

Daddy Marks His Property, Part 3

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Shawna comes to dinner

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Shawna was in her zone. She worked at the outline of Stephie's tat with remarkable precision. It had taken her only a half hour to sketch the outline and she had started to ink it in. Suddenly her phone rang, she picked it up and I said, "How's it going, girls?" "Oh, just fine, D. Stephie has been very cooperative and I've got a good start on getting the outline inked in. Another hour or so and I should have it finished. As I explained earlier, she should come back for the fill-in later anyway." "Excellent. Listen, I'm still running around, and I wondered if you wouldn't mind driving Stephie home since you're coming to dinner anyway?" Shawna thought, "There goes my chance to be a no-show," and said, "Uh, no, that's not a problem, D. I'd love to." "Fantastic, you two stay out of trouble now. And Shawna, does she still have her nipple clamps on?" "Why yes, she does." "Would you be a sweetie and remove them for me, please?" "Sure, no problem, D." "Cool. How much longer are you going to be?" "Mmmm, probably all of an hour and then a few minutes for clean-up and such. Figure an hour and a half until we leave the shop." "Perfect. So I'll see you two in about two hours then." "OK, see you then." Stephanie was already standing, taking a break from being bent over for quite a while as Shawna worked her tat. "Hey, D said you can take off your clamps now." "I'm not allowed to take them off. He must have told you to do it." "Well, I guess he did," she said reluctantly. "Here, let me help you with those, then." Shawna carefully removed one. Stephie winced at the ensuing pain of the blood returning to her long clamped nipple. "Oooo, rub it for me Shawna. It hurts." "Why can't you rub it yourself?" "I'm usually not allowed. Just rub it quick, get the blood flowing again, please?" Shawna reached out reluctantly and rubbed Stephie's nipple. Again with the blushing. "Take the other one off, please," Stephie begged. "Rub it too, both of them, they hurt so bad. Please make them feel better." Shawna didn't know if Stephie was serious or if she was being taken advantage of. She removed the second clamp and massaged both nipples, and her little boobs, too. She was kind of enjoying it, but thought better of letting this go any further. "Uh, we better get back to work on your outline, Sweetie. I'd like to have it finished before we go to dinner. After all, I don't want any spankings for not reaching some goal today. Although, I could lie and say you distracted me, threw yourself at me, and I couldn't finish because I was constantly fighting you off." "Please, Shawna, don't do that.

Daddy will punish me severely for being such a wanton slut without his permission. Please, don't say anything to that effect. I promise, I'll do anything not to be punished for that." "Well, bend over the table and let's get this outline done." "Yes Ma'am." "Ma'am," Shawna thought. That sounded good, respectful. She also thought, "Maybe dinner won't be so bad after all." Shawna was energized like the bunny and finished quicker than she thought she would. She cleaned Stephanie's tattoo thoroughly and dressed it lightly, just in case. She was admiring the girlish ass of Stephanie's as she cleaned her up. She thought, "Why am I having such thoughts about this little girl that is so twisted? She has a 50 year old "Daddy" that beats her and she loves it." She poured herself into her clean-up as she wanted everything in her studio spic and span for tomorrow. After all, it was her salon, and she was dedicated to keeping a clean shop. Shawna finally told Stephanie that she could get dressed, that the clean-up was almost done, and that they would be closing up shop soon. Stephanie looked disappointed, but complied anyway. Shawna finished putting her tools in the autoclave to be sterilized and said, "I think I'm done here, let's close up and get out of here." Stephanie was almost done re-fitting her dress on her lithe body and said, "Sure, Shawna, whatever you say." Shawna stored that line not knowing exactly what was meant by it. She might find out later. They drove to the house getting to know each other more like girls, putting the day's events aside for now. Rush hour traffic was a bitch, even worse because it was 'season,' as the locals put it. That time of year when all the snow-birds and tourists return to escape their cold northern homes. They finally reached the house. I was not quite there yet, but on my way. As Stephanie let Shawna in the house past her, she stopped at the foyer area and stripped off her dress. Shawna's expression gave her away causing Stephanie to explain, "Unless Daddy instructs me otherwise, I am not allowed to wear anything in the house, no matter who is here. Shawna slowly nodded her understanding, still amazed at the lifestyle she was encountering. Not that she was unaware that this went on, but in awe of being exposed to it for the first time. But it didn't seem to bother Stephanie, on the contrary, she seemed to love her "Daddy" very much, as well as feeling very safe with him around. Stephanie broke Shawna's reverie when she invited her to come in and make herself comfortable. "Would you like something to drink? You can freshen up if you like. Take a shower if you want. I'd offer you a swim, but I don't think I have a suit that would fit you. You're, uh, a little more endowed than me. I have a thong suit, but I'm not sure how much the top might cover you. Or you could just swim naked like we usually do." "Oh, thank you, Stephanie. I'll just take a bottled water for now. I think I'll pass on the shower and swim." Stephanie went and fetched a water for Shawna. "Would you like a glass, Ma'am?" Stephanie said, reverting back to her training without giving any thought to it. Shawn noticed, however. "There's that funny feeling again," she thought. She didn't know what to make of it, but it made her tingle "down there." In spite of her young age, Stephanie could sense Shawna's uneasiness. She knelt in front of Shawna much the same way she would kneel in front of her Daddy, the only difference being that she did not cast her eyes toward the floor, but rather caught her new friend's eyes. She asked, "You're nervous about being here, aren't you? I know this is all very weird for you." "Yes, Baby, I'm very nervous. I don't have a clue as to what might happen tonight." "Nothing will happen that you don't want, at least where you are concerned, anyway." "What do you mean by that?" "Well, Daddy will not treat me any differently than

usual. And he probably won't act any different than usual. After all, it is his house. He may choose not to wear any clothes or he may dress very casually if he senses that you are nervous. Is there anything you would like me to do to make you more comfortable? A mini-massage, rub your feet? All you have to do is tell me. You're Daddy's guest and therefore I will respond to any wish you may have. If I didn't, Daddy would punish me." Shawna didn't know how to respond to that. She just stared at Stephanie. Stephanie went out on a limb and broke a rule by reaching out and putting her hand on Shawna's knee in a gentle, non-threatening way. She looked Shawna in the eyes and said, "Shawna, I really like you a lot. I mean, I know we just met today, but I feel an understanding in you. It's like, you know, you see how I choose to live, and yet you don't judge me. I'd really like it if we could be friends. I don't know how much freedom Daddy will grant me for that, but I'd really like to get to know you better. Maybe do some things together, you know, like girlfriends do." Shawna didn't know how to respond, really. She had accepted the invitation to dinner because she didn't want to dis' her customer and also because, at the time, she was highly aroused. She was still very curious about what might transpire tonight, but not without trepidation. She re-focused on Stephanie saying, "I'd like to get to know you, too, Stephie. I'm just really unsure about your situation and how I might fit into it. I don't think I could be like you in that respect. You know? I'm not afraid to tell you this is all kinda weird in a kinky kind of way. I'm not sure what D has in mind tonight." "Daddy, I mean, D, won't do anything that you're uncomfortable with. At least, I don't think he will. He treats vanilla folks with respect, just like anybody he would meet on the street. It's just kind of different how we met and all, that's the only difference." "But he was so forward today with me. You know, asking if I was wet, smelling my fingers. That was definitely not what I'd call vanilla, as you put it." Right about then Stephie heard me pull into the driveway. She quickly got up and hustled over to the door, and put her hands behind her head awaiting Daddy's entrance. I opened the door, Stephie ready to greet me as usual, and looked at Shawna, gauging her reaction to my normal greeting. I lifted Stephie's chin and gave her a peck on the lips. "How's it going ladies? Shawna, has my princess been behaving herself?" "Absolutely, D, she's been the perfect hostess. We've only been here a few minutes." "Princess, my cocktail, please. Shawna, would you like something a little stronger?" "Uh, no thanks, D, not right now," Shawna said. Her mind was reeling now, not knowing what was about to transpire. I read her uneasiness and sat in my chair. I said, "I can tell you're nervous, Sweetie, there's no need to be. Nothing will happen here tonight that you don't want to happen, OK? I have to apologize for throwing ourselves on you like we did today. I just figured you'd need access to all of her "goodies" anyway. At that point it was going to be more difficult to explain our situation than to just demonstrate it. So, here we are. Do you have any questions I can answer to make you more at ease?" Looking a little like a deer in the headlights, Shawna sat there slightly agape, searching for words. Finally she said, "Uh, I g-guess I'd like to know why you invited me to dinner." "Well, Shawna, if you recall, it was Stephie's idea to invite you to dinner. I have no ulterior motives, Sweetie. I did make a rather forward move after I saw you rub yourself today. I apologize. I was kind of caught up in the moment. I'm not ordinarily like that with strangers. But you have to admit, the situation was not exactly an everyday occurrence for us either. I'm sorry if I made you uncomfortable. I just thought since Stephanie liked you so much that she

should be allowed to make a friend. I've kind of kept her to myself during her training here. She should be able to have friends in the 'nilla, as we say." "It's OK now, D, you just really shocked me. I was pretty aroused by the whole situation today. It's all so new to me, at least in reality, anyway." She blushed again and squirmed in her seat a little. "Stephanie!" I shouted, "Where's my drink?" Actually I knew it was coming as I had heard the shaker in the background. "You need to fetch the groceries and put them away, quickly, it's hot out there." "Yes, Sir, right away." When Stephanie went out the door, I asked, "Shawna, would you mind if I had Stephanie service me? I'm really horny from today's activities. I mean here, in front of you, that is. Would that bother you?" That did it, she shifted in her seat, turning red as a beat. "I-I-I d-don't know. Can't you take her in the bedroom or something? I mean, I-I wouldn't know what to do while she...you know, did...that. You mean you just want me to sit here and watch? Maybe I will have one of those," pointing at my drink. "Would that be too uncomfortable for you?" I asked, purposely not giving her any other alternatives. "Well, it certainly would be a first. I don't know what to say, D, it's your house and she's your girl. I'd be kind of uncomfortable, but what the hell, give me a drink first and let's see what happens. I came here because I was curious. I might as well see what happens, right?" "That's the spirit, Shawna." Stephanie was just coming back in with her arms laden with all the groceries. Shawna saw she was struggling with all of it and got up to relieve her of some of her burden. The two girls took the stuff into the kitchen and Shawna helped put it all away. Shawna asked for a martini and Stephanie made her one, not knowing what was about to transpire. They returned to the living room and Shawna took her seat and then took a gulp of her drink. I patted my lap, and Stephanie climbed up on it. "Shawna and I have been talking, and she's quite curious about our relationship, Baby." "Really?" "Yes, Baby. In fact, I want you to show Shawna how Daddy likes to be pleased while he's sitting in his chair." "But..." "Don't make me demonstrate discipline in front of her, too. Now move." "Yes, Sir, " she said, blushing unusually. She slid off my lap and began to undo my shorts. I arched my hips off the chair so she could slide them down and she removed them. She took a quick look over her shoulder at Shawna, feeling ashamed for the first time since she had come to stay with me. She saw Shawna, eyes like saucers, taking another gulp of her martini. Their eyes met and Shawna gave her a wink as if to say, go ahead, it's OK. Stephanie turned her attention back to me as Shawna watched intently. Stephanie started kissing my cock tentatively, slowly getting into it. The more aroused I got the more she started to get into it. I'm guessing she figured that it might be turning Shawna on, so she put even more enthusiasm into it. I was hard in no time and Stephanie wasted no time in taking me deep. I think she was starting to really enjoy putting on a show for Shawna at this point. She took my cock out of her mouth and pressed it to my belly and started to lick and suck my balls. I just put my head back as my eyes rolled up into my head. With Shawna watching us, I wasn't going to last very long. I heard Shawna shift in the leather and looked up to see her very bothered in a sexual way. She was licking her lips, unconsciously rubbing her left breast. I broke her concentration when I asked, "So, what do you think, Shawna? You look very aroused. Make yourself at home, baby girl, go ahead and touch yourself if you want to." Stephanie stopped her ministrations to look at Shawna. I gave her the moment to make a connection with her new friend. "Wanna help me, Shawna? Daddy's cock is

awesome." Shawna's lip started quivering and she brought her hand from her breast to her mouth to stop it. She slipped trance-like off the couch and crawled over to where Stephanie was on her knees, right beside her. She couldn't look me in the eye; she was transfixed on my cock. I watched as Stephie pointed my dick toward Shawna, and she eased forward and touched the tip with her tongue. She licked it tentatively, and then kissed it. She ran her tongue around the head and began to suck it into her mouth. Stephie watched as Shawna started to get into it. She was actually pretty good. Eventually she looked up at me and I just smiled back at her and moaned. On her next upstroke, Stephie took my dick into her mouth all the way. I think she was a little jealous of her new friend. "Princess, don't be greedy, now. Share with your new friend like a good little girl." She literally popped my rod from her mouth and pointed it into Shawna's waiting mouth. Stephie switched hands on my cock and put her right hand on the back of Shawna's head. I felt her trying to push Shawna further down on my cock. Shawna gagged a little, and she forced her head up as she tried to recover from gagging on my turgid rocket. As Stephanie picked up Shawna's slack, I looked down at the two of them. Gorgeous young ladies, both of them, side by side, giving me pleasure. I was in heaven. I asked, "Shawna, would it be OK if I came in your mouth and then had you share it with my baby girl?" She just looked at me and nodded. Stephie took the clue and aimed my cock back at Shawna. Stephie began to lick at the base of my shaft and my balls as they began to tighten. As Shawna worked me up and down, the two of them started getting into working me together as their lips began to meet. At one point they slipped off the end together and kissed passionately. Stephie knew I was about to blow, so she guided Shawna back onto my cock with the hand on the back of her head. She made her pick up her rhythm by pumping her head faster. Shawna got the hint and increased her suction. I was going nuts watching the show and enjoying the feeling. I was moaning and coaxing them on saying, "Oh, yeah, that's it, suck it good for Daddy...yeah...Ohhhh, God, don't stop, I'm gonna cuuummm." I gripped the arms of the chair and raised my hips and blew my first shot into Shawna's mouth as Stephie held her new friend's head on my exploding dick. Shawna kept sucking and my copious load was starting to ooze out the corners of her mouth. She pulled off my dick and Stephie glommed right onto it sucking me to get anything that might still be left. I finally grabbed her by the hair as I couldn't take any more. I pulled her head back so her face was pointing toward the ceiling and said, "Open." She obeyed and I said to Shawna, "Get over her mouth and dribble my cum into it slowly. Don't waste any." Shawna complied and dribbled a huge load into Stephie's waiting mouth. Almost instinctively she lowered her mouth onto Stephanie's and began to kiss her. I let go of Stephie's hair and let them kiss. I could tell they were swapping my cum back and forth. They each swallowed a share, and Stephie started to lick what had dribbled down Shawna's chin, and they kissed again passionately. I reached out and rubbed the backs of their heads gently as they kissed, saying, "Wow, ladies, that was fantastic. So fucking hot. You two work well together." It was almost like I wasn't even there. Finally they broke their kiss and Stephie looked up at me as Shawna kissed on her cheek. "I'm glad you liked it, Daddy. That was fun," she said, and returned to making out with her new friend. I just sat back relishing the moment and watched the two of them get more and more passionate with each other. Hands were going all over feeling each others bodies. I just let them go at

it to see how far it would go.