Georgia, Part two

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Georgia – Part Two

By the time I got to the third floor, I was huffing and puffing. Lugging that tray pack sax/clarinet/flute case up six flights of stairs was no picnic. And, of course, I had packed an instrument stand and a bunch of tools in it, so it weighed about seventy five pounds. I'm getting too old for this shit, I thought to myself. I leaned against the wall in the landing, trying to get my breath, before opening the door, and venturing out to the hallway. I stood the case on it's end, and undid my cumberbund, waistband and fly, and smoothed my damp shirt tails down. Zipping up again, I felt I was a little more tucked in, and was ready. I pushed the hair back from my eyes, flicked an imaginary piece of dust from my sleeve, picked up the case by the end handle, and taking a deep breath, pushed on the bar to unlatch the door.

It swung open, and a cool breeze of air conditioning swept from the hallway into the stairwell. I stood for a moment, getting my bearings, and enjoying the breeze. There was no one in the hallway, and I breathed a sigh of relief. Ihad been a little concerned about how I'd explain my presence there, as the musicians were usually constrained to the reception halls on the first floor, and it was obvious I hadn't booked a room for myself, since I had no door card.

I looked at the room numbers. It looked as if the numbers were ascending down the hallway to my left, so I turned to the right. 308 was the third door down. I took a deep breath, raised my knuckles and knocked, calling out "Room service," as I did so.

I heard the door latch being opened, and a muffled voice saying, "I think you have the wrong room. The champagne's already been del…" she stopped as she opened the door and saw it was me standing there, wearing a silly grin. She opened the door a bit further, and grabbing my arm, quickly pulled me inside, and closed the door behind me.

The room was very dark, and I stood there, blinking, trying to get my eyes to adjust. Before they had a chance to, I felt a steel bracelet lock around my right wrist. Quickly, she spun me around, and

latched the other hand in the cuffs. The handle of the sax case was caught in the chain betweenthe cuffs, and I was effectively trapped. I stood there, partially bent over with my back to the room, and wondered just what I had gotten myself into. Doris' words came back to me then. “She’s a firecracker…”

Just then, the bathroom door opened, and light flooded the room. I looked in themirror on the closet door. Doris emerged from the bathroom, wearing a pair of thigh-high boots, a black leather corset, with no panties and a black pvc bra with the nipples cut out. I noticed she was shaved completely bald, save for a little narrow "landing strip". I remembered that was exactly how she had described the bridesmaid's pussy. In her right hand, she carried a riding crop.

My cock immediately sprang to attention, but I was a little confused and wondered just where this was all leading.

“Remember that night, two years ago, when we were drinking andyou told me your fantasy was to be taken by two dominant women?” she asked me. She went on, “Well, here’s your chance. Do you still want to go through with it?”

I gulped, and thought, Damn. When it’s real, it’s a whole lot more scarey than when it is in your imagination. “Um… I think so, but can we set some ground rules first?” I replied.

“Sure.” Replied Doris. “Here are the rules. 1. You will speak only when spoken to, or asked a direct question. 2. You will not otherwise make a sound. 3. You will do exactly as you are told, immediately, and without question. If you are too slow, you will be punished. 4. You must ask permission to cum, and may not do so unless and until it has been granted, either by myself or by Melissa. 5. If the pain becomes too great, or if you want to stop the proceedings at any time, your safe word is Philadelphia. The instant you utter it, you will be released, gently massaged and dressed, and you will be free to go. I ask again: Do you still want to go through with it?”

I thought quickly, and could feel my cock beginning to throb.. I opened my mouth to say "I’m too afraid," but what came out instead was “yes.”

Swat! She smacked me on the ass with the crop, over top of the back of my tuxedo jacket and trousers. “The proper answer is, Yes, Mistress Doris”

I stood there, dumbly. I was more surprised than in pain, as the coat and trousers had absorbed all the shock of the crop. But I could tell it would be a completely different story on bare skin.

“Say it!” she commanded.

“Yes, Mistress Doris.” I heard myself say. Philadelphia, I thought to myself. Remember Philadelphia. Where Washington surprised the British on Christmas. Philadelphia. Home of Independence Hall and the Liberty Bell. Philadelphia. My signal for liberty.

Gently, but with a veiled threat, she stroked my cheek with the crop. “That’s better, Slave. I think you are going to like this evening’s little scene. And remember, I really do like you. I think you’re a good guy, and a Hell of a musician. So all that takes place here is really for your pleasure, though it may take a while for you to realize it. OK, Melissa, he’s all yours.”

Melissa stepped forward from the shadows then. She was still wearing the emerald green strapless bridesmaid’s dress, but she had taken off the CFM shoes. The big bow made her look as if she were wearing a bustle. She reached behind her on the bed, and brought out a pair of large sewing shears.

“Would you like to do the honors, Doris, or shall I?” she asked in a surprisingly deep contralto voice.

“Oh, I think you should, Bro…..um, Sis, “ Doris replied. “After all, he is your catch. All I did was set the hook and confirm the appointment.”

All of a sudden I had an epiphany.This was not going to be exactly as I had fantasized. First of all, I had never fantasized about sisters having me; and secondly, one of them was most assuredly not a crossdresser. Contrary to what I would have expected though, my cock grew even harder with the realization that this was going to really stretch my boundaries. (And a few other things, I feared.) At the same time I was afraid, I felt myself becoming even more aroused at the thought of being penetrated.

I felt her pull my shirt out of the back of my trousers, and felt her hand on my back. It was warm, and very soft. It was as though the nerves on my back went straight through my core, and my cock throbbed, as she slid her hand up my spine. I had no idea till then, that one's back could be an erogenous zone. Then I felt a slight tugging and, though her hand rest protectively between my flesh and cold steel of the blade, I heard the fabric rip as she/he deftly ran the scissors up the back seam of my shirt and jacket. Still cuffed to the upright sax case, my shirt and jacket gather around my arms.

"I'm not finished yet," She/he whispered seductively close to my ear. "The fun is just beginning." Her hand flew about my neck shielding me from any misapplied snip of the blade, which seconds later, sent my collar and bow tie separate ways. A sudden thought crossed my mind that I was going to have to buy a new tux. That was something I could ill-afford, and I opened my mouth to speak. Doris drew back the crop, poised to smack me.

“Please Ma’am. Permission to speak?” I asked pleadingly. I closed my eyes, waiting for the blow of the crop on my face.

Doris lowered the crop. “Well?” she asked, imperiously.

“Begging your pardon, Mistress Doris, but I am concerned about my tuxedo.”

“You haven’t permission to speak, but I’ll make an exception this once,” Doris replied. “Don’t worry about that. We’ll have you fitted for a new one when we are all finished playing. They have an excellent tailor shop downstairs. They carry only three brands, but I think you’ll agree that Hugo Boss, Corneliani, and Armani make very nice suits. And much better than the cheap one you bought from the wedding shop. Anyway, there's nothinguglier than a man in a cheap tux.”

As she was speaking, I felt Melissa place her hand down the back of my trousers,into the crack of my ass, and I involuntarily shivered, as my trousers and boxers fell away, leaving my ass totally exposed. I felt very open and vulnerable. My mouth formed an O, as I suddenly let out my pent-up breath, which I hadn't even realized I was holding.

SMACK!

The crop came down upon me, and I grunted with the pain.

SMACK!

Again and “Silence, Fool!” Doris commanded.

"Spread your knees, Love," Melissa cooed softly into my right ear.

I did as I was told, and SMACK!

The crop struck my ass again."Not fast enough!" Doris growled.

I felt a tear well up in the corner of my eye, but blinked it back.

Melissa wedged the case between my legs. My ankles were still trapped by the trousers, and with my hands cuffed to the upper handle, I was effectively immobilized. My throbbing cock was mashed up tight against the edge of the case, and myabdomen threatened to break it in half.

"Now bend over, and place your head on the jacket, Darling," Melissa coed again.

I quickly complied, but grunted as my cock was folded between the case and my torso.

SWISH!

I heard the crop fly through the air, and felt the breeze as it narrowly missed my ass. I jumped involuntarily, expecting the blow and the fire pain that would follow.

Doris laughed a deep, throaty laugh, and said," Half the fun is how things can get in your head." She smacked my ass again, this time with the flat of her other hand.

I hadn't heard the whistle of the crop.Her hand caught me completely off guard, and I yelped, despite my fear of punishment.

I heard the crop whistle then, and

SMACK!

I was rewarded with a fiery pain across my ass cheek, that traveled halfway down the back of my leg. I was reminded of aerial fireworks that after they explode, shower sparks downward as they burn out.The tingling in my leg lessened in the same way, but didn'tstop completely. I opened my eyes again, and outthe corner of one eye, saw Melissalifting the back scratchier from my lower leg.

My cock, which had softened from being compressed, began to harden again. I sucked my breath through clenched teeth, but didn't make a sound. I could feel the perspiration beginning to bead up on my forehead and the back of my neck.

Melissa stepped in front of me then, where she was full in my vision. She stood there, and said, "It's getting warm in here, Sis. I am going to remove this dress."

Doris, unnecessarily, I thought, said, "Keep your eyes open Slave, and watch her as she undresses."

I certainly didn'tneed to be told twice. I still wanted to see those breasts that I had been watching the whole time Ihad been playing. Then I suddenly remembered that Melissa might not be a she, after all. I watched and waited, hoping against hope that they weren't fake.

She slowly reached both hands up behind herself, and slid the zipper down her back. Smiling at me, and looking me straight in the eye, she lowered the dress to her waist. She was wearing a nude colored strapless full coverage bra. There was a slight bulge of flesh at the top, but still no clue as to

whether she actually had breasts, or just a lot of padding and a push-up bra. My mouth suddenly felt very dry, and I licked my lips.

"You think so, do you?" Melissa asked, and quickly added "Don't answer."

Doris stepped around in front of me, and stood beside her sister. Or was it brother? At this point, I was totally unsure, and completely astounded that I could be so turned on, yet not even know the gender of my attentions. She reached around Melissa's waist, and cupped one ofher breasts in her hand. Lifting slightly, she cupped the other hand under her own, and squeezed her breast so that the nipple jutted out through theopening. "I bet you just hope it is like this." she said, smiling. "Well, do you?"

"Yes, Mistress Doris," I croaked, surprised at how dry and raspy my voice sounded.

It was then that I realized I had been panting when she spanked me. I was struck by the thought that when you are being tortured, you become so centered on one part of your body that the rest fades completely away .Even when the painis not unbearable, and is just in fun, you become disassociated.

"I think he needs a drink of something," Melissa said, as she stepped out of the dress. She was wearing a half slip that stopped just short of her kneecap.

I stil had no inkling of what her true gender was.The thought that she might be a man scared me , and my cock went soft again.

She reached out with her fingertips, and gently touched the head.

"Oh, goodness," she said. "Now look what you've gone and done. If you can't stay hard, that's going to be a real problem. How about a little Viagra, just to spice things up. Would you like that?"

"Yes, Mistress Melissa," I replied. My mouth was still dry, and the thought of swallowing a pill made me add, "But, please, Mistress, I don't know if I can swallow a pill, because my throat is so dry."

Doris stepped out of my field of view. I heard her open the little room refrigerator, and heard ice falling into a glass. Presently, she came back into view, holding out what appeared to be a glass of orange juice over ice. She held it to my lips, and I drank, thirstily. It had a slight tang to it, and I realized it was a mixture of oj and tonic water.

"Did you put the tonic in it?" asked Melissa.

"Oh, yes," Doris replied. "A double dose. He's going to stay hard for hours." Turning to me, she said, "Bet you didn't know Viagra could be purchased on the black market in powder form. There is no such thing as an aphrodisiac that will make women fall into your bed, butas to men - well - that's another story, Deary, isn't it."

As she spoke, I could hear Melissa doing something behind me, but couldn't quite place the sound. It sounded almost like plastic being snapped together. Then I felt something cold and slippery in the crack of my ass. It suddenly hit me: she had put a generous dollop of KY or some other lubricant on her hand, and was slowly working it around and into my hole.

Hey! That's a one way street! I thought to myself. But I didn't say a word, for fear of being spankedagain by Doris, who had taken up a flogger in her free hand, and was swishing it through the air, experimentally.

FLAP!

Without warning, the flogger suddenly struck across my back.
Well, that wasn't so bad, I thought to myself, as she dragged the tips across me and then,

FLAP!

Again it fell across my back. My skin began to tingle, and moments later was completely on fire, as she struck again. I could feel every single strand now, and it felt like a thousand little strips of fire across my back.

Reaching out her hand, she laid it flat on my back across where she had just struck me, and I could feel the heat from her hand driving the strips of pain deep into my skin. The Viagra was beginning to do its work, though, and the fire went straight through me and centered on my hardening member.

FLAP!

Again, and the fire made my cock even harder. Then I felt burning at a point in the middle of my back. Oh, my God, I thought. She's really nuts, and is sticking me with a needle! Then I felt a droplet of water run around my rib cage, and suddenly realized it was just an ice chip she had placed on my back. It was such a relief, that before I could stop myself, a laugh escaped my lips.

FLAP!

She struck again, saying "Silence!"

As if from a distance, I heard someone moan, and had a dim realization that it was me making those sounds. My cock was hard as a rock, and throbbing again, and I felt something warm sliding into my ass. Oh, my God! I thought, Melissa has a cock, and I am going to get fucked. Oh, Jesus no!Then I thought, What's the safe word? Liberty, no, um..... Bell.....no that's not it.. um Phila..Philadelphia. But I didn't say it, because then she hit against my prostate, and it just felt so good I couldn't help letting a moan escape my lips. I tried to push back and take more in, but was unable to move. I had never been taken in the ass before, and was so incredibly turned on that I was just about out of my mind. I felt like I was going to cum, but at the same time, felt like couldn't. And I felt so incredibly filled, and all I wanted was to feel her deeper inside me.

All I could think was, Oh, yes, fuck me. Fuck me silly. Take me. I am yours.

I moaned again, and Doris said disgustedly, "You're too loud. But I don't think you can take any more spanking right now, Punta, so we'll shut you up a different way."

I should have felt humiliated by the Mexican slang, but all I could think of was having more of that wonderful cock filling me. He was pumping seriously now, and I could hear the sloshing sound his cock made, as he trust it in and out. He was pulling all the way out on each stroke, and I could feel my anus closing and reopening with each reentry. Every stroke hit my prostate, and the sensation went all the way up my cock to the very tip.I could feel my balls tightening up, and I was so close to cumming. I was hoping he'd cum. I wanted to feel himhold himself deep into me, and I wanted to feel his hot semen shooting inside me.

Doris pulled an ottoman over near the saxophone case, and put her pussy tight against my nose and mouth. "There," she said, "That ought to keep you a little quieter."

I tried to pull my head back, so I could take her clit into mymouth, and suddenly realized that sometime during all the action, one of them had tied something across the back of my neck and down aroundboth ankles. I couldn't straighten up, and I couldn't even lift my head. All I could do was move it from side to side a little.

"That's right, Slave." Doris said. "Move it from side to side, and get both my labia nice and wet before I let youyou suckme off. And keep your mouth open, Slut. I don't want any whisker burn." She muttered to herself, "Men are just so fucking hard. I wish they were soft, like women." Then speaking in a commanding tone, she said, "Eat it like you mean it, Bitch!" And she swatted my ass with her hand, but I could tell her heart wasn't in it, and the spank felt more like love than punishment.

Meanwhile, Melissa was ploughing me deeper and faster and harder with his huge cock. Except that I suddenly realized, when his dick plunged all the way in, I felt his balls hit my ass, but not his legs or hisbody. How can that be? I wondered. It was then I realized she had to be fucking me with a dildo. She must have warmed it under the bathroom faucet. Why do I persist in thinking Melissa is a she?

"Mel," Doris said then, "I think it is time for the great unveiling. Let's show him what kind of fucking he's let himself in for."

To be continued .....