Gods and Devils (The Unicorn Part II)

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Master punishes his pet's new toy, and gains a new whore in the process

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I. Introduction

I stood in the kitchen watching the water slowly drip from the faucet. The girls were in the living room, cuddled on the couch, whispering, waiting. Pet was doing what she could to soothe Kasey. Pet knew what was coming; Kasey on the other hand, did not have the slightest idea.

On top of the dresser in my room I kept a wooden box about 10 inches wide by 12 inches long; it was a simple box with a simple hasp. No locks, no complicated mechanism to open it and free it of its contents. But there was one rule in the house that I never even considered bending; don't open the box.

Kasey was a guest in my home, I should have been a little bit forgiving, but she was warned. Pet told her not to open the box; specifically told her not to open it. I felt my anger building. I was mad at myself really. I had such high hopes for Kasey. She had proven herself to be an apt pupil, another like-minded fiend with pain and lust as her desires. In last night's session with pet, Kasey had shown the beginnings of a sadistic mind. One I had hoped to nurture and mentor to full fruition. I couldn't do that now. After today the dynamic would change, it had to. I could not let that box be touched.

Making up my mind I walked from the kitchen to the living room to confront the girls. Kasey and pet sat at the far end of the couch holding each other tightly. Kasey's short red hair partially hid her face as she rested her head against pet's large breasts. Petite and spritely, Kasey always had an excited and enthusiastic way to her. Now though, she sat silent, staring at nothing, clutching to pet. At 5'3" Kasey is small, but at that moment she looked smaller than ever. Pet sat with her back against the couch holding Kasey to her and rocking slightly. It's in these moments I get to see how caring pet really is. The last 12 hours had been a whirl wind of sex, pain and experimentation; the catalyst for this sat there in pet's arms. Huddled close, wide eyed and distant Kasey could not be more different that she had been last night.

Both girls stiffened as I entered the room. I walked over to the easy chair and sat down heavily. Looking from Kasey to pet and back again I said, “You opened the box Kasey. I cannot begin to explain how utterly disappointed I am.”

Kasey stared at me. I didn’t know what was going through her mind, she sat there motionless, holding pet, not moving, not making a sound. Her small breasts hid under the bathrobe as she breathed without the slightest movement.

“I’ve decided I’m going to give you a choice. You can continue to come here, to my home, with pet and I, if you take your punishment for opening the box. Or you can leave, never to return. The choice is yours.” Pet’s breath caught in her throat. At the onset I knew pet had a real attraction for Kasey, not some fleeting interest like most of the girls we brought here, but a genuine passion. Pet looked at me wide eyed; she didn’t want her to leave. She wanted more nights with her, under Kasey’ whip, under Kasey’s commands; also pet knew what that punishment would be, and I think that terrified her more.

Kasey said “Sir, I’m really sorry. Pet told me not to open it, but I was just so curious. Please, can you just forgive me?” Kasey had begun to beg, as far as punishment goes, she was making this easy.

“I am going to forgive you Kasey, but you need to earn that forgiveness. I cannot allow rules to be broken in this house. You are a beautiful creature, and it would be easy to just say don’t do it again and let that be that; but I simply can’t. First you came into my home, and tied up my slave without my permission. Granted I let that slide, because I know your intentions were pure and you didn’t know what you were doing. But now, on top of that, pet specifically told you that I do not let anyone open that box, and you did so. Few people, Kasey, are allowed in our home, and even fewer in our bedroom. I believed I could trust you and so did pet. Rules in this house will be followed. Now, you have a decision to make.”

After only a moment Kasey said, “I’ll take my punishment and stay.” Kasey’s jaw had set and she looked resolute. She was steeling herself for whatever I may have in store. Pet held her tightly as she looked at me.

I stood and said, “Kasey, take off the robe, get on the floor and kneel in front of me.” Kasey lifted herself off the couch slowly. Pet’s arms dropped off of her as she moved onto the carpet. After she was in position I looked at pet and said, “Pet, in order for me to do this I am going to make Kasey my slave. Do you consent to having another slave in the house?”

I didn’t want to be having this conversation in front of Kasey, and the turmoil, confusion and fear on pet’s face told me that she didn’t want to either. Unfortunately Kasey had forced my hand and this is what we were left with. Pet’s beautiful blue eyes held mine as she softly whispered “Yes Master, I

consent. On one condition; that I am still your love, and that you will think of me above all things.” In my younger days as a Master (looking back I can’t believe I considered myself so) I would have been furious with conditions from my slave. But now I know that a relationship such as ours is one that is built on a solid foundation of trust, love and mutual respect; nothing happened in this house that my pet and I did not both agree on.

“Of course,” I said. “You are my love, my life, you above all others will be in the forefront of my mind in everything that I do.” With a satisfied nod, pet relaxed on the couch and glanced at Kasey.

Speaking to pet I said, “And do not think I have forgotten that you let Kasey tie you up pet. You will be punished for that, and that punishment will be very simple. You are going to watch.” Pet’s head snapped back to me and her eyes went wide. She started to tremble a little and I could tell she was thinking back to the last time I had opened the box and used its contents.

Kasey had been staring at the floor during this exchange and I ordered her to look at me. “Kasey,” I said, “Do you consent to be my slave? Do you consent to call me Master, to follow my orders and directions without hesitation? Do you consent to give your body to me to do as I see fit?”

Kasey held my eyes with hers as she stammered a “Yes.”

“You will address me as Master, whore. Is that clear?”

With trembling lips Kasey muttered “Yes Master.”

“Pet, go prepare the basement.”

When pet had left I explained to Kasey the safe words that I used. I explained how to let me know if it was too much and she needed me to go easier and how to stop what was going on. I have always enjoyed bending a whore to my will, but I enjoy the willing, not the forced. I told her that if she used the safe word then we would stop, and continue if and when she was ready.

After I had finished I looked down at Kasey and said “Whore, there is only one thing I require of you and that is obedience. From now on you will live to serve me. Your only thoughts will be how to please me. With every part of your body and soul you will strive to obey, regardless of what I may require of you. Is that understood?”

“Yes Master,” she said. It’s never a physical change that you can see, the change is internal. But there is always a point when I’m with a submissive where they turn themselves over to me. Where they accept that I am their Master and my will is all that matters. Usually this takes time, but with

Kasey it seemed to be almost instant. I saw her body relax, and her breathing become more measured. Her hands had stopped moving around and a peacefulness seemed to wash over her. In the past pet has described that moment as the instant when all your cares, worries and struggles are gone; the moment that your will is not your own and it is the most freeing feeling of your life.

“Whore, to the bedroom, get the box. Place it right here on the floor and kneel behind it. I will summon you when I’m ready.” Kasey stood and immediately walked back to the room, and I moved towards the basement door.

II. Prelim

As I walked down the stairs to the basement I could hear pet rummaging through drawers setting up. I have always enjoyed this part of the exercise; the anticipation before the act. All of the participants have been set into motion, the props lined up and awaiting their cue, everything, and everyone, hinged on when I would give the commands to begin. I knew right above my head in the living room that Kasey is kneeling, waiting; in my mind’s eye I could feel the carpet on her knees, the anticipation in her chest and the longing in her loins; and that excited me more than anything.

Pet’s eyes glanced to me as she fastened the manacles to the column in the back; so clearly I saw the questions on her face. *What are you going to do Master? What am I to do Master?* Yes, those are my moments; the minutes before the performance. I contemplated on that elusive need that dwells within the three beings that will come to inhabit that room. However briefly we play; we are gods, we are devils, we are all that exists.

In one respect I had to be careful; because in times like that one, the participants are the audience as well. It is so easy to let myself go without thought or worry and paint a beautiful picture of pain across those walls; but I must give the audience what it wants; and I must know my audience intimately. I must be a mind reader, a demon, a rock, a lover, and all the traits that make a Master. Every twitch of the body, flicker of the eye, intake of breath, must be examined, calculated and used; all within the time of a thought. I must be a master of my audience, and a slave to it as well. I crave the moans, the screams, the gasps at commands given, the breaking of the will as my slaves preform those tasks that moments ago their very soul fought to disobey. Yet at the same time, above all things, I must satisfy. I must fill that hole that eats at them from the inside, I must waken that ravenous beast, tease it, feed it and sate it; because that is the minimum that is expected of me. I must do this all, without hesitation, with command and confidence. The mantle I carry is heavy, but it is a mantle I demand.

As I cleared my head of those thoughts I noticed that pet had completed the tasks I had given her, and she was kneeling at the foot of the stairs watching me. Without thought I had picked up the black

leather flogger and was running my fingers through the ends. The feel of soft leather always makes me think of that moment then; the time where pet and I's new life began.

Without looking at pet I gave the command for her to voice her opinions freely, "Speak."

"Master," she said as she stood up, "She's just a girl, she's barely 20 years old, she has no idea what she did, or what is getting ready to happen. I recommend that you rethink this. I'm not saying not to punish her, but you should think about doing it in a small way, bring her into this slowly, rationally. If you make her jump into this too quickly she might be scared off." Since Kasey had sat down at our table at the bar the night before, pet had wanted her; barely a moment had gone by where pet didn't have both eyes on her, watching her every movement. Kasey's slightest desire would be pet's command, all Kasey had to do was voice it. I could only imagine what pet was feeling right then; she didn't want Kasey to go, anything that had the possibility of sending Kasey away, was a danger, and must be stamped out. Pet was standing next to me as she finished talking. She is such a beautiful woman, and it was hard for me to concentrate on her words, rather than the large breasts and pouty lips that stood within arm's reach.

"I understand your hesitations love, because I share them," I said. Walking back to the counter along the far wall I set the whip back in its place. Moving back towards pet I said "She is young, and you're right, she has no idea what's about to happen. But I intend to paint a masterpiece today pet; I see this as a challenge of my willpower and my skill. I am going to take a raw and inexperienced woman, play her body like a violin, and bend her to my will." I ran the back of my fingers down pet's arm and hip. "I need you to trust me on this one pet."

Her whole body shivered as I ran my fingers across her stomach and slowly down between her legs. It was unfair, I know, I was using her body against her to extract an agreement. "OK Master," she sighed "I trust you."

"Good girl," I said with a smile. "Now kneel, resume your place."

"Yes Master." The longing in her voice was tangible. She ached for my hands to return to caressing her skin. All in due time, I thought, all in due time.

III. Basement

Leaving pet in the basement, I returned to the living room to find Kasey where I had told her to be; kneeling in the center of the room behind the box from my dresser. As I entered the room she raised her head warily and watched me. Her large green eyes couldn't hide the fear, and I didn't want them to. I enjoy the fear when embarking on something new, the hesitations, the unvoiced questions and

concerns. All these emotions danced across her face as she fought to comply with my will.

“Stand, and holding the box with both hands, walk down the stairs and enter the basement. Once you enter, take three steps and kneel.” I stood behind her as she rose to her feet. Kasey was such a slender and tiny animal. Her pale skin hugged the muscles in her thighs and ass. Her arching back and slender shoulders were beautiful, and all the more breathtaking due to my knowledge of how red they were soon to be.

I followed her down the steps and into the basement. Trying to get a feel for what she was seeing for the first time; I stopped and scanned the room. It was a large, with cement floors and a high ceiling. You enter it from one corner and across the room on the far wall is a row of counters, all of them topped with different toys and instruments. To the left, in the corner, was a surgical table with various rings and chains welded to the frame. Close to the back corner was a large support pillar roughly a foot wide in every direction. In the middle of the room was a weight bench, two saw horses and a small bare bed. Along the wall next to the door hung various floggers, whips and paddles; all of them of different lengths and thickness. Various hooks, pulleys and chains hung from the ceiling.

Pet knelt just inside the door and was staring up at Kasey as she soaked up every inch of the place. The love in pet’s eyes had been replaced by a longing and a sad acceptance; pet would be sitting this one out.

Grabbing pet by the hair I pulled her to standing, then led her to the column. I stood her up against it and raised her hands above her head, fastening them to the manacles she had hung up just moments ago. “Here you are pet,” I whispered in her ear. “From here you have a great view of the show.” She moaned as I kissed her long on the mouth and neck. I caressed her large naked breasts and counted the hours until I’d have her again. “Oh my pet,” I thought. “We’ve never done something like this.”

I turned back towards Kasey and her head snapped to my direction. She had been staring at all the floggers and whips as if hypnotized by them. I think she was beginning to grasp what was going to happen here. I was dressed in only jeans, and the two other occupants of my little heaven were naked and completely at my mercy.

I gazed at Kasey to take her measure. Her breath was quickening, her hands began to fidget with the box, her eyes started to dart between me and the whips on the wall. She meekly said again, “Master, I’m sorry. I won’t do it again, please….” Her voice trailed off as my gaze remained steadfast. With her words, and her actions, she had condemned herself; and now it was time to pay the price.

“Stand,” I commanded. “Walk towards me.” Later that night Kasey told me that covering the five feet

between where she was kneeling to where I was standing, was the longest distance she'd ever traveled. When she was just inside arms reach I said, "Open the box." With trembling hands and sweaty fingers she eventually opened the hasp and raised the lid. There, inside, laid my mask. It is a simple mask. It's just large enough to cover all of my face, but not big enough to restrict any movement. It is wooden and painted black, a large red smile is crudely painted around the mouth hole with one corner of the mouth dripping red paint like blood, down to the chin. Large red diamonds are painted over the eyes and notches on the forehead counted out the seven other people that had seen that mask on me; after that late morning I would add another notch.

Retrieving the mask I ordered Kasey to set the box by the entrance. The mask has bands on the back like a hockey mask and I slipped them over the back of my head, resting the mask into place.

The mask is not particularly terrifying, but I don't use it to strike fear; I use it to allow my demon to play.

When Kasey had returned to me I commanded her once again to kneel. When she had complied I moved to where the bulge in my jeans was just inches from her face. I started rubbing my crotch as I stared at her through the eyes of my demon mask. Kasey glanced from the growing bulge in my crotch and back to the mask. "Why are you staring at my crotch whore?"

With trembling lips she said, "I thought you were going to have me suck your cock Master."

"Is that what you want? Do you want to suck my cock?"

"Y-yes Master, I do." Her gaze once again settled on my crotch and my growing cock.

"I think you mistake my purpose here whore. It's not pleasure I'm interested in, its pain." With that I slapped her again. Pet made a noise and I looked up at her. She was a wreck, never had pet seen me dominate another woman, never had she seen me beat another whore; the need and jealousy was carved into her face with a fierce and blunt instrument. I released Kasey's hair and walked over to the counter. I picked up a ball gag and walked over to pet. "Pet, you are to observe, and for your own good you will wear this, so that you're not tempted to interrupt again." I roughly inserted the ball into her mouth and fastened it around the back of her neck. Testing the tightness I looked into pet's eyes. The cool blue eyes of my love stared back at me with lust, but just under the surface laid the raging jealousy I was trying to tap.

I patted her face and turned back to Kasey. She was breathing even heavier and her nipples stuck straight out into hard little nubs. "Oh," I said, "Are you enjoying this whore? Are you enjoying your beating?"

“I- I don’t know Master.” Kasey’s fierce green eyes were locked onto my right hand, watching it and wondering where it would strike next.

“Stand,” I commanded. Kasey rose to her feet and put her hands to her sides, then behind her, then one hand to her mouth and another across her stomach. “Whore what did I tell you to do?”

“Stand, Master.”

“Right, I told you to stand. I did not tell you to play with your hands or stick your fingers in your mouth. Stand up straight, arms to your side.”

Kasey’s back went rigid and her arms lay tightly to her sides. I walked back over to the counter and retrieved two sets of leather cuffs, twine, a padlock and nipple clamps. I tied the padlock to the end of the twine and then walked back over to Kasey. After I set my collection at my feet, I ran my hands slowly down the side of her thighs and back up between her legs; up to her breasts and finally to her face. I could tell she enjoyed my touch and the contrast between slapping her face and caressing her skin were confusing to her; her body couldn’t decide whether to give in to the sensation, or cringe in anticipation.

I retrieved the cuffs and fastened one set to her ankles and secured them together; then one set to her wrists behind her back, and secured them together. I stood and started pinching and twisting Kasey’s nipples. Her mouth opened and she sighed with pleasure. “You like that do you whore?”

“Oh yes Master,” she moaned. Grabbing her right nipple with two fingers I pulled on it until her moans became yelps and the calm look on her face became a wince.

“Now do you like that, whore? Do you like it when it hurts?”

“Oh god…” Kasey attempted to collect herself and swallowed hard, “Yes Master, fuck, yes Master I like it when it hurts.”

“My kind of whore,” I muttered. I glanced over at pet and she stood there gagged and silent. Her eyes were fixed on Kasey and I. “Pet likes it when it hurts. Don’t you pet?” Kasey and I stared at pet until she nodded slowly. “Ahh there’s my girl. It’s OK pet, we’re all friends here; you can admit you’re a pain loving whore.”

My attention once again on Kasey I closed the mouth of one side of the clamps onto her outstretched nipple. I pulled on her other nipple and did the same. I held the chain and stared at her until she met

my eyes, then I dropped it. The pain caused her to flinch and cry out. “I thought you liked it when it hurt whore.”

“I do Master. I like the pain.”

“Then you’ll love this.” I threw the padlock over a hook above my head, with my teeth I cut the end of the twine and then I tied that end to the chain on the nipple clamps. The twine was just long enough to where the padlock hung over the hook about a foot, but wasn’t too long where it would hit Kasey or I. I held the twine in such a way that it did not pull on the nipple clamps. Looking at Kasey I asked, “Are you ready whore? Are you ready to feel some real pain?”

Her eyes were filled with the cries of apprehension she wished to unleash, but refused to allow herself. With an exhale of breath she said, “Do as you see fit Master.”

I released the twine, not with malice, but with surprise; what a perfect answer. When Kasey screamed I was startled. For just a second I had forgotten who and where I was. Kasey was on her toes with her breasts jutting towards the ceiling, her head reared back and she gave another scream; her breaths became frantic and her eyes and fists clinched in pain. After a few seconds she became as accustomed to the pain as possible and stood there staring up at the padlock.

Kasey’s back was to the wall and she didn’t see me select the thin red flogger from it. She didn’t see me as I reared back, and she did not expect it when it struck across her firm little ass. Her scream was more surprise than pain, she tiptoed a couple of steps, but that pulled on the nipple clamps and she gave another slight scream. I whipped her ass again, and again. I wanted to make it as red as her hair and glow with the heat of a furnace. Each lash caused her to cry out and try to dance away from the next stroke she knew was coming.

The welts formed quickly and I began to work my way down her toned thighs and calves. Each stroke of the whip left evil red marks across her tender skin. At one point I stopped and said “Now do you like the pain whore?”

Catching her breath and adjusting her position under the padlock she stammered out a “Yes Master, please, please whip me again.” I’ll never forget her face as she said that. Her eyes grew calm, even with her nipples stretched painfully to the ceiling and vicious welts forming from her ass to her feet, she grew calm. She was still wracked with pain no doubt, and although she still showed the signs of it, she seemed to grow accepting of it.

I walked around in front of her and let the whip hang from my hand, barely grazing the concrete. Kasey was able to see the whip for the first time, and I think it was more frightening for her now that

she had laid eyes on it. Her emerald eyes grew wide but still retained their accepting glow as she watched me raise the whip above my head and bring it down hard across her stomach. Ahhh that scream, that beautiful scream; if I had died that day I would have died a happy man having heard that beautiful little whore scream for me. Again I lashed her stomach, I was noticing that the welts rose quickly on her; her skin was so pale, and so fair, that dragging my nail across her cheek would leave a mark.

I began whipping the tops of Kasey's thighs when I heard pet grunt behind me. I stopped and turned toward the noise and saw that pet was dancing around on her feet and grinding her ass against the column she was secured to. Walking over to her I asked, "Are you alright whore? Are you enjoying the show?" Pet moaned again behind the thick ball gag in her mouth. My whore was excited. I said "Oh my precious pet, you're feeling left out aren't you? Do you want to play?" With a vigorous nod pet confirmed my questions. "OK pet, you can play. But I want you to remember that you asked for this." Pet moaned again, I didn't know if it was from anticipation or worry, but I had already turned back towards Kasey and paid it no mind.

I walked back over to Kasey and unclipped the nipple clamps from her breasts. A small scream escaped from her as the blood rushed back into her tender nipples. "Come now whore, pet wants to play." I unfastened the cuffs around her wrists and her ankles and walked her over to stand face to face with pet. Grabbing Kasey's left wrist I pulled it down to pet's hip and clamped it into the manacle that hung from the column, moving over to her right wrist I did the same. From the wall where the floggers hung I retrieved the spreader bar and fastened it to Kasey's ankles. The end result was that Kasey was slightly bent over at the waist, her wrists were fastened behind pet on the side of the column and her face was pressed into pet's stomach, just below her breasts.

I stepped back to admire my work and was impressed with the results. Kasey gazed up at pet, and pet was looking down at Kasey with pure lust in her eyes. Inwardly I was overjoyed that Kasey's punishment excited pet, but I couldn't dwell on that then, that would come later.

"Whore," I said, "Lick and suck on pet's tits. I think she'd like that." At once Kasey raised her head and obeyed. She licked the underside of pet's large breasts and desperately tried to clamp her mouth around pet's nipples but the manacles binding her wrists to the column kept her from reaching. I chuckled at the predicament and pet moaned in disappointment. This only made Kasey try harder, but no matter the effort, she was unsuccessful.

From the counter I picked up an anal plug two inches in diameter and held it in front of Kasey's mouth. "Open your mouth whore," I commanded. Kasey obediently opened her mouth and I forced the anal plug between her thin open lips. "Get it nice and wet whore, it's going in your ass." Kasey eagerly began to lick and spit on the anal plug and I pulled it away and stood behind her.

I inserted just the tip of the plug into her ass to let her adjust. At once she tensed up and moaned “Master I’ve never had anything in my ass before.”

“Well today is just loaded with firsts isn’t it whore?”

“Yes Master.” Kasey looked up into pets eyes for comfort or support, I didn’t know. I turned back to the task at hand and slowly inserted the plug a little more into Kasey’s deliciously tight ass.

“Don’t tense whore; it’ll only make it hurt worse.”

“Yes Mast-” her words were cut off as I forced the rest of the plug into her pink little asshole. Her back went rigid and every muscle in her body flexed. The scream that escaped her lips was the loudest yet, loud enough to make pet flinch and whimper.

I looked into pet’s eyes and she looked into mine; time had given us the blessing of being able to read each other’s faces and emotions. Pet’s face held one phrase, one she loved to say to me, “Master, you are a bad, bad man.” I softly chuckled and said “Yes, yes I am.”

Pet’s gaze returned to Kasey, as did mine. Kasey had adjusted to the plug in her ass, and her breathing had slowed a bit and she was looking back up at pet. From the wall I retrieved my small leather paddle and stood behind Kasey to where she couldn’t see me; but she knew something was wrong due to the surprise in pet’s eyes. Swiftly I swatted Kasey’s already red ass. Kasey yelped and tried to jump away into pet’s arms; but with nowhere to go she remained there helpless.

Again and again I swatted her ass, turning it from a bright red to a deep crimson before I moved down to her thighs. Her screams became even louder then, as I slapped and spanked the tender flesh just under her ass cheeks.

Not long after that the screams had turned into sobs and my cock was getting hard. I moved around next to Kasey and kneeled right by her head. With my free hand I reached up and wiped her glistening cheeks with my finger, staring into her eyes I licked the tears from my finger and shuddered. My god they tasted divine and the fearful and desperate look on her face, made them taste all the sweeter.

I left the paddle on the floor at pet’s feet and moved behind Kasey. Dropping my jeans to the floor my cock sprang up hard and solid. I stood behind Kasey and caressed her aching ass; I drug my fingers roughly down her tender thighs and back up again. The winces and gasps of pain were music I loved to hear; and her body was one of the finest instruments I have had the pleasure of playing.

I entered her wet pussy slowly; letting her get adjusted to the girth and length. Grabbing her hips I slowly built a steady rhythm. As Kasey began to moan and pant I looked up at pet and saw the lust and frustration in her face. “God her pussy is so tight pet, it hugs my cock and feels so good.” Pet began to squirm and moan; this was torture for her, but this was her punishment, one she would endure.

Steadily I increased my thrusting until I was pounding Kasey’s sweet little pussy hard. Her pants became moans of ecstasy; she threw her head back and yelled “YES! Fuck me Master, fuck your whore!” The slick noise of Kasey’s face slapping against pet’s stomach was angelic, and reverberated throughout the room. Kasey’s moans came closer together as she began to cum. “Fuck, fuck, Master, Master I’m cumming, oh fuck!” As she came I slapped her ass with both hands, over and over again. Her screams of pain mixed with her throes of orgasm and her whole body twitched and bounced as she came hard.

When Kasey slumped against pet I stopped slapping her ass and grabbing her hips again, I picked up my pace. Hard I pounded into her pussy, my pelvis bumping the anal plug repeatedly, wiggling it around in her tight pink ass. I reached up and grabbed Kasey’s short red hair and pulled it back until her neck and back arched to a painful degree. Kasey’s moans were picking up again as her previous orgasm had receded.

Not long after I was going to cum; her pussy was tight, and cradled my cock so firmly, that the explosion that was building was like none I had had in recent memory. At the last second I pulled out of Kasey and came all over the floor. Load after load splashed against the cold concrete.

I steadied myself by resting against Kasey’s slick sweaty back and tried to steady my breathing. My head was swimming and my heart was pounding, but once I caught my breath I unfastened the spreader bar from Kasey’s ankles and opened the manacles holding her wrists. Immediately she fell to her knees in front of pet and began to shudder. I grabbed Kasey by the hair on the back of her head and forced her face down to the floor and into my cum. “I want you to lick my cum off the floor whore. If you leave one single drop I’ll get the paddle again.” I released her hair and she began to lick the floor vigorously. While she did that I turned to pet and took off the ball gag. She worked her jaw and tongue, trying to loosen them up, while I unbound her wrists. Once complete I commanded her to kneel.

I took off the mask and passed it to pet, “Put this back in the box and on the counter love. You’ll clean up the rest of this later.”

With a quick “Yes Master,” pet rose to carry out my commands. I stood there watching Kasey lick my

cum off the floor, and I couldn’t help but be amazed at my good fortune. Two achingly beautiful and submissive women were now my slaves. Mine.

IV. Bedroom

I had sent the girls back upstairs and to the room. Pet would be providing the aftercare for Kasey, I’d join them once pet told me everything was alright. I locked the door to the basement and slowly made my way to the bathroom to shower.

As much as Kasey needed aftercare, I needed to cool down. In the past I’d immediately snuggle with pet after our intense sessions and it only led to trouble. I can’t turn that part of my mind off that quickly, so we came to an agreement; I would take some time right after our sessions to calm down, then join her later and tend to her.

After my shower I settled on the couch in the living room and played that morning’s events through my head. I wanted to do so much more to Kasey, so much more; her body would look splendid tied to the bed downstairs, face down, ass up, taking floggings and spanks for hours on end. But I couldn’t risk doing too much at once. Pet had been right; Kasey was young and had no experience with this lifestyle. And of course I couldn’t be responsible for scaring her off, pet’s wrath would be swift and fierce.

A little while later pet came out into the living room and stood in front of me staring into my eyes. “Speak,” I said.

“Master that was so cruel; I hated watching you fuck her and leave me tied up. I am so mad right now.” Pet’s hands were clenched at her side and her breasts rose in a fierce rhythm with her breathing. She looked every bit the woman scorned.

“Pet,” I said gently, “That was your punishment, to watch. You know better than to let someone else tie you up without my permission, and still you let her do it. Besides; remember that you consented to this love. This is our life now, you agreed to another slave in the house and now we have one. Don’t be upset that you do not like the result.”

Pet calmed visibly and she looked deep in thought. Finally she said “You’re right Master I did agree. It was just torture to watch you fuck her; God I wanted to rip that bitch’s hair out.”

“But you did like it didn’t you pet?”

A slow naughty smile spread across pet’s face as she said “Maybe a little Master.”

“I thought you would love. Also remember that what happened in there was punishment, I won’t being doing that to you all the time; only when you deserve it.”

With a smile and a wink I patted my lap and pet sat on my legs. Her long legs stretched across my lap and her arms wrapped around my neck, she laid her head on my shoulder and beamed “I love you Master; I love you so very much.”

Holding her close to me I whispered an I love you in response. Moments like that mean the most to me. Yes pet and I have had many adventures and there are many more before us; but it’s the small moments where our skin touches and we drink in each other’s love that I wouldn’t trade for anything.

After a fleeting moment we stood and walked towards the bedroom. Kasey was curled up on the bed under the sheets, I laid down next to her and pet laid down on the other side of me. Tentatively Kasey moved closer to me and wrapped one tiny arm around my waist and her leg over mine. Pet rested her head on my shoulder and began kissing my arm and neck. Kasey soon followed suit and began kissing my chest and face.

“Now now whore, relax. You just went through your first pain session and you needn’t worry about anything else right now but just recovering. Roll over onto your stomach,” to pet I said “Fetch the baby oil from the dresser.”

While pet got up to obey, I moved Kasey to the center of the bed and positioned a pillow under her head. “Just lie still, and let yourself relax. I’m not going to have sex with you, I’m not going to force you to do anything, I won’t spank, slap or whip you right now. Pet and I are going to tend to you, all you need to do is lay there and concentrate on nothing. After sessions like that in the basement, we will always do this.” Pet and I both squirted some baby oil into our hands, rubbing them together to warm it up; I moved to Kasey’s right side and pet to her left. Slowly and gently pet and I began to smooth the baby oil over Kasey’s tender skin. Down her shoulders and back, to her welted ass and thighs. The heat from her welts still burned and she would wince at certain spots, but gradually Kasey began to breathe deeply and she drifted off to sleep.

The End