

# Just Do What You're Told - Part Three

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*Susan discovers a new life under her Master's firm control.*

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Susan woke up as the morning light came shining through her window. Bill's now limp cock was still in her mouth. As directed, she immediately started licking and stroking his dick back to life. She loved the idea of sucking him off for breakfast, but a part of her would not have minded being fucked. She couldn't believe herself; one quickie with her husband, and she's set for a week. This bastard had her in a constant state of either waiting to be fucked, or actually fucking. As Bill opened his eyes, he grabbed Susan by the hair and pulled her head up and off his cock. "In the shower my little slut." Every time he called her a slut she could feel her crotch tingle. He opened the door to the shower, threw a towel on the floor and pushed her in. "On you knees, mouth open, eyes closed, hands behind your back." No sooner had Susan assumed the required position then she felt a stream of warm water splash against her chest and work its way to her face. Once it hit her mouth, she realized the "water" was Bill peeing on her. She held her position until he was done. "You make a good urinal. Now clean up. I will put what you are to wear on the bed. Fix your make up, get dressed and make breakfast. You've got a busy day in front of you." Once her shower was complete, she looked to the bed to see her "outfit". There was a black collar with 3 rings, nipple jewelry connected by a gold chain and her black heels. Susan laughed to herself because it was actually more than she thought it would be. She couldn't wait to get them done. Bill ate his breakfast slowly and deliberately, stopping every few bites to feed the kneeling slut at his side. "It's the most important meal of the day, Cunt. You'll need all the energy you can get today." After Susan cleaned the kitchen, she joined Bill in the living room as instructed. Bill had thrown a rope over the rafter in the ceiling with the ends tied onto a large silver clamp. Susan walked in and dropped to her knees with her hands behind her head. Sounding exasperated, Bill moaned, "Training can be so wearisome. When you enter a room that I am in, you are to crawl on all fours. Ladies walk upright. Fuck slaves crawl." With that he stood behind her and bound her hands together with a short piece of rope. Once they were firmly tied, he pulled Susan to her feet and connected her hands to the clamp hanging from the ceiling. Within seconds, he had her arms fully extended above her head so that her heels were just touching the floor. Bill reached for his toy bag. "I believe a good flogging will reinforce the lesson. Besides, a good flogging will warm up your ass and tits for the rest of the day." He stood in front of her and roughly stuck two fingers into her glistening cunt. "You're already getting wet! Good fuck puppet!" The heavy flogger thumped as it

started its work on her welcoming ass. Bill took his time to be sure he covered every part of her legs and pinking ass cheeks before turning his attention to her upper back. The nipple jewelry was removed before starting the punishment of her tits and stiffening nipples. Susan never made a sound. First, she knew Bill would be proud of her ability to absorb the flogging without complaint. And secondly, the truth was that she loved flogger. Not that there wasn't the occasional sting, but the constant blows made every nerve in her skin alive and ready for anything. And "anything" was the best way to describe the rest of her day. ----- Meanwhile, Dawn's face was pressed into the carpet on the hotel room floor with the heel of Charlie's foot. The cock that was pounding her upturned cunt seemed to be even harder than it was the night before. She felt the sting as large hands relentlessly spanked her reddening ass cheeks and the fullness she loved from the ass plug lodged in her stretched anus. For the forth time in as many hours, Dawn felt the release from the embedded cock fill her sore but satisfied pussy. Charlie pushed her onto her side with a firm nudge from his foot before ignoring her and talking to the owner of the just drained dick. "Tell the truth, did you ever think you would have a fuck session like this?" "Never thought that women would serve so completely. Never thought that there were sluts like this that just do what they're told. And I sure as hell never dreamed that my wife would be one of them." Charlie continued, "At one time I thought the cunt you just fucked was the best ever. But your slut wife can do everything she can do and more. Just wait until you see the look on her face as she slips into subspace and becomes the whore you always wanted her to be. Doubt you'll ever be bored again, my friend." Dawn couldn't believe she spent the last few hours cumming repeatedly at the command of her Master and her best friend's husband. Bill stood behind Susan's stretched and well flogged body, reached around to her dripping crotch. He never ceased to be amazed at how her humiliation caused her cunt to become drenched every time. Three fingers slipped easily between the engorged lips. The feeling of the involuntary initial contractions of her cunt walls caused his manhood to attain full hardness. He attacked her clit with thumb and forefinger while rolling her nipples with his other hand. Bill put his mouth to her ear and growled, "Cum, slut!" That was all Susan had to hear. Her arms stretched even more as her knees buckled and her pelvis shook from the shock of the orgasm that seemed to ripple up her entire body. Tears of relief came from the corners of her eyes when Bill finally released her from her bondage and laid her gently on the floor. It was only 11:00 and she was already feeling exhausted. "Once you get over your selfish pleasure, crawl into the bathroom. We need to get you ready little one. You have a lot to do today." Dawn was standing in the shower letting the water work on her sore but satiated body. She thought back on the last 12 hours. It was unusual when Charlie sent her the text telling her to come to the hotel room since they always played in their own houses. So she had a feeling that there would be something special in store; but this was beyond her wildest dreams. Dawn thought back on how the night began..... She felt the familiar churning in her stomach as she lightly knocked on the hotel room at the directed time knowing that her Master would be on the other side of the door. She entered the room and immediately fell to her knees with her hands behind her head and her eyes cast down. She was breathless as she waited for the first word from her Teacher. Dawn was suddenly consumed with the overwhelming need to be the source of infinite

pleasure for her Master. Dawn's expectations were shattered when her Master's first words were directed to someone else! Never before had Charlie invited a guest that arrived before she had already serviced his cock or received her punishment. Charlie asked the stranger, "Now do you believe?" A male voice behind Dawn said, "She will do whatever you say?" "The slut will do whatever I say. She'll thank me when I punish her, beg for my dick in her mouth, and fuck whenever and wherever I say." Charlie's guest was so full of questions that he had trouble forming the words. "Will she do whatever I tell her to do?" With that, Charlie lifted Dawn's chin and said, "Answer my guest's question, slut". Dawn proudly replied, "If that is my Master's instruction, this cunt will fully obey." Charlie was proud. "Good girl. You are to stand and face our guest. Once you see him, you will obey every order he gives you unless I give another order. Is that understood?" She felt good knowing that Charlie will be there to take care of her and not let her come to any harm. "Yes, Sir." Dawn stood to face her Master's guest. "John?" came out of her mouth before she had a chance to think. "My name is not John to you, bitch. Once you pulled my wife to this life you lost all rights to call me by my name. You will call me Sir." Dawn had never even thought of Susan's husband as a sexual being based on everything Susan had told her. He was actually attractive. And he was radiating a new found energy that made her want to fall under his command. "Yes Sir." Charlie took a seat on the sofa, poured himself a glass of wine and settled in for what promised to be a fascinating evening. John pulled Dawn's head back by her hair and shoved his tongue into her mouth. He was very pleased to see how compliant and enthusiastic this bitch could be. As he pulled his mouth from her lips, he commanded, "Get naked now and stand with your hands behind your head." Dawn knew better than to waste any time once she has a chance to serve her Master's desires. She knew from experience that she was not going to be clothed for long once she entered the room, so she had prepared for a quick strip. The dress and bra came off in a moment and she was left standing, as directed, in only her heels. John walked around his new toy examining every inch of the whore before him. His heart was pounding and his crotch felt like it hadn't felt in years. He reached out and twisted both of Dawn's nipples and said, "Charlie tried to tell me that Susan has turned into a subservient slut and I told him he was crazy. She acts like she's bored out of mind whenever we're together, but I didn't believe it was because she had turned into cum bucket. Charlie here tells me that you are the reason she even explored this life. Is that true, cunt?" Just as Dawn was about to respond, John twisted a nipple again and slapped her pussy to get her attention. After the initial shock, Dawn responded, "I told her about it Sir, but I never encouraged her." John's right hand left a clear handprint on Dawn's ass. She was sure people would be able to hear the crack. John laid two more on her ass while growling, "Slut, are you telling me that your Master has not told me the truth?" "No! Sir! Master would never lie. I must be wrong. I'm sorry!" "So Charlie, this lying bitch alienates my wife from me, denies her responsibility and tries to convince me that you have not told me the truth. Would you mind if I give the lying slut the proper punishment?" Charlie liked the way this was turning out. "Please be my guest. But I must insist on intervening if the punishment is not severe enough for my liking." Susan had no wish to keep Bill waiting even a minute for her to crawl her slut body down the hall to the bathroom. "On the towels, bitch. All fours." No sooner had she gotten in position then Bill spread her ass cheeks and rubbed a

generous amount of lube into her brown hole. After a few smacks on her already abused ass, Bill inserted the business end of an enema into her bowels and started a flow of warm water that made her want to explode. "Now hold that in bitch until I tell you to let it go. There will be extensive time under the whip if I see so much as a tiny dribble come out of that shit hole. You need to be thoroughly cleaned out to get you through the rest of your day." Susan could feel the cramps start and the pressure seemed to grow exponentially but the last thing she wanted to do was to come under the whip. She closed her eyes and concentrated with every ounce of her will power until her Master ordered her relief. After what seemed like hours, Bill helped her to her feet and sat her on the toilet. Once she was empty, he pushed her in the shower and she cleaned off. Without drying her off, he ordered her back on towels and filled her yet again. Bill's dick had been hard most of the morning, and he knew he couldn't go much longer without fucking something. Kneeling behind his fuck doll, he pushed her head to the floor and speared his raging cock into her cunt in a single stroke. She was so lubricated, there was no resistance. "OK slut, let's see what you can do. Once I cum in your worthless hole you can get back on the toilet. Now fuck!" Susan clenched every muscle she could to hold the water in ass and to stimulate Bill as much as possible to speed up his orgasm. Bill loved the sensation on his dick of his cum slut's cramps. "Take it you slut bitch! Take every god damned drop!" he bellowed as he shot what seemed to be a gallon of cum deep in Susan's cunt. Susan was mortified when she realized that a mild, but definite orgasm hit her as she scrambled back to the john. Nothing surprised her anymore. Now that Dawn was firmly tied spread eagle to the bed, John secured the ball gag and blindfold that Charlie had so thoughtfully brought along. "OK, bitch. You're mine to do with as I wish. You're going to wish you never turned Susan into a fucking whore!" Charlie could not help but snicker at the thought of what she had coming. John was so excited he couldn't seem to act fast enough. It took him a moment to figure out the right setting for the nipple clamps and Charlie had to show him how to work the remote controlled egg that he unceremoniously shoved into her cunt. His hand actually shook with excitement as he worked the largest butt plug he could find into her worthless ass. After stripping out of his own clothes, he started to practice with the light flogger before taking it to the slut's skin. Dawn could hear Charlie giving John pointers and the dull thud of the flogger as he repeatedly hit the couch to get it just right. Charlie checked her cunt and, as expected, she was already staining the bed sheets with her dripping pussy juice. As he put his wet fingers in her mouth for her to clean off, he said, "Isn't it nice of Master John to make sure he can optimize the use of the flogger before he takes it to your hide?" The ball gag prevented an answer, but she nodded her complete agreement for her Master. The truth was that she could not wait for the flogging to begin. With that, the egg was suddenly on and it was far from the lowest setting. She felt herself swallow her first moan behind her gag as she drifted off into her own subspace. John's first swing set the flogger screaming across Dawn's breasts, squarely across her now hard and extended nipples. It knocked the nipple clamps off and the pain from the flogger strike was amplified when blood rushed back into her nipples. Before she could recover, her pussy received a swing at least as hard and fully on target. The blow caused the egg to slip deeper into her now flowing cunt and seemed to rattle the filings in her teeth. Again and again John alternated blows to the slut's tits and

cunt. Charlie was proud of his newest student and was pleased that he knew it was time to back off without being told. Charlie politely asked, "John, would you please allow me to use this fuck puppet while you regain your strength? It seems that my dick needs to check her tonsils." A bit out of breath, John replied, "Be my guest but let me know if she is not measuring up. I would live to try out the leather strap." Dawn was begging with her eyes to let her swallow Master's dick. "You want this down your throat, don't you slut?" Charlie released the ball gag and Dawn's voice exploded, "Please Master, let me have your dick!" "Good girl." Charlie let her lick his balls while John started removing the ropes holding her to the bed. Once she was free, Charlie moved her so her head was dropped down over the edge of the bed. He took his time feeding his dick into her waiting throat. Her spit drooled down her face and into her hair as she struggled to get every inch of her Master into her mouth. She had long learned to block out the gag reflex. He would never hurt her. The truth is that he treasured every attempt of her submission. All Dawn cared about right then was her unexplainable need to have Master fill her stomach with his semen and tell her what a good job she did. Just when she was solely concentrating on Charlie, she felt her cunt being stretched to a new and painful level. John was trying to recover the egg and had half his hand shoved in and feeling around. Despite her concentration on her Master's blow job, Dawn managed to work the egg out so that John could recover it without ripping her apart. No sooner had his hand left the oozing cunt then he replaced it with what Dawn felt to be a very hard and well-sized cock. John could not remember if there was ever a time when his cock was this hard and this determined to pound a cunt to total submission. While he was convinced that this bitch deserved all he could give her, he also had to admit that his sexual existence had been snapped back to life. As he unloaded the first load he would leave her with before they were done, he heard a voice inside himself screaming with desire for his newly slutted wife. As John lay back exhausted, Charlie dragged Dawn by the hair and pushed her to the floor. John watched as Charlie replaced her butt plug with his swollen dick and admitted to himself, "I can't wait to ass fuck my slut wife." To be continued ....