slowed and stopped close by his bench.

The door flung open and a young black girl jumped out. "I'll call you if I need a ride," she said as she was closing the door.

"Okay dear," was the reply. "Have fun on your birthday!"

"Thanks Mom," the girl shouted gaily as the door slammed shut and the car pulled away.

Carl only got a glimpse of the woman driving away, but that glimpse was enough to catch his interest. She had flowing black hair, a beautiful smile, a trim shapely figure, and carried an air of grace and self-confidence.

When the car was out of sight, he turned his attention to the girl. She was short, barely 5 feet, if that. She had on a light simple yellow patterned summer dress that came down past her knees. Her black hair was short, dense, and curly. Her face had a cute impish look to it as she stood and looked around the park. Her gaze finally found Carl and after a moment's hesitation, she walked toward him. Her steps didn't have the grace he assumed her mother had, but she had an air of self-confidence. As she approached, he noticed she had a developed figure and he revised his initial estimate from "kid" to "young teen."

"Hi," she said when she got within conversation range. "Have you seen a group of kids about my age around here?" He felt that she was more interested in accessing him than she was interested about the others she was asking about.

Disconcerted by that thought, he glanced around the park. "No, but I only have been here a few minutes."

"I guess I'll have to wait," she said. But she didn't look around for anyone approaching. Instead she looked straight at him. He still had the feeling that she was appraising him. She had a pixie face, sparkling brown eyes, and a crooked closed-mouth smile. She was really cute... the kind of cute that made you want to hug.

When her gaze finally shifted to scan the park, Carl's attention dropped to the cut and style of her dress. At first glance, it looked innocent but the way it wrapped tightly around her waist, it accented the bust... the kind of bust that made you want to hug. He was checking out the delightful "accent" when he realized she was again looking at him. He flushed at being caught staring. Her pixie smile looked a bit smug. Carl felt that she liked knowing she was alluring. Because of her age, he felt a bit guilty when his mind and body responded to her allure.

She looked directly at him. "Say, I know you!" she said suddenly.

"I don't think so," he replied. "I think I would have remembered you."

"Yeah," she said. "You wouldn't recognize me. It was six years ago... exactly... on my 12th birthday!" She paused, then added, "I was little then."

Carl blinked. That was ages ago... just before he went into the army. He looked at her quizzically. "That makes you eighteen," he said with mild disbelief. "And you're still little," he continued appraised her again in a new light. She looked way younger than 18. "You better have a good ID if you want to get into a R rated movie."

She giggled. "So, Carl, when are you going to ask me to join you on your bench?"

Carl blinked. "It's not my bench. Of course, you may sit on it."

She gave him a kind of sideways look with her impish smile. "I wasn't asking permission." She shrugged and turned away, scanning the empty park.

He couldn't shake feeling guilty being attracted to her. Except for her figure, she looked closer to 12 than 18... and there are some developed 12-year-olds that would claim adulthood. He suppressed his misgivings. "Would you join me on the bench?" giving her the invitation she wanted.

She turned around displaying a sparkling smile. "Thank you," she said. "I think I will." To Carl's disappointment, she sat on the far end rather than next to him. As she sat down, she looked sideways at him with a closed-mouth grin. The grin conveyed an amused smugness and coupled with the sidelong look from her eyes, the expression was a mixture of coy and flirtatious. Carl could do little but stare for a moment. He was to find out later that smile... that look... was her trademark and it was devastating. She was so dang cute!

He looked around in an attempt to regain his composure. "What about the kids you're waiting for? Are they going to celebrate your birthday?"

"They're late, so maybe not." She shrugged slightly and gave no indication of disappointment.

"I still don't remember you from 12 years ago," he said.

She laughed. "It was 6 years ago when I was twelve. You're not paying attention." Then she smirked a bit. "You're not paying attention... to the conversation, that is." She knew the effect she was having on him and taunting him.

"I still don't remember you from 6 years ago."

She laughed lightly and shimmied slightly... so slight it seemed innocent, yet it was effective. "As a matter of fact, I was in a swimsuit then." She laughed as she watched him glance again at her figure. A hint of a smirk crossed her lips and she brazenly gazed down at his crotch. Carl felt relieved that since he was sitting, there was no embarrassing bulge for her to see. However, the fact that she was

expecting to get an anatomic reaction from him was a turn-on in itself and he shifted to assure that his reaction would not be noticeable. "She's messing with me," he thought to himself bemused by the realization that he enjoyed it.

"Sorry. Six years is a long time. I still don't remember," he finally responded.

"My brothers and I were swimming at the Miller Resort. You were lifeguard."

"Oh yeah. That little girl, was you?" As he asked the question, he remembered the incident...

He was lifeguard at Miller's Luxury Resort. He remembered them as it had a predominately white clientele and she and her three brothers were the only blacks in the pool. A group of teens took it upon themselves to torment them, splashing, bumping into them, etc. The leader, Mike, happened to be the son of a good friend of Carl's boss, and he felt rules didn't apply to him. Regardless, Carl kicked them out of the pool area. He then went over to the young girl and told her to call him if anyone bothered her or her brothers again...

"Yes," she replied shaking him out of his remembrance. "I was that girl. I remember hating you at the time."

Carl blinked. "What? Why? What did I do?"

"Oh, nothing really," she replied. "I just felt you were so condescending and haughty with your big lifeguard position. I felt indebted to you and that made me even more resentful." She paused for a long moment. "In fact, I was just beginning to notice boys and I thought you were hot... um well... I had a crush on you. Until you kicked those guys out, you just ignored me. When you came over, your attitude implied that I was just another kid. I had fantasized that we had something special. I know it wasn't logical, but I did hate you. It was several days later when my brother finally convinced me that you weren't the jerk I thought you were."

"I guess I'm indebted to your brother for that." He straightened a bit at the revelation that she had thought of him as being hot. "So you thought I was hot?"

She grinned at him. "You're fishing for a compliment. I was twelve, you know."

"Well, you're hard to ignore now," he responded.

"That's because I'm pushy."

"And other reasons..."

She wiggled a bit (and again did that little shimmy thing). "What other reasons?"

"Now who's fishing?" he replied with a grin. Then after a pause, "Now that I remember, you were awfully cute at twelve. Frankly, I thought you were ten or younger. Even though you were gangly and um... far from womanhood, I was surprisingly attracted to you... so much so that I felt like a pervert. Frankly, you were right, I was ignoring you but it wasn't because I was disinterested; just the opposite."

She smiled at the complement to her younger self then looked straight at him. "So Carl, when are you going to ask me to join you for a burger?" she asked as she nodded in the direction of a burger joint in walking distance.

She smiled at Carl's perplexed look. "I thought you were waiting for friends," he blurted out.

"They won't be coming," she said. "Are you looking for an excuse not to ask me?"

Carl found himself completely off balance. "I would love to have lunch with you. I just wasn't expecting... I thought you... how do you know your friends aren't coming? Hey, I don't even know your name."

"Do you always ramble on so? The name's Monica."

"Glad to meet you Monica," he replied automatically.

"So, Carl, when are you going to offer me a burger... and fries... and a milkshake?"

Chuckling at her audacity, Carl stood up and bent way over in an exaggerated bow. "Monica, would you do me the honor of accepting my humble offer to join me with burger, fries, and milkshake? "

Smiling and her eyes twinkling, she stood up. "Well since you asked so nicely, I'll consider it."

For the first time, Carl became acutely aware of their height difference. His 6' 2" height towered over her by well over a foot, maybe a foot and a half. He thought that if they were to embrace, her head would rest on his pecs and her breasts would press against his abs. He resisted the impulse to reach out for an empirical confirmation of his thought. He realized with a start that he had stopped thinking of her as a little kid.

"Please consider positively," he said. "I really do like your company."

"Then catch me if you can," she laughed gaily as she darted toward the burger joint. Carl dashed after her and was surprised at her speed. He had to sprint full speed to chase her down. Just as she reached the edge of the park he grabbed her around the waist. She relaxed and sank back against him. His grip softened and he slid his hands across her stomach letting his arms encircle her. She did not fight the encirclement. She dropped her arms and reached back so her hands could reach the back of his thighs. The effect was not lost on Carl. His thighs tingled from her touch and with her arms stretched behind her, her breasts thrust out as if on display despite the modest design of her sundress. With his hands on her stomach and their height difference, those breasts rested on his forearms. It was a major test of will for him to keep his hands still and not rotate his wrists and cup them. Regardless, Carl's male personal anatomy responded. He wondered if she could feel his reaction against her back. If he could have seen the triumphant smile on her face, he would have not have wondered. He had chased her until she caught him.

-The Burger Joint

All too soon, Monica peeled his arms away and she stepped away. She held his hand as she led the way to the burger joint. At the order counter, Monica stepped up and ordered. "Two cheeseburger platters with fries and two chocolate shakes, please." She looked over at Carl as the cashier was entering the order. "That's okay with you, isn't it?"

Carl blinked. He was used to girls waiting for him to initiate such interactions. "Um, sounds good," was all he could think to say.

"Good. I'll get the condiments while you pay the cashier," Monica said as she headed for the condiments.

By the time Carl paid Monica was seated at a table with the napkins and condiments piled in the middle. Carl walked on over to the table and started to sit across from her. "Sit here," she said as she indicated the seat beside her. Without hesitation, Carl went to the seat and sat down. She tugged on his arm and he slid closer beside her. He was aware of their arms now lightly touching, brushing with every movement. The slight sensations were magnified by his imagination and he felt like a school boy on his first date. Every touch was electric. He could feel her looking at him and he was afraid to turn to return her gaze. As his emotions (and arousal... yeah, he was aroused) surfaced, he fought to keep them from becoming obvious.

An old man was seated looking at them. He smiled a large grin as he made eye contact with them. "Pardon me for looking," he said in a friendly chatty manner. "I just enjoy seeing a happy couple enjoying life."

"Oh, no. We're not a coup...," Carl blurted out reflexively. "Um, I mean we just met... We don't know each very well... I mean she's just a kid... What I mean is..."

Carl felt Monica's hand cover his mouth mid-sentence. Her eyes twinkled and with her impish but confident grin she said calmly and firmly, "We're a couple."

Carl's jaw dropped at her declaration. Yes, he was intrigued. Yes, he was subconsciously thinking about seeing her again. Yes, he thought she was pretty. Yes, he was turned on by her every action. Yes, he wanted her to accept him. Now he learned she did accept him. Additionally, she confidently assumed he was hers and was not shy about it. A half hour or so at opposite ends of a park bench should not constitute "a couple," but felt his spirits soared at the thought.

Watching the two of them, the old man broke out into full laughter. "You two are priceless," he said as his laughter subsided. "Don't get me wrong. I think it's delightful. If opposites attract, you two are going to be inseparable." He sat back, his warm beaming smile lighting up his whole face. "Talk about opposites, look at you: one black, one white; one tall, one short; one masculine, one feminine; one half the age of the other; and... one dominant, one submissive."

Carl sputtered. "Oh no. She's older than she looks. It's far from half... more like three quarters. Further, I wouldn't classify her as being submissive just because she's a small female."

The old man looked at Carl and grinned. "You're quicker with numbers than you are with self-evaluation, son." He chuckled quietly. "I wasn't assuming she was the submissive one."

Carl flushed brightly at the implication (or revelation). At that moment, their order was called. "Pick up a couple of spoons for the milkshakes when you get the order, Carl," Monica said in a commanding voice. He flushed even more when he heard the man laughing good-naturedly as he jumped to do her bidding. Carl was relieved that the man had departed before he came back with the burgers... and the spoons.

"Crazy old guy," he said nervously when he sat down beside her. "You know I'm not a submissive guy," he said without much conviction.

Monica grinned as she nibbled a fry. "After serving in the army, I wouldn't think so." She smiled a devilish grin at him. "You're probably just used to catering to the wishes of your superiors."

Carl looked at her warily. "What do you mean by that? Do you think of yourself as superior?" His voice had a hint of challenge.

She looked up from her fries and gave him that same sideways smug smile she had given him when they first met. "I'm not?" she responded with a challenge tone of her own.

"You are definitely prettier," Carl replied evasively and he took a large bite out of his burger. He was off balance enough not to attempt a battle of wills with her. Munching the burger gave him an excuse to avoid having to make a more relevant response.

The conversation was mostly chit-chat throughout the meal. Near the end, Carl looked over at Monica. One thing I don't understand."

She looked up. "Only one thing?"

"Well several really. For one, how did you know the kids you were waiting for wouldn't show up?"

For the first time since he saw her get out of the car, Carl saw her look unsure of herself. "I just made them up," she said after a slight pause. "I didn't want you to think I was wandering around alone."

"Why?" When she didn't answer immediately, he pressed on. "How did you know my name was Carl? I never told you."

Again, Carl sensed feeling of unease. For the first time, he lamented her skin tone wasn't lighter. He couldn't detect a blush of hers as easily as she could when he blushed. "You told me when you were a lifeguard. You told me to call for you if I had any problems."

"I didn't remember giving my name. Six years ago. That's a long time to remember a name."

This time, Carl was pretty sure she was blushing. "I was 12. I was impressionable. First had a crush on you, then I hated you. A few days later, my brother told me about the fight you had with those guys after your shift was over and I... and I stopped hating you. Your name was imprinted in my memory."

Carl clasped her hand in both of his. "I wish I was faster at stopping those guys from harassing you that day, especially since it was your birthday."

She smiled. "You were great. No regrets." The "no regrets" sounded like a command for him, not an evaluation of herself.

Carl's attention diverted to his milkshake. Carl had finished spooning out the ice cream and was sucking the straw for the liquid remainder when Monica turned slightly so her breast pressed against his bicep. She calmly asked, "So Carl, are you going to think of me when you masturbate tonight?"

Carl's reaction was an inhalation of milk and sputtering as he desperately tried to clear his sinuses. Monica showed her amusement with uncontrolled laughter. Finally, Carl regained some of his composure. "Why would you ask that?"

Monica giggled. "Well I confided that I had a crush on you, I figure you owed me a tidbit of your personal reaction to me."

"Apples and oranges!" he retorted. "No. Apples and watermelons! There's no comparison."

She embraced his arm and rubbed his shoulder with her cheek. "So, are you?" she persisted.

Carl was fully aware of the cushy feel of her breasts pressing on his bicep. "Um... I'll be thinking of you tonight regardless of what I do," he offered, trying to avoid the embarrassing assumption embedded in her question.

Later as they were walking back to the park, Monica was still clinging to his arm and he had resigned himself to being hard while she did. He was starting to feel an ache in his balls, but he was enjoying the contact too much to pull away from her.

"I know of a local theater that has a romantic comedy in its matinee showing," she said. "So, Carl, when are you going to ask me to a movie?"

He looked down at her. She looked up with her trademark side smile... the smile he found so enchanting/devastating when they first met. She was not subtle when it came to manipulating him. He didn't care. He would gladly sit through a chick flick (or any flick) with her. He was open to anything that would allow him to be next to her. A dark movie theater was great. His attraction to her was getting stronger by the minute... perhaps accelerated by the fact that he was continuously aroused just by being around her. "Will you come and watch the chick flick of your choice with me?"

"Since you asked so nice, yes." Her eyes tended to sparkle when she got what she wanted. Carl was to find out her eyes sparkled a lot. "You have to provide the transportation."

-The Motorcycle

"Motorcycle okay?" he asked. Carl had an old Harley Sportster that he loved. He especially enjoyed giving rides to female riders and always kept a second helmet on his bike. He loved the way they clung to him during the ride. He was a glutton for female contact... even when he had a leather jacket separating them.

It was warm enough that he didn't need his jacket and it took a bit of fiddling to get Monica situated with her dress. Carl noticed she had discrete pockets in her summer dress, hence there was no purse to worry about. He enjoyed the feel of her pressing against his back as they took off for the short trip. Mischievously, he goosed the throttle and she let out a surprised yelp as she clung to him tightly. "Hey," he could hear in protest as she clung to him. Then, once the bike stopped accelerating, she loosened her grip and her hands slid up his pecks. Then without warning she grabbed his nipples and savagely twisted them. Through the surprise onset of pain, he had to concentrate on keeping control of the bike. Other than scream a protest to be lost in the wind, he could do nothing to stop her. When he got a chance, he pulled off the road and stopped. Monica was laughing uncontrollably as he broke free of her grip and twisted to confront her.

"You could have gotten us killed!" he exclaimed as he unconsciously rubbed a smarting nipple.

"Then you shouldn't have been hot-rodding," she countered, grinning.

"Okay, I get the message. I'll behave," he said and they resumed their trip.

As they continued, Monica kept her hands on his pecs, massaging them a bit. Carl blipped the throttle and felt an immediate pinch on a nipple. Not nearly as severe as her first assault, just enough to let him know she was paying attention. It became a bit of a game as he would sporadically blip just to get a reaction. He found himself enjoying the pinch and the massage that she invariably followed up with. As he got adjusted to the painful nips, he started to increase the intensity of the blips and got proportional reactions. Then he felt her hand slide down past his abs and onto his thighs until it pressed against his crotch. He didn't dare take his hands off the grips. Straddling a gas tank keeps one's knees apart. He was in a vulnerable position. When she started to massage his groin, he quit with the "blipping game." He didn't want her to stop and there was a very real concern about what she would do there if he tested with a blip. Their speed decreased as Carl unconsciously slowed his speed to prolong their ride. They came to their destination way too soon in Carl's opinion.

-The Movie Theater

When they came up to the window to purchase their tickets, the cashier looked at them with unabashed disgust. Looking straight at Carl, she said, "This picture is R-rated. You can't tell me you are this black child's parent or guardian. If you're related, then my mother is Queen of England. We don't cater to perverts here." She slammed the window shut for emphasis.

Carl was flabbergasted. "No. You've got it wrong. I'm not a pervert. She's not a child. Hey open up!" He started banging on the window to no avail. The woman just scowled at him.

Carl was so intent on the woman, he was caught off guard when Monica forcefully pushed him aside and he stumbled sideways trying to regain his balance. Her eyes were dark and her face matched the scowl of the cashier. She flashed her ID. "I'm no child and well over 17," she said angrily. "If I want to take a white guy to a movie, you are not the one to disapprove. Give us those tickets at your most discounted price or I'll sue your theater for every cent it has."

The cashier opened the window and examined Monica's ID and stared back at the angry face glaring at her. "You are taking him, huh?" Shaking her head in surprise, not denial. "Okay. Take these comps." She handed a pair of complimentary tickets to a triumphant Monica and grinned. "You go girl!"

Monica was jubilant about the free tickets she got as they went through the turnstile. "See?" she said. "It looks like there are advantages to be seen as a couple of opposites!"

Carl was still a bit in a daze from the fast turn-a-round of the cashier. "Yeah, I guess..." She was walking briskly and he had to run to catch up as he followed her into the theater.

They entered the actual theater and found that it was almost empty with only a few of groups scattered throughout. Monica, still in the lead climbed to the last row and scooted to the corner well away from the nearest patron. Monica sat in the second to last seat and Carl sat beside her. "No," she said. "I want you on the right side of me," indicating she wanted Carl to crawl over to the corner seat. He complied without objection.

The previews were just starting. "So, Carl, when are you going to offer to get me popcorn?" Monica asked.

"Would you like a soda to go with it?" Carl asked as he edged past her.

"Yes, thanks... Coke with no ice."

It was a small theater and during the slow time, the cashier did double duty behind the refreshment counter. Carl was leery of her when he ordered the popcorn and drinks. She was friendly now and as she gave him change, she noted the clock. "That little gal really has you on a string," she said. "She's got you running errands and you're missing the opening scene."

"Oh no," Carl protested. "It's not like that. I'm not on anybody's string. Just, well it was my fault. I didn't think of getting them until we were seated."

"Uh huh," she replied. "You better hurry back to her. The show's not stopping for you."

A couple of minutes later, Carl returned. His face started to blush under the woman's "I-told-you-so" look. "I forgot to put butter on it," he said as he squirted the customer access butter on the popcorn. As he slunk off, he heard her say "She's toying with you. That string of hers has you tied around her little finger, boy."

A minute later, Carl was coming back through the door; his face beet red and he came face to face with the woman. "Um, I forgot the napkins," he said lamely as he started to press past her to the counter with the napkin dispenser. Without a

word but with a smirk and an all-knowing look, she stopped him with a handful of napkins. Carl laughed at her ability to predict that he would return for napkins. "Lucky guess," he said acknowledging her evaluation of the situation. "Oh wait," I need straws too. Straight faced, the woman was ready and immediately offered him a couple of straws. Her timing and her presentation hit Carl and he could not control his laughter. Her straight face broke and she laughed along with him. It was a full couple of minutes before Carl regained his composure enough so that he dared open the door and get back Monica.

"What were you laughing about out there?" Monica asked when he returned.

"Oh... um... that cashier lady was just teasing me about how many times I had to come back."

"It looks like she's gotten over the idea that you are taking advantage of me."

"Yeah. I think she's knows more about our relationship than I do."

"She seems nice. So, Carl, do you think we should invite her to our wedding?"

"What???" he exclaimed in surprise. He looked at her and she was laughing at him with that teasing smile she had. "You got me with that one... and it's waaaaay too premature."

The plot was predictable and Carl didn't miss any continuity during his excursions. Carl liked the fact that the arm rests lifted so they could sit together without an annoying divider between them. He had set his drink aside and put his arm around Monica while hanging on to his popcorn with the other. That worked until he reached for his drink and dumped his popcorn all over the floor. "Don't worry about it. I'll share," Monica said as she snuggled against him. She picked a piece from her box and pushed it between his lips. She would eat a piece or two then offer him another. Sometimes she would tease him and make him lean for it or tilt his head back. Sometimes she would pull it back and eat it herself. Carl enjoyed the game. In a strange way, it was also turning him on. He remembered what the old man had said about him being the submissive one of the two and

the cashier pointing out Monica was toying with him. Now he was filling the role of a pet. He wondered what it would be like to be really dominated by someone so much smaller and younger than he. His cock responded to his thoughts of submission. He had never met anyone like her before. He shifted in his seat to accommodate his ever-anxious anatomy. His arm tightened around her and he pulled her closer thinking of kissing that mischievous smile. His attempt was thwarted by another piece of popcorn being popped into his mouth.

The popcorn was soon gone and they settled back. Her hand rested on his thigh and he paid more attention to that than the nude love scene on the screen. His cock was rigid even before she slid her hand closer to his groin. He suppressed a moan when her hand finally rested on his crotch. He knew she could feel the hardness of his shaft and was hoping she would press hard through his jeans. He pulled her close then tentatively he let his hand drop to tenderly cup her breast. To his dismay, her hand left his crotch and she gently lifted his hand away. The message was clear: she gets to play with him, he doesn't get to play with her... at least yet. Her hand returned to his crotch and he just leaned back surrendering to the feel of her touch. His blue ball condition was becoming more intense by the minute, but the stimulation was heavenly.

He looked around the theater to assure no one was watching. He did not need to worry. She had selected a good seat for privacy. He looked at her and she looked back. In the dim flickering he could detect a see a look of smug triumph. Her hand never paused as she traced the outline of his cock through his jeans, squeezed, then pressed hard on his shaft. Precum had already left its signature on the material as she undid the top button. He whimpered quietly as she pulled down the zipper and allowed her finger to ride along his shaft as she did. "Oh yes," he whispered.

Still smiling, still teasing his shaft through his jockey shorts, she looked over at him asked teasingly, "So Carl, are you going to think of me when you masturbate tonight?"

This time the question did not have the same surprise shock value. "Yes, he said immediately." Any thought of being evasive or coy on such a personal level was

eclipsed by the magic of her fingers. "I don't think I will ever stop thinking about you." He still felt the question was too personal, but considering what her hands were doing, he was in no mood to object.

She giggled at his alacrity in responding and her hand slipped under the waistband of his shorts. Her fingertip, moist with precum circled the tip of his penis. He jumped as if he was shot and stifled an involuntary whimper fearing patrons might hear him. She pushed his jeans and shorts down, freeing his cock and balls. His breathing rate noticeably increased as her bare hand now teased his exposed cock directly. She would dig her fingernails into the springy shaft and scratch it just enough that he could concentrate on nothing else. Then those magic fingers found his balls and her hand cupped them. He groaned and immediately bit his lip to silence himself as he remembered the other patrons. "Please... gentle... I'm really tender there right now," he whispered. In truth, "tender" was a gross understatement about the status of his blue balls.

From her pocket, Monica produced a short cord with an adjustable loop at one end and a ring at the other. Carl became aware of it as she slipped the loop around his sensitive orbs. "No. Please. Oh geeze, my balls ache."

She giggled. "I thought you were enjoying my playing with your precious jewels. Do you wish me to stop?" She paused and her fingernails teased his shaft. Carl was feeling his need to cum. He was at that I'll-do-anything stage in order to have her continue.

He knew he would regret it as he blurted out a reply. "No!! Please don't stop." Her hands shifted back to working with the cord. Carl could feel the loop on his balls constrict. He groaned. "Oh please. They really ache. That loop is killing me."

"Oh nonsense. You'll endure a bit of pain to please me, won't you?" When Carl groaned in response, she purred. "I love being in control... especially in control of big strong men like you." She passed the ring through a belt loop at the side his jeans and twisted it so it wouldn't slip away from her reach.

Carl was trying to think of a way to protest the ball leash when Monica stopped him. "So, Carl, do you want me to finish you off before the movie ends?" He looked at the screen. The on-screen lovers had finally overcome the last obstacle and were in their final embrace. Her hand circled his cock and she was now actively stroking it. Despite the uncomfortable cord and his fear of embarrassment at cumming all over himself, he did desperately want to cum.

"Yes!!! Please!!!" he begged as quietly as he could. He would figure how to clean up as soon as he was finished.

Monica paused for a moment. "You're sure you want to come now? I don't think you can hide the result from everyone." Carl arched up to her hand. "Yes. Yes. Yes. I'm sure. Please finish me!"

Monica twirled his shaft between her thumb and finger, slowing him down a bit, then resumed pumping him, then slowed and teased. The credits started to scroll onto the screen. Carl was thrusting desperately when the house lights began to brighten.

"Oooops. Too late," Monica said with a mischievous grin as she pulled her hand away. You better button up before someone sees you. Groaning in frustration, Carl reluctantly pulled up his shorts and jeans over his aching balls. He was zipped and buttoned as the lights came to full brightness. The ring on the cord was still twisted in his belt loop where Monica would have easy access to it. They stayed seated until the credits stopped and the theater was empty.

Monica picked up her empty cup and popcorn container. Carl followed suit and grabbed his containers too. When he started to leave, Monica stopped him. "Pick up after yourself," she said pointing to the popcorn that was crushed and scattered.

"They have staff paid to do that," he protested.

"They shouldn't have to on our account," she said firmly. "Now pick up your popcorn... every piece of it."

With a groan, Carl slowly and gingerly knelt down to gather the spilled popcorn. "My pants and your loop bind... and I ache... a lot," he said in explanation why he was slow.

Monica smirked at his discomfort. "Take your time. I'm in no hurry."

The cashier lady had changed job hats again and came in with broom and dustpan. "You two still here?" she called over as she approached their row. Then seeing that Carl was picking up popcorn, she added, "Don't bother with that. I can get it with the broom."

"No. Let him clean up after himself," she said before Carl was let off the hook. "He'd rather bust his balls picking up than leave his mess for others."

The cashier appraised their seating location. "You sure picked a private place to view the movie," she said. "What did you do? Pull his pants down?"

Both females laughed as Carl flushed and continued reaching around chairs for errant popcorn. He was in no hurry to get up and face them.

"Not exactly," she replied coyly. Then Monica started whispering in the woman's ear. They both laughed and looked over at Carl. Carl feared, correctly, that Monica was telling the woman about the looped cord around his balls. He finally had to stand up to get to the popcorn in the next row. As he did, he flushed brightly as the cashier made a point of checking out his crotch and then the ring held by the belt loop. The two did not attempt to conceal their amusement as he gingerly stooped down to retrieve the remaining popcorn.

Finally, the woman turned to Monica. "I've got to get back to the front. Here's a couple of complimentary tickets and vouchers for popcorn," she said as she looked over to see Carl grimace at the popcorn reference. "They are good for anybody, but I hope you bring the pervert again. I'm getting to like the guy."

After they used the restrooms, they left the theater and Monica hugged his arm. Carl couldn't help but enjoy the feel of her breasts cushioned against his arm. "I really enjoyed myself today," she said as she lightly brushed her cheek on his bicep.

"So, did I," he replied. Then after a pause, "Even if you did manipulate, tease, torture, and embarrass me."

She grinned up at him. "That's what girls do," she said gaily. "We love to control and torment men... and I would hardly call what I did to you 'torture.'"

"Close enough," he grumbled. "I don't know why I let you."

She recited: "Man is the one who desires, woman the one who is desired. This is woman's entire but decisive advantage."

"Where did you get that?" He asked.

"Oh, I read it in a book somewhere," she replied lightly. "I really do enjoy your company, but it's getting late and my family is expecting me to be there for some birthday celebrations." She paused for a just moment. "So Carl, when are you going to ask to take me home?"

He smiled. He was getting to like her "So Carl" questions. He suspected she would rarely, if ever, get a response (or reaction) to such a question that she didn't want. This one was not an exemption. "May I have the honor of giving you a ride home?" he asked on cue.

"Oh yes," she replied jubilantly. "You can meet my parents and brothers. I think Dad's planning on grilling steaks and has feast big enough for an army. There's more than enough for you."

She immediately pulled her phone out of her pocket and speed dialed a number. Carl could only hear one side of the conversation. "Hi Mom"... "I had a great time on my birthday"... "I'm going to bring Carl over for dinner.... We'll be there in

about a half-hour. Bye." She put the phone back in her pocket and turned to Carl. "We're good to go."

Carl's bachelor alarm bells went off at full volume. She had already declared them "a couple." She already made comments about wedding invitations. Now she wants him to meet her parents... never a good sign. He immediately started feeling misgivings. He started to worry that her dad and/or brothers would look at him the same way the cashier did when he just tried to buy a ticket. He was almost 6 years older than Monica. No one wants their young daughter/sister taken advantage of. Are they going to object to him because he's white?

Carl blinked. Too late for his second thoughts now. "That was fast. Your mom didn't even ask who 'Carl' was."

"Oh. Um... Oh yeah. I called home when I was in the bathroom to check if it was okay to bring home a guest for dinner."

"Oh. Okay. Where are we going? How far is it to your home?"

"It's about 15 or 20 minutes that way," she said pointing, "longer if you slow down to prolong my playing with you during the ride."

"That way? But that's even further away from the park. Why did you go to a park so far away to celebrate your birthday?"

Monica looked exasperated. "I like that park. You ask so many questions! I'll answer all of them after we get to my home."

As they mounted the bike, Monica playfully jerked the loop clipped to his waistband. "Oh no. Don't tug while we're riding, please. I don't want to lose control of the bike. Another thing; Why do you carry a looped cord around with you? Do you always do this with every boy you meet?"

"Just the ones I like," she replied cheerfully as she gave the cord a sharp tug for emphasis. "We'll talk about it later when I'm home."

Though she did tease him during the ride, he didn't ride slow to prolong the trip.

-The Family

Carl became more apprehensive as they got closer. His time in the Army had matured him. He felt like was older than 24 and except for her figure, Monica looked like a pre-teen. How would her father react to his little girl being in a relationship with him?

When they arrived, a young kid met them as they were dismounting and removing helmets.

"Hi. I'm Hank," he greeted without preamble. "You must be Carl the lifeguard."

"Um... glad to meet you Hank," Carl replied

"Hank's my younger brother," Monica said. "That gives me seniority and the right to rule his life."

"Aww Sis, enough of that 'younger brother' stuff. You've got 7 minutes on me... that's it."

"We're twins," Monica explained. "Obviously, not identical."

"I see the resemblance," Carl offered. "Especially with the trait of looking a lot younger than your age."

Hank looked at Carl. "Be careful dude," he said as he nodded toward his sister. "She's controlling and sadistic."

Monica laughed. "Don't scare him off, Hank, just because I rule you so effectively." She turned to Carl and changed the subject. "Hank is also our computer whiz. He could hack Fort Knox if he put his mind to it."

When they got to the door, they were met by Monica's mother. Hank recognized her from the glimpse he had when she dropped her daughter off. She was a stunning woman; average height, nice figure, shoulder length black hair, and a smile very similar to Monica's that Carl found so enticing. She assessed Carl in a glance. "So nice to meet you, Carl. Just call me Tanya," she said as she gave him a warm hug. "We are so glad you decided to join us for dinner."

"Thank you for having me over. Your daughter's invitation was pretty compelling."

Carl heard a male laugh behind Tanya. A short muscular man came forth with a smile. "Ha! most of the invitations by the women in this house are pretty compelling, son." The man extended his hand. "I'm Dave, Monica's dad. Welcome to our home."

"Thank you, sir," Carl replied as he shook the offered hand. "It's my pleasure." Carl could see the resemblance between father and daughter. She must have gotten her short height from his side.

"So how long have you known my daughter?" Dave asked.

Carl had been relieved by the warm welcome but now was on the verge of panic as he felt a grilling by the protective father was just starting. "Um... just today, sir." He looked at his watch. "About 6 or 7 hours but it seems like I've known her a lot longer."

"Well son, you've just scratched the surface in knowing my little spitfire. Yep, you've just seen the tip of the iceberg. Come in, come in. Meet our oldest son and his fiancée," he said as he swung the door open wider and they all flowed into a large family room.

As they entered the couple turned to face them. The son was about 6' and also bore a resemblance to both of his parents. He must have gotten his height from his mother Carl thought to himself. His fiancée was not much shorter, partly due to the high heels she was wearing. She was a pretty blonde with classic blue eyes and light complexion. Carl felt she would be a lot prettier if she didn't wear so much makeup. He did feel a bit more at ease now that he wasn't the only Caucasian.

"I'm Tessa, you must be Carl." she said as she came forward. Then looking back, "and this is my fiancé, Larry." She tilted her head as if granting permission.

Larry came forward with a big smile and shook Carl's hand. "Glad to meet you, Carl. It looks like my little sister has enticed a big white guy into her lair. Welcome."

"Thank you," Carl responded. He was feeling a little apprehensive. Each of the males he met were friendly and each conveyed some sort of a indication (or warning?) that Monica might be dangerous to be around. His apprehension was tempered by the fact that everyone was friendly and Monica was again embracing his arm.

He looked around the room. There was a huge expanse of tiled floor encompassing a raised-ceiling family room, an attached open dining room, and a kitchen. There was a small carpeted formal living room off to the side. He noticed the table was already had eight places set for dinner. A large light fixture was hanging in the middle family room. Carl noticed it because it was hanging from an oversize hook and appeared to be fastened to a loop on the hanging cord by a small padlock.

"I like your home he said to Monica's parents. It's light and cheery with an open feel."

"Thank you. We like it," Tanya responded. "It's great for entertaining." Then she added, "Well, you've met my family except for Tom, his wife, Liz, and the baby. They should be arriving soon."

"I hope they were expecting me," Carl thought as he now counted 9 people for dinner and only 8 settings.

Carl's thoughts were interrupted when Tanya announced, "The steaks are ready. Everyone out back and grab your share!" As everyone headed for the door, Tanya stopped Monica and Carl. "Oh Monica, be a dear and have your tall friend help change the light bulb in the main lamp?"

"Sure Mom." Then looking at Carl, "you don't mind, do you?"

"No, of course not. I'd be happy to help," he replied truthfully. He was glad to be seen as an asset by Monica and her family.

When they were alone, Monica freed the ring from the Carl's belt loop and gave it a playful tug. He gasped in surprise as she re-awakened the ache in his balls. "I'm really glad you came for dinner," she said as her eyes sparkled. "This is my best birthday ever!"

Her gaiety was catching and for the first time since he arrived, Carl felt comfortable.

"The lamp is lowered by this cord," she said as she went to the side of the room and unfastened the end from a bracket. She was lowering the lamp as she came back to Carl. "Grab it when it comes down."

Carl watched the lamp descend and was thinking that having the ability of raising and lowering the lamp by a cord negated the need for a ladder... or a tall person, for that matter. As he grasped the lamp, he again noticed the lock. "Why the lock?" he asked.

"It's a favorite lamp. We don't want anyone to steal it."

"Then why was the key in it?" he asked, puzzled.

"For convenience, silly."

"I don't see an electrical cord. I don't think the light bulb is the problem."

She removed the lock while he held the fixture. "Hang on to it with both hands for a second. We don't want it to drop," she said as she grabbed the dangling loop. Carl's attention was on the lamp when he heard the click of the lock. The significance of the click didn't hit him until Monica skipped back to the anchor point and pulled the cord taut.

"What???" he cried out in surprise.

"Don't drop the lamp!" Monica said again with emphasis as she pulled his balls up when she anchored her end. She quickly walked over to Carl. "Give that to me. You're going to drop it." She took the lamp from a stunned Carl and walked away.

Carl found he almost had to stand on his toes to relieve the tension on his balls. He couldn't follow her without stretching his aching balls further. He noticed the lock that now connected the hanging cord with his personal ring no longer had the key inserted in it. "Okay," he said. "You got me good with that one. Let me down before someone comes back inside," he said frantically.

Monica's face lit from the mischievous grin she wore and again her eyes seemed to sparkle. "I've got to put the lamp away," she responded as she left heading out to another room. "I'll be back before you know it."

Carl suddenly found himself alone in the middle of the family room trapped by his balls. Though he was standing and had his arms free, Monica had effectively immobilized him. He could not reach the anchor point of the cord, nor did he have any illusions about opening the lock. He was confused and panicky. He had gone from "comfortable" to "panic" in literally seconds. What if someone came in before Monica returned? Her brother had warned him her. Maybe he could saw through the cord with one of his keys. There has to be a way to remove the loop around his balls.

To his dismay, before he could act on that thought, he heard a car door slam and people coming to the door. Without a knock, a couple came through with the man carrying a baby in a car seat. The man was obviously the other brother, tall and he had the same characteristic handsome and young look that ran through the family. Comparatively, the woman appeared to be the older of the two. She was attractive and obviously in good shape. Her face broke into a big grin when she saw Carl. "You must be Monica's white boy," she said giving him a hug, totally ignoring the cord coming out of his waistband to the ceiling. Surprised, Carl struggled not to move or lose his balance as she hugged. Disengaging from the hug and not waiting for a response from a befuddled Carl, she made introductions. "This is my husband, Tom, Monica's brother and I'm Liz." Then with soft affection, "and little Timmy's the one in the car seat." Continuing her chatter, "It looks like everyone is in back. Tom, check the diaper and settle Timmy in the guest room. I'm going out back," she finished as she headed out, not waiting for a response from either of the men.

Holding the car seat in his left hand, Tom extended his right to shake hands with Carl. "I'm Tom," he said redundantly. With a half-smile, he pointedly looked at the cord from Carl's waist to the large ceiling hook. "Uh oh. It looks like Hank lost the bet with his sister," he said casually. Then looking at the baby he was carrying, "well I better change and settle the little guy down. Nice meeting you Carl." He left before a perplexed and embarrassed Carl could utter a word.

"I'm in a dream," thought Carl. "This isn't real."

Monica came in carrying a pair handcuffs. "Monica, let me down. This is getting embarrassing."

"Let's put these on before we think about letting you down," she said, all but ignoring the distress in his voice.

"What? I'm not wearing those. I'm already tied up, so to speak." Carl pulled his hands away as she attempted to wrap a cuff around his wrist.

She reached further and grabbed his arm. "Trust me," she said as the cuff quickly closed on his wrist.

He pulled his hand from hers with the cuffs dangling from his wrist. "What do you mean trust you!!! You've got me dangling by the balls and you want me to trust you???"

Monica's grin grew almost evil and her eyes narrowed. "You're right. I do have you dangling by your balls. I have no need for you to trust me now."

Carl shuddered at her reaction and words. He was desperately dancing around as much as he could without pulling on his tender orbs, keeping his hands up where Monica couldn't grab them. "Please let me go," his voice now pleading.

She wrapped her arms around his waist. "Settle down and let me put those cuffs on you. There's no way I'm going to release your balls while your hands are free."

Carl sighed in surrender. If he struggled with her, he would lose his balance with dreadful results. Resigned, he lowered his hands. With a smirk of triumph, Monica guided his hands behind him and clicked the remaining cuff in place. Her body was pressing against him and the sound of the cuffs ratcheting tight on his wrists combined to envelope him in a wave of helpless erotic submission. His penis became rock hard as a result. He knew she could feel his erection grow against her stomach.

He groaned softly when she pulled away. "Please," he begged. "Let me down. The others will be returning any second."

"I don't know," she said pensively. "I think you might be over dressed for dinner." With that she started unbuttoning his shirt. When she finished, she pulled the front of his t-shirt up and over his head. Then she circled him, peeling the shirts off his shoulders until they both were bunched on his arms behind him.

The air hitting his bare chest emphasized Carl's plight. "Please quite horsing around, Monica. Let me go." His eyes were fixed on door where her family was.

Tom, apparently done with settling the baby, walked in. "Hi Monica. Good to see you again." Then looking pointedly at Carl, "I see Hank is in for a hard time."

She grinned back at her brother. "A bet's a bet. You know I always collect," she said with a laugh as her brother left to join his wife.

"Bet? What bet? Is my predicament just some bet of conquest?"

"You ask way too many questions," she replied. "And you are still overdressed." She unbuttoned his jeans and pulled down the zipper.

"No!! Stop!" the helpless man pleaded. Monica just looked up at him and grinned. Then she shoved his jeans and shorts down below his knees. As she pushed them down, her curly hair brushed his cock causing it to pulse even as he protested in vain. "Oh please." He begging once again.

The first to come in with a plate full of food was Hank with both Tom and Liz close on his heels. He looked over at Carl. He looked more apprehensive than surprised. "I didn't think she would be nearly this quick," he said as he sat down.

Liz exclaimed. "Oh look. The white boy's hard as a rock. That girl has got him good." Tom set down the food and quickly pulled out a chair for his wife.

Carl was dying of embarrassment. At Liz's comment about his cock, he twisted around so his back was to the table. That did little to lessen his humiliation and feeling of vulnerability. The whole experience was surreal.

Larry and Tessa came in next. "Monica got herself a fine-looking specimen," Tessa said. "She's going to have fun with this one." Larry remained quiet as they settled in to their seats. Carl didn't think he could be more mortified as he stood there helpless to hide his predicament and nudity.

Monica's parents were the last couple to come in. "It looks like Monica has done a good job preparing her own birthday treat," Tanya said with a light laugh.

Monica was the last to enter and after putting her plate on the table, she walked over to Carl and turned him around to face the diners. "Hey everyone. I hope everyone has met Carl. He was kind enough to join us for dinner."

Carl's cock had started to deflate when he turned away after Liz's comment. Now, with the feel of Monica's hands on his stomach when she turned him back around and the helpless and submissive feeling that again enveloped him, his cock actively rose in throbbing pulses.

"From his bobbing, it looks like you have him in a 'I'll do anything' state," Tessa observed aloud, eliciting laughter from the table. "Are you going to have him perform?"

"Perhaps later," she responded. Carl looked at Monica with pleading eyes that left no doubt that he wanted her to get him out of there. He lost hope of that when she looked at him with her trademark smug/teasing smile and her fingers danced along his shaft causing him to quickly draw in a breath to suppress groaning out loud. She moistened her forefinger with precum as she brushed it over the tip. Her teasing smile turned more serious and her eyes darkened a bit. Carl already knew that was a prelude to her doing something he wouldn't like. She held her moist finger up to his lips. "Lick."

He turned his face away in obvious disgust. With the dry fingers, she turned his head back to face her keeping the forefinger in front of his lips. Her other hand was at his crotch with her fingers drumming on his shaft. The dark look vanished and her sideways smile was back. "For me," she said quietly. The erotic sensations though his cock were accentuated by his being helpless and vulnerable. When she hit him with her irresistible smile, he surrendered. He obediently extended his tongue and licked the fluid from her finger.

The table exploded in applause at her conquest. Carl was indeed her boy toy.

A flood of emotions flew through Carl. Carl was embarrassed by the applause. He was a living trophy on display. He felt ashamed of his inability to resist Monica yet proud that she accepted him.

Except for the fact that they had, for all practical purposes, a naked man standing on display, the dinner then proceeded as most other dinners, with chit chat about family matters, pass the salt & pepper, etc.

Monica would come over to him and feed him from her plate. Carl felt foolish being hand and spoon fed by her, but the food tasted great and he had worked up an appetite... and being dependent on her for a bite of food stimulated his submissive feelings and imparted an erotic charge. His erection was always present and surged whenever she came to feed him. She brought over a cloth napkin to wipe some gravy from his chin. To everyone's delight and Carl's mortification, she causally used his throbbing cock as a napkin holder when she wasn't using it. She got snickers whenever she wiped his shaft as she removed it to wipe his face.

Throughout the meal, Monica would tease Carl with a bite from her plate, offer it and pull it away until he had to chase it. Sometimes she would relent easily, on the latest piece of piece of bar-b-Que beef, she had him at his limit, pulling the cord while on his toes before she let him get it. Her antics provided entertainment for the others and generated comments and taunts from them. But there were times when she fondly fed him, let him lick her fingers, and she carefully wiped his mouth. Still in her yellow summer dress, she looked more beautiful by the minute. She was not stingy with body contact as she often leaned against him and let her magic fingers tease and caress his chest and stomach. She kept him hard and was bringing out his submissive feelings. The realization hit him; he was falling in love. "I guess it's true," he thought to himself as he remembered an old saying: "When you've got them by the balls, their hearts and minds will follow."

-Brother's birthday

Finally, Tanya stood up. "Okay. It's time the men cleared the dishes so we can get on with our birthday traditions." The four males jumped to take the dishes away and wipe the table clean. Carl could hear one of them filling the sink to start washing them.

Tanya looked over at Carl. Carl again was struck by the poise and beauty of Monica's mother. "As you have undoubtedly noticed we are a matriarchal household. We also have fun teasing and tormenting the men." She smiled an ironic smile. "Of course, they love this arrangement." While she was talking, Monica stood next to Carl with her arm around his waist, her body pressing against his, and her other hand teasing his legs, mostly on the inside of his thighs as she watched for reactions from his cock. Carl was struggling to concentrate on what her mother was saying.

"On birthdays," Tanya continued, "one of the games we have maintained is the childhood tradition of birthday spankings... with our own modifications." She paused for a moment. "Simply put, on a birthday, a male gets spanked; the number of swats determined by the birthday age being celebrated. I have always had the honor until they get a partner, like Tom and Larry. I've always have been pretty soft with my kids and their spankings were not much more than symbolic." Her expression turned to amusement. "Their partners tend to be a bit more... aggressive than I was." That brought knowing laughter from Liz and Tessa as they grinned and nodded their heads. "On Monica's birthdays, Dave has had to receive the birthday swats from her; swats that were also... um... on the aggressive side." She paused. "But now she has a partner." Tanya stopped and looked straight at Carl to be sure he got the point. Carl got the point and shuddered. His mouth was dry. "No wonder Monica's dad was so eager to accept him," Carl thought to himself.

Monica, who seemed not to be paying attention to her mother while teasing Carl, giggled when she felt him tremble. "You are so going to remember my 18th birthday," she said ominously. She giggled again when Carl shuddered at her words.

"However, there was a bet between siblings," Tanya continued as she looked directly at Carl. "My daughter bet my young foolish son that she could get you hung on the lamp cord in less than a day. You are standing proof that she won." Carl felt humiliated and foolish. He had been manipulated and entrapped by just a wisp of a girl... a girl who confidently predicted her ability to quickly and easily make him her boy toy. He felt an erotic rush as he admitted to himself that he liked being in her control. He had no will to break her spell. Again, his cock bobbed of its own accord and provoked snickers from the women watching.

Tanya raised her voice and shouted into the kitchen. "Hank, come join us for the birthday celebration."

An obviously apprehensive Hank reluctantly came out of the kitchen followed by the other males. Monica stepped forward slightly with a determined smile and eyes dark. "Get a ring-loop cord. I'm putting you on the lamp cord."

His eyes were pleading. "Please Sis..." That was all he could say before he was stopped by the determined look of his sister. Begging would be futile. He obediently left the room momentarily and came back with a cord like the one she had placed on Carl. His hand trembled as he handed it to her. His eyes never stopped pleading.

"Thanks, little brother," she said as she took the cord. "Now get into your birthday suit." As her brother began to strip, Monica removed the lock that held Carl's loop. Without even glancing at him, she led him by the ring-loop cord to the side of the room. Carl flushed as he felt humiliated being led by his balls in front of her whole family. Being hobbled by his pants at the ankles added to his humiliation. "Stay," was all she said as she turned him around so he could watch the proceedings. Carl obediently stayed where she put him.

A beet-red Hank had stripped by the time Monica got back to him. Carl noticed that Hank's cock was on the rise. "I guess 'little brother' isn't immune to humiliation or to his sister's charms," thought Carl to himself. Strangely, Carl felt a twinge of jealousy.

Monica quickly and efficiently tightened the loop around her brother's balls. "She's done that more than a couple of times," thought Carl to himself. Hank's cock was rock hard by the time his sister was done. Then, as she had led Carl, she led Hank over to the hanging cord.

Tanya came over to where her daughter had parked Carl. "You wouldn't know from their actions, but they really love each other. Push comes to shove, either twin would do anything for the other."

"It looks to me that Hank gets more opportunity than Monica to display that trait," Carl commented dryly.

Tanya laughed. "You have a point, Carl. I'm glad to see you are coming to accept our family's um... idiosyncrasies." She looked at him, appraised him, and smiled.

Carl flushed as he felt her gaze on his naked body, hobbled by his pants, and helpless from the handcuffs. He was further embarrassed when he couldn't hide the effect that gaze did to his cock. "I don't think I'm used to it yet," he responded tentatively.

She again laughed. "It grows on you." She looked back at the twins. Monica had fastened the ball cord loop to the hanging cord behind Hank so the cord was pulling between his ass cheeks. "Once the kids were in their teens, they became aware of my domination of Dave. Monica was quick to pick up on the fact that she could emulate my dominant nature without repercussions. When she found she could sexually excite the boys, she didn't hesitate to use that ability to torment them. She's a bit of a sadist, you know. The boys were no match for her and they soon became addicted to the lifestyle."

As Tanya was speaking, Carl was focused on the twins. Monica had produced a couple of nipple clamps and was attaching them to her trembling brother. Hank's eyes were watering and he audibly gasped as she clamped one, then the other to his tender nipples. "Hank did warn me about her control and sadistic tendencies," Carl said as he winced in sympathy. "I wasn't expecting a demonstration."

Monica looked over to see Carl and her mother talking. Her eyes were sparkling and she had an irrepressible exuberant grin on her face. She almost danced as she came over to them. "This is such a wonderful birthday!!!" she exclaimed. Then she produced a second set of nipple clamps and handed them to her mother. "Mom, could you put these on Carl while I tend to Hank. I want him warmed up when it's his turn on the lamp cord." Monica then turned back to her brother.

Tanya smirked a bit as she held up the clamps. "If you weren't expecting to see a demonstration, you probably weren't expecting to be part of a demonstration either." Carl shuddered as he realized Tanya was indeed going to apply the clamps. He meekly stood still as she caressed his nipple and pinched it to receive the clamp. In a sense, he felt betrayed that Monica would condemn him to pain at her mother's hand. But that feeling was overshadowed by the erotic surge he felt at Tanya's touch.

"Arrgh!" he yelped as the clamp bit in. The pain seemed to shoot from his chest straight down his arm. He was glad he went to the bathroom earlier because even so, he had to fight the urge to pee. Tanya was looking right into his eyes and he fought to keep them from tearing. He heard Monica laugh delightedly at the sound of his yelp. The room became quiet as all eyes focused on Carl. His knees felt weak and he couldn't stop his body from trembling as Tanya caressed his other nipple. He whimpered when she pinched up his flesh to receive the other clamp. Well aware he was the center of attention, Carl suppressed his need to scream with a stifled squeal. He heard several laughs at his futile efforts to be stoic.

"Hands clasped behind your head," Monica said crisply to Hank, bringing him back to the center of attention. She circled him slowly dragging her fingertip around his waist until she was again facing him. His cock was literally bouncing in anticipation. She playfully teased it with her fingertips. "Your swats will be more bearable if you are excited," she said. "If you cum now, they will be even more agonizing." She looked into his eyes. "Do you want to cum now or after?"

"After," he said immediately. He knew what she said about taking pain while sexually excited was true.

"As you wish," she said as she moistened her hands with lubricant and stroked his shaft. "All you have to do is hold it for 5 minutes."

Hank shrank back from her hand. "No, Monica. Please. I really don't want to cum until after."

Her eyes twinkled. "Then just don't."

Carl was surprised that Hank seemed so concerned. He watched as Monica intensified her teasing and stroking. After only about 40 seconds, Carl could see Hank's demeanor change and his features tense up as he fought the sensations his sister was administering. She knew his weak spots and was exploiting them. Just half minute later, Carl saw Hank surrender to his sister's touch. He went from fighting it to thrusting and helping it. He was in a "I'll do anything to cum" mode. Monica abated a bit bringing a groan from her brother. "Please, don't stop," he begged. He was lost in her power and oblivious to everyone watching his humiliation.

Monica laughed at her squirming brother. "I thought you wanted to wait," she mocked. Then she increased tempo and her brother's semen came in spurts, landing on the tiled floor a couple of feet in front of him. He could barely stand as his knees buckled as much as the ball tether would allow.

The scene both excited and mortified Carl. He looked over at Tanya. "She's not going to do that to me in front of everybody?" he asked. He was feeling the urge to bolt, His anxiety was increasing every moment he was watching Monica torment her brother.

Tanya's smile wasn't encouraging. "She's pretty resourceful." Carl detected a touch of mother's pride in her voice. "This is what she does to a brother she loves, I don't know what she has planned for you, with her obsession and all." He knew there was no hope that Tanya would spare him from her daughter's designs.

"Obsession?" he asked as he watched the interaction of the twin's progress.

"You aren't here by accident," she said. "Monica has had you targeted for years."

Their attention was again directed at the twins where Hank was shakily recovering from his orgasm. Monica stood right in front of him. She held the free end of the lamp cord and let it slacken. "Chin up and kneel," she ordered. Obediently, Hank sank to his knees. He looked up at his sister, his hands still clasped behind his head, his knees spread apart. Carl assumed correctly that males in that household habitually spread their knees when kneeling. He was looking into Monica's eyes, not with defiance, but with recognition and acceptance of her control.

Hank whimpered as she put a small lead weights on each of his nipple clamps. "Okay, now on all fours." Hank dropped his eyes and brought his hands in front as he bent to assume a doggy position. Carl could now see the weights swing freely from his nipples and Hank winced at the resulting tugging. "Put your nose in the puddle," Monica ordered as she pointed to a glob of semen on the floor. Hank did as she wished. His buttocks were now raised as his face was held to the floor. In this position, the nipple weights now rested on the floor. "Stay," she commanded as she went off to select a spanking implement. Humiliated and trembling, her brother could do nothing but stay.

Carl had been spellbound during the exchange. He empathized with Hank on every action. His nipple pain almost seemed like background except when he moved. His cock was engorged and dripping. He was dismayed that Tanya made no attempt to hide the fact that she noticed both his discomfort and arousal. Trying to take his mind off his situation, he continued their conversation. "What do you mean I was targeted? For years?? I don't understand."

Tanya smiled. "It was six years ago, Monica saw you as a handsome lifeguard and had an instant school girl crush on you when they went swimming on her birthday. She had just become aware of Dave and my lifestyle and visualized you on her leash. You ejected kids that were harassing them for being black. Though grateful the harassment stopped, she somehow equated you with them. She felt you were just an arrogant and condescending white guy. Her fantasy of you on a

leash evaporated and her initial infatuation turned to bitter dislike. She loathed the thought of you for days after. Finally, Hank told her about the fight you had with the troublemakers after you got off duty and she felt guilty about her thoughts about you. She started obsessing about you after that. She kept a photo that they had taken that day where you were in the background. She even inked in a collar and a leash on the photo."

Carl remembered that fight. He had often wished he had the training the Army gave him then. He had gotten his ass kicked as well as getting himself fired.

He looked over at Monica. Monica had selected a slim flexible paddle to spank her brother. Hank lifted his head and saw what she had selected. "No, please," he pleaded.

"Nose in the puddle," she commanded in a no-nonsense voice. He immediately complied, as his body began to tremble. She stepped beside him swung the paddle hard on his left buttocks and he let out a wailing cry. "Quiet down, little brother," she said as she circled to his right.

Carl winced as he watched Hank jump from the blow. Hank's upper body pulled the nipple weights as his buttocks jerked from the impact; his buttocks, balls, and nipples all suffered from that blow.

"She picked one of the most severe paddles," Tanya remarked when she saw Carl's reaction to her son's plight. He watched in fascination as the paddle descended on Hank's right buttocks with similar results.

Carl was getting desperate to get his mind off the twins' activities and resumed the conversation. "I went into the Army right after that," he said to Tanya.

"Yes, you did," she confirmed. "But, like a first love, she never got over her infatuation. A few years later she got Hank to hack information about you on social media sites. She learned when you were to be discharged and probably just as important, Hank's hacking skills revealed that you had an interest in dominant

women. Armed with that knowledge, Monica was convinced she could seduce you into submitting to her control."

Carl listened to Tanya's account how he came to get there as he watched Monica apply careful and deliberate strokes on her brother's now-red bottom. Hank would sometimes forget or ignore the fact that jerking from the blows had painful consequences. Carl noticed Monica would let up for a few strokes then hit him quite hard just so he would jerk his balls and nipples.

Tanya continued with her narrative. "When you returned, Martha literally stalked you. She learned your habits and that you had no current girlfriends. Then she planned what she would do on her 18th birthday." Tanya looked at him with a sideways look and smirk. The similarity of mother and daughter was unmistakable. "As you may have guessed, it was not by coincidence that I dropped her off while you were sitting on the bench after your workout." Her statement drove home the veracity of the "stalking" claim. There was no way she would have known he had just come from the gym otherwise.

Hank was starting to beg for leniency as the number of swats progressed slowly into the low teens.

"What does she want from me?" Carl asked.

"Well, she has been testing you all day to see if you are compatible with our lifestyle." She smiled wickedly. "Relationships in our family tend to be a bit rough on males. We have come to enjoy having control. We often play games that highlight that control and keep our males from being too comfortable. We use sex to our advantage. She nodded to a framed quote that Carl had missed seeing: "Man is the one who desires, woman the one who is desired. This is woman's entire but decisive advantage."

"That's where she got that quote," Carl blurted.

"It's from *Venus in Furs*," She said. "In some ways, we've gone beyond that book. We lock our husbands in marriage with some stringent prenups. Speaking of

locks, we make good use of various chastity devices. We've found having horny men is having eager-to-please men. I think for a male to make a proper marriage proposal, he should demonstrate his willingness to make any sacrifice that his intended wife may wish.

"My sons have sought, and two of them have found, dominant females to pursue." Then looking deep in Carl's eyes, "any male who seeks to have a relationship with my daughter is expected to surrender all control to her." Tanya was sounding like a protective mother when she warned, "do not seek a relationship with Monica unless you are willing to give her your soul. You are witnessing a sample of the control we enjoy. Consider it a preview and a warning. Be wary of the path you choose."

"Yes, Ma'am," was all Carl could think of in reply. He again focused on Monica and Hank. Monica had just finished the 18 swats with a couple of severe hits. Hank was now sobbing at her feet.

Monica was smiling down on his sobbing form. "Happy Birthday, little brother," she said calmly. She leaned down and released the lamp cord then rolled him over on his back. It looked to Carl that Hank was looking up at his sister with adoration between sobs. Hank cried out each time when Monica removed the nipple clamps.

-Carl's turn

Monica then looked over at Carl and smiled when she saw his wide eyes and his face drained of color. She walked over and grabbed his loop cord. Carl was very conscious of how ridiculous he looked, being led by his balls and still hobbled with his pants around his ankles.

Everything he saw done to her brother flowed through his mind. He couldn't stop his body from trembling. He feared what she would do to him and he feared more looking wimpish in front of her family. He was supposed to be the mature soldier

man. He feared he would be broken like her smaller, younger, and less mature brother. He was confounded by the fact that his cock refused to deflate. That it slapped side to side as he hobbled after her was disconcerting.

When he was standing in front of the cord, she dropped his ball loop cord, circled behind him, and removed the cuffs. "Why don't you get your clothes off while I take care of my brother?" It wasn't really a question and his sheet white face turned red with the casual way she just dropped him off and assumed he would do her bidding. He could easily free his arms from the shirts, remove the clamps from his aching nipples, pull up his pants, and walk away. He did free his arms from the shirts. Instead of pulling up his pants and hightailing it, he knelt to untie his shoes, being careful trying not to jiggle the painful clamps.

He could see Monica leading her brother over to their mother. Tanya had a bottle of lotion and was soon applying it to the scarlet ass cheeks of her son. Carl was aware that all eyes left Hank and were now focused on his clumsy effort to free his pants and shoes. Not knowing what else to do, he stood straight when he was done and kept his arms to his sides. His cock still stuck out straight.

Monica returned and kicked the pile of clothes to the side. He noticed that her Dad set about to folding them into some semblance of order. She smiled as she looked at Carl. She was pleased that he complied with her wishes even though it was obvious he was fearful. She attached his ring-loop to the hanging lamp cord and held the loose end instead of anchoring it. Carl again had his balls drawn to the ceiling as she pulled on her end.

"Hands behind you," Monica said quietly. Carl obediently and instantly complied. "Good boy," she said condescendingly. Standing facing her, he was aware how young and small she was. He was the strong one. He was the tall one. He was the one matured by age. This small innocent looking girl, feet now bare, still in her yellow summer dress, was the dominant. His cock betrayed his desire to submit to her. Her smile betrayed her enjoyment of being in control.

Carl again failed to be stoic as she removed the clamps from his nipples. He cried out when she removed the first and gasped through clenched teeth when she

removed the second. His sharp intake of air and forced breathing betrayed his distress as she rubbed his sensitive nipples. "Good boy," she said again as one hand reached for his eager shaft.

She started playing with his cock and Carl groaned as his need intensified. He again was aware that her entire family was watching her play him like a fiddle. He saw what she had done to her brother in less than two minutes. He doubted he had any more control than Hank. He didn't.

In less than a minute, Carl was ready to cum. He was beyond caring that everyone was watching. His focus was on her touch and his determination to keep his knees from buckling. He thrust toward her hand only to feel her withdraw. "No!" he cried out at the loss of her touch, shaking in frustrated anguish.

Tessa actually clapped. "Well done, Monica. Well done," she cheered. The outburst drove home how degrading it was to be so erotically toyed with, particularly in full view of Monica's family. Carl found himself wishing for a hole to crawl in.

Monica smiled. "That's enough for now," her eyes mocking him. "Kneel." She gave the cord slack to allow him to do so.

Still in emotional turmoil and with twitching cock, he dropped to his knees before her. "Spread them," she said looking at his groin. Flushing, Carl rocked from side to side as he spread his knees. His explosive need exposed to her -- open and vulnerable. "Good boy," she purred as she extended her foot and lightly tapped his balls with her toe. He groaned. Even light tapping was painful on his aching balls.

"Lean back on your arms," she ordered. As Carl complied, she pulled the cord, raising his balls. He struggled to lessen the tug but she kept the cord taut. He found himself making a body bridge -- a human table, face up, supported by his hands and feet, suspended by his balls. He felt as if he were offering himself (and his genitals) to her. In fact, that is what he was doing. "Perfect," she said as she contemplated the "offering" of the helpless vulnerable man at her feet.

In her right hand, she produced a small multi-tailed whip. Carl looked at her with trepidation. This was not looking good. She slowly walked around him then and, without warning, she lashed out at his right inner thigh with the small whip. The sting was searing and Carl cried out and lurched, pulling on the cord held in Monica's left hand. Carl was trembling all over and struggled to get back in position, with Monica providing incentive as she pulled the cord. "One, she said quietly."

Carl groaned. "One," he thought to himself in despair; his thigh still burning from the sting of the whip. "I'll never make it through 18 of them." Monica retraced her steps so as not to foul the suspension cord as she circled to his left side. This time Carl saw it coming and cringed as she brought the implement down. Carl couldn't stop himself from crying out again, even before the blow landed. That blow too, was searing.

"Two," Monica said quietly as she pulled his balls up on display again.

Carl had told himself he would not cry like Hank had. He suppressed a sob as he caught his breath on that blow. He was seriously fearful he would break down before receiving the remaining 16. He had already embarrassed himself in front of her family more than he thought possible; he did not want them to think he was a wimp too.

Monica took aim at his exposed stomach and chest. Just as Carl was starting to regain some composure after the hits on his thighs, Monica launched a series of blows that traveled up from his stomach to his torso, striking a nipple in the process. "Aaagh!!!" Carl cried out, even louder than his first scream. His whole side was on fire. He writhed before her, tugging on his balls in doing so.

"Six," Monica announced deliberately.

"Only four!!," Carl's thought screamed in his head. His side was on fire, his stricken nipple just a hot point in a sea of searing fire. "That had to be more than four," he protested silently to himself. Out loud, he let out a groan of despair. He

could see her circle back to his right and he instinctively tried to crab walk away from her. A firm pull on the hanging cord by Monica ended that instinct quickly as he again found himself arching his groin toward the ceiling.

He gritted his teeth as he saw her start to swing the whip in another flourish. The same searing wall of fire enveloped his other side. "Oh please, no!" he cried out in the middle of the onslaught. His twisting as he tried avoid the lashes pulled on his aching balls. Tears flowed from his eyes and he started loudly gasping in a vain attempt to cover sounds of sobs.

"Ten"

His whole body felt like it was on fire. His arms were trembling they struggled to keep him in position. Whenever he relaxed a bit, his balls paid the price. Staying on his right, Monica used an underhand swing to attack his buttocks. Carl's body arched again and Monica allowed little slack as she administered 3 swats.

"Thirteen."

Carl was relieved that they weren't as intense as the previous strokes. He didn't know if it was the awkward angle that lessened the force or if he was just getting adjusted to the pain. He found that he had time to compose himself a bit. She crossed to the other side of him with similar results.

"Sixteen."

"Just 2 more!" Carl thought as those lighter strokes were absorbed by his ass cheeks. "I can handle that." He looked at his tormentress. She looked in her element; assured, calm, and smiling. She was beautiful and his shaft gave testimony to his appreciation of her beauty and poise. She was magnificent, still clad in the yellow print summer dress. He arched even more than the cord required as he felt a need to offer all he could to this wonderful creature. Monica watched him arch and a pleased triumphant smile lit her face. Then her eyes grew serious. He hadn't experienced the last two strokes yet.

She walked around to his head and looked down upon him with affection. He looked up at his goddess, her face framed by her breasts above him. He saw a determined look cross her face and she covered his head with the skirt of the dress. He was immediately aware of her scent. If there was any doubt in Carl's mind about whether she was sexually excited by these activities or not, it was dispelled in that instant. He inhaled deeply and wasn't aware that his moan of appreciation and need could be heard throughout the room that had become quiet.

Carl's world was now enclosed in the canopy of her skirt. In the light filtered by the fabric, he could see her upper legs. Magnificent! He had always liked the look of tanned legs... and was hit by the realization that these magnificent legs would not lose their appealing shade in winter. He noted her panties were damp, if not wet. He reveled in the scent of her excitement as he arched up in response to his balls being pulled by increasing tension on the cord.

PAIN!!! Carl screamed at the sudden agony that engulfed his crotch. She had snapped the whip directly on his upraised cock and swollen balls! Carl had never felt such pain, nor was he prepared for it. Waves of agony emanated from his groin. He twisted violently. His arms and legs failed him as he dropped to the floor, rolled over, and curled. In his surprise and agony, he hadn't given consideration about his balls attached to the tether. It wasn't until a few moments later that he felt a wave of gratitude toward Monica for releasing the tether and keeping him from yanking his balls. He started sobbing and was in no condition to stop. He was emotionally drained and had no resistance left. She had reduced him to tears just as she had reduced her brother a few minutes ago. She had stripped any pride he may have thought he had.

She stepped away from him revealing his sobbing form. The room was deathly silent except for his sobbing. Through tear blurred eyes, he stared at her bare feet. "When did she take off her shoes?" he wondered to himself inanely as he felt a need to be close to those feet. Slowly, he raised his eyes and saw her family members as they all stared at her conquest. Despite his agony, he flushed with embarrassment at the humiliation of being so reduced. Ever so slowly, he regained use of his extremities and was able to suppress most of his sobbing.

Monica looked down on him with a subtle smile. She tugged lightly on the cord indicating it was time for Carl to roll on his back and arch. "Oh, please no," he whimpered, but with a groan, Carl rolled on his back and struggled to support himself with shaking arms and legs. Monica pulled the cord taut and Carl was again in a helpless arch. Without a word, she walked over to his waist and undid the loop that had trapped his balls. For the first time since he left the theater, his balls were free. He sagged to the floor in relief. Monica looked down at him. "You've got one more," she said quietly. Carl looked at her in dismay. He had thought she had taken pity on him. He thought wrong.

She stepped over his prone body and positioned herself over his head. He looked again with fascination where her legs disappeared in her panties. He knew she was testing him. Was his desire to please her greater than his aversion to having his cock and balls assailed again? Though he was free of any binding, he could not bear the thought of disappointing her. With a sob, he rose on trembling arms and legs. He arched high, his cock and balls offered and vulnerable. His whole body started shaking with increasing intensity as Monica took her time savoring his gift of surrender. Then she finally struck... and she didn't hold back.

Though he was expecting it, the pain still shot through him. He was determined to hold his position this time, but failed as he dropped and rolled into a ball.

As the waves of agony lessened into the background of his consciousness, Carl felt a cool hand on his back. Monica had knelt down and was tenderly applying lotion on his burning back and buttocks. She quickly covered his back and then rolled him over on his back. He felt like a child as she caressed his striped sides and stomach as she applied the lotion. He looked up at her and saw a look of pleasure as she traced some of the major welts with her fingers. He realized with a start that she was pleased (and probably excited) by the results of her handiwork. She then applied the lotion to his tender genitals. He felt he should rise, but surrendered to her touch and his cock responded again as it had all day. As his need rose, he went from feeling like a baby to feeling like the boy toy that he was. As she had all day, she quit before he could find release and he groaned as she rose and crossed the room to a chair.

Despite the lotion, his body was still burning and he struggled to his knees and faced her. He felt like a slave kneeling at the foot of his queen. He liked the feeling. Her eyes sparkled and she smiled as she pointed at her foot. Obedient to her gesture, he crawled to her feet and gently reached out to pick up her foot. He lifted it to his lips and tenderly kissed it between the instep and toes. He realized that it was the first kiss he had been allowed to give her. He was in love with a beautiful sadist and his cock gave testimony to her erotic appeal. He raised his eyes to meet hers. He was rewarded when her face lit up with her trademark "amused/smug" smile.

He then saw someone had placed a bowl of crushed ice on a folding table next to her. She was holding a male chastity cage. Carl felt total dismay. He needed to cum. The ache of his balls overshadowed the pain of the whip. This was unfair. He had played her game all day. He had no idea how long she would keep him enslaved in that infernal device. If there was ever a time to get up and leave, it was now.

"So, Carl," she said cheerfully. "When are you going to beg me to marry you?"