

The Flight of the Ugly Swan -- Chapter 7

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Janice displays her devious side and makes me her conquest.

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Janice was offering me her first collar and I wasn't sure what that meant. I had asked, "Will you tell me about your collar?", and that led to a long discussion of the symbolism of dominance and submission and ended with Janice holding out this ordinary dog collar and casually asking if I wanted it. Well, it was ordinary except for the inscription on it, which said, "Ex-Bitch In Training -- Spank Me When I Misbehave". She said that it was given to her by a dear friend on the first night that she let Charles have sex with another woman. She also said that she had graduated and earned her current collar from Charles. "By offering this, does that mean you're asking me to be your... sub?" "Well no, I'm just offering this collar to you as a gift, so you can decide what it might mean to you. I hadn't thought about being your Domme. Owning a sub is a lot of responsibility, but I would be honored to command you while you're here if that's what you want. When you go back home, assuming that you keep it, you could choose to wear it for someone or collar someone or just keep it as a souvenir of your visit. For a sub, the strings come after you choose to accept it or offer to let someone collar you. You have to obey them until they release you or else accept their punishment. Taking it off before then is like ending the relationship. For a Dom, putting a collar on someone is accepting responsibility for using them in ways that fulfill their needs, not giving them a reason to feel improperly used. That means understanding and fulfilling desires that they may not even realize they have." I took it from her then, thanked her, and told her that I had much to think about before deciding what to do with it. I had an inkling of how I could use it to get what I wanted. We spent the next day sight seeing. I had to get out and see some of the local sights so that I could tell Mom and Dad about them. It wouldn't exactly do to tell them I'd spent the whole week fuckin' and suckin' my sister and brother-in-law. Janice told me that we had to give Charles a couple of days off from sex, because, "the old boy" needed some recharge time. So we were some distance away from home when she took me into a little gift shop. At the back end of the store, there was a special section in a small side room. At first, I didn't know what I was looking at, but when I figured it out, I must have turned beet red. It was all sex toys. Everywhere I looked there were phalluses, dildos, vibrators, buttplugs, anal beads, and even torture devices like ball gags and clamps. Janice had walked around a display and come up behind me, anticipating that I was going to turn around and walk right out. She was blocking my way and taking pictures of me with her cell phone camera. She had talked me into wearing some of my

slutwear that day. I agreed only to wear the least blatant outfit, but here I was dressed like a little schoolgirl and surrounded by sex toys. Clearly, she still had some bitch in her. "Um, what are we doing here?" She smiled and said, "I blushed too, when I first wandered into here. Isn't this place great?" I looked around and noticed that there were only the two of us in there, so I didn't immediately have to charge through her to get out, but I repeated my question. "Why are we in here?" "I just thought you might want to buy some new toys. I know that you must have at least one, but now that you have someplace to put it, I thought maybe a dildo might be in order. You do have a toy, don't you? Aha! I can tell by your hesitation that you do. What is it? A vibrator?" I couldn't believe she was talking so casually about such things in public. She had clearly come a long way from our straight-laced New England upbringing. I opened my purse and showed her my black bishop. "Oh, that's funny. I remember that chess set. I have the white bishop in my stuff somewhere at home. I used to stuff him up my butt when I went to my most boring classes in college. I wondered where the black bishop went. So you've had that for what, about 25 years?" "Yes, Janice, now can we get out of here?" "Not yet. I think you need to do this as a rite of passage. You're a complete woman now. So you need to give yourself a graduation present. Since you've had a little butt plug for so many years, I suggest a bigger one. How about this?" She handed me a package that contained a butt plug. I would call it small sized. It was barely bigger than the bishop. I wasn't going to explain that I had stuffed larger things than the bishop in my ass. One of the advantages of gardening was the abundance of perishables that were shaped like cocks. My ass was no stranger to the occasional carrot, cucumber or zucchini. I looked up in time to see that she was taking another photo of me holding the package. I think maybe I shocked her when I put that package back and said, "too small". I picked the next larger size and said, "Can we get out of here now? I know enough that I can buy anything else I need from the Internet." "Not quite yet," she said. She picked a tube of something off a rack and we made our way to the front of the store. There was a little old lady at the cash register and I thought I would die of embarrassment when I slid the package across the counter to her. She held it up to read the price and I was so glad the store was otherwise empty. "A good choice," she said, "very comfortable." I thanked her and she asked if I wanted a bag for it, but I said that I would prefer to just put it in my purse. Janice bought her item and we left the store. "Whew," I said with a nervous laugh. "I can't believe you did that to me. That 'Ex-Bitch' on your collar is not quite accurate." I said it with a smile but she chuckled and said, "I do have my moments still. You could tell Charles and he might spank me, but more likely he would want to see you model it for him." We went into a restaurant to have some lunch and, after we ordered, she gave me the package she had bought. "Take this and your purse into the restroom. You know what to do." I didn't hesitate. In a stall in the restroom, I opened both packages. Hers was a tube of cool mint lubricant. I applied some to my new friend and inserted it in my ass, so glad that I had worn the pink and white striped bikini panties instead of the thongs she had talked me into buying. When I returned to the table, I gave her back the tube of gel. We spent the rest of the afternoon walking around and I think I had two very mild orgasms accompanied by slight whimpers. Janice spent some of the time walking behind me and taking pictures of guys as they checked out my ass after passing me on the trails and sidewalks. I couldn't believe that a six inches

above the knee skirt and knee sox was all it took to get guys to look at me, but I couldn't deny the evidence of the photos. Maybe the way I walked with a plastic lover in my ass helped. When we got back to the house, it was still more than an hour before we expected Charles to get home with Italian takeout. I walked in ahead of Janice and put my purse on the table and said, "What do we do now?" I suddenly felt her close behind me. Her hands slipped under my shirt and began to caress my breasts. She crossed her hands over to opposite breasts and pulled me against her. It felt so wonderful to be... I guess there's no other word for it, manhandled by her. I sighed and let her rub against me. One hand slid down and went under her skirt and into my panties. It found my clit and began to gently stroke it. Janice leaned in close and nibbled my ear and then said, "I have a request but you can think of it as a demand if that will help. I've been watching you in this sexy outfit all day, knowing that you have that little cock in your ass and that you've been enjoying it. You just look so fuckable and I so want to fuck you and fuck you and fuck you." Each time she said "fuck", I felt her hips thrust against my ass. I felt my pussy catch fire. I could barely speak when I said, "That sounds so good, but don't you need a cock for that?" "Good girl," she said. "No hesitation over the word that time. I have a cock. It's in a drawer in my room and I want you to put it on me and then take it up your cunt doggy style." I'd been learning the names for some of the positions and doggy seemed the most depraved, so of course I wanted to try that. I also thought the word "cunt" sounded appropriate under the circumstances. She wanted me to be nothing more than a hole to fuck and that seemed like a very good plan. "Lead the way," I said. When I saw her strapon, I could barely wait to have it stuffed inside me. We had been stripping our clothes off as we went through the house and I quickly pulled her damp panties off as I knelt on the floor while she stripped out of her shirt and bra. She stepped into the harness and I raised it up her legs. There was a small dildo on the inside of it which I determined must go inside her pussy, giving her some internal stimulation. She squatted a little bit as I pushed it into her wet pussy. She moaned and trembled so I quickly tightened the straps. The dong was right in front of me so it seemed only natural for me to just suck it. She took the camera from her dresser and snapped a few shots. Then she pulled me up and finished undressing me. I climbed onto the bed wearing only my knee sox and butt plug. She snapped two pictures of me on my elbows and knees and then set the camera down, saying, "Fuck it. No more pictures. I've got to have that cunt now." She grabbed her rubber cock and slipped the head into me. It was a little smaller than Charles cock and it went in easily. As she stroked in and out of me, she also pulled the butt plug in and out. She was soon thrusting full length and it felt fantastic. I wasn't getting quite enough stimulation on my clit, so I reached for it with one hand and pinched and tugged one of my nipples with the other. We both started moaning and her hips started making loud smacking sounds against my thighs. "Ohhh, I'm cumming, Geri. Ahhhhh!" "Me toooooo, Sis. Ahhhh fuck! Fuck! Fuck meeeee!" As her thrusts became erratic it felt as if I lost control of every muscle within two feet of my pussy. Suddenly there was warm wet liquid running down all four legs. One of us gushed and I don't think either of us knew for sure who. It might have been both. This orgasm was different. Deeper and more convulsive. "What the fuck happened?" I asked. "I got your G-spot," Janice gasped as she collapsed on the bed next to me, her hard cock waving obscenely in the air. We kissed passionately then and soon we were fondling

each other's nipples and then she suggested that I take her strapon for a ride. She slipped out of it and strapped me into it and then got in the doggy position for me. She recommended a long slow languid fuck and I was soon rolling and grinding my hips into her slowly as she rubbed her clit. When she came, I started shuddering and had a series of deliciously pleasant tremors that left me feeling exhausted and oh so satisfied. We barely got cleaned up and dressed in time before Charles arrived. We didn't want to rub in the fact that we didn't need any days off to recharge, but I suspect he could detect the lust that was in air and I'm sure he wondered why there was no sheet on the bed. My time with them was running out and the events of the day convinced me to add a few items to my bucket list. We spent the evening relaxing and watching a movie, but I wasn't really paying attention because I was on the Internet chatting with my new friends and reading stories about D/s relationships.