The Flight of the Ugly Swan -- Chapter 8

By 1ball

Published on Lush Stories on 17 May 2012

I experience the liberation of submission.

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/novels/the-flight-of-the-ugly-swan-chapter-8.aspx

The plot formed slowly, but there was one element that I didn't tell Janice about. Charles needed another recharge day and Janice and I both agreed that a day without sex might make the next day, my final full day in there home, more memorable. So we spent a whole day doing nothing but reading erotic stories to each other and talking about them and chatting online with friends and we each even did a cybersex thing with a random stranger to take the edge off. Janice also told me about some of her exploits including fucking two guys at once. She also showed me a video of her getting fucked by a young guy with a really big cock. That was hot.

Janice and I spent the next day primping and plotting, while Charles was at work. Janice told him before he left that the evening was going to be special, but at my request, she did not elaborate. We shaved and painted our nails and selected outfits and of course, filled the day with girl talk. We cooked a wonderful dinner of roast duck, one of Charles favorite meals. It was served with wine and candlelight and chocolate mousse for dessert. Afterward, Janice told Charles that drinks would be served in the den at 8 PM and we excused ourselves with a request to not be interrupted before then. We went to my room to dress for the evening and this is when I took the big leap.

I removed my collar from my bag and held it in my two open palms the way I had seen Janice do. I stepped up to her and said, "I am very afraid that I may lose my nerve if we stick with our original plan. Without the fear of punishment, I don't know if can trust myself. I offer my collar to you with a request that you use my body for your pleasure and also give it to Charles. You've both been so helpful to me. Require of me what you desire and punish me if I disobey."

"Are you sure you want this, Geri?" She did not seem completely surprised by this, but she was clearly concerned.

"Yes, Ma'am."

She took the collar from me and kissed me before fastening it around my neck. "The plan will still be mostly the same but we have to respect the collar. It would be best to start that right away. Take off

your clothes, Slave Geri."

Slave Geri. With great trepidation, I assumed the role I volunteered for. I followed her commands and at 8 PM sharp she went out the door to make sure that Charles was in the den. I quickly got the drink tray ready and she went into the room.

"Tonight Sir, we have a special surprise. Our server for the evening will be my new slave, Geri. Enter Slave."

I stepped into the room with my drink tray and set it on the table between their chairs. I could tell that Charles was astonished. I self-consciously stood back and averted my eyes and fiddled with my hands. I was wearing my most brazen slutwear. On top, I wore a very tight red silk shirt that left nothing to the imagination. It was not cut for a woman with breasts. We found it in a store specializing in Asian clothing and it was probably made for young teen girls. It had about a dozen buttons and fit like a second skin. I wore that above a very short black skirt. It was clear that the black fishnet stockings on my legs were held up by red satin garters. My shoes were red patent leather high healed shoes that were made to look like schoolgirl uniform shoes.

"Slave Geri, lift your skirt and show us your pretty panties." I pulled up the front of my skirt and revealed my black lace panties.

"Now turn around and show us your backside." This was one of the moments I dreaded, but since I was facing away from them, it wasn't so bad. I pulled my skirt up to reveal my bare ass cheeks with the thin thong between them.

"Now move your feet apart and bend over." I placed my feet just barely wider than my shoulders and bent over, revealing my dampening crotch and most certainly the outside part of Bishop II with the thong across him.

"Isn't she wonderful, Charles? I believe that's called having a butt like a black girl. Now Slave, remove everything but the shoes and stockings. Slaves have no need of modesty."

I gasped, knowing that was coming, but I was still not comfortable with nudity in front of Charles, especially with the lights up and the occasional flash of the camera. I tried to emulate Janice as I shed my clothing, letting each piece fall from me as if it was an insignificant afterthought. First the blouse, then the skirt and finally the panties. I didn't remove the garter belt and Janice didn't insist, There I stood, facing away from them, feeling as if I looked like a stick figure with two beach balls attached at the hips by elastic bands.

"Turn back around Slave. Show us those beautiful microboobies."

Of course, Janice understood the need to emphasize my figure flaws. To speak of them but then accept me anyway made them acceptable. Still, I was embarrassed to have them so prominently revealed to Charles.

"Offer those little boobies to Charles for inspection."

I chose then to rebel. It wasn't that I really didn't want to do what Janice commanded. I just wanted to take some punishment now to prevent me from rebelling later. "No Ma'am. I can't. I'm too shy."

"What? Does my slave require punishment?" I turned my head to her, met her eyes and gave the smallest of nods.

"Get the chair, slave."

I brought the straight wooden chair in from my room and set it in front of Charles. I thought about which hand Janice would use and positioned the chair so that Charles would see my ass and pussy from his chair. Janice smiled and said, "Good girl," as I laid across her knees.

Smack! "Ow! One. Thank you Ma'am." I was glad I remembered the routine and when the tenth landed, Janice rubbed my bottom to soothe it and probably her stinging hand.

"Has all the shyness left my slave yet?"

I hesitated a moment too long and another smack landed on my ass. "Ow! Eleven. Thank you Ma'am."

"Nine more and I will ask again."

Upon the count of twenty, she stopped and rubbed my cheeks again. "Still shy?"

"No, Ma'am."

"You may get up and obey the command then."

"Thank you Ma'am."

I went over to Charles and knelt next to his chair as close as I could get. I looked at his crotch and it

was clear that he was quite hard from the show so far. The light from the table lamp was full on my chest, but of course that didn't matter now. With the tears from the spanking drying on my face, I said, "Slave Geri, ready for inspection, Sir."

He touched each nipple and then leaned over and licked each one. They stiffened and I felt a strong twinge in my pussy. "They're beautiful, Slave Geri."

"Thank you, Sir."

"I think we should continue in the bedroom," Janice said. "Slave Geri, put the chair back and bring our drinks."

When I entered with the drink tray, Charles and Janice were kissing and Charles was removing her clothes. She sat in a bedside chair naked and said, "Slave Geri, is there something you would like to ask?"

"Yes Ma'am. May I lick your pu...pussy, Ma'am." That was another of the things I was not sure I could ask in front of Charles, but the sting in my ass cheeks gave me the courage.

"Yes you may, Slave. Charles, please take some photos."

As I moved between her legs, Janice said, "You may start with my breasts, Slave."

I licked and sucked her nipples while Charles took a few photos. She tapped my shoulder to signal that I could now go lower. I kissed my way down her belly and into her slit. My first taste of pussy was quite pleasant. She was very wet and some of her nectar had been oozing down her thigh. I licked her thoroughly as Charles took photos. A quick glance showed that his bulge had not subsided.

My tongue found her clit and she gasped with pleasure. I started to circle her little nub and she moaned her appreciation. She tweaked her nipples as her moans became louder. "Ohhhh, I'm cumming, sweetie." I kept up my circling as she shuddered from the waves of pleasure.

When her breathing came back to normal, she said, "Very good job, Slave. You're a natural pussylicker."

I beamed at her praise and my smile felt funny from her drying pussy juices.

"Now, you may offer to suck Charles' cock."

I moved on my knees to him and said, "May I suck your cock, Sir?"

"Yes, Slave."

I unzipped and unbuttoned his pants and let them drop to the floor as he stood beside the bed. I pulled down his boxers and he stepped out of them as he removed his shirt. He sat on the edge of the bed and I took the head of his cock into my mouth. I began to stroke the shaft as Janice took a couple of photos, but then she got up and went to her dresser, signalling that the main event would commence soon. She returned with her strapon in place and crawled onto the bed.

"That's enough, Slave. We want him ready, but not too ready. Come up on the bed."

This was the part that most worried me. I climbed over her to be ready to slide down on her rubber dong. But I did not know if I could make the next offer no matter how much I wanted to. When I first heard that she let Charles and another man both into her, I knew that it had to be on my bucket list and I didn't think I would ever find any two whom I could trust as much as them. But what it involved was just such a personal thing and I did not think I could go through with it.

"Now beg Charles to fuck your ass."

What? Beg? I was supposed to offer my ass to him, not beg him to take it. Janice had gone off-script and...

"Does the slave need more punishment?"

My ass was still stinging from the spanking. I didn't think I could take another two swats, much less another ten. The threat was real and imminent.

"No, Ma'am. Please Sir, please fuck my ass."

Charles crawled onto the bed and positioned himself behind me. I was about to lower myself onto the dildo when I felt his cock slide into my wet pussy. It felt great, but he only took two long strokes before pulling it back out. I slid down on the dildo as Charles pulled Bishop II from my ass and replaced him with the head of his cock. I eased my weight down onto Janice as Charles slowly pushed into my ass. When I felt his hips against my ass cheeks, he began to stroke full length into me. Each stroke caused my clit to rub against the strapon harness and the combination of both cocks in me gave me an incredible feeling. Janice had two free hands and each found one of my nipples. I was the meat in a fuck sandwich and ohmigod did it feel good!

I started to moan and then Charles started to match his strokes to me. As I sped up, he sped up and soon he was slamming my ass so hard that Janice's boobs were rocking beneath me. I looked at her then, right in the eyes, and she looked into mine. She smiled and nodded and I came. I had her permission to come and I released the last of my reservations and accepted myself for who I was, the ugly swan who overcame her fears and accepted that love comes from within as much as from others. Charles pumped his cum into me as wave after wave of bliss washed through me. I kissed Janice then and thanked her for all the gifts she bestowed on me.

Epilogue

I know I shocked Charles when he and Janice dropped me off at the airport terminal the next day. When he snuck his hand under my dress for the goodbye grope, he found bare ass. I was wearing my white lace thong panties, white holdup stockings, saddle shoes, pigtails, a girlish Alice-in-Wonderland dress, Bishop II and my collar. I also had a change of clothes in my carryon bag for changing into when I got to the airport in New England, but only because I would be seeing Mom and Dad outside the terminal and didn't want to give either of them a heart attack.

True to her word, Janice either deleted or gave me all the copies of the photos she had taken, including the ones from her cell phone. At least I think she did. It doesn't really matter if she kept copies, because I trust her and I get turned on at the idea of them looking at my naughty bits. All the photos fit on a single SD card, so I could hide it easily and now I have all these explicit shots for my online friends.

Several amazing things happened on my return flight. I mentioned that I was wearing a dress. Ordinarily I don't wear dresses because nobody makes them for flat-chested women with a huge ass, but since we were shopping in the younger departments, Janice somehow found me a dress with a slightly loose top and an extra full skirt. She convinced me that a bra padded out to make me a 32A was appropriate. When I got to my seat to put my carryon bag in the overhead bin, I was facing the row I would be sitting in and a well dressed fiftyish man. The man in the row behind me was mid-fortyish. Since I'm only 5' 1", there was no way I was going to get that bag up there without giving a show. The old me would have been wearing clothes that wouldn't draw attention. The old me would also have been too shy to ask for assistance.

The new me was not too shy to ask for assistance. I just didn't see the point. There were no children around and I would either never see these guys again or we would become friends. So I just hoisted that bag up into the open bin, standing on tiptoes to get it in. The man behind me gasped. The man in front of me did a double-take. Later he struck up a conversation and I ended up with a dinner date the next time he came to town. Yes, he's married but it was a good meal and he has a nice friendly cock.

Later, a handsome male flight attendant spoke to me as I was standing in line to use a restroom. He was thirty-something and had the slight build typical of male flight attendants and a nice bulge in his uniform slacks. He complimented me on my ensemble and especially my collar. 'C'mon,' I thought. 'It's just a cheap dog collar'. Clearly he was commenting on the fact that I was wearing a collar.

During the brief conversation, I looked at the choker he wore, because tight neck jewelry is unusual for men. It was an interesting string of silver cubicle beads. The word SLAVE was engraved, one letter each, in the five beads at the center of it. You really had to look close to notice it. I mentioned that I was new to the scene and would be without a Domme as soon as I landed. That is when I had promised Janice that I would remove the collar.

A while later, a beautiful female flight attendant talked to me. She was the male flight attandent's Domme and they were both hoping they could meet with me sometime for dinner and drinks. I agreed, with the clear intent of consulting Janice before proceeding. Sis had agreed to continue being my mentor and I relied on her to keep me safe. They turned out to be a very nice and tasty couple.

At the moment, I'm not collared. I'm not beautiful or pretty or even cute, but the evidence I've compiled since those flights indicates I'm fuckable and likable. I now have satisfying online and offline friendships. I've got a steady guy and he rocks my world when he's in town, which is about one night a month. It's enough. I have a circle of cyber-lovers of both sexes and I've met some men and women in real life who liked me in and then out of my slutwear. This is one ugly swan who lost her fear of flying.