Prologue

A phone rang in the darkness.

The musical chimes rang loudly and echoed in the quiet room. I groaned and felt soft fingers play across my abs and lips against my breast. I turned and reached out, hearing another groan against my breasts as I reached out in the darkness. The light from the phone displayed my stepmother's name, and I couldn't help but wonder what was going on. I could not help but recall that my birth mother died when I was extremely young. I could not remember her face, but Violet was a close friend of hers when my birth mother passed away, leaving my father and stepmother behind. They got closer while mourning my mother, and when I was two, they got married, and she officially became my stepmother.

I hit accept, probably just in time to get her call. "Hey, Mom," I grumbled, "What's happening?" I asked.

"I AM FUCKING DONE WITH THAT CHEATING BASTARD!" My stepmother exclaimed, hurting my ear. I held the phone away from my ear, wincing, "Sorry, honey," My stepmother quickly apologized, "I need to get away from this all. Take some time to think it over. I don't want to be alone for more than just a spa day. Want to come with me for a week somewhere? We are leaving this morning. You and me somewhere south. I have already left a message with the school saying you are sick."

I didn't know if my brain was groggy or the fact that I was seriously tired. Or if it might be that my stepmother signed me out of school for the first time in my life without consulting me. "Is everything okay, mom?" I asked, my mind still groggy, and I sat up.

"Mmm." I heard below my chest, "Stay still, please, so comfy," My girlfriend remarked in her sleep, snuggling up on my chest as my brain tried to start up desperately.

"So wait," I said finally after what felt like forever, but we both knew it was only a couple of seconds. "You have pulled me out of school for what?" I asked, feeling Crystal's fingers twitch on my breasts as I almost raised my voice, waking her up.

"Yes, I booked tickets to fly south to an all-inclusive hotel. We will be staying there for a week." My stepmother sounded like it was the most natural thing in the world. "I want you to come with me, and you can even drink if you want!" My stepmother exclaimed, trying to sell the idea to me.

"Mom, I have work! I have school! I have a volleyball game and practice!" I couldn't contain my voice. I felt those sleepy fingers freeze, no longer being naughty, and I saw those dark brown eyes open to gaze up at me, barely visible in the bedroom's darkness.

"What's happening?" Crystal asked, her voice sounding husky from lack of sleep.

"You are coming with me," My stepmother told me, basically demanding it, "I need you! I need someone to be with me when I go, and I want you to come with me! I have already pulled you from classes and booked last-minute tickets with some savings. We got your passport not long ago, and it is time we use it."

"Mom-" I began.

"NO," My stepmother exclaimed, and I moved the phone away from my ear, "YOU ARE COMING WITH ME!" She yelled irrationally. "YOU ARE GOING TO HELP YOUR MOTHER RELAX WHILE I COME UP WITH WHAT I AM GOING TO DO! AND YOU WILL SPEND SOME TIME WITH ME!"

I held the phone away from my ear and realized there was no way in my groggy mind that I would be able to counter my stepmother at this point.

"Now, Do you understand me, Angela Brown?! The flight is at eight am, and you only have till six to come home and come with me to the airport. If not," My stepmother's voice trailed off, and I felt myself unconsciously gulp.

Then she hung up on me, and I saw those brown eyes looking quizzically at me. "I am guessing your stepmother?" Crystal asked.

"Yes," I replied, still a little shocked at the entire thing. "I am going down south, it seems," I told Crystal, still shocked.

"What?" Crystal asked, the sleepiness leaving her voice with each word she spoke.

"My stepmother just threatened me to go on vacation with her." I told her, "In the next couple of hours, I need to pack, and she has already pulled me from school. Then threatened me if I thought to do something else," I finished, still shell-shocked.

"Wait, what? What about everything going on here? Don't you have work on Tuesday?" Crystal asked as her mind seemed to grapple with things that I didn't know what the fuck was going on.

"I'm going to have to cancel?" I said, feeling unsure. "I will call Samantha when I find out where I am going to be. Maybe I can have the place where I work moved to whatever country I end up in?"

I got up, pushing Crystal off me a little, and I sighed, moving towards the bathroom. All the clothes that I brought here would need to be packed up. "Crystal, Can I get you to pick up the bras I ordered?" I asked, beginning to get ready.

"You are going?" Crystal asked, incredulous.

"I might be having some issues with my stepmother, but if she needs me there, then I will be there. Threat or no threat," I said, my voice serious, "My dad fucked up by the numbers. I think

she had a breakdown, and is needing to get away. If that takes me to another country, then I will have to put up with it!" I threw my hands up in the air, wishing I had something to hit.

I sighed, moved through the bathroom, ignoring the mirror, and moved into the shower, letting the cold water pour onto me. I gasped as the water woke me up more, letting my brain return, even if only a little.

"Okay, I will go make breakfast!" Crystal yelled into the shower.

I smiled as the heat picked up, and I began to wash. I didn't know what exactly set my stepmother off, but I knew my dad must have done something to set her off. I couldn't help but sigh again as I cleaned myself.

Soon, I was out brushing my teeth and moving to put on some workout clothing. I set aside my weights from wearing them. I wouldn't take them with me, unfortunately. Hopefully, the resort that my stepmother was taking me to would have a gym. If not, I would take some running shoes and just sprint around the resort a couple of times.

My mind was still grappling with the situation as I got dressed in a simple gray workout outfit and stretched a little. I began a second later, hunting down all the available underwear and bras I had. It took me some time, but I gathered enough for a week if I included my school uniforms. I wouldn't feel like wearing them in the South, but I didn't have much choice in packing.

I ran downstairs and looked at Crystal working in just an apron, and my cock hardened a little. If I had time, I would have started something, but my phone alarm rang. Crystal turned her smile wry. "I guess we don't have time for a little play time?" Crystal asked.

"Nope," I told her, coming over and kissing those cute lips. "But then again," I began with a wicked grin, "I made sure you wouldn't forget me for the next week last night."

Crystal returned the grin before turning her attention back to the food. "Sit; I will feed you before you run home to see what is going on.

I sat back, and a couple of seconds later, a large plate of eggs with four slices of buttered toast was in front of me. "It isn't much, but some bacon will be ready in a couple of seconds," Crystal told me.

"Thanks! You are great; you know that, Crystal?" I replied.

"Of course," Crystal said, looking over her shoulder.

I didn't wait, and I began to eat the light breakfast. Crystal produced some strips of bacon a minute later. I finished the plate of food quickly and smiled. "Thanks. I am grabbing my shoes we bought yesterday, and I will be heading out." I told Crystal, "I think I need to talk to my stepmother a bit. But," My voice trailed off as I stood up, and I shrugged, "I need to go." I told her, and we paused for a moment, and Crystal closed the distance.

We shared a deep kiss, and I didn't even know when my hand groped her ass as I leaned down, kissing her deeply.

The magic broke a second later, and I smirked, "See you later, Minx," I told her. I took my new and old clothes, grabbed some shoes, and put on my runners. Crystal watched me as I headed out the door, running down the street in a rush.

I didn't hear the door close as I ran down the streets toward my home.

Chapter 1: To the Airport

The streets were dark as I moved through them. The quiet twilight of dawn soon breaking made the atmosphere even darker as I ran down the streets back home. Usually, I would feel good moving through the dark streets running. Instead, I felt a pit in my stomach as I thought about my stepmother. Not just my stepmother, but everything that was happening this morning and over the weekend. I didn't know what made my stepmother break out in anger, but it must have been something my father said.

I still didn't know what to think and had not come to terms with it either. What I did know was that my stepmother was serious and threatening this morning, and that meant she meant business. I was annoyed that I got called early in the morning while sleeping with Crystal. Crystal seemed annoyed and a little worried at first, but I would give her a call when I could.

I took a deep breath even as I ran down the quiet twilight streets as dawn would probably break in the next hour or so. Even as a light breeze kissed my skin, it did not matter to me. I moved at a pace that brought me back home. I walked up the small little walkway from the driveway to the front door. I put my keys into the door, and I unlocked the door. As I unlocked the door, I heard something that made me want to pause. I couldn't quite hear what it was until I opened up the door.

"No, I am going and I’m taking Angela with me. You can complain all you want! I wanted to be more open about everything as people make mistakes. But I need time away from you!" My stepmother yelled in the house as I opened the door.

"I didn't mean it like that, Honey," My father replied, "I made a mistake then, and I never did it again!"

"YOU KEPT ELANA A SECRET FOR EIGHTEEN FUCKING YEARS!" My stepmother screamed, and my ears rang a little.

"Mom," I said, making my stepmother and father in the living room turn to me.

"Angela, when did you get here?" My father asked.

"About thirty seconds ago." I told him flatly, "Mom called me and woke me up a couple of hours into my sleep," I reported, turning to my stepmother, "Are we really going somewhere?" I asked her just as flatly, still annoyed that I had been woken up so early.

"Yes," My stepmother said deliberately, "We are going; your father here was just trying to make a case for why we shouldn't. Go grab your suitcase. We are going for at least a week." My stepmother finished and moved to give a very deliberate stare at my father that I didn't want to be directed at me.

"You are in front of Angela," My father said, "Do not include her in this!" My father said very seriously.

"Fine," My stepmother said, giving some ground and walking away up the stairs.

I silently looked at my dad for a minute before sighing, "I don't know what you did to piss her off this time," I told him seriously, "But I am not going to lie to you, Dad," I began. "I have no idea how to feel about all of this, and now," I motioned to the stairs, "With Mom like this, and me heading out of here, I have no idea what to do. I had plans and things like that, and it feels that," I paused to point at him with a very annoyed expression, "You are the reason all these plans are fucked. You are the one Mom is angry at, and I know it probably is rational of her since you hurt her and me." I told him, and without even realizing it, I was once again feeling tears dripping from my eyes. "You are the reason we both are hurting. I don't even know how to feel about Elana at this moment since I have had a half-sister my entire life and never even knew it till THREE FUCKING DAYS AGO!" I yelled finally.

I stopped and looked at him, "We both are not the only ones who need to be thinking this week wherever Mom is fucking flying us to. But I know I need some time to think alone." I finished and walked away with my father looking at me as I went with an expression I didn't know how to read. I couldn't read it with tears in my eyes. I couldn't and still didn't know how to feel, and I had planned to ride it out at school and take pleasure in my work and Girlfriend. I even had something planned for Jake tonight. Worse was that the Chastity Cage probably would unlock when the battery died.

My mind jumped all over, and I headed to the basement, where I saw a suitcase on my bed. I sighed, and I moved to take it off. I unzipped it and started to pack essentials for hot weather. For the first time, I wished I hadn't just bought thousands of dollars worth of clothing for my women. It was a short regret, but not a major one, as I packed my workout outfits and moved to look at my swimwear but paused as I saw it. I couldn't help but frown as I realized it was all too small for me.

How many years has it been since I went swimming? I thought to myself before tossing it to the side. I would have to purchase something there or on the way. There was no other choice unless I wanted the world to see my breasts when I went swimming. They would be way too

tight, and I am sure that compounding that with the package below, I would be kicked out of the pool area of wherever we went.

I sighed, looked through my things, and packed while losing track of time. Tears were no longer in my eyes as I heard the door open to the basement. I turned to see my dad looking sad, and he sat at the top of the stairs. "Please don't talk," My dad said, sending a serious pang of anger through me. "I just want to say something without being interrupted," My father continued, "I want you to know I love you, Angela," My father said. He took a deep breath before continuing, "I want you to know that and I am sorry that I made several mistakes. Well, I have more than several mistakes, and saying sorry will not make up for that. Elana deserves a home, and so do you. I messed up when your stepmother was pregnant, but that doesn't excuse anything; in fact, it only makes it worse." He sighed deeply before continuing, "I don't know what to say or do to make you happier. Or your stepmother happier, which I know I need to work on. There isn't anything that can magically fix everything, and there isn't something that I can do that will do the same. But, Please remember that I love you, Angela, just that."

I felt tears in my eyes, and I hated that I was crying as my dad turned and headed up the stairs, closing the door behind him. I didn't know what to say or do as I stood there, and I didn't know how long I stood there for when the door opened again to see my stepmother. Her face was red, and tears were on her cheeks. "We need to head to the airport soon. I got your passport, so are you finished packing?"

I turned and looked over my bag before turning back to nod. "Yeah," I said, my voice raw. "I need to buy a swimsuit on the way through," I told my stepmother, who nodded.

"Okay, let's go." My stepmother said and turned away.

I watched her go before turning around and grabbing my own bag and backpack and paused when I remembered something. I ran over, grabbed my box of condoms, and stuffed the large box in my bag. There was no reason not to be well-supplied in case I had some vacation pussy.

I grinned, thinking about it, and I knew that Crystal would love some pics and videos of it. I put it all in my bag and sighed, thinking about bringing other toys. I looked over them, and they weren't anything I wanted to bring. Instead, if I was going to do something like that, I would have to purchase them on the way or in-country. I shrugged and wiped away my tears. My eyes felt a little red, and I closed my suitcase.

I quickly took my suitcase and walked out of the house to find a van taxi there. The back hatch was open, and I put my things in the back before going to the driver's side and getting in the back seat. My stepmother was sitting on the other side, looking very annoyed, and I sat down beside her and buckled in. "Mom, Seatbelt," I told her, and my stepmother turned to glare at me as I turned to ignore it and close the door.

A second later, I heard the click of the seatbelt, and I slammed the car door. The cab driver looked back at us and said, "Do you mind treating my van a bit better? Thanks." Before he looked at my stepmother. "Ready?" He asked.

"Let's go," My stepmother said and looked out the window.

The van began to move, and I laid back. I took out my phone and typed a message to my girlfriend as the driver went down the road.

Angela: Hey, I will not be around for the next week, but I plan to send you pics of me when I get there. Maybe even a video or two for you to enjoy if I find someone to seduce. Look forward to it, Minx!

I smiled as I sent the text before I yawned again. I knew that I could have waited to text Crystal, but I didn't want to. Once I was in the airport, I would have to turn off my phone. I remembered then that I should text Samantha, so I pulled up her contact information on my phone.

Angela: Hey, So I know I said that I would be good for Tuesday... But something came up, and my stepmother forced me to follow her out of the country. I am not quite sure where I will be going, but I will be heading to an all-inclusive resort for the next week. That means I might have some time available if people are willing to come to me. More bad news, though, is that I don't have any toys or anything with me since I was woken up after one or two hours of sleep and am barely conscious. So if you are going to send some people my way, then I will need a package of some toys that I can use at the hotel. I will contact you with more details when I learn where I am going since while I am gone, I may as well get some work done too since that sounds like fun. I am sorry for the inconvenience, but I had no choice in this matter, as my stepmother made it a family emergency and pulled me out of school.

I hit send and sighed, leaning back in the car seat. I turned, and I could see my stepmother glaring at me through the window as dawn was just starting to break the sky. "You done?" My stepmother asked, and I turned to her with a raised eyebrow.

"No, Not really, mother," I told her, giving some lip back; I saw my Mom looking more upset, and I held up a hand. "Sorry," I began and took a deep breath, "I have only had an hour or two of sleep, and then the wake-up call was abrupt. Dad didn't help, and I am still emotionally charged, just as you are, Mom. Now, I know you have a reason for this all, but I also had a ton of plans over the week. I have many texts basically canceling these plans with people. I need to finish them up before we take off since I don't even know where we are going, and once you tell me that, I will have to text some people again because my work can be done internationally," I said before I realized, I slipped up talking about work.

"Oh?" My stepmother replied, her voice laced with hidden meaning, "What do you do that can be done internationally, Angela?"

I looked at my stepmother, my face blanching, and my slow mind sped up like never before. I had just put my foot in my mouth and needed to act fast as I had already been skirting the edges with my stepmother lately. "Honestly, Mom," I began, "This isn't a conversation while on the way to an airport with a taxi driver and while both of us are emotionally charged with everything happening. Can we make it to the resort, or at least tell me where we are going before we talk about this?" I asked her.

My Mom looked at me, her eyes narrowing before looking at the taxi driver. "Fine," My stepmother pouted, "But this conversation isn't over, Angela," My stepmother finished threateningly.

I stifled a sigh of relief as I felt like I had just dodged a bullet but I knew I only delayed it in the end. This seemed to be something that I was doing a lot with my stepmother lately. Instead of solving anything, I was delaying the inevitable. One day, I would have to tell her what I did for work, and it would be sooner rather than later. I sighed and shifted my position as I thought about Hilda.

I pulled up the correct contact number and began composing a text to her.

Angela: Little Star, It seems that I have bad news for you. I will be unable to make our appointment this week on Wednesday due to an unforeseen family emergency. I will see you next week on Wednesday if you wish, and we can also get payment sorted by then since I have been delayed this week. Feel free to text me with any questions appropriately, Little Star.

I hit the send button and thought about who else needed to be contacted. I sighed as I realized Tracy, Sarah, and Alex all needed to be contacted. I don't think Cumdump needed to be, but a simple message to her about the meeting should be sent at least to sound professional. Hopefully, by then, Becky would have her shit figured out and tell me what has been on her mind.

I pulled up Sarah as I thought this would be the harder text to send, as Sarah seemed to be more sensitive to what I said.

Angela: Hey, So I, unfortunately, will not be able to see you this week. Something came up at home, and I have been pulled from school for the next week. I will not be back until next week at the latest. I will see you then. Also, feel free to text me; maybe I will even guide you through some fun from another country. :D

It was quick, but I didn't want Sarah to start developing cold feet so quickly since I disappeared after a week of fun. I sighed and wished somehow I could lean even more back into the car seat. I quickly moved on to the next text and thought about it for a bit since Tracy was a sensitive case as I needed to be firm with her, but I also just did a huge punishment on her. As I thought more about it, she was probably in a sensitive spot, even more so than Sarah. I would probably need to do something over the week while I was wherever I was going to be.

I sighed, and I began to text her.

Angela: Tracy, Sorry that I didn't get to see you off yesterday. Unfortunately, I will be busy this week and cannot come to school because of a sort of emergency. Text me if you are feeling lonely, and I might be able to guide you through some things while thinking of me. ;)

I hated how the text sounded, and it wasn't my style, but I didn't want to be harsh with her right now. "We are about ten minutes away from the airport now," The taxi driver suddenly said, making me almost jump in my seat as I looked up.

"Better finish your texts soon, Angela," My stepmother said flatly, and I knew she was annoyed at me for not telling her about my job.

I looked down, got back to texting, and sighed as I texted Alex.

Angela: I am heading out this week. Be a good girl, and text me when you are looking to be guided through some pleasure, and I might come up with something for a naughty girl like you. Maybe even a punishment like the slut you are. I will see you next week.

That was an easy text, and I had to finish with a text to Becky. I was just about to start when I noticed I got a text, which surprised me.

Alex: Yes, Mistress. I will definitely need a punishment. Please Let me know what I need to know and how I can appease you, Mistress.

I smiled but pulled up Becky's contact number.

Angela: Cumdump, I will be away this week. Please let Paul know that we will have to delay our meeting. See you next week.

I sighed as I couldn't think of anyone else to text at this moment other than Alex to respond.

Angela: I will think of something soon, Sweety.

It was simple, and I was too sleepy to think of something to punish her that would satisfy her Masochistic tendencies. I turned to look out the window and saw the airport roughly in the distance as the sun started to shine brightly in the sky. I looked out and saw the car turn onto the final off-ramp to the airport's departure area.

I turned to my stepmother again and asked, "So, can you tell me where we are going now?"

"Nope," My stepmother said, looking at me with a shadow of a smile, "Will you tell me your job?" She countered.

I quickly shut up and waited as the taxi pulled up to the airport departures.

Chapter 2: Onto the Plane

The taxi quickly pulled up to the departure doors, and my stepmother opened the door instantly. "Let's go," My stepmother said as she hopped out. I opened my door and followed the taxi driver to the back to help us out; I barely paid attention as I grabbed my things. It took only a minute before we walked into the airport. We walked toward the luggage lines, and I rubbed my eyes. I knew I would fall asleep on the plane, but it didn't make the sleepiness any less hard to deal with.

I yawned and followed my stepmother as we reached someone with WestJet displayed above their heads. My stepmother handed me the tickets and talked with the woman at the counter. Soon, I was told to put my luggage in the line and follow suit. "So you will have carry-on?" The woman asked, and we both nodded.

I was barely paying attention as I yawned again. It seemed the early wake-up call was hitting me harder than usual. Just a couple of hours before, I was a foot deep inside Crystal, and now I was here yawning my head off. I couldn't contain it, and I yawned another time, making the receptionist yawn.

"If you can help it, please stop yawning; it's contagious," The woman said with a chuckle afterward, and I joined her before yawning again.

My stepmother seemed too riled up about whatever my father did or said to join in on the light, polite joke. The woman noticed my stepmother's demeanor and returned to work. Soon, she weighed our luggage and wished us a nice vacation. I sighed and followed my stepmother with another yawn as I moved behind her. Soon, we were going through security, and I had my first glimpse of the tickets when they scanned them. Unfortunately, I've just noticed that our plane shouldn't arrive for another hour.

I winced; that meant we barely had enough time to go through security. Luckily, it seemed that the lines were not that bad, and only fifty or so people were in front of us. I put my backpack on the conveyor belt and yawned once again when we reached the search part of everything. I noticed as I continued to yawn that it was spreading to some security people. I moved through the x-ray and watched while yawning more till my stepmother turned to me. "You know you can slow down your yawning." She commented.

I gave my stepmother a dead stare, "Mom," I said, my voice drawn out as we waited in line for our bags, "I am tired, and I cannot stop." I finished bluntly, unable to try to soothe her now. I was just too tired, and sleep was very much needed.

It took another couple of minutes before our carry-ons were through the security checkpoint, and I wasn't manhandled, to my surprise. Honestly, I wouldn't mind it at this moment as it would give me something to fuel my adrenaline to be pissed off. Plus, if a woman found the large 'piece' I was carrying, I wondered if they would be impressed.

I chuckled at the thought, and my stepmother turned to me with a raised eyebrow. "What's so funny?" My stepmother asked, and I grinned.

"I was thinking what their reaction would be if I got patted down," I replied, and my stepmother's eyes widened.

Then, for the first time, she started chuckling as she thought of their reaction. I could hear the mirth in her chuckles as they turned to laughter as we waited in line, and my stepmother's laughter started to annoy others. My stepmother smiled at me for the first time just as we finished the checkpoint. "I wonder who would react better, a male or a female?" My stepmother asked.

"Depends too much," I told her, "Now we have one more checkpoint, and you need to tell me where we are going, stepmother," I said harshly, "I need to make at least one call with the destination in mind before we go."

My stepmother was still smiling at the thought of what would happen if a male or female agent found my large package. "Fine, you will need to know, for the questions the agents may ask, anyway." My stepmother said, "We are headed to the Dominican Republic to an Adults-only all-inclusive resort. It's called the Secrets Resort and Spa. Great place for both of us to relax. All-inclusive with unlimited alcohol and six restaurants. A large beach, a lazy river, and many optional activities on-site, including a nightclub that locals can visit. I plan to party it up and relax with my daughter, whom I haven't seen in the last couple of weeks. The room is a luxury suite with only a king-size bed, so we will be sleeping on the same bed. But that shouldn't be a problem since the bed is quite large."

My stepmother finished with a smile, and I felt slightly impressed. I nodded, "It sounds nice, but I don't know why it took you till the last checkpoint to finally tell me." I replied.

"Well, I didn't want you to tell your father, and I thought it would be a nice surprise," My stepmother said. But I also know that the week back from this trip would be hell.

"It is," I told her, "But I will also be behind on classes, and I was about to be a part of my first pick-up match for volleyball with another school's team." I paused, seeing my stepmother wince, "I was looking forward to it, and I will be missing out on the experience and things involved with that." I sighed, and I shook my head. "Oh well," I said, "too late to change anything now, and we are at the last checkpoint, hopefully."

Just as I finished talking, the person in front of us headed forward. A nonsense talk that was unneeded, in my opinion, about random things. I barely paid attention, and my stepmother talked for me, and the man allowed it since she is my stepmother. I yawned again, proving to him that I was incredibly tired while my stepmother did the talking.

Soon, we were through and moving toward the actual gates where we could board the plane. I looked at the clock and realized that we had made it through the security checkpoints in less than an hour, and I was impressed. That was a good time frame to make it through security, in my opinion.

I sighed as we walked down together with some others, reaching our terminal quickly. When we arrived, I saw a flight attendant and looked her up and down. She was a blonde woman with modest breasts but curves that perfectly suited her. I quickly noticed a brown woman with black hair and more modest curves standing with her. They both wore a black jacket with black dress pants that made them look good. Underneath was a buttoned-up white shirt, and I gulped as my stepmother showed them our tickets.

"Ah, you are just on time," The blonde said with a bright smile, "We will start boarding very soon. You can take your carry-ons and board now," She said and pointed out the hallway to our plane.

I was quickly glad I never said anything as I saw the line-up as I had thought we were somehow first in line. I silently followed my stepmother into the hallway and into line, but my mind wandered in its sleepy state. I wondered if I could get that blonde to join me in the bathroom for some fun. I wondered if she had a break during which I could break her. My cock hardened a little while my mind wandered on joining the mile-high club, even as I blindly followed my stepmother onto the plane.

I shook my head as soon as we boarded and found myself with a half-hard cock that would become an issue if someone wanted to make it one. I put my mind instead to following my stepmother to our seats.

Suddenly, we stopped, and my stepmother pointed at the spot near me with an aisle seat, "There weren't two seats side by side, so I will be a couple of rows down. You are here." She said again, pointing at the seat, "I will see you later," My stepmother finished moving deeper down the plane. I sighed and wished I had bought the tickets instead or maybe upgraded them. I wondered if they had a first-class section?

Instead, I reached up and put my bag away with a yawn before sitting down. I yawned and zoned out as people passed. It took some time before an elderly woman tapped my shoulder and pointed at the window seat, "Excuse me, sweety," The woman said, reminding me of Alex as that was the nickname I gave to her, "Can my daughter and I sit please?" She asked respectfully.

I stood yawning and nodded, getting out of the way. The elderly woman moved toward the window seat and next came a white woman in her mid-thirties at most following her in. She has a white porcelain skin with long brunette hair down to her shoulders. It was curly and clearly recently styled. I could see that she was dressed to impress while I was barely awake. Her white blouse barely hid the black bra under which she carried at least D-cup breasts. Her ass was a nice curve that I wouldn't mind inspecting myself since they were hidden under black pants that were slightly tighter than what should be comfortable.

As she passed me, I smelled the faint smell of roses, like she was looking to impress someone. I could see the disappointment on her face when she looked at me, and I wondered if she was looking to impress a man. I didn't know, but I barely cared at that moment as I watched her sit next to where I would sit.

I sat down afterward and pulled out my phone. This was the last chance I would get to call Samantha before the plane took off. I was just looking for her contact number when I got a call from Samantha.

"What is the emergency?" I heard first and knew this would be a conversation I wouldn't enjoy.

"My stepmother is experiencing some issues and is taking me on vacation without asking me," I replied.

"THAT IS NOT AN EMERGENCY!" Samantha almost screamed into my ear.

I took a deep, audible breath while I heard Samantha do the same. "Samantha, I know," I began, "If it weren't for the fact that I was more or less forced and needed to help my stepmother out, I wouldn't be going on this trip. I have a volleyball match, and I was very much looking forward to Tuesday if I am not going to lie. That sounded like I was going to enjoy myself a lot. Now I cannot, and I called you to tell you that I am going to a Secrets resort in the Dominican Republic so that I can reschedule Tuesday's thing and hell." I grinned, "Maybe another on Thursday since I shouldn't be too busy. That is if you can schedule things that way."

I could almost hear Samantha thinking on the other side of the phone at this moment. "Look, Samantha," I began again, "I don't have much time, and I barely brought myself. I have nothing on me either, so you will also have to send a package with the things I need, and I don't have a room number at this moment. The plane will take off soon, and I won't be reachable till I am at the resort."

I heard a sigh on the other end, "FINE!" I heard her exclaim, "You're right; you should have more time while over there, and I will look into some requesters and see if they can fly there for your services. They may not like it, and I will take my full commission plus an extra five percent. The twins will be pissed, though, and might cancel altogether."

A small light above me showed that there was no cell phone signal. "I've got to go. I will let you know when I am at the resort. Thanks for dealing with this, Samantha." I quickly hung up before she could respond and put it on airplane mode. I sighed, leaning back in my seat before I noticed the woman beside me giving me a look.

"Missing work?" The woman asked, and I sighed and quickly followed up with a yawn.

"I was torn out of bed with no knowledge of this trip. I quickly packed and had to cancel everything, including two important clients. A family emergency is one of the reasons I can cancel, though, so they will have to put up with it. They are adults; they can deal with it." I replied before yawning again.

I turned my head for a moment and closed my eyes, "Sorry, but I will be sleeping for a bit," I told her and buckled up so I wouldn't be disturbed. My eyes slid shut before I even knew it, and I heard someone say something, but I no longer cared. Sleep overtook me quickly after being ripped from it hours before. I didn't even realize that as I passed out, I sighed a little in relief.

Chapter 3: Mile High

I was shaken awake suddenly. I almost jumped in my seat from the movement as I felt the pressure around me was different than when I went to sleep. I looked around and saw dozens of people seated in chairs I knew were used in airplanes. I looked at the hand that shook me awake and at her uncomprehending for a couple of moments. Then it was like the last couple of hours hit me, and I remembered that I was on a plane heading south. I was so tired I passed out before the plane took off, and I looked down to see my cock hard as a rock.

I blushed as I turned to the woman I saw now with a blush on her face and very much not looking down. I could see her eyes shooting down for a second, then back up to my face as if she had been caught. I felt annoyed at being awoken, and I was about to tell her such when she spoke, "I am so sorry to wake you, but my mother has been needing to use the bathroom, and she can no longer hold it." The woman said with a blush on her face.

I looked past her, and I began to blush as I remembered that I was blocking an elderly woman who needed to use the bathroom. I must have also been out for hours since I felt much better than when we left. I shook my head, turned to her, and looked over to her mother, "I was quite out of it," I told them honestly and began to get up, feeling slight stiffness in my legs, "Thank you for letting me sleep; for so long." I sincerely finished as I was still getting up and exiting the aisle.

Both women got up and followed me out, letting her mother move towards the bathroom, and I saw my stepmother a little farther down the aisle. I sighed and looked at the woman, moving to sit back down. Her gaze clearly looked at the bulge in my pants, and I couldn't help but smile as I moved to sit back beside her.

"I am so sorry," I told her honestly as I sat beside her, and my hand landed on hers on the armrest. "I hope I didn't make your mother wait too long."

"No, No, she is in her early sixties; she will be fine," The woman said, waving her hand.

"Well," I said, using my free hand, to wipe my eyes. I hope I didn't do anything embarrassing while I was asleep," I told her. I checked and blushed a little as I noticed a small drool mark on her shoulder. "Oh no," I said, a little overdramatic. “Did I sleep on your shoulder?" I asked.

The woman was still blushing, so she lifted her arm under mine and waved me off again. "It was fine. You looked so tired before, and you passed out immediately. It was not a huge deal at all," She finished.

"Well, Since I already slept on you, I should at least introduce myself," I said, changing the topic, "I am Angela Brown," I said, bringing my hand up to shake hers.

She looked down at my hand and saw the bulge in my pants. She reached out and acted like she hadn't seen it but very clearly did. I couldn't help but wonder if she was interested in it

enough, though. "I am Darline Cloud," Darline introduced herself, "My mother, who you met some hours back, is Maggie Cloud."

I smiled at the dual introduction and grinned, just about to say something, when I felt a presence beside me. I turned and saw the blonde Flight attendant looking down at me from her standing position. "Hello, I noticed that you have awoken," the attendant said. Are you interested in something to drink or a snack? We still have about three hours before we reach our destination."

Her smile was bright, and I smiled back, "I could go for a snack and a bottle of water, please," I replied, "I don't know what snacks you have, though," I said before turning to Darline. "Want anything, Darline?" I asked.

"I am fine," Darline replied with that blush, calming down, "Thank you for the offer."

Darline was polite, and I turned back to the Flight attendant. "So, what do you have for snacks?" I asked with a grin.

She began to list some things, and I chose two chocolate bars to go along with the water. It wasn't until she handed me the chocolate bars that I noticed a slight blush on her face, too, and noticed her gaze also landing on my crotch. I didn't say anything and wondered if large cocks were this charming to women.

Instead of saying anything else, she handed me the water, and I pulled out my debit card for the purchase. Luckily, they do that now these days, and I sighed in relief, as I had no cash on me. The flight attendant then took off, and I opened the wrapper of the first chocolate. I knew I shouldn't have it, but I was also going on an unexpected vacation. I would run a couple of miles around the resort when I got there.

The silence between Darline and I grew for a bit before Darline turned to me, "I have to ask, and my curiosity is getting the better of me. Are you a transwoman?" Darline asked bluntly, and I could see the blush on her face.

I couldn't help the sudden urge to tease Darline, and I raised an eyebrow at her, "Why do you think that?" I asked.

Darline's blush deepened, and she looked down at my lap. "B-Because of the bulge, which has slowly grown smaller over the last couple of minutes since you woke up," Darline said in a much quieter tone so others couldn't hear.

My grin turned sadistic, and I leaned toward her, "Why do you think it is a cock, Darline?" I asked her, "Maybe it’s a curling iron or something else that I had to put into what some might consider incredibly deep pockets."

My reply was bullshit, but Darline blushed deeper, and I could see that she was having serious issues with the current conversation. She opened her mouth to say something when Maggie

showed up, "I am sorry, sweety," Maggie said, standing in the aisle, "Do you mind allowing me to sit again?" She asked.

I got up, and so did Darline, her face still blushing, which I saw Maggie look at questioningly. "Thank you so much, sweety," Maggie said, and I stood beside Darline as her mother moved into the window seat.

While standing beside her, I opened the overhead compartment, opened my bag, and pulled out two condoms. I felt a small plan in the back of my mind, and I wanted to try it. Worse comes to worst, I would go talk to my mother for most of the flight instead of sitting with Darline and Maggie.

I quickly pulled out the two condoms. Darline waited for me as I finished taking my things out. I palmed the condoms and put one in my pocket before turning to Darline. "Darline," I whispered just loud enough for her to hear, "I believe I need to go to the bathroom myself," I told her, taking her hand in my own before she realized it. "Bring this to me if you want to find out what is under my pants," I told her and moved my hand back.

Darline seemed surprised at my sudden movements. I stepped back, still showing her a smile, "It will be unlocked," I finished and turned to head toward the bathrooms. It seemed that there wasn't a line at this moment entered immediately.

I started to relieve myself right away. I felt relief as I hadn't even realized my bladder was full. It took over a minute, and I quickly began to suspect that Darline was not coming. That was a shame, but the bathroom was small, and I wouldn't have room to do anything other than fuck her pussy hard.

It wasn't much of a problem if she didn't come in, and I slowly wrapped things up as my cock started to go flaccid as I finished relieving myself. I began to wash my hands thoroughly with a half smile. It had been a couple of minutes, and Darline wasn't here, so I wasn't about to stay too much longer. I turned and stuffed my cock back into my pants to leave.

When I opened the door, there was a bit of tension on the door, and I stopped. A second later, Darline was in the doorway, and she stepped in, blushing, looking down at my pants while I stepped back, giving her room. I smiled and looked her in the eyes just now, noticing how remarkably close in height we both were. "I see you want to check things out down there. Did you bring what I gave you? Why don't you go ahead and put it on, Darline," I told her, and Darline nodded.

We were both adults, and neither of us had the illusion that I would be calling her or anything afterward. She was curious about my cock and the size, and I was looking for some fun. Darline squatted, pulling down my pants, and she was confronted with a flaccid cock that filled her hands. I felt her breath quickening, and its heat started to get me hard already as I thought about filling this slut.

"Fuck, I can't believe I am doing this," Darline said. A second later, though, I felt her lips on the head of my cock, and her tongue started to work along the length of my shaft as she glided her tongue down. I bit a back moan as my cock got larger and larger in her hands. Her hand started to stroke my shaft as her face landed among my balls, and I felt her suck them into her mouth. She softly sucked on them, and I felt a finger touch my thigh before traveling under in search of something before she stopped as I felt her fingers probe my labia.

"What?" She spoke softly, looking up. "Why do you have a pussy?" Darline asked.

"I am a Futanari," I told her with a soft smile, "I have both working genitalia. Now," I said, "We don't have much time so get back to sucking, Slut."

Darline continued to pause for a moment longer, but I felt a twitch in her fingers. Suddenly she began again stroking my cock with one hand while her mouth landed on the head of my cock again. Her lips spread, and at this point, I was ready to fuck her pussy. Instead, she began to give me a blow job while her other hand moved down to her pants.

I saw that hand sneak into her pants, and I knew all of this turned her on. Otherwise, she wouldn't be here right now, and I bit back a moan as she took five inches of my cock in her mouth. She bobbed her head back and forth, bringing me more pleasure as she moved.

My hands moved down, and I began to push her slightly deeper, making her gag instantly. I felt her pull back and look up at me, "I can't go deeper; you are too large." Darline said as a matter of fact.

"Then put that condom on, and we can see how deep I can go in your other mouth," I replied with a grin.

Darline paused before pulling out a condom. She brought it up to her lips and used her teeth to tear it open. "Fuck I haven't done something like this since university," Darline said, seemingly reflecting on her actions. Her hands didn't stop, and she finally pulled out her hand from her pants which were wet from playing with her pussy, and began to put the condom on. The tight latex moved down the length of my cock quickly as she used both hands to bring it down, and as she finished, she stood up and unbuttoned her pants.

Darline didn't pause and pulled down her pants, showing her white ass as she turned and looked back at me. "I might regret this later," Darline began as she kicked off her pants and panties, "But I will enjoy it while it is happening," Her voice was sultry if barely audible, and I lined up my condom-covered cock to her wet pussy.

"I never had someone not cum all over my cock," I replied to her as a promise, and it was true.

"Oh god," Darline whispered as I began to push into her. Her tight pussy slowly stretched around my cock, and I heard her whisper, "Oh god, that is huge," Followed by heavy breathing as I saw her put her hands on the door. The head of my cock finally pushed into her, and I heard her deep breathing pause.

"Oh, I almost forgot," I said with a mischievous grin, "No one ever asked me if it is in yet either," I told her, and I shoved my cock in deeper and forcefully. Her breathing hitched, and I reached out and covered her mouth just as I heard her scream into my hand. I felt her pussy tighten on me and her little asshole pucker for me as if asking for my thumb to enter. Her muffled scream was loud in the toilet, and I hoped it would only be loud in here as I silenced most of it.

I stopped moving to let Darline's pussy adapt a bit more before I pushed in deeper. Her pussy accepted more of my cock as it relaxed a little and I heard and felt her breathing again. "Oh god," Darline said with emphasis, "You are stretching me so much around you. Are you all the way in yet?" She asked.

I couldn't help but chuckle as I looked down, "Not even half slut," I told her.

I heard her whisper something inaudible to herself as I pushed deep till I kissed the cervix and stopped with nine inches deep in her cunt that probably had never been touched by another cock. "Now I am slightly deeper than halfway, Slut," I said, my tone menacing, "Better cover your mouth," continued, "I am about to make you cum so much you will be seeing stars."

A second later, I began to pull out, taking my hand away from her mouth. Darline listened and covered her mouth just as I pushed and pulled back till just the head of my cock was in her pussy. Darline had spread her legs for me. Her nice heart-shaped ass was pried open with my cock just inside her pussy. The tight bathroom already smelled of sex, and I waited a moment longer before pushing deep into her pussy again. Her muffled moan wasn't as loud as the scream, and I began to thrust into the slut hard and pull back. I felt pleasure surge and the thrill of domination go through me.

I was thousands of feet in the air and over a mile up. Now here I was fucking a thirty-year-old slut that I had just met. Her muffled cries were just short of becoming a disturbance as I hoped they would be outside; otherwise, I might have a problem later. But at this moment, I couldn't particularly care as the thrill made my spine shiver as the pleasure flooded my head.

On the other hand, Darline was fighting to bite back the moans as I thrust into her dripping-wet pussy. She was super tight, and I knew that she was on the border of her first orgasm. I felt the need to spank her ass but held back as I thrust deep into her kissing her cervix with the head of my cock, making her let out another one of those muffled moans. I didn't stop and pulled nearly out before I shoved my thumb into her asshole while thrusting back into her hard, kissing her cervix again.

The moan this time was much more silent as the sudden double penetration took her by surprise, followed closely by a muffled scream as I felt her pussy spasm all over my cock. I didn't stop, though, as I continued to take my pleasure from her body, reaching a peak of my own. I thrust my thumb deep into her ass, followed by thrusting deep into her pussy.

I reached my peak and smiled as I felt her pussy tighten on me just as she had before; Darline then orgasmed all over my cock. I felt the semen brewing in my balls, and I thrust into her once again and whispered, "I'm cumming, Slut; take it all."

I felt the semen flow through my balls, and I released rope after rope of semen deep inside her. I felt the condom inflating. I bit my lip, stopping the loud moan threatening to leave my lips. Pleasure flooded my head, and I gyrated, my hips thrusting into her, making her moan even more as she struggled to keep the volume down.

The tremors in her pussy told me her pleasure, and her legs shook as she endured the pleasure. I lost track of the seconds or minutes it took for my head to recover before I began to pull out of her tight trembling cunt. "Fuck," I muttered softly, "You have an amazingly tight pussy, Darline," I said just as my cock popped free. "Want to go another round?" I asked as I found, like usual, the condom staying inside her pussy, and I pulled it out. I tied it up as I didn't plan to send Darline back to her mother with semen breath. I tossed the condom into the toilet and let it flush into the system. I needed to hide the evidence, and I turned back to Darline.

Darline didn't answer, and I heard her breathing heavily. I could hear the recovery, and eventually, she replied, "I need to pee. Can you move?" Darline asked.

"Sure," I replied, squeezing against the wall, letting her pass, and she sat on the toilet. I washed my hands using soap, grinned, turned to her, and used some paper towel to clean off the excess semen on my cock. "I will see you in our seat since a second round doesn't seem to be an option."

Darline nodded, and her face showed a dreamy look that I had seen on Crystal, Alex, Tracy, and Becky. It was the post-orgasm bliss, and she needed time to recover. I stuffed my cock back into my pants and unlocked the door before stepping out. I closed the door behind me, looked down the aisle where I came from, and saw nobody.

"Thank god," I muttered, thinking no one was nearby till I turned my head and paused.

In front of me was the attendant looking at me with a gaze that I knew all too well.

Desire!

Need!

Lust!

It was the blonde flight attendant; she pointed at the other bathroom door, and I reached out and opened it. No one was inside, and she almost pushed me in before kissing me. I was surprised by how needy that kiss was; things were moving forward quickly. Her hands were in my pants before I even knew it, and I decided I owed Darline an apology as this was a slut.

Her fingers found my still-hard cock as she kissed me, and I didn't see a reason to stop her. Then she stopped kissing me, turned around, and locked the door. She turned to me for a second, "I want your cock to ravish me," The flight attendant said, "Hard and fast, my next round is soon, and I need it now."

I reached into my pocket and thanked the gods I had another condom. But looking at the flight attendant, she didn't seem to care even if I went in raw. I pulled down my pants, as did she after unbuttoning them, and I tore open the condom. "Okay, Slut," I replied, "Show me that slutty pussy that you need me to plow," I told her, and she turned around without pause and stuck her ass out toward me as I slipped on the condom. I didn't pause even to finish completely putting on the condom as I continued to slip it down the length of my cock as I lined it up with her dripping wet pussy.

I lined it up and felt her wagging her ass before pushing her pussy back onto my cock, penetrating herself. "Fuck," She muttered, "I needed something this thick and hard inside me."

I didn't wait, and I pushed deep into her pussy and felt every fold hug me inside of her. I barely bit back the moan as I felt her pussy accept inch after inch. Her pussy stretched easily around it, and her soft folds took me like a champ. I pushed deeper into her, and her cunt took ten inches before I hit her cervix. The slut flight attendant moaned, not even bothering to cover it up before pushing her ass hard back onto my cock, penetrating herself deeply. I felt her cervix give, and suddenly, my balls pressed against her cunt.

I felt her shiver and her pussy tighten on me. "Oh fuck, you filled me up," She muttered, and I felt something snap inside me.

I wouldn't let this slutty bitch take control. It hit me like a truck that I had no control over this slut, which was unacceptable. I grabbed her ass with two slaps on her ass cheeks simultaneously and pulled her off my cock before thrusting deep into her pussy. I didn't care and began using my natural strength to slap her ass with my hips as I pulled her off my cock only to thrust every inch as fast and deep as possible. The flight attendant lasted five thrusts before I felt her cunt spasm all over my cock, and I continued to brutally fuck her pussy and womb like no other than I had before.

I didn't slow down even as her folds tightened and loosened up as they trembled in orgasm. I took my pleasure from this woman, treating her as a masturbation hole. I didn't care about the flight attendant if she kept her job after this or anything. She covered her mouth, and I took her cunt for more than it was worth.

I felt powerful as I raided her pussy and plundered all the treasures in the depths, destroying the house while I was there. I felt her cum again and again on my cock, and her cries were much more muted as she took it. It didn't take too long, though, as I thought of this as a quickie, and we needed to go, and I didn't resist the urge to cum in the least. My head blanked as I released the tide of semen deep in her pussy, filling the whore and thrusting into her, riding out my ejaculation.

I sighed with pleasure and released a soft moan as my ejaculation finished. I pulled out and took the condom out of her pussy. "Fuck off slut; I will see you after I am seated," I told her, and the flight attendant nodded. She reached down to her trembling legs and pulled up her pants and panties. Her eyes were glazed, and she opened the bathroom door and closed it behind herself.

I watched for a minute, and I cleaned myself up for a couple more minutes before I tossed the condom into the airplane toilet again. I really hope this didn't do damage to their system, but I needed to hide the evidence of our interaction. I moved, sighed, stuffed my much more flaccid cock into my panties, and put on my pants again before leaving the bathroom. A man waited, and I smiled as I passed him by leaving down the aisle. My stepmother looked sharply at me as I passed, and I nodded to her, "See you in a bit, Mom," I told her, "Looking forward to landing soon." My stepmother didn't have a chance to reply before I was at my seat, and I sat down beside a smiling Darline with Maggie looking out the window.

I leaned back and found the second chocolate bar. I opened the packaging and smiled when the slutty flight attendant walked by looking professional, but as I looked, I could see her legs quivering from remembered orgasms.

I smiled as I leaned back deliberately, not thinking about the two women I had just filled.

Who knew plane trips could be so fun?

Chapter 4: Arrival

The plane slowly came to a stop, and I could feel the delight that it had landed. Maggie was a wonderful woman, and the awkward silence between Darline and me lasted only a short while after I sat back down. Soon after, however, Maggie began a concentrated effort to learn every detail of my life. She was very particular about learning what the last month had been like for me.

That made things awkward for me and funny for Darline as I tried to hold off on the questions. Soon, though, Darline was surprised to learn that I had a girlfriend but didn't seem annoyed about it. I didn't care, though, as we probably wouldn't be seeing each other once we left the plane. However, Maggie wasn't having just that and wanted me to tell her about Crystal.

For three hours, I talked around the last month, trying harder than I thought possible to hold onto my secrets that couldn't be let out. I thought Maggie would be a very good FBI interrogator as she found out I had more than one woman back home. This only intensified the questioning, and at this point, I was thoroughly exhausted and wished I could just go back to sleep instead of being questioned.

When the plane landed, I couldn't have been happier to escape the trap that was this plane as we moved toward the terminal. Time felt longer as I wanted to leave, and I saw Maggie eyeing me for juicy gossip from the younger generation. She looked practically starved for all the interesting details that I had in store. I didn't want to become her gossip girl, and I felt the need

to run away from her while trying to justify that it was a tactical retreat, not me fleeing from the old woman.

When I got up as the plane stopped, it was a great relief. I smiled and turned to Maggie and Darline, "It was great talking to you both for this trip. I hope to see you again," I finished politely, trying not to show how much I wanted to run away from Maggie.

"I hope so too, Angela," Maggie replied, cutting off Darline as she went to say something. "It's so nice to be young. You should get yourself plenty of friends and men."

I paused with a polite smile on my face, and I turned, "I hope to see you soon!" I exclaimed and had to stop to reach into the overhead compartment. I pulled out my backpack, took it out, and put it on. I walked down the aisle as Maggie and Darline were a couple of people behind me. I knew that I would be in trouble if I were caught by them, as Maggie would talk my ear off even more. I wished nothing more than not to see Maggie for a while, as I couldn't handle talking for a couple more hours.

I shuddered thinking about the long conversation and thought that the long, drawn-out conversations I was trapped in were the worst thing ever. As people filtered out of the plane, I stepped forward and sighed in relief as we reached the terminal. As I walked down, some dancers greeted us as we walked out of the terminal, and I knew I would have to wait for my stepmother there.

It didn't take long before my stepmother came out, but I saw Darline and Maggie pass by, to which I felt obligated to wave. Thankfully, Maggie walked on with Darline, and I sighed in relief as my stepmother approached me. "You seemed to have made new friends on the plane," My stepmother said, looking at Maggie and Darline as they went to the baggage checkout.

I looked my stepmother in the eyes and wryly smiled, "I hate being trapped in a conversation for hours," I told her.

My stepmother chuckled, and I smiled, knowing I made her smile. "Let us go grab our luggage," My stepmother said, her smile turning back to a frown. Still, I could sense that she was happier than before we got on the plane, so it seemed her mood had improved.

We walked down following the English signs for the baggage area and soon arrived. I instantly smiled as I found my bag and quickly scooped it up. Then we waited for my stepmother's, and I quickly learned we were not as lucky as I was with mine. Twenty minutes later, it finally came out, and I scooped it up quickly and carried it over before handing it to my stepmother.

"Thanks, Honey," My stepmother said with a soft smile, and we both headed down toward customs.

That was a short conversation before they stamped our passports and sent us off, which was a nice change. Everything was moving smoothly, and I moved with my stepmother toward a

shuttle bus with a dozen other people, mostly couples, on it. I looked around and found, much to my relief, that Maggie wasn't on the shuttle bus.

I sat down beside my stepmother and turned to her, "How was your flight?" I asked.

"My daughter never visited me once on the plane," My stepmother said, turning to look at me dryly. I quickly replied with a look that made my stepmother chuckle, "It was fine; the woman I sat beside was going on a honeymoon with her husband. In fact, they are taking the private shuttle to the same resort we are going to. I will introduce you if we see them."

I smiled and nodded, and my stepmother went over what the woman told her about their wedding. I thoroughly tuned it out when the shuttle bus accepted the final passengers before departing. We moved, and my stepmother talked about this woman's wedding more. I didn't know how to feel about this conversation regarding weddings.

I have never known how to feel about weddings. Would I marry a man or a woman? Would I wear a dress or a suit if I were the bride or groom? What would my wedding look like? The thought of all that planning and everything that went with planning a wedding seemed like hell that Christians talked about often.

I just couldn't picture getting walked down the aisle by my father and handed off to someone else like cattle. On the other hand, that meant I would be in the groom's position, waiting for my bride to come down the aisle and putting a ring on her. Both these concepts made me want to spit on the floor thinking about them. I just couldn't think of myself as either party.

I looked up, and my stepmother was still gushing about that wedding the woman had that showed my stepmother even photos of the entire arrangement. It seemed that my stepmother was so into the topic my mind couldn't help but wonder what if I chose to marry Crystal and what that would look like.

First, it wouldn't be traditional in any sense of the word. It would never be traditional in any sense of the word. I began to let my mind wander and thought about fun things I could do with my Minx. Maybe for walking down the aisle, have her in a little Minx costume to be handed off to me like the perfect slut that she is. Possibly for vows, she would be on her knees before me, looking up at my cock as I stood there with my dick out for the audience to see. She would vow her life to my cock, and seal the kiss of marriage; she would kiss the head of my dick before giving me my first blowjob of marriage. After I filled her stomach with my seed, I would turn her around and fuck her pussy until she came all over my cock with an audience. I would then fill her womb full of my semen to finish the bindings of marriage before I put a collar around her neck.

The bus came to a sudden stop, and my stepmother went quiet. I looked down and realized I had made a problem for myself as I had a hard-on in my pants. I winced as it was almost completely erect, and my stepmother shook her head. "You weren't listening to me, were you?" My stepmother asked.

I turned and smiled wryly, "You had me thinking about marriage," I said as a joke, but my stepmother wasn't laughing. Her serious expression drilled into me for an extended period of time, and I started to feel uncomfortable. I opened my mouth to say something when my stepmother stood.

"Let's go, Angela Brown," My stepmother said, and I knew I was in trouble for that comment. I didn't know what upset my stepmother about my statement, but I knew she was angry about it. Still, I got up to follow her out of the bus.

Stepping off the bus, I realized something I didn't notice getting on the bus since the walk had been entirely in the shade. But it was hot out, and the temperature was not what I left behind in the United States. I felt like I was back in the summer heat, and I looked up to see the sun in the sky with the UV rays hitting me right on. "I think I am going to need to buy some sunscreen," I commented, and my stepmother nodded.

"I picked some powerful stuff up for us. Come, we need to get in line for the reception." I followed my stepmother into the hotel and walked up to reception. The air-conditioning here was set at a pleasant temperature that didn't feel like I was being blasted with cold air after the heat, and I moved with my stepmother, towing my luggage behind me.

The wait wasn't long, as we were not the last passengers to get in line for reception. We approached the young woman working the reception. "Hello," she said in very good English with only a slight accent. "Can I get names and number of occupants?"

"Violet Brown and Angela Brown. Only two occupants for a single room." My stepmother replied.

"Ah, you are staying in the Supreme Garden side rooms. They are lovely this time of year. They are also close to the pools, but until you pass the garden, you can't really hear anything from them." The receptionist said with a smile, "Your room number is forty-four, and Dannel here will help you to your room." The receptionist finished and motioned to a young black man in the corner with her fingers.

I turned to look in his direction, and he came rushing up with a cart for luggage behind him. "Hello, I am Dannel; I will show you your room. Which number?" He asked.

"Forty-four, Dannel," My stepmother replied while I looked over Dannel.

Dannel was a short man with not a lot of muscle to show. His black skin looked moisturized, though he didn't spend much of his time outside. He was also at least a foot shorter than me as I followed him. I looked him over, and I felt something odd about Dannel. I couldn't tell what was bothering me, but something was catching my attention. I think it might have been his bulge, but it seemed to be a bit bigger than I was used to seeing on men.

Before I knew it and not taking in my surroundings at all as I checked Dannel out, we reached our room. My stepmother pulled out two key cards, handing one off to me before scanning the

card. The door opened, and I felt like a whistle would have been appropriate. I wondered how much money my stepmother had dropped on this.

As you stepped inside, the room was very neutral in color, but the king-sized bed was down a small hallway, with the bathroom right by the door. After passing the bathrooms, there was a full fridge to my right, with a little bar with some alcohol on it. The massive bed was only a couple of steps away, with a phone on each night table.

I looked around the room, and there was a couch that could allow two to snuggle together with a bit of extra space—a small coffee table and a sizeable sixty-inch television. The room's neutral colors then worked perfectly with the fantastic-looking garden right outside the door. Various bright flowers looked amazing, adding to the romantic feel of this bedroom. I could see the tension in my stepmother's shoulders fade just looking into the room as I soaked in the surroundings.

I turned to look at Dannel, who seemed not to be looking at my stepmother, me, or even our luggage. Instead, his eyes were wide, looking at the bulge in my pants as if transfixed by it. I turned to see my stepmother looking around, still soaking in the scenery of the room, so I turned to Dannel. "Well, what is this?" I asked, my voice barely above a whisper, closing in on Dannel.

Dannel seemed to realize that I was talking to him, and his face changed color as he realized I caught him looking at my cock. "Ah," He was about to say something when I put my finger to his lips.

"No," I said, feeling like it might be fun to have him worrying. "I will see you tomorrow, Dannel. Make sure you find some time to come and talk to me without my stepmother around." I said, pointing at my stepmother, who walked over to the television.

"Wow, I think I am feeling some inspiration to paint," I heard my stepmother say, and I stepped back from Dannel. I saw my stepmother turn, and Dannel turned away.

I could feel that he was slightly distressed, and I couldn't be happier. Something about Dannel was still throwing me off, and I couldn't help but want to get to the bottom of it. "That is good to hear, Mom." I replied, "Did you bring some painting supplies?" I asked, turning to her as Dannel turned to bring in our luggage.

"No," my stepmother replied with a pout. “I didn't think about it since I was so angry with your father." My stepmother's face turned angry, and I didn't know what to do.

"Well, we might see about fixing that later," I said, trying to change the subject. My stepmother smiled wryly at my obvious change of pace. Dannel walked in with our bags behind them, and I smiled. "Thank you, Dannel," I said. “I will see you soon, I hope," I told him as he finished putting down the bags.

Dannel looked at me and nodded with what I believed to be a blush before running away from the room. My stepmother looked ready to jump into her purse when he ran out of the room. "Wow, They usually ask for a tip," My stepmother said, and I nodded.

"Well, I will see about giving him a tip next time I see him," I told my stepmother, and I couldn't restrain the smile on my face.

My stepmother gave me an odd look for a moment, then shook her head. "Let's settle in," my stepmother said, "I don't want to think about much other than how to enjoy myself this week. Oh yeah, Angela," My stepmother said as I moved toward the luggage to fill the dressers across from the king-size bed that I overlooked at first glance. "Whatever happens here stays here. Your father will not hear about it, no matter what. Understood?!" My stepmother practically shouted at me, and I couldn't help the surprised look I gave my stepmother.

"You're planning on cheating on Dad?" I asked incredulously.

"I'm not planning on it," my stepmother replied, "But if it happens, it happens."

I was too surprised to respond, but something came up in my head that I wanted to ask but simply couldn't.

Why the fuck are we sharing the same bed and bedroom then?!

Chapter 5: Outburst

My stepmother and I set to work unpacking our suitcases. I put away the clothing and underwear I could wear right away while setting aside those I knew were dirty. Soon, I had a small pile of dirty clothes, and the dresser I occupied had my clothes in it. It would have looked much better for us if I had brought someone back to the room.

I smiled and looked around, and my stepmother was finishing up. "Hey, Mom," I said, turning to her, "I don't have a bathing suit. I will need to pick one up. Does the resort have a shop or something?" I asked.

"It said that they do. Do you remember how we got to the room?" my stepmother asked, and I shook my head. Well, go down the hall, take a right toward reception, and ask them. Hopefully, they can help you. Maybe you might find that Dannel boy to lead you too." My stepmother seemed to pause. "Do you need money?" my stepmother asked, and I frowned. I looked in my backpack and grabbed my wallet.

"As long as they accept my debit card," I told her with a wry smile, and my stepmother returned one of her own. “If not, I hope they have a debit machine." Both my stepmother and I laughed at that one. There was no way a resort catering to Americans and tourists from around the world wouldn't have a machine that worked for banks back in the States.

"I'll be back in a bit," I said as I made sure to grab the key card for the room. "I will see if I can find a bathing suit that hopefully covers up my junk properly, too," I said, and my stepmother nodded seriously.

I left the room before my stepmother could respond and headed down the hallway in the direction we had just come from. I moved with ease, and I took that first left. The decorations were tropical, and the temperature was nice inside the resort. I moved down the hall, looking at all the decorations this time instead of the bellboy's ass. I chuckled to myself and hoped that they had some nice swimsuits. I wasn't looking for anything lewd, but I wouldn't mind something mature looking or cute. Either way it worked for me, as it was the one time I didn't mind those attached skirts. Hiding a dick the size of mine in bikinis or one piece was next to impossible.

Soon, I arrived at the reception, and they were still going through the line. I didn't care, so I walked up and annoyed the receptionist as I asked where the gift shop was. The woman turned to me, slightly annoyed with the look in her eyes, but the words were pleasant as she pointed down the hall and told me the first door on my right. I smiled and thanked her while receiving a couple of annoyed looks from other customers.

I only took a second of her time, though, and I wasn't about to wait for all of them. I quickly found myself at the gift shop that had a large section of swimsuits and souvenirs for loved ones back home. I ignored the nicknacks there and looked at the swimsuits. I quickly found one that I fell in love with and picked it up.

It was a black bikini with a skirt that would make me look mature yet cute. The bra part was for bigger-breasted women, which was a surprise and was done with a knot at the front. If I wanted to play with someone while my stepmother was out, I could easily slip the bra off by untying the front knot and holding the cups in place. The skirt wouldn't fully protect my junk if I stuffed it between my legs, but the skirt would protect it from sight if I slipped it to the side instead. It was perfect, and as I pulled it off, I noticed a copy of it in teal. I loved them both, and I picked both of them. I was happy to find two perfect swimsuits at the gift shop. I moved to pay, and the man working there looked me over, checking me out.

I smiled as I approached and put the swimsuits down. "Do you have somewhere I can try these on, or can I return them if they don't fit?" I asked.

"You can return them if they don't fit." The man replied, "Only if you pay cash," he followed up when I was about to reply.

I frowned and put my card on the counter, "I will pay with a card, or you can point me to a debit machine, please," I finished.

The man pulled out a card reader, and I swiped a couple of times until it went through. The man bagged the bikinis for me, and I went back towards the room, passing the reception. I happily grinned that we dodged the longer line that seemed to be growing for the receptionist. It seemed that they were busy this time of the year.

As I was walking back, I saw Dannel again, and I grinned as he headed back to the receptionist. I saw him blush as he rushed past me back toward the other people after he saw me. I knew that he was interested, and I wondered what fun I could have with the boy before I left the country.

A sadistic thrill went through me as I thought of leaving the boy here after changing his life with my cock. I shook my head, bashing the thoughts as if I didn't need another boner to walk around with. After feeling lost for a couple of minutes, I turned and found my room. I arrived at the room and swiped in before opening it to see my stepmother changing into a swimsuit.

I quickly closed the door and walked deeper into the room as my mom took off her bra. Seeing my stepmother, I didn't know how my father could cheat on her. I had my dad's height, but my bust size was probably from my birth mother's side. My stepmother had similar double d breasts, although she typically didn't show them off since she wore comfortable clothing.

My stepmother was a painter, an artist, so she wore looser things, but as she stripped, she showed off curves that I very much was lucky to gawk at.. Her hips were not wide but proportional to her figure, and although my stepmother didn't work out as I did, she was still in shape without muscles. Her stomach was almost flat with a bit of pudge that I couldn't say I disliked or any man should dislike if they had a realistic look at women's bodies.

I shook my head, no longer looking at my stepmother, and pulled out the swimsuits I found, showing them to her. "Look what I found," I told her with a bright smile.

"Wow," My stepmother said, surprised, "You found something that might fit?" My stepmother asked.

"I believe so, but they wouldn't allow me to try it on. I fell in love with these, though," I told her as I started to take off my clothing as well, "The black looks mature yet cute with the little skirt that will also help me hide my cock. While the teal is cuter but does the same. Although I will not be able to hide my body fully, I will be able to hide the worst of it." I finished with a smile.

"Yeah, Put it on and show it off to me," My stepmother replied as she picked up a sexy red bikini that showed off way more than I expected my stepmother to do.

"Wow, Mom," I said as I dropped my bra to the floor, "That is a small bikini," I told her.

My stepmother smiled, but I felt the dark emotions behind it, "I plan on sending a picture to your father," The statement hung in the air, and I shrugged.

"Mom," I said and paused, thinking about what I wanted to say. I didn't know how to feel and was shoved into this. I didn't know if now was the best time to say this, but I was also one who hated holding back as well. After some more thought, I decided it was best to get this out now, especially after what my stepmother said earlier. "Mom," I began again, taking off my panties and letting my cock hang out while I grabbed the bikini. "I don't know what you want or why I am here, to be honest. I know you need my support, and I don't know if cheating will be good for you and Dad or if you even want to stay with Dad." My stepmother looked at me, interested but clearly holding back as I raised my hand. "Honestly," I continued, "I am the worst to give you advice as I am in an open relationship, I believe it is called, with Crystal. I can have other women, and Crystal likes that. I don't know if that makes me unable to speak about what is happening between you and dad. I cannot say I am happy with Dad, and I don't think he doesn't deserve something in retaliation for his actions. I only want you to be happy and act on your happiness instead of some type of revenge on Dad. Hell," I said, pausing as my stepmother's expression softened, "I will even help if it makes you happy. Just ask, and I will help, but I want it to be something that makes you happy, okay?"

I finished, and I felt a blush on my face as I didn't know I had those words pent up in me. It felt right, though, and I turned to grab the black bikini top, which I was the most worried about and put it on almost like a harness before tying the center together. I smiled as I realized that the bra top fit, although it made my cleavage almost like a chasm for all to see. I looked super sexy in the bikini, and I couldn't help but smile in the mirror.

A second later, I saw my stepmother still half naked without the bottom of her bikini fully closing on me. I almost jumped in surprise as my stepmother wrapped her arms around me, and I heard her first sobs. "Honey, I am sorry," My stepmother suddenly sobbed out. I felt wet tears on my back as my stepmother started to cry. "Your father," She sobbed next, and I realized that my stepmother needed this cry. I turned in her grasp, and I saw my stepmother's face with fat tears dripping down her face. I took her in my arms, and I laid her head on my bosom.

"It's okay, Violet," I said, not wanting my stepmom to feel burdened, releasing her pent-up feelings on her child. Instead, I wanted to sound more like the peer that I was rapidly still becoming.

The tears started to flow more, and my stepmom cried even louder. Everything was so sudden I didn't know how to deal with it other than stroking my stepmother's blonde hair. "Yo-Your father hurt me so much! How could he cheat on me?!" My stepmother suddenly wailed, "Now I am the bad guy if I don't want the daughter he cheated on me to create around! I cannot complain about it!" Her cries filled the room, and I felt weird with us both naked from the chest under, but I slowly brought my stepmother over to the bed.

My stepmother followed the guidance and soon held me while we lay down. My stepmother's head was in the middle of my breasts, using them as pillows as she cried out grievances. I knew my stepmother was under stress, but it seemed my father was the source of many of them. "You know he asked me to be a stepmother to Elana when he brought her into our home? Like it was fucking normal that she came into our home without me knowing about her beforehand. Like all

the secrets and where his money was going was something I shouldn't even consider?!" Her cries started to change into anger.

"No, Angela, I don't know what I want to do," My stepmother said with a pause as her tears came to a sudden end, "But I will find out this week while enjoying myself, thinking of myself as a single woman." I could hear her conviction on that, and I realized my stepmother's anger at this point needed a release somewhere.

"Okay, Violet," I said, continuing to call my stepmother by her given name instead of her title. "Why don't I call you by your given name for the week? We can act like roommates looking for some fun together, and you don't have to think about anything other than enjoying yourself. Let yourself go, and we can take some pics to send back to Dad to make him worry." My mind continued to think as I knew she needed more, but I didn't want to help my stepmother do something that she would regret. "How about you finish putting on that sexy little red bikini, and we go to the pool or something, and I can take some nice pictures of you to send to Dad with maybe some employees in the background? That way, he can be a bit jealous that he isn't here with you."

My stepmother nodded, "Thanks, Honey." My stepmother replied, pausing, "Should I call you Angela instead?" My stepmother asked.

"Well, It keeps with the theme. For now, we are good friends enjoying a little vacation together. Not stepmother and stepdaughter, so calling me Honey seems weird. So I will call you Violet, and you will call me Angela.": I said, cementing the idea in my stepmother's mind.

"Okay," My stepmother sniffed, "I think that sounds fun. I am so glad I brought you, Honey," My stepmother finished, and I flicked her nose.

"Angela," I told her with a soft smile as my stepmother looked up from my breasts.

My stepmother chuckled and got up, "You know your breasts are really comfortable." My stepmother stated, and I smiled.

"Violet, go put on your bikini and freshen up. You look good, but I think you need to relax out in the sun. Plus," I paused to show my stepmother a grin, "I am starting to get hungry. I think some food is in order, along with some sun and water."

My stepmother smiled and wiped her tears. "Thanks, Ho-" My stepmother cut herself off and crookedly smiled, "Thanks, Angela; I am not sure if it will help, but yeah, let's do that. I paid for all of this, so I may as well enjoy it." My stepmother got up and walked to the bathroom with the bikini bottom on her ankle, and as soon as I heard the door closed, I loudly sighed.

I didn't know what specifically made my mom so emotional, but I also didn't realize the depth of how much my dad had hurt my stepmother. I knew it was bad, but my stepmother seemed to be keeping her composure barely, and I didn't know how to deal with that. I shook my head and got up to put on the black bikini bottom, and with a little finesse, I had my flaccid cock going off the

side along my leg, which the cute skirt easily covered. My balls were another question as they went a little deep down the panty line. Still, they were hidden from sight.

I smiled, looking at myself in the mirror, and liked what I saw. Not every swimsuit in the past worked as well as this one, and some broke with small strings. I liked the knot on the front since it was thicker, too, so it added to the look in total.

Overall, I liked the look, and the black one was sexy. To be sure of the other swimsuit, though, I took off my top and grabbed the teal top to check its size. Suddenly, my stepmother stepped out of the bathroom, just as I took off my top. I could see some traces of makeup on her face, but she no longer looked like she had just cried her heart out.

"Angela," My stepmother said, coming in closer and looking at my breasts, "I thought we were heading out?" My stepmother asked a question, and I smiled.

"Checking to see if the girls would fit in the other top, Violet," I replied, deliberately stopping from calling her mom. Smiling as I put on the teal top, "I have to say, though," I continued, looking at my stepmother in her little red bikini. Her breasts looked contained but only barely, with a cute little frill in the middle. The bottom came up over her hips, making her look almost like a model. "You look really good in that bikini," I told her, deliberately moving my head up and down to look her over, "When did you get it?" I asked.

"I got it a while back, but we never had a reason for me to wear it. Not even in the bedroom," my stepmother said with a darker look, so I reached out and slapped my stepmother's ass. "HEY!" My stepmother shouted, and I gave her an angry look.

"No more of that," I told her sternly. "Violet, we will be heading out in a minute, and you will not be allowed to think of those things," I said and tied the knot of the teal top. "Like?" I asked with a smile, trying to brighten my stepmother's mood.

"Yeah, those colors suit you a lot, Angela," My stepmother replied, and I untied the knot. "Still, I sometimes have to wonder where your breast size comes from. Your birth mother wasn't small, but you are easily larger than both me and her." My stepmother pouted her lips, and I chuckled as I put on the black bikini top.

"Well, I am well endowed everywhere. So I am grateful for that," I paused, thinking about all the issues a giant cock on a woman comes with, and added, "I think."

My stepmother chuckled, and I finished tying the knot on the front of my bikini before I paused. "Shit, sunscreen!" I exclaimed, and my stepmother went over to the bed and tossed a large bottle at me that I caught out of the air. I quickly lathered my body as my stepmother watched, and soon I believed I covered everything except my back, which I turned to my stepmother, and she lathered it on for me, saving us both time.

"I already got my back while you were out," My stepmother told me as I was about to ask her if she needed my assistance.

I nodded in response, and we were about to leave through the door we came in when I stopped us. "Let's go through the garden, Violet," I said, and my stepmother smiled.

We both moved towards the doors and entered a warm green world with many pretty flowers. The view was magnificent and peaceful. We moved through the small garden where you could start to hear voices before exiting the peaceful garden. As we stepped out, we saw a large pool with a swim-up bar that provided shade for over half the pool. Caramel-skinned and black employees were making drinks, and I could see several walking around in lifeguard outfits watching a mix of different people of various ethnicities swimming.

It was so interesting leaving the United States and seeing so much more diversity in a single place. I smiled and looked around, and I frowned, looking down as we stepped onto the concrete that was warmer than I would like. "I think I will need to pick up some sandals or crocs for this, Violet," I said, turning to my stepmother.

She nodded, and we moved forward toward one of the lifeguards. The woman was the closest lifeguard to us and she smiled as she watched us approach. "Hello," she said as we got close. “How can I help you?" the lifeguard asked.

"It's my first day here. I'm looking for restaurants for lunch or dinner," I replied while looking over at the woman.

She was dressed in a yellow vest with lifeguard written along the back with small holes littered all over, showing a black bikini top over her dark caramel skin. She was probably around a B cup, if I had to guess, but I loved how fit she looked with subtle muscles on her arms and abs.

"Just over there," She said, pointing back towards the resort's main facility.

"Thank you," I replied.

"Thanks," my stepmother added, and we headed toward where she had pointed out. We moved a bit quicker because the sun had also heated the walkways.

We passed by many people, and I found many couples walking together. The whole place seemed ripe with couples in their own little worlds. I could not help but wonder if I could find a swinging couple or get another couple to swing with me, even if they weren't swingers.

That thought left my head as we found a restaurant with people in swimsuits entering. It seemed this was a casual restaurant, and I smiled, entering with my stepmother. We sat down quickly, and I turned to my stepmother as we sat at a small table together. "Gift store, sandals after this before we enjoy the sun or pool. Okay?" I told my stepmother.

My mom nodded, and soon, a young man came up to the table. He was a black man with a large smile as he looked at us both. "Hello Ladies, what can I get you to drink?" he asked, and I leaned back, letting my stepmother choose first.

"I think I will start with some water, but I would love to see your cocktail and food menus," My stepmother replied.

The man pulled out four menus and set them on the table, one with a cocktail menu and the other with a food menu. "And for you?" he asked with that same large smile.

"I think some ice water would be perfect, thank you," I said, holding up the menu.

"Perfect. I will be back in a couple of minutes, or you can flag me down if you have any questions." The man headed off, and I leaned back in the wooden seats looking around the restaurant. It seemed that this restaurant had a cove-type feel for traveling pirates or something like that. I looked around, and not everything was pirate-themed but definitely, sea-themed.

I picked up a menu, looked through the choices, and found something that immediately caught my eye. "I think I am just going to get myself some fish and chips with a large salad," I said to my stepmother, leaning back and enjoying the heat in the restaurant. "You know I missed the heat from summer. So nice to run in," I commented shortly as my stepmother continued to look through the menu.

"It is nice, although I don't understand why you like running so much, Angela," My stepmother replied; still a little lost in thought.

"Well, everything about it is good, and it feels nice knowing I am slowly getting closer to my goals. Just like volleyball." I said with a sigh.

"How is volleyball going?" My stepmother asked for the first time, and I wanted to frown.

I still remember the anger and hate toward my stepmother and father about that, but now wasn't the time to bring this up. "Good," I said, repressing the anger. "I am learning quickly, but I am so far behind many of the other seniors that I have to work extra hard. Still, Mrs. Grendier has been instrumental in coaching me through it. I am catching up to many other girls on the team." I couldn't hide the smile; my stepmother looked at me and saw her smile.

"That is great to hear," My stepmother said, and I could hear her sincerity. I saw my stepmother about to continue when the waiter showed up, putting down two large glasses of water with mine being partially filled with ice.

"Have you decided, ladies?" The waiter asked.

"Yes, I will have fish and chips with a large salad or even Grilled chicken salad if you can," I replied.

"Will that be on the side?" The waiter asked.

"No, I would love an entire order of it—like a full plate," I told him with a smile. “Trust me, I will eat it."

The waiter nodded, and my stepmother went next, "Can I also get a large chicken salad? I think I would like to have a pint of something domestic? Just don't make it an IPA, please," My stepmother finished, and the waiter nodded.

"Perfect. I will be back with your orders soon, ladies. Please feel free to flag me down or wave at the bartender if you need assistance." The waiter departed, and I leaned back, looking at my stepmother. "So, do you have any plans to do something crazy, or are you thinking of going with the flow?" I asked the question and saw my stepmother blush, telling me the answer.

"Go with the flow?" My stepmother said with a question. "I don't know, Angela," My stepmother complained, and I felt like I was starting to see red, "I want to, but I am not that type of person. I have only ever known your father and birth mother, and I kind of do not want to get into it right now," My stepmother finished, and I was annoyed and a little angry now.

"Violet," I said finally, "I think you need to do something crazy even if it isn't picking up some fine ass available here," I told her. My stepmother blushed as I was a little loud, but I wasn't about to let her continue this on and off for revenge after she pulled me out of the United States just to relax. It was making me angry, and I was already sick of it after hearing about it just today after my stepmother took such drastic action. "Either you are going to get revenge, or you are not. I was already pulled from school when I had a match to attend, and so many other things before you upended my life for this. So either you are coming to a decision and doing something, or you are going to pussy out and relax for a week before heading home." I took a deep breath and looked at my stepmother with her matching blue eyes, "So I have only one question," I said while my stepmother looked at me, surprised and embarrassed. "Are you going to do something crazy to take a little revenge or not?"

I took a deep breath while my stepmother processed my question, then I got up from the table, "I need to make a phone call, Violet," I said, getting up, "I will be back in a bit, and you can tell me then."

I didn't look back, so I left my stepmother in the restaurant to think and headed to the room.

Chapter 6: Clients

I felt the anger as I walked back to the room. I half ran as I didn't want to miss my food. Luckily, the room wasn't far, so I retraced my steps back into the garden and headed into my room. I frowned at how easy it was to get into the room from the garden until I saw the lock on the garden doors, too—still something I would have to bring up to my stepmother at some point. Still, I couldn't talk to her at this moment, or I would continue to pressure her.

I couldn't help feeling annoyed with my stepmother at this point for so many reasons. I just had so many reasons to be angry with her and not enough just to be a shoulder to cry on. I shook my head and grabbed my phone to collect-call Samantha.

The phone rang until Samantha finally picked up after a bit, "Collect calling internationally? Seriously?" I heard her say after she picked up.

"Sorry, I am international and have no fucking idea about things here, Samantha." I told her honestly, "I hate to say it, but I am still eighteen and don't know about all this shit. My stepmother still pays my phone bill, and I haven't even thought of getting my own phone till this moment since I might travel."

I heard another deep breath, and a couple of seconds passed. "Sorry, your calls today have not been happy for me, and the Twins were annoyed but willing to reschedule." Samantha said after a pause, "Now, Tell me what room you are in so I can send some things your way."

"Perfect," I replied, "I am in room forty-four. I would love a kit and something in my size to dominate someone. I also need to let off some steam, and I have nothing here to really let loose." I said, trying hard not to think about what made me angry.

"I was about to ask about that," Samantha said, "Also, I have three customers that are very interested in your services. Two are men, and the other is a woman. Are you okay with that?" Samantha asked.

"No problem," I replied, smiling, "Tell me about them."

"First, I have a woman that wants to come on Tuesday. She was even willing to pay a bit more when she heard that she could enjoy some time with you earlier than she believed while coming to a resort. You might see her around the resort afterward as she plans to book a room for a couple of days. What you do with her is your business." I heard her take a breath, "I also have a client booked for the afternoon of Wednesday and Thursday evening if that is possible for you. Both will be men."

I shrugged, "I think I can get my stepmother out of the room at those times, although I am not sure, so they might have to book a room of their own if they can. Depending on some things, I can use the women's room." I said back, and I got on the bed while thinking.

"Okay, so first things first, I will tell you about the clients. Remember, keep your mouth shut about them." Samantha said, and I chuckled.

"They don't exist after they leave my room," I replied.

"Good," Samantha replied, "So the woman is an Asian woman who left China. She can speak perfect English and was married some years ago. She built a business that has heavy ties in the southeastern Asia area. You don't need to know more than that other than the fact that this woman is rich and single. She enjoyed being the bottom in bed with women and told me she

had never had a dick while being submissive. So be careful with it as she is a switch when it comes to men, and so I am as unsure as she is if she can take being a bottom when you start playing with her. Understand?" Samantha finished, and I nodded.

"Understood," I told her a second later as I realized I had only nodded.

"Good, the second is a man from the Philippines. A short black man who will not have time to be there long. He will have some guards with him and a room booked for himself. When you enter, you will have a maximum of five hours before he has to leave. You can be early, but you cannot be late." I frowned as I listened. It was hitting me that I would be dominating some significant people. "You will not try to look up this person or who he is with, but I will tell you he is a very important political person where he lives. Now, he is more interested in being humiliated and dominated. Some of the packages will be some clothing for him that you can bring in a bag and choose for him to wear, depending on your tastes. He likes it rough and humiliating. Making him cry is not a bad thing. He is also very interested in your cock. You can do what you like with him within the time frame, and the appointment is scheduled for ten in the morning. You have till three in the afternoon, and you cannot do anything to bruise his face, but everywhere else is acceptable. Understood?"

"Interesting," I replied, thinking about it, and I felt my cock hardening a little thinking about it.

"I'm glad you are interested," Samantha said, "We both will make some good cash for this, so a good experience from him will only increase the interest in your services—if anyone hears about it, that is." I always wondered how her services were being marketed, but I remained silent as Samantha continued. "The third and last interested party is a customer from Europe and is someone who I don't understand why he is asking for you specifically or might be embarrassed to say. But from what I have heard in confidence, he is into pain play, teasing, and denial. I think you will need to play a bit more by the moment as he might have a request. He is paying well for this and doesn't have a room booked, so you will need to figure something out."

"That is Thursday evening, right?" I asked.

"Yes," Samantha replied, and I got up from the bed and headed back out to the garden as I remembered I had food coming near my stepmother.

"I might have to say something to my stepmother, but I should be able to dominate him in my room, or I will need a credit card to book a room if I cannot," I said after a little bit of thought.

"You don't have a credit card?" Samantha asked.

"I am eighteen without a job and still in high school," I replied, "I haven't even asked at this point."

"For some reason, I keep asking stupid questions." Samantha said, her tone apologetic, "Very well, I will have some stuff overnighted to you. I will have some vibrators and things sent to you. Is there anything that you want specifically since I am ordering it now?"

I headed out into the pool area and was walking back while thinking, uncaring if anyone overheard. "I would love those little egg vibrators and some thrusters. Some plugs in various sizes too. Whips are needed, although I think a flogger, crop, and paddles in various materials would be essential. I would love to have some nice outfits too, as most of what I have with me is casual clothing too." I told her, "You can take it out of my pay to pay for it all since I will probably want to keep a lot of this stuff, too." I told her while still thinking.

The heat on my feet made me move quicker than I thought, and I hadn't finished talking to Samantha as I reached the restaurant again. I went inside while still thinking and saw the food and my stepmother's drink were on the table. I could see her lost expression for only a second until she spotted me. "Are you thinking anything in particular?" Samantha asked.

"Honestly, no," I replied. “I think when it comes to making me look good while I am dominating someone, Crystal is the woman to ask. Tell her I will send her pics of me in them if she can pick out a couple of outfits for me. Tell her that I told you to tell her that I would send instructions if she does a good job of reaching completion." I finished with a grin and moved toward my table.

"Why the fuck should I tell my best friend this?" Samantha replied, clearly annoyed.

I sat down across from my stepmother with my phone still to my ear, "Because it will be fun for me not to tell her directly, and to be honest, I still have to figure out my calling situation here." I told her honestly, with my stepmother looking at me with questions on her face.

Samantha paused, but I could hear her typing away. "You know what, Angela," Samantha said suddenly, "My life was simpler before I met you." I could hear her sigh. “Still, my profits have increased for all the other women also because of you. So I will make the call, but you better not start texting me your stuff. I will also get you the things you need and some things I bet you didn't think about. I will talk to you, probably tomorrow."

Samantha then hung up, and I knew she was annoyed. I couldn't help the smile that crossed my face as I put down the phone on the table. I took a massive swig of my water and leaned back, looking at my stepmother.

"Who was that?" My stepmother asked.

"My boss," I told her bluntly as I picked up my fork. "I told you already, and we can talk about it later while not here," I told her, motioning around us.

My stepmother frowned and sighed a moment later. "Fine. It seems you won't tell me about it now," My stepmother said, taking the beer she ordered and starting to chuck it back. Half of the large beer was gone before my stepmother stopped. "I do expect you to tell me this trip, though. For now," My stepmother let out a belch that made me giggle seeing it from her. "I will enjoy myself. And I thought about it, Angela," My stepmother said.

I raised an eyebrow and asked, "What did you decide?"

"If you don't interrupt me, I will tell you," my stepmother said with a grin. She leaned back, picked at her salad, and paused just before taking a large bite. “I want you to help me do something crazy," my stepmother told me with a slight blush, which surprised me as I thought she would back off instead of double down.

I paused as I was about to take a bite, and my eyes widened. I took a large bite and chewed while thinking. "What do you mean by crazy?" I asked slowly, unknowingly, and this time, my stepmother blushed.

"Well," my stepmother said and looked into her beer. I saw her turn and flag the waiter, then hold up her beer. "More, please!" she announced. Then my stepmother took the beer and downed it in one go, finishing it.

"I want to explore things a little, and I actually heard that Tracy girl in the basement. That, to me, is crazy. Help me do something crazy," My stepmother told me, and I could see the blush.

I was about to reply when the waiter showed up and put down another full beer. "Is everything okay?" He asked.

"I would love some more water, thank you," I replied, smiling before turning to my stepmother, showing her my frown as I had a question I wasn't sure I wanted to ask.

"Right away," The waiter said, quickly reading the table and leaving.

My stepmother quickly picked up the large draft of beer and started to down half of it again, taking her time a little bit more as I looked at her. "I wasn't expecting this response," I told her honestly, "I thought you were going to pussy out and not take revenge on Dad," I told her my opinion, and my stepmother stopped drinking the beer.

My stepmother was about to reply, and I did something that probably would annoy her by holding up my hand. "Fine," I told her, "You want to do something crazy. I will come up with something crazy." I said, took my fork, and started devouring our early dinner. My stepmother blushed and started to do the same, with silence encompassing our table, and I stopped eating after finishing my salad. I took some ketchup up on the table and made a little dip pile on my plate before I looked at my stepmother.

"There is something that I have to say, though." My stepmother paused halfway through her salad.

"Go on," My stepmother said, her eyes squinting.

There was no way that I wasn't going to use this to get some points across to my stepmother. "First, if I do this, you will follow me. No bitching out and saying no," I told her, "No matter how uncomfortable you feel at the moment. I will record it, and later, you can choose to send it to Dad or not, Violet," I continued seriously. "I will only help you do one crazy thing." I held up one finger, and my mom nodded. "Second, you will find somewhere to be for a couple of hours on

Thursday evening. I have work to do, and I need the room for a couple of hours. There is a nightclub here, and I will join you when I am done. Understood?" I finished, and my stepmother nodded.

"Good," I said, and I sighed, "I don't have a fucking idea why I am even agreeing to this," I told her, and my stepmother blushed.

"Because you care about me, Angela?" My stepmother asked.

I closed my eyes and felt a slight headache. Instead of saying something, I dipped my fish into the ketchup and thought about what I could do with my stepmother that would be crazy. I didn't know for the life of me, and I had to figure something out soon. I wanted my stepmother off my back for this quickly as I knew this would be on her mind the entire trip until she did something crazy.

"Have any ideas, Angela?" My stepmother asked as she finished her food.

I looked up from my thoughts and hadn't realized how long had passed. I was through most of my fries, and my fish was already gone. I had been absent-mindedly eating, and I gave her a look. "No," I told her. “You think I do something crazy all the time?" I asked my stepmother. I stopped suddenly, and I sighed.

"Sorry. Give me a bit, and let us relax, Okay?" I asked her. “I will come up with something soon so you can do something crazy since you need my help.”

My stepmother blushed and nodded. She picked up her beer and downed it. "Let's finish up and relax by the pool for a bit," she said, and I nodded, stuffing the last of my fries in my mouth before joining her.

I moved with my stepmother, and we quickly went to reception, where I promptly directed us to the gift shop. We looked together, and I found some black flip-flops that I liked. I smiled, looked at them, and picked them up quickly. They were slightly larger than my feet, but I didn't care. "I will take these," I said, and my stepmother smiled.

"I will take these," my stepmother said. She picked up some red flip-flops, and then she pulled out a card from her bikini. I was surprised as she pulled it out of her top, but I didn't say anything, as I typically just kept mine in a wallet. But with me hanging around the resort, I might need to keep my card on me. I sighed and looked outside the store, lost a little in thought.

My mind was lost, and I had to think about doing something with my stepmother that was crazy. Now, it was in my hands, and I already regretted making the offer. I wanted to sigh again, but my stepmother had already purchased the flip-flops. I took off the tags, as did my stepmother and put them on. My stepmother and I started to walk out of the shop while my mind was still in turmoil.

I felt at a dead end because of everything. Even as we were about to head back outside, I saw something out of the corner of my eye, and I couldn't help but grin. It was like it clicked in place, and I knew I would have to pressure my stepmother into it. It was something crazy but not something that would completely break relations between my parents.

It was like a eureka moment, and I grinned as my mind spun. "Hey, Angela," My stepmother said, and I turned to her, "Are we not going to the pool together?" My stepmother asked.

I gave her a smile that made my stepmother look surprised. It only took me a moment as I turned to see my smile in a mirror near the doors as decoration to see that my smile was sadistic. "You told me you wanted to do something crazy," I said, turning to her. "I thought of something crazy, and that is what we will do," I told her, my grin vicious.

My stepmother's surprised expression showed, and I grinned, "Come with me," I told her, and I started walking away.

"What are we doing?" My stepmother asked as she suddenly ran a little with the flip-flops hitting the floor loudly as she caught up.

"You will follow along." I told her, "You will follow along and follow my lead and do something crazy. This idea you will follow or come up with something on your own, Violet. I will not force you to do anything, but this will be the only thing that I plan that is crazy for the both of us." I told my stepmother in a stern tone.

My stepmother looked surprised at my tone and the words I said. She looked ready to rebel against what I said when she suddenly had a moment where she remembered that she was the one who asked me to do this. "Okay," My stepmother said with sudden determination, and I grinned.

This would get my stepmother off my back, and I headed toward the target I had in mind.

My stepmother walked beside me, confused but determined it seemed to do something crazy.

Chapter 7: Crazy

I strode forward without restraint toward my target with a sadistic smile on my face. The Bellboy Dannel stopped when he noticed me. He froze, and his eyes widened as I closed the distance. The instant recognition was there, and his eyes shot down before he even realized it towards my waist. My cock was hidden with the little skirt, and his eyes shot back up as I finished closing the distance. I smiled in the quiet hallway, and my stepmother followed me up.

"Dannel, right?" I asked him, showing my smile, "You were checking me out earlier inside the room. It made me very uncomfortable. What will you do about it?"

Dannel looked surprised, and my stepmother finally caught up a second later. She looked at me. "Is that true?" she asked.

"No, no, no, no," Dannel replied, shaking his head and looking down at my crotch again.

"There you are again looking," I said, my voice harsher. I reached out and tilted his head up. “Such a bad bellboy checking out his female guests," I said, turning to my stepmother. “Do you think I should report him?" I asked.

His face turned paler, and I grinned as he turned and looked between my stepmother and me. My stepmother seemed confused about what was happening and why I suddenly cornered the Bellboy, and I grinned, "Of course, Dannel," I said in a much lower voice, "We can talk about this in our room and come to a compromise with you."

Dannel looked surprised and looked at me, shocked. My stepmother was looking at me with a shocked expression of her own when Dannel said, "Okay, Okay, but not right now."

"When?" I asked, my fingers lightly holding his chin as I made him look into my eyes.

"When I'm no longer busy!" he panicked. " The line is long at the moment, and I cannot be missing for long."

I leaned closer and whispered in his ear, ensuring my stepmother couldn't hear either, "You have two hours," I told him seriously, "Two hours or I report you to your boss that I felt uncomfortable." I paused to let that sink in and changed my expression, "Don't worry, Dannel, I won't make you do something you weren't thinking about anyways." I backed up from him with a softer smile and turned to my stepmother.

"I-I-I will be there," Dannel said in a rush, barely stuttering it out, and I nodded.

"Good," I told him, and I pulled my stepmother away, who was surprised by everything that just had happened. Dannel rushed off, still looking pale, and my stepmother was looking at me weirdly. "Come on, Violet." I said, turning to my stepmother, "Let's go to the pool and get some sun."

My stepmother glared at me but followed me as I turned to leave. We walked together several feet before my stepmother asked, "What happened there?"

"Something crazy," I told her bluntly as we walked out of the building and into the back resort area, heading toward the pool areas. “You asked me to get you to do something crazy." Turning to look at her in her nice bikini, I said, "Well, I decided and arranged it. I planned it for two hours from now. You got two hours to get a handle on yourself and do something crazy with me, or you can shut up." I finished.

My stepmother looked surprised as I continued to treat her harshly on this. My stepmother opened her mouth and closed it several times as our shoes flopped toward the pool, which didn't take much time. I found a free beach chair with a second free beach chair beside it. I looked at a black man walking around in a black shirt holding a tray, and I flagged him down.

My stepmother sat beside me and looked annoyed as I smiled at the man. "Hello, Sorry for interrupting you," I said quickly, "Can I get some orange juice and Ice water, please." I finished.

"Sure. Anything for you?" The man said, turning to my stepmother.

"A mojito," My stepmother said, and he nodded, turning away toward the pool where I saw a small building that the pool went into. I wondered what was inside, thinking it might be a swim-up bar.

I laid back on the beach chair and put my feet up, lounging back on the beach chair. These beach chairs were pretty comfortable, and I turned to my stepmother as she turned to look at me as I knew she had questions. "What are we doing with him?" My stepmother asked, and I sighed.

"Violet," I said rather forcefully, "Relax and wait for your drink. This will be something crazy, and you will shut up and do it with me, or you can stay here. That is what will happen, and you will either come with me and know. Or you will pussy out and not ask me to do this ever again. That is it, Violet." I smiled as the waiter came up with three drinks, and I took the two sitting up and chugged the orange juice leaving the empty cup on his tray a couple of seconds later. "Thank you," I told him.

"Yes, Thank you," My stepmother replied, taking her drink, and I laid back with icy water. My stepmother started to drink, and I laid back and relaxed.

My stepmother seemed lost in thought while my mind went to thoughts about things that were happening. I had so much come up because of this vacation that I had no idea what to do. I had three clients while I was here, and one would be sticking around. I already got a promise from my stepmother for Thursday, but that didn't change the fact that I had no idea what I was going to wear or anything like that. Then there was Dannel today with my stepmother, and I was going to be playing it by the moment.

"I will join you," I suddenly heard, taking me out of my thoughts as I relaxed in the sun. I was looking up without really seeing anything other than a small number of clouds floating in the sky. I turned slowly, looking at my stepmother. As she looked at me, I nodded.

"Okay," I replied lazily before closing my eyes and facing up into the sky. My stepmother was probably expecting more of a response, but I just relaxed. I let my mind drift to whatever it wanted to drift to and took a large mouthful of icy water that was rapidly losing its ice content.

I relaxed more, letting the sweat of the water drip onto my hand, and I continued to let my mind drift. Nothing mattered at this moment as my mind wandered to the progress of Jake and Tracy.

Tracy was becoming more and more mine mentally as she drifted away from Jake. Jake was harder to gauge where he currently was. I shook my head a second later, no longer dwelling on something I had no control over.

"Angela, it has been two hours," My stepmother said, and I slowly turned to her, not even knowing if I had fallen asleep or not, as I realized that more sweat from my cup pooled in my hands,

I took the cup in hand, swallowed the rest of the water, and got up. "Okay, let's go," I told her, stretching as I got up. "I don't think you are going to be ready for this, but it is something crazy," I told her, turning to walk.

"Are we headed back to the room?" My stepmother asked.

"Yes. We have a guest waiting for us," I told her, my tone confident.

"How are you so sure the bellboy will show up?" My stepmother asked.

I couldn't help but laugh as I walked with my stepmother toward the garden we entered the pool area from. I shook my head, and my chuckle turned darker. "He will regret not coming more than coming," I told her without saying anything more, and my stepmother gave me a weird look. Still, we were not far from the garden, and we entered it, seeing all the colorful flowers around us as the noise from the pool area could no longer be heard. I opened the door into our room and went to the front door. Completely unsurprisingly to myself, the door was knocked on just as we entered the room, and it sounded slightly frantic.

I moved to the door quickly while my stepmother looked at me, surprised. "I told you," I said as I opened the door to see Dannel just about to knock again. I stepped aside and smiled before saying, "Come in; I am sure we can work something out." I told him, and Dannel looked into my eyes and nodded before entering the room. I closed and locked the door behind him and turned to my stepmother. "Violet, this is Dannel," I told her, my stepmother looking at me with questioning eyes.

"Hello, Violet," Dannel said before turning to look at me. "I didn't mean to look," He said quickly.

I grinned and put up a hand, "Dannel, I know you are interested," I said confidently, closing the distance between us, "What did you think about the size of my bulge?" I asked him suddenly.

He looked surprised at my stepmother, but my stepmother looked at me, so he found no help.

"Angela," my stepmother was about to say something when I turned to look at her. My expression was thunderous, making my stepmother pause.

"I-I-" Dannel stuttered, and I grinned as I finished closing the distance. Dannel was shorter than me, and I reached around him, grabbing his ass.

"Dannel," I said, and he looked into my eyes as I looked down into his, "Shut up and take off my bikini bottom."

Dannel was surprised, and so was my stepmother; as things progressed, I took my phone out, placing it between my breasts. Dannel was frozen, but I could see him swallow as he realized what I told him, and his fingers reached down and began to push my bikini bottom down. It took only a couple of inches before my cock sprang free into his vision as the black bikini no longer hid my cock under the skirt.

Dannel was looking down and swallowed. I touched his chin, forcing him to look up at me, and grinned sadistically, "You are going to be my plaything now, Dannel," I told him, "You have three seconds to run from this room if you don't consent." I gave him one opportunity to run.

The Bellboy was stunned for the first long second, looking down at my cock, his fingers moving already to touch it.

The next second, he turned to see my stunned stepmother as his fingers first touched my cock, looking for some form of salvation.

His hand was now wrapped around my cock in the third second, and I smiled down at him.

"That was three seconds, Dannel," I told him with a smile, "Why is your hand on my cock?"

"B-B-" Dennel stammered, and I grinned, my hand on his ass tightened for a split second before I let go.

"I don't care, Dannel," I told him, "If you regret what happens next or not is not any of my business. I am going to fuck you, and Violet here is going to join in. We are going to have fun with you, and you are going to take it. You have one last second to run. Otherwise, I will start, and you will no longer have the chance to run."

Dannel's hand moved on my flaccid cock, which was rapidly getting harder, and more than a second passed as my smile turned larger. I brought a hand up to his face, and my smile was dark and full of promises that were dark in nature. "Too late to back out," I said and turned to Violet as I refused at this moment to think about her as my stepmother. "Violet, Strip."

The order was out, and my stepmother was surprised at the command. I turned and stepped around Dannel, my cock leaving his hand as I passed. I took out my phone and hit record before placing it on the dresser by the door that would overlook the king-size bed. It was at a perfect angle to record what was about to go down, and I turned to Violet. "Strip, NOW!" I ordered harshly.

Dannel was surprised but took off his pants, leaving him in grey boxers before taking off his shirt. A softer young black man was in front of me, and I turned to glare at him. "You're still wearing those ugly boxers," I told him.

Dannel quickly stripped himself of his boxers, a blush appearing on his face as a rock-hard cock entered my vision. His size was about five inches, slightly higher than average, and I smiled as I looked down on him. "Good boy," I told him before turning to Violet.

My stepmother just took off her top and was blushing. She looked out of her depth, and I didn't blame her as I undid the knot over my breasts. My ample breasts came into vision, but Dannel had no sight for them as he looked down at my cock. "You want to touch my cock, Dannel?" I asked as I closed the distance.

He nodded, not trusting his mouth to say anything, and I grinned. I reached out, and I put both my hands on his shoulders. I pushed him down suddenly, and he fell to his knees in front of my cock. "Lick it bitch," I ordered.

Dannel didn't wait, and I felt his mouth on my cock as I turned to look at Violet, which I refused to think of as my stepmother. She was looking at me, surprised but now naked, "What am I doing?" She asked, and I grinned.

"Come here, Violet," I said.

Violet looked down at my cock as she moved slowly around the bed, as if moving slower would make things not happen any faster. Dannel suddenly took my cock into his mouth, and I felt his tongue moving around the base of the head of my cock. The pleasure of domination and his technique told me that either Dannel had practiced before or that he was a natural. My moan filled the room, and I grinned as I looked at Violet.

Violet was looking lost, watching Dannel take my cock, only for her to notice that I was looking at her with a smile. "Dannel," I said, my smile growing, "Lift your ass for Violet," I ordered. Violet looked at me with a question in her eyes as I continued, "Violet is going to prepare you for my fat Futanari cock."

As soon as the words left my mouth, Violet looked surprised, and Dannel looked up at me with my cock deep in his mouth. His throat tightened, and he moved back slightly as I watched Violet. Dannel tilted my cock down as he backed up, and I looked at Violet.

"Lift his ass and prep it, Violet," I told her, my voice not giving a choice in the matter. This was a demand, and Violet looked at me and then his ass as if thinking. She took several moments as Dannel couldn't move farther back when Violet lifted him. Dannel's legs paddled a little as she helped him while my cock stayed in his mouth. His throat tightened, and my cock almost slipped out, but now he was standing on all fours.

I grabbed Dannel by the head, and I shoved my cock deeper down his throat, and I heard him gag before I pulled back. "Prep him, Now," I told Violet, looking lost, and she spat on her fingers to use her hand. "No," I said, stopping her as saliva-covered fingers touched his ass. "Something crazy you told me, Violet." I said, "Use your slut mouth."

The words left my mouth before I even knew it, but I saw something in her eyes as she looked at me, surprised. Her head as she squatted down behind Dannel, and I heard a sudden moan as Dannel took my cock out of his mouth to breathe. Violet pressed her face into his ass, and from Dannel's reaction, she started to lick his little ass prepping it for me.

"It's sweaty back here," Violet complained.

I grinned, "Keep going," I ordered before I looked down at Dannel and pulled his hair. "You little bitch," I cursed at him, spitting in his face, surprising him. "You couldn't even clean for the slut behind you to work."

Dannel opened his mouth to talk as he knew things he shouldn't know, and I put my cock in his mouth. My hand slapped his face, and I shoved my cock down his throat to escape the things I shouldn't be thinking about at this very moment.

Dannel moaned as he was being taken in both holes, and I saw Violet's head moving around his ass, showing she was working on him. I moaned as Dannel took my cock deeper and deeper. I slowly began to thrust deeper into him, making him take more of me deep inside as his tongue moved around the underside of my cock.

Spine-tingling pleasure went through me, and I pulled out as suddenly as everything started. I stood back, grabbed Dannel by his hair, and pulled him up and away from Violet. Violet looked surprised as I dragged Dannel behind me, who was equally surprised as her. "Come, bitch," I said, and I pointed at the end of the bed, looking at Violet. "Sit there, slut."

Violet moved and was sitting on the bed, and I looked at Dannel as I said, "Open your legs, Slut. Dannel here will be a good bitch and eat you out." I told both of them. Two looks of surprise turned to look at me, but I pushed his head down into Violet's wet crotch. I wasn't even sure if she knew it was wet, but it didn't matter. I pulled Dannel's ass up and stood behind him.

"Violet," I said, getting her attention as she watched the Bellboy in her crotch. "This doesn't stop till he makes you orgasm."

My words in the room hung there, and Dannel seemed to have gotten to work when Violet suddenly moaned. Her mind seemed to shut down since things started, and she looked at me flabbergasted despite moaning.

I didn't care as I felt the need to have sex as I needed to deal with my rock-hard cock. I had a gay sissy bitch with his ass aimed toward me. It wouldn't be the first bitch I had today, but there was something about finding a boy to make my bitch here that sent shivers up my spine.

Violet watched as I lined my cock up to his ass. I prodded it with the tip of my cock, feeling the saliva that Violet had left there just seconds before. His ass opened up slowly as I pushed in, and Dannel moaned loudly in the room as I forced his tight little asshole to fit my girth. I moaned as the head of my cock barely pushed in, making more and more space as I stretched his tiny hole more.

Violet moaned as she watched, and under her gaze, my hand came down on Dannel's ass. He cried out into Violet's pussy as it forced him more into her pussy and his tongue began to move as I pushed deeper into him. I didn't stop as I pushed a full inch of my massive cock past his sphincter and his moan was louder than Violet's. He must have been doing some good work as I saw Violet looking at me with her hand on Dannel's head.

Violet's fingers were on his head, twisting but not moving fully as she watched me shove inch after inch into his ass. "How can you fit something so massive in something so tight?" Violet said, her tone filled with awe.

Dannel must have hit the right spot on her pussy as she moaned only half a second later. My cock was pushed to the halfway point when I started to pull back, and my hand hit Dannel's juicy ass again. "Time to get this party started, Bitch!" I exclaimed, and I rocked my hips back before thrusting deep into him. "Every time I cum without Violet cumming is another orgasm you have to give her!" I told him.

Violet looked at me, surprised, then her head tilted back a second later as Dannel began to work her pussy to the best of his ability. I didn't care about either of their pleasure. I began to push deeper into him with each thrust, and I grinned as I heard his moans sound into the room, each more feminine than the last as I pushed nine inches deep. I plundered his ass, quickly reaching my peak after such a good blowjob, and I loudly grunted as I shoved my cock deeper still.

Dannel cried out, and I watched as semen sprayed from his cock onto the bed blankets. His body shivered, and his legs trembled as he orgasmed. His ass started to spasm with the pleasure of bringing my cock closer to the edge. I felt pleasure fill my head, and my hand came down on his ass again. "WHO SAID YOU COULD CUM BITCH!" I roared, and my hand came down repeatedly.

Dannel cried out and worked on Violet's pussy just as I reached my peak. "Cumming, BITCH!" I announced, and I shoved my cock eleven inches deep as pleasure filled my head and released a stream of semen deep inside of him with a moan filling the room.

Violet watched, surprised and lusty, as Dannel moaned on her pussy. Her wet cunt was being licked and sucked on as she watched, and suddenly as if me cumming was a trigger, her legs shook and moaned loudly. "FUCK!" I heard Violet cry.

My bliss-filled head barely registered everything as rope after rope filled Dannel's sissy bitch ass, and my hand came down, making it ripple on my cock. I finished releasing and pulled back, leaving just the head of my cock inside of him.

"Such a disappointment," I said, looking down over the scene in front of me. "You were supposed to make Violet cum first, Dannel," I said slowly as both enjoyed the bliss of orgasm. "Now you need to make her cum again!" I announced.

Violet looked at my surprise, and I shoved my cock deep into Dannel's ass, using my semen as a lubricant to push my cock all the way to the base. My fat balls hit his ass with a light slap

noise. "WORK HARDER!" I ordered, and Violet threw her head back as Dannel began to use his fingers along with his mouth as she finger fucked her pussy.

I shoved my cock in and out at an increased pace, making him moan loudly, but his tongue never stopped. Violet moaned loudly, and I watched her hands reach for a pillow and put it under her head as Dannel worked. She now looked at me shoving my cock deep in Dannels ass faster, making him moan.

My hand came down on his ass, spanking his ass just as my cock came in a second later. His moans got louder and louder as Violet watched me plunder everything the little sissy bitch boy had to offer. My hips slapped his ass again and again, making him moan and increase the effort on Violet's pussy.

Violet moaned with increasing volume as I plundered deep in his booty, rampaging as if I were a drunk sailor. His cries were muffled by Violet's pussy as he did his best to make her cum before me. I watched as Violet started playing with her breasts, her cherry-red nipples pinched under her fingers as she increased the volume of her moans.

I increased my pace making the sissy bitch under me cry out louder as he did his best to make it all end. His cries filled the room, joining Violets as they both increasingly got closer and closer to the edge together. Pleasure tingled up my spine, and I grunted as I shoved my cock deep in his ass, using my semen as a lubricant to glide in and out of his ass faster and faster pace.

Our cries got louder and louder, and the bed rocked as he used his fingers to bring Violet closer to the edge faster, and I felt his ass spasm while I felt a liquid hit my legs as I shoved every inch of my fat Futanari cock deep into him. His cries were loud as he orgasmed, and Violet announced a second later, "I'M CUMMING!" Her words filled the room, and I only increased my pace as I reached a peak of my own as the sound of people orgasming in the room fueled my desire and lust.

My head went blank, and stress left my body as I loudly moaned while reaching my orgasm. I moaned, joining the end of theirs as Dannel's ass tightened up on my cock. I sent rope after rope into his shivering, tight ass. His moan filled the room as if the world no longer existed to me. The world was a white void of pleasure with no responsibilities or anything else. It was just a pleasure that I lived in momentarily as I filled this sissy bitch with my seed.

It didn't last long, and the world came back into sight, and I moaned again with pleasure. My hips pulled back and pressed into his sissy ass as I reached the end of my orgasm. His moan filled the room, and I pulled out, losing that last bit of support for his body. Dannel fell to the floor, breathing heavily, as I reoriented myself in the hotel room.

Violet, also known as my stepmother, was sitting there, her legs spread in an M shape and covered in a clear liquid. She was watching me, her eyes and face showing emotions I didn't want to think about, and Dannel was at my feet. Responsibility and stress hit me like a rock, and I suddenly wished I had never even offered to do something crazy with my stepmother.

It was time to clean up, and I looked down at Dannel. "Get up," I said and pointed to the bathroom. "Take your sissy bitch ass to the bathroom, clean yourself up, and get back to work. Also, keep that ass prepped; I might make use of it later this week." I told him.

Dannel looked surprised as he looked up, but his expression changed as he saw mine. He got up on trembling legs and grabbed his clothes and underwear before heading to the bathroom.

My stepmother and I were now in the room alone together, and the atmosphere couldn't have been more awkward. Instead of saying anything, I walked over to my phone and stopped the recording.

Silence reigned, and neither of us said anything. A toilet flushing broke the silence, and a minute later, Dannel rushed out entirely clothed. Neither of us cared as silence returned. I didn't know what to say and looking at my stepmother naked with her legs spread just made things even more awkward. "Violet," I said, trying to think of my stepmother again as only Violet, "Did you get the crazy out of your system?" I asked.

Chapter 8: Setting Sun

Violet, did you get the crazy out of your system?

The words hung in the air between us as we were both naked in the resort bedroom. Violet, who was my stepmother, blushed, and I could see varying emotions on her face. The atmosphere turned more awkward with every passing second, and I wanted to yell. Violet didn't seem to be answering, though, and I didn't feel like sitting in this room all day with the atmosphere still awkward.

"I think you need some time to think," I said suddenly, making Violet, my stepmother, look up at me in surprise as I moved over to my tossed-aside swimsuit. "I am going for a swim, and you can do whatever. I will see you later tonight," I finished and put on my bikini.

Violet's mouth opened and closed even as she still laid back with her legs spread. Her pussy still glistened with bellboy spit and her ejaculate from her orgasm. I could see only indecision and varying emotions on my stepmother's face, and I couldn't stand looking at her at this moment. I was annoyed, and I needed to leave the room.

It didn't take long for me to put my bikini back on, and I grabbed our room card and my debit card, placing them in my bra. I put on our new flip-flops and walked out of the room through the garden. Violet, my stepmother, sat on the bed, speechless as I left the room through the garden. I walked out into the pool area, but I didn't stay at the pool. I quickly made my way over to the bar and asked for a glass of water.

As soon as the bartender gave me the water, I downed it without thought and left it on the bar. I didn't take in much as I moved around the resort, looking at all the features. The amenities were all around the resort, and I looked around quickly, finding the beach. I started to walk down the beach while seeing couples playing together. Ignoring everyone else on the beach, I walked a bit of distance till I found an empty beach chair.

I didn't want to think about things at this moment. I didn't even know how to feel as I felt emotionally drained. I sat down and sighed, leaning back into the chair and listening to couples play in the waves.

I closed my eyes and tried not to think about anything, as anything I thought of was destructive to my mentality.

My brain wasn't letting me do so easily as I lay in the sun. The sunlight poured down onto me, and my mind kept wandering to see my stepmother getting eaten out while I fucked the sissy bitch licking her pussy. Her breasts as she took gasping breaths as she got closer and closer to the edge as the sissy did his best to get her off. The images plagued my mind, and I couldn't stop thinking about how crazy everything was just minutes before.

"You look stressed," A man suddenly said, forcing me out of my thoughts.

I sat up a little and turned to a man with ripped-looking muscles that I was jealous of. I doubted this person couldn't lift less than at least two hundred on a bad day. He had a six-pack of abs, and his arms looked jacked. He was in a white swimsuit, and his face wasn't bad-looking. I thought that a beard would do the man wonders, though, as he looked young for his body build.

"Because I am," I said after a moment.

"Well, what do you have to be stressed about?" He asked lightly, taking a chair not far from me that was now empty and dragging it over.

"Well," I said, turning to look at him slowly, "Lots of things, to be fair." I chuckled as I began to think about them and looked at the man like a person I didn't know that I could unload a little. Obviously, I couldn't get into the real details, but that wasn't too much of a problem. "You want to get stressed thinking about my stress?" I asked him in an amused tone.

"Well, I have some time," He replied.

"Okay," I said, and I leaned back, looking up into the sky, squinting a bit to help with the sun. I quickly just used a hand to block the sun from my eyes and no longer squinted. "We can start with the fact that last Friday, my father showed up with a young woman the same age as me." I said, "Turns out that I have a Half-sister that I never knew about until three or so days ago. Maybe even less," I told him with a wry smile on my face, "Or the fact that I was pulled here almost against my will, dropping a ton of balls back home to relax here." I chuckled a little before continuing, "Or that my work is going to make me work here, and I have nothing as of this moment to do said work. The clients I have to work with are new, and I will have no idea what

tools I will need for them." I shrugged. "That isn't even the worst of it, as now I have a dozen things in my head, all of which I cannot work on. Along with several things that I was working on when I was pulled onto this trip at the worst possible time." I finished and turned to the man. "So yeah, I am stressed," I told him.

The man looked surprised at the sudden word vomit I had just unleashed upon him. "That is a lot," The man said, "Would you like to do something to release the load on your mind for now?" He asked.

"What do you have in mind?" I asked, looking at him with a raised eyebrow that was lost under the hand covering my eyes from the sun.

The guy showed a large smile with white teeth. "Did you know there is a nightclub here?" He asked.

"Yup," I replied lazily, turning back onto my back, "What about it?" I asked.

"Want to join me and let off some steam tonight?" The man asked, and I thought about it.

I didn't have much to do, and there might be some women I could bed and have fun with. It didn't really matter, though, as my mind wandered to the thought of being in someone else's bed tonight instead of sharing a bed with my stepmother. I didn't know who this guy was, and I didn't trust him at all. He was a stranger that I just vented some frustrations at. In fact, I bet that this guy was looking into getting into my bikini instead of actually caring about anything else.

I laid back and thought about it for a bit, and I smiled after a bit. "Sure, I probably won't stick around too long if it doesn't suit me," I finished.

The guy smiled and put his feet up on the chair. "Well, it's good to have someone come with me," he said with a smile before leaning back. “We have an hour or so before the nightclub opens," he continued. "It doesn't start getting fun until another hour after that," he told me.

"Cool," I replied, closing my eyes before moving my hand back. I lay in the sun, feeling the sun kiss my skin as I tried to relax again. This time, I found it a little easier, and my brain seemed to allow me to relax more completely.

The sun started to dip on the horizon when I suddenly heard the man speak, "Hey, want to go get ready?" He asked, and I opened my eyes. The starting of an orange tinge started to fill the sky.

I got up and sighed, turning to him, "Sure," I replied, my tone bored. "I will meet you at the pool bar," I told him, getting up from the chair.

The guy smiled with bright white teeth, and I nodded, "Sure, meet there in twenty minutes?" He asked.

"Okay," I replied.

I began to walk, more or less ignoring the man. He seemed to be in great shape and was attractive, but upon drifting thoughts, I felt like he was only talking to me to sleep with me. I didn't mind sleeping with him, but I wouldn't be at the bottom, and something told me that he wouldn't accept that fact. So I didn't press it, and this guy could learn I didn't care. I simply didn't care enough, even entirely, to reject him.

The man followed me up to the bar before branching off in a different direction. He turned and smiled at me. "Twenty minutes!" he exclaimed and started to jog off, probably toward his room.

I more or less ignored that and walked into the garden near the pools, headed through the back, and opened the door. I didn't see my stepmother inside the room, and her red bikini wasn't there, so she must have gotten dressed. I wasn't surprised that she wasn't in the room, and I closed the door behind myself with a sigh.

My stepmother needed to think about what the fuck she wanted from this trip. Something crazy might be it, or it could be something else entirely. All I know is I felt awkward being around her at this moment.

I pulled open a drawer and found a black T-shirt I had stuffed in my bag and some jeans that looked scuffed. I quickly found some panties and a bra that I put on without pause before slipping on the shirt and jeans. I grabbed some socks before putting on my running shoes.

I believed I was going to a nightclub, not a beach party, so I needed proper shoes. I pulled my hair behind me and let it fall upon my back. I finished getting ready and walked out the back and into the garden. I stepped through and exited into the pool area. I sighed as the sun continued to dip on the horizon.

I walked past the pool, spotting couples lounging together on beach chairs and flirting close together. The atmosphere was romantic as couples looked at the horizon setting in the sky. I looked around and saw the guy coming in a nice white shirt and a young woman in tow. His smile was bright, while the woman seemed slightly annoyed as he came with her hand in hand. His bright smile showed, and he waved to me as he began to approach.

"Hey, I didn't know if you were actually showing up." The guy said, "This is my wife, Allie," He said, tugging his wife, which I could now see in a much better light. The woman had a low-cut shirt that showed her modest cleavage and hot pants that told me that she was looking both for a good time and to look good for her man. It seemed as she turned that frown into a smile that it was for her husband as she reached out a hand.

"Hello," Allie said, "I am Allie, and you are?" She asked.

"I am Angela." I replied with a smile, "Coming to the nightclub with us tonight?" I asked, feeling sadistic glee through me as I noticed the hostility building from her. As her smile changed, I knew this woman thought of me as an enemy.

"Ah," Allie's husband said, "I can't believe I forgot to introduce myself, Angela." He slapped his forehead lightly, "I am Josh; nice to meet you, Angela." He finished by showing me a bright, toothy smile.

I watched as Allie started to get more annoyed from his shenanigans as I replied, "Nice to meet you, Josh. Let us start going, though, and I would like to get a nice seat or something?" I said, unsure of what a nightclub looks like on the inside.

Josh smiled and pulled his Allie close, "Sure, Let us go check out the nightclub scene here!" He exclaimed, earning himself a couple of looks from some couples lounging around the pools who might have been having a moment.

We began to walk towards the restaurant with me as a third wheel. Allie seemed to be in a much better mood as she walked with her hand in Josh's. Josh seemed oblivious and walked with her with me slightly behind them; as we reached the resort, I began to hear music in the distance.

As Allie whispered something to Josh a bit later, we walked past part of the resort that I hadn't seen into a circle of gazebos. A bar was in two of them, and the one in the middle had a DJ playing music on large speakers. The other gazebos had seating, and two of them were dance floors. Couples were sitting, and some were dancing while bartenders mixed drinks with many cheers coming from the bar. As we neared, I noticed a shot of flames rising from someone's drink.

It seemed that the nightclub wasn't a club, in the way I was thinking, but instead, a collection of gazebos for people to enjoy themselves. I walked with Allie and Josh into the gazebos as some techno song rang out for everyone to listen to. Josh turned and pointed at one of the bars, and I followed him while looking around.

The music's thump kicked many people to dance on the dance floor gazebos, and I watched men and women dancing together. These movements were more or less random to me as I watched on. "What do you want?!" Josh yelled so I could hear as we reached the bar. The music was loud this close to the bar, and I shrugged as I walked past him while the bartender was near.

"Orange Juice!" I ordered loud enough for the bartender to nod, and he set about making it.

"Not Drinking?!" Josh asked.

"I don't drink!" I replied back while Allie glared at me.

"Fair enough!" Josh replied while I started to look around.

I felt like I could continue to earn some more resentment from Allie, but I was more interested in other things today. The more I thought about it, the more I didn't want to head back to the room tonight and deal with my stepmother. I wanted her to sleep on her thoughts before we talk tomorrow. I knew I couldn't avoid her the whole trip, especially because I was here for her.

That didn't mean that I felt like I could deal with her tonight.

I looked around and saw so many couples looking at each other and could see enchanted looks. Finding someone to shack up with tonight might be an issue. That was until I found a couple that seemed to be doing the same thing I was doing.

It seemed subtle, but I could tell they were chatting while looking around instead of being enamored with each other. Suddenly, I got tapped on the shoulder and turned to look at Josh with a bright smile. "Hey, your drink is ready!" He exclaimed, pointing to the bartender. I turned around and smiled as the bartender just finished pouring my drink with fresh orange juice and a smile.

"Thanks!" I replied, taking the drink, and stepped away from the bar. It seemed Allie and Josh were still waiting for their drinks, but I didn't feel the need to follow them around. Josh seemed a little surprised as I walked away. I looked around, but I didn't really care if Josh and Allie felt annoyed that I didn't continue to hang out with them.

I continued to look around, taking a sip of my juice. No one approached me, though, and I turned to see that couple I spotted earlier. The woman was a short woman with flowing red hair that I believed was dyed to look like the setting sun. The man was a tall white man with short hair as he pointed out someone else to the woman.

Instead, I walked to the same gazebo as the couple that seemed to be scoping out other couples in general. I sat down in a booth by myself and laid back with my juice facing the sunset. I turned and noticed more people coming into the nightclub. Instead of doing anything, I stopped and just watched. I had not done this in weeks or even months.

I remember running every morning when I was younger. I would sit on the park bench when I ran too far to recover for a bit. I would watch people running, playing, and just generally watching people as they interacted with each other. I wouldn't take too much time to do this as it was a short rest period, but it was always enjoyable to guess what people were doing or thinking about who they were. Watching people interact in a nightclub like this was interesting on its own.

I lost track of time without even realizing it, sipping orange juice that went empty without even realizing it. The sun continued to dip on the horizon beautifully with some couples watching. Other couples were dancing together, and other couples seemed to split up to dance with some others they were friendly with.

I took it all in, watching it, and I truly relaxed for the first time since I came here. The thoughts of trying to find someone to sleep with tonight left my mind without even realizing it, as I just took in how others were interacting with each other. My eyes just took in the scene as music blasted and people danced.

"Hey," I half jumped in my seat as I turned to look and saw a couple standing at the place I was sitting. I had never met them before, and the petite woman with varying colors which blended

together beautifully. Her white shirt was a low cut that showed a nice crevice of cleavage, and I couldn't help but estimate her breasts around D cup. She wore black shorts that made her look sporty as she smiled with white teeth. "Sorry for startling you!" She exclaimed.

I turned and saw a young white man with short brown hair that was just about buzzed on the sides with longer hair on the top. He wore a black shirt with some logo on the front that I didn't care about and blue jeans. He had one hand in his pocket, and his smile was bright. I could almost feel the happiness coming from this man,

"No worries," I replied, smiling, "I was just taking everything in and relaxing. Am I in the way?" I curiously asked why they approached me.

"Do you mind if we sit with you?" The man asked.

I waved my hand at the extra seats, and they both sat with me, facing away from the setting sun. I leaned back and smiled, trying to regain the feeling I had just lost moments before.

"Are you here alone?" The woman curiously asked, and I turned to them.

"I did come here with a couple," I replied lazily, uncaring about their curiosity, and tried to reach whatever zone I was in before they startled me.

"Oh?" The woman said, regaining my attention. I noticed both her elbows on the table holding her face. It made her look cute, and her smile was bright. "I am going to come right out and say it then. Are you interested in having sex with both of us tonight?" She said, much to my surprise. "My hubby and I always wanted to try having a threesome, and you seemed to be one of the few single women here."

I couldn't help but raise an eyebrow at that, and I was about to say something when she held up a hand. "I didn't mean that in a mean way," She corrected herself, "You are also insanely attractive, and as a Bisexual woman, I cannot help but want to plant my face directly into your breasts and make myself at home." She said even more, to my surprise, at how blunt she is. "My hubby and I are both Bisexuals who want to explore our sexuality, and you are very attractive to both of us. We noticed you are alone and were wondering if you would be interested. Absolutely feel free to reject us if you want."

I was absolutely surprised at the offer, if I was not lying to myself. I looked at both of them, and I couldn't help but start to chuckle. I got confused looks as my chuckles turned to laughter, and I put up a hand with one finger up, asking for a moment. I couldn't help but find it funny as, without even realizing it, I stopped even thinking about picking up a couple when a couple came to me. The blunt asking if I wanted to sleep with them and everything was just funny and good timing for me. It tickled my funny bone in a way that usually it wouldn't.

I took a minute to gather myself before I leaned back. They both looked slightly annoyed at my response but patiently waited for my proper response. "Sure," I told them with a smile, eliciting a

surprised expression from them both. “I don't mind sleeping with you both, although," I said, grabbing both their attention, "Since you both have been blunt with me, I will be blunt with you."

Both seemed apprehensive now as I paused, gathering how I wanted to say this. "I am a hermaphrodite or a Futanari woman. I have a cock and balls along with a pussy, but I prefer to use my cock mostly. Last but not least," I said, my smile brightening, "I am a Dominatrix. Do you both want to be dominated tonight?" I said on a whim.

Both were surprised, and it was obvious. It seemed that both were not expecting this response and that I could understand a couple of seconds later though the woman smiled brightly and turned to her hubby with a large smile. "Do you mind if we talk about it a little in private before responding?" She asked before he finished comprehending what I said.

"Go ahead, I will be here," I told them, "If you don't come back, I will assume that you don't want to be dominated tonight. In that case, please enjoy yourselves," I told them.

The woman didn't respond and pushed her hubby out of the stall and took him away a couple of feet. The two started to talk, and I turned my attention away. I watched the dancers for a bit and saw that couple now dancing with another couple, smiling as they danced with different partners. It was interesting to watch as the other couple seemed a bit confused but continued dancing with the other couple's partner.

I didn't realize it, but I relaxed quickly, watching others intermingle, and found myself leaning back in my seat and watching others dance. They looked like they were having fun, and as the night went on, it seemed people were starting to get drunk. I noticed a man walk away and start to lose the contents of his stomach after drinking too much while a woman patted his back.

Taking it all in, I turned to see the couple approaching me again, and they moved past and sat down together across from me. I raised a single eyebrow as the man gulped, "Please come back to the room with us tonight." He said. I could see the excitement in both their expressions, and I could tell neither pressured the other into this.

"Okay," I replied, patting the seats on either side of me in the booth. Why don't you both come over and sit beside me, and we can chat for a bit?" I told them.

With those simple words, they both seemed pleasantly surprised. The woman scooted around the booth to sit on the inner side while the guy came around the outside to sit next to me. Both were a couple of inches away from me as I relaxed back. "So I think I should introduce myself," I told them. "I am Angela; you may call me Mistress tonight," I told them with a smile as I relaxed.

The guy was slightly shorter than me, while the girl was half a head shorter than me; both turned and looked up slightly in surprise at my introduction. "And you both are?" I asked.

"I am Dominique; my friends call me Didi," Didi said with a smile.

"I am Didi's husband, Tyler," Tyler said on my other side, making me turn to him. "A lot of my friends call me Ty."

"Well, Didi and Ty, I think we will be having an interesting night together," I told them both. "I wonder, though, Didi," I said, turning to her, "Did you bring any toys to enhance your time together here?"

The question made her blush, and I knew that she did. Ty smiled and pulled out a remote from his pocket. "I am sure that Didi would love for you to have this, Mistress," Ty said, his grin large. His smile broke when Didi pulled out a different black remote.

"Yes, Ty, I am sure that Mistress would enjoy both our remotes," Didi said, her grin vicious.

I took both remotes, and I noticed that one was a simple up and down to control the intensity or probably settings, while the other had four buttons. Ty handed me the one with four buttons and Didi the black with only what I believed to be the intensity settings. I smiled at them both as I saw these remotes. "Are these on?" I asked and picked up the one Didi gave me, pressing the top button to increase.

It happened instantly with a small click. I began to hear a soft vibrating noise coming from Ty. I turned to him and smiled, "Oh, I think we will get along perfectly tonight." I said, leaning back with a huge smile as I picked up both remotes.

It seemed I had a place to stay tonight.

Chapter 9: Mistress of the Night

I couldn't help but smile. I pressed on the second remote, making Ty's wife jump a little as the toy inside her sparked to life. A light "Oh," escaped Didi's lips as I pressed on the clit vibration function.

I knew already that it was going to be a fun night, as I remembered when I did this to Tracy with the chastity belt. Her pussy was so wet that it was addicting, and I knew that I would plunder Ty's boy pussy after I took Didi's wet hole. My imagination ignited as people danced around us, and I wondered what I should make them do with these fun toys inside of them.

I pressed the button on the black remote, and Ty jumped a little as the intensity of the plug inside of him jumped up a notch. He twitched, and I turned to him. "Both of you go dance a little to the music," I ordered, "I want to see you both enjoy each other a little before we head back to your room and see what you have there," I told them.

I saw Ty blushing lightly, and I turned to Didi, who was also blushing. Both seemed not to want to stand, and I chuckled, "If I ask you again to go dance with each other again, I will punish you both to start the night when we get back." I told them, "My toys back home know not to receive my punishment. I wonder if you two will heed my simple advice."

Ty and Didi apparently did not need any more convincing as Ty immediately got up, and I noticed he took a moment to move. Whatever was in his ass was buzzing away, and he was having a little trouble walking straight. His legs were bowed a little, and I couldn't help the chuckle that left my lips.

On the other hand, Didi moved around, and a soft moan escaped her lips as she reached the end of the booth. When she got up, she stood with yet another moan, and I smiled darkly. I enjoyed both of their moans and knew dancing together would be a moment of pleasure for both of them. They would enjoy it, and I wondered how much they would enjoy me coming into their relationship for the night.

I watched as Didi stood, and they moved together towards the dance floor several feet away. I had both their remotes in my hands, and I reduced the intensity to the minimum, allowing them to move more easily. Didi and Ty began to hold hands, and I could see the love and affection they had for each other when they looked at each other. Seeing that gaze made me miss Crystal a little.

Didi pulled Ty onto the dance floor the last little bit, and some Techno song I had never heard hit the speakers. The bass started to rumble, and Didi moved closer to Ty, and they both moved their bodies. I personally didn't know if it was a dance, but it looked like they were moving against each other's bodies, grinding together. I knew both of them were hot and bothered, and Didi turned around to grind her ass against Ty. That was the moment I decided to strike, and I pressed a button on the remote in my hand.

Didi grinded her ass against Ty's crotch, joining many of the other young women on the dance floor. I could then see Ty's eyes widen as I pressed the intensity button of his remote again, bringing whatever device in his ass up another notch. I saw Didi turn and look at me as her ass grinded Ty's crotch, and in return, I smiled and pressed the clit function on her remote, sparking hers up a notch. But I pressed it twice more, and I could see both of them open their lips together as they must have moaned as their buzzing crotches sparked to life.

I couldn't help the smile on my face as I watched them turn to look at each other, and I saw Didi press her breasts against Ty. Their legs moved in a bow-like fashion, but no one other than me was watching them. They could barely close their legs, and I could see a slight tremble in their legs as both turned to look at me. I had no idea how much time had passed, but the song changed, and something with a harder beat came on, so I pressed the intensity button on both their remotes, and for Didi, I added on the internal to join the clitoral function. Both paused in each other's embrace, and I could see their looks.

My smile was large, and I mouthed, 'Dance' toward them. They seemed to understand as both of them clumsily began to move their bodies but stayed near. I quickly noticed both of them seemed to be trying to cover the bulge of Ty's pants, although I was sure there seemed to be a darker spot on Didi's black shorts.

Still, I didn't relent and the song changed, and I would change the intensity of the remotes. Now, I started to turn it down and up multiple times to the beat, and I couldn't help but enjoy watching how they changed in dancing. I couldn't continue forever, and I lost track of the songs that played when I beckoned them over with a single finger, and I stood up from the booth.

Ty and Didi rushed over as fast as their turned-on bodies allowed, and I could see the intensity of lust in both their eyes. Now that I was closer, I could see the blush on both their faces and I couldn't help the smile that showed on my face. "I think you are both ready for some fun tonight," I said, "Did you enjoy some nice couple dancing?" I asked.

Didi and Ty were now blushing up to their ears, reminding me a lot of Sarah. "Yes, Mistress," They somehow said together, and I chuckled.

"Come show me where we are staying tonight. I want to see what else you two brought with you." I said, and both nodded.

We departed together, leaving the loud music behind. I sadistically smiled as we departed toward the hotel, and I walked confidently toward the hotel with them. They both walked a bit oddly, and I noticed some stragglers around the resort. Some were couples hanging out on beach chairs who were kissing in their own little world, thinking no one cared in an adults-only resort. We passed them all, and I suddenly wrapped an arm around Didi and brought her against my body.

"Tell me, Didi, Ty," I said, turning to Ty and bringing him closer, wrapping my arm around both comfortably with my height over them. "Where are you from?" I curiously asked as we were reaching the interior of the resort. As I finished asking, I pressed the intensity button to a new height, I ensured earlier I never allowed it to reach.

Both twitched and trembled under my arms. Looking down, both their legs trembled under the new assault, and I felt both of them pause in their movements. I pushed them along, not allowing them to stop, and their legs continued to move, inevitably giving them a low pleasure that constantly pulsed inside their bodies as we finally entered the resort. The refreshing cool air hit our skin, and I asked, "What room, and where are you from?" My tone told them they better fess up, and both twitched in surprise.

"We are on the second floor, Mistress, and we are from California," Ty said, and I couldn't help how much larger my smile got.

"Interesting," I said, and I looked at a sign. "Look over there," I continued, pointing at the sign. "We are taking the stairs. Can't say I never exercise my toys," I told them.

Both trembled under my actions, and I could feel them staring at it in fear. I chuckled darkly and pulled them with me. We walked toward the stairs, and it almost made me laugh as we opened up the door. We started up the simple set of thirteen steps to the first landing. But I wasn't going to make it simple for Didi and Ty, and I pressed the buttons, increasing the intensity to the final level, and both moaned loudly on the stairs, making their moans echo throughout the staircase. I chuckled again and helped them up to the first landing, but there was another set of stairs to go when Didi loudly moaned as she reached the bottom step. Her legs trembled, and her body shook as I noticed some liquids drip through her shorts, almost like she pissed herself.

My cock hardened in my pants as I knew she had come, but I didn't show mercy. "Come on, Didi," I said, my tone chastising, "Did I give you permission to cum?" I asked her.

Didi shook her head, and Ty looked down on her with his cock hard in his pants. I could see it throbbing through his pants with a small damp spot on the tip showing that his cock was leaking precum badly. Both were turned on so much that their bodies didn't seem to know how to deal with it. "You're right. I didn't," I said, my voice harsh. "Punishment once we reach your room," I told her, and I pulled her back up onto her feet and helped her up. I didn't turn down the remotes at all, and I could see Ty struggling as I assisted both of them to the second floor, where I asked for their room.

Ty told me and we departed down the hallway soon; with many suppressed moans and a lot of my assistance we were at their door. Ty had their room card and opened the door allowing us entry, and I helped Didi, who was having the most issues moving into the room. I closed and locked the door behind me before bolting it shut. The next second I turned off both remotes stopping all vibrations inside of them all of the sudden.

The reaction to the sudden stop of the vibrations was loud as both groaned from the ending of the constant vibrations inside them. "How did you enjoy your trip back into your room?" I asked maliciously.

"It was good, Mistress," Ty replied quickly.

"Good, Take off your pants, Ty," I said before turning to Didi, "You too, Didi, Take off your clothes; you will not be needing them for the rest of the night," I ordered them.

Both looked at each other, and I knew this was the moment that they needed to surrender themselves to me. I saw only a part of what they saw in their eyes as they stared at each other, but there was something I saw in both their gazes I had grown familiar with.

Lust.

The nod a second later told me they consented to each other, and Didi tore off her shirt while Ty unbuttoned his pants, letting them fall. Black boxers were underneath with a pitched tent and a much larger wet spot of precum showing. He tore off his shirt showing that he was in decent shape with little pudge on his body. When he took off his pants, he pulled them down, and his cock sprang free, and I smiled as I gazed upon his cock. Ty wasn't overly endowed, but his

seven-inch cock was dripping with precum as he spread his precum all over his pants. Looking down at his boxers there would be a mess to clean up after tonight.

On the other hand, as Didi's shirt came off, her breasts came into view, and I realized that I may have underestimated her breast size because of her shirt. They were bordering the double D cup size. Her black lacy bra was sexy to look at, but I would rather it be removed as my cock throbbed in my pants. Didi took her shorts off next, showing very drenched panties. Her shorts were also dripping, but I didn't smell a hint of urine. I couldn't help the smile as I looked at those drenched black see-through panties with the drenched pussy hair underneath. Didi didn't pause with just her shorts and took off those dripping panties in a pile with the soaked black shorts finally showing me a black vibrator that went up the slit of her pussy. The black intruder stopped at her clit and pressed deeply into it. I smiled as I looked at it. Didi then reached behind herself, unhooked her bra, and her wonderful breasts came into full view. Her nipples were a slightly pale red, and they were longer than I was used to, pointing out hard with a little divet in the middle that made them unique.

"Bring out all your toys, and I will strip while you find them all," I told them, and both gulped, looking at me.

"Yes, Mistress," Didi said, moving toward the closet without saying anything and pulling out a suitcase. Both were now deeply blushing as she put it on the bed. She laid it out and unzipped it, and I couldn't help the gasp that escaped my mouth as it opened fully.

Inside were sealed ziplock bags after ziplocked bags of sex toys. It was like someone tossed a large gift in front of me, and my face started to hurt from smiling as I looked at it all. "Oh, you both are very naughty little toys," I purred.

I fulfilled my promise as I stepped forward, and I said as I took off my shirt. "Both of you," I said, "Stand on either side of the suitcase, asses out and hands on the bed. I need to inspect both of you." I ordered. Both looked at me, my bra-covered breasts coming into view, but I wanted to save my cock reveal. At this point, they both would have seen the bulge in my pants, but that was never enough to fully understand the size of my cock. I watched as they turned around and grinned. They both turned almost in unison after moving to either side. I walked up behind them and took off my pants, letting my cock spring free of my panties.

A sigh escaped my lips as my cock swung up, lightly tapping my breasts. Keeping your cock pressed down like that when walking is also hard on me. My pants chafe against it and stroke it lightly, but it was never a pleasurable experience for me. Now with both their asses sticking out, I could see the vibrators in both of them. They were both black, and Tyler’s was also pressing against his taint just under his balls. His cock was still rock hard, and I chuckled as I still had both remotes. "Don't want you losing how wet you are," I said suddenly in the silence and pressed the remotes back on, and the room quickly filled with the low buzzing from both of them.

The sudden vibration made them moan, and my cock throbbed with need. My hands reached out, and I lightly stroked both their asses lightly. "You both look so good from behind. Tell me, Ty," I suddenly asked as my curiosity got the better of me. "Have you ever taken a cock up your ass?"

I didn't wait for the reply and began digging into the bags of sex toys before me. There were so many, and I didn't know half of them as I looked through them. I continued to search even though I hadn't been answered. I looked through it, and I decided that I would have to ask Didi and Ty for an explanation of some of them. I turned my head, "Well, Ty, Have you?" I asked again, my voice much sterner.

"No, Mistress," Ty said upon the second prompting.

"Are you ready to try it tonight?" I asked and turned to look at Didi.

Didi was looking forward, and I could see the excitement in her eyes. I believe I knew what she wanted Ty to say just from the look on her face. I looked at him, and I could see him thinking. "Fuck it, I am curious, and I know Didi would love to see it. Yes, Mistress, I am ready to try it tonight." Ty exclaimed, and I could hear an elated cheer sharply broken off from Didi.

"Now, now, Didi, Remember I promised punishment for you. Imagine if I blindfolded you and fucked your husband right beside you while you couldn't watch?" I asked her. Didi froze and I couldn't help the sadistic chuckle that escaped my lips. "I will give you a choice soon, Didi. I am very interested to hear your choice." I told her my voice was menacing to the woman.

"Sorry, Mistress," Didi said, her voice almost trembling with excitement and slight fear of my threat.

"Good, now I am going to be honest with you both. Some of these toys I am unfamiliar with. I will probably make you show me later, but now is not the time." I began, "First of all, you will both serve my cock," I informed them as I unhooked my bra and let it fall to the ground a second later, letting my breasts jiggle as they came loose. I lifted my legs a second later and took off my slightly moist panties, freeing my balls fully, and I was now naked for both of them. "You may turn around and serve me properly," I told them finally, and both turned their heads.

They gasped at the size of my cock, and their eyes widened. Both gazed upon it with shock and awe, and I chuckled. "Don't just stare," I beckoned, "Lick it and serve it. I will give you a little free reign to make me cum once before we start the real fun later."

Both looked up and down the length of my cock in surprise when they turned. "Holy shit!" Ty said, his eyes wide.

"You're massive!" Didi said her words, almost overlapping Ty's words.

"On your knees now, and make me cum," My words cut through their surprise with an intensity that made them both move. They both dropped to their knees, and Didi moved first. Her cute little tongue came out and licked the shaft of my cock as her knees scooted closer to my cock.

On the other hand, Ty was staring at my cock, his expression still shocked but still on his knees. Didi was licking my cock now, and her head dove down to my balls, sending small sensual pleasure through me. "What is it, Ty?" I asked.

Ty seemed to wake up and looked at his wife, now servicing my cock enthusiastically. "How is that supposed to fit?" Ty asked finally, and I smirked.

"It will fit without hurting you, Ty," I told him. "You and your wife will meticulously prep it for entry into your little hole. I will stretch you slowly and make you moan and scream in pleasure. If it hurts at any point, I will stop and not continue."

My words made him nod, and he looked at Didi. Didi turned her head to look at her husband, and I could only see Ty watch her for a moment as she licked my cock, and with a subtle hand movement, Ty moved towards my cock. His mouth opened, and surprise hit me as his tongue snaked out of his tongue. The length of his tongue reached past his chin, and he reached up and brought the head of my cock down to his mouth. Then he took the head of my cock into his mouth, and suddenly his tongue wrapped around my cock twice. Then he shoved my cock down his mouth a couple of inches.

Much to my surprise, I moaned as he took my cock into his throat a little while Didi played with my balls, sucking them into her mouth. They both tag-teamed me, sending shivers of pleasure through me and making me moan continuously. "Damn, you slutty couple. Are you sure you haven't tag-teamed another man before?" I asked, my hands reaching down to their hair as they both sucked my cock.

Ty was really good because it was like two people were sucking my cock as it entered his mouth. His tongue wrapped around my cock twice before as I reached the depths of his throat; the sensation wasn't like anything I had ever experienced before. Pleasure flooded my brain, and to top it off, Didi was sending low shivers through my body, sucking on my sensitive full balls. Her tongue played and stimulated them, making me feel like my balls were producing even more semen to send into her husband's waiting mouth. It didn't take too much longer before I exclaimed, "You sluts! Take my cum!"

I pressed Ty's mouth deeper onto my cock, sending shivers of pleasure before my balls began to pulsate and send rope after rope of semen down the shaft of my cock. "Swallow it whore!" I exclaimed without thought before the first drop of semen shot out of my cock down his throat.

Ty seemed to want to escape a little but stopped resisting as the semen flooded his throat. Didi didn't stop sending that spine-tingling pleasure through me with her mouth as she sucked on my balls. I sent rope after rope deep into his throat as I heard him start choking. I loudly moaned and pulled my cock out a little, only to thrust it back in before pulling out and filling his mouth.

"Don't swallow anymore," I said just as I finished, "Give some to your Didi," I ordered, and I could see the need to cough and breathe on Ty's face.

On the other hand, Didi immediately stopped sucking on my balls and released them. She moved, and both Ty and she kissed, snowballing a serious amount of semen from his mouth. "Go ahead and swallow, Ty," I ordered a second later, and Ty finished what was left in his mouth before coughing. Some semen came out, showing me he hadn't completely swallowed all the cum, but that was fine for now.

Didi looked up at me and showed me a mouthful of semen and saliva mixing together in a pool inside her mouth. "Move it around with your tongue. Make sure you know every taste of the flavor of my cum, Slut." I ordered, and Didi followed my order. My cock was still hard as a rock and throbbing as I watched her swirl my cum around her mouth.

Something about this moment went straight to my loins, and I wanted to growl. "Share it with Ty," I ordered now, "I am sure he wants a chance to taste it even longer."

Ty just regained his faculties as he coughed and breathed to recover himself. A second later, his wife took his lips, and I could see some semen leak from their lips as they shared my cum. They seemed to lose themselves in this moment as they kissed, and Ty started to reach for Didi's breasts. He softly caressed them, and I looked into the suitcase, wondering if there was anything here that could help with punishments. I shifted through it for only a couple of seconds as they seemed lost in themselves when I noticed something that I wanted to use on them.

Looking at it and comparing it to what Crystal had, it was a cheap imitation, and I wondered if it could even hold up for a night. Nonetheless, I reached into the suitcase, pulled it out, and smiled with a cheap leather paddle in my hand. It was obviously a novelty, and I bet they brought it as a joke between each other, but that didn't mean I couldn't use it to make some fun memories with them.

I swung it a little, and it felt even cheaper for some reason in my hand. I couldn't exactly pinpoint what it was, but overall, it felt cheap. My mind seemed hung up on it, and both my sluts paid more attention to each other than their Mistress. That wasn't acceptable.

The cheap paddle went down and smacked Didi hard on the ass. She yelped, and they broke apart, with Didi bouncing back. "You done forgetting about me?" I said, my tone filled with malice. "You both swallowed my cum and kissed each other, forgetting about me. Naughty!" My last word was a statement, and my smile made them embarrassed.

"Now, Ty, I want you to lay down on the bed and Didi," I said, turning to her, "You will be getting a punishment of either prepping your hubby with your tongue while I spank you red. Or bound while I fuck your hubby in the ass. Choose," My voice was stern, leaving no question that those were her two choices.

Didi looked decisive, though, and smiled at her husband. "I want you to spank me red while I eat his ass, Mistress. I will never miss him losing his anal virginity for anything. I cannot wait. My pussy is dripping just thinking of it!" Didi proclaimed, and I laughed.

I felt no stress as I laughed and I looked at Ty. "Lay on the bed," I told him, shoving the suitcase aside, "Lay on your back and lift those slutty legs while your ass hangs a little off the bed.

Ty looked nervous, but under the expecting eyes of his Mistress and his wife, he got up. Ty moved onto the bed and laid down; his slim but in-shape legs stayed on the floor until I coughed. "Hold your legs up, Ty," I ordered, and he gulped, knowing what was coming next. He lifted his legs, and the buzzing from his vibrator got a little louder, and there was no way I wasn't taking this opportunity. I reached down, grabbed the tip of the vibrator, and pulled it out.

My grin got larger as I saw that it was curved, and it wasn't a simple vibrator but a prostate massager. "Oh, you two are very naughty," I commented, "I cannot wait to try your ass pussy, Ty," My comment hung in the air.

Didi moved and got on her knees. "No," I ordered. "Legs standing and leaned down to eat him out, Slut. Your ass is being presented for me," I ordered her again.

Didi blushed but stood, then leaned down and wrapped her arms around her husband to balance herself. Didi wasn't shy, though; her face went immediately in between his ass cheeks to his asshole, and Ty started to moan as his wife gave him a rim job. Something told me this wasn't the first time she ate his ass, but I was planning on making this time different from every other time.

I positioned myself behind her, and my hand rubbed her ass gently; I picked up the remote I had been using earlier tonight when they were on the dance floor and grinned. The low buzzing suddenly changed, and I heard her muffled squeal from Ty's ass as I pressed the button repeatedly for the internal and the clitoral stimulator. The buzz filled the room along with moans, and her juices began to increasingly leak from her cunt like a river. I pressed it in, and she moaned as Ty did so in turn while her tongue moved inside his sphincter.

Then everything changed as I took the cheap paddle and brought it down on her nice ass, making it ripple slightly. Didi's body jumped forward, and I grinned as the fluids increased. I didn't stop with one and turned to say so Didi could hear. "That mouth better not leave that asshole, Didi," I warned her, "Or I will increase it by ten paddles atop the thirty you are getting now. Test me and you will learn how bad an idea it is to test me."

My voice cut over all the noise, and I saw Ty's cock throbbing as his wife ate his asshole. His cock looked ready to burst, and he moaned just as I brought the paddle down on his wife again. Her moan went straight into his ass. "Two," I said, my hand rubbing her ass and pressing the vibrator in, making her moan with pleasure.

Then I began, my cock throbbing with excitement, and I started to smack her ass with the cheap paddle again and again. Her pussy dripped more and more with each hit as she ate her

husband's ass. He moaned, and she moaned together, and I watched as Ty couldn't hold back anymore as I reached the twentieth paddle to his wife's ass. "Sorry, Mistress, I am cumming!" He cried out, and his cock shot out one rope after another across his chest. One spray went far, and I saw it land on his face, and I brought the paddle down, making his wife moan.

"Don't worry, Ty," I told him, "I will just make you cum all over yourself again!"

Then I went ahead and spanked his wife nine more times in quick succession, making her scream into his ass. Then before either of them knew it, I pulled out the vibrator inside her pussy, tossing it to the side. "Ready, Didi?" I asked, turning my cock to her pussy.

"Wait, what?" Both were confused, and I smirked as I pressed my cock against her pussy.

"I never said you were done eating his ass, Didi!" I announced, and I thrust my cock into her tight pussy. Her cry resounded in the room, and her pussy stretched in a second, accepting me. Her cunt trembled, and I felt her internal walls spasm from just the insertion. My cock went deeper, quickly plundering her insides, making her cry out as I reached for her head. "Shut the fuck up and eat his ass Slut." I ordered her, taking her by the hair and shoving her face back into his ass. "I think I have been too lenient on you both," I comment and I felt her pussy's folds squeeze me.

I wasn't soft, and I shoved her head into her husband's ass as she ate it out. Ty was moaning and watching his gaze catching every moment I filled his wife's pussy with my fat futa cock. Pleasure overtook my mind, and I increased my speed and hit her cervix, making her cry out. My hand tossed away the remote and the cheap paddle; in exchange, I spanked her ass hard, making her cunt squeeze my cock even harder. We moaned altogether, and I was reaching my peak, and I asked, "Are you on a safe day?" I asked.

"YES!" Didi cried out, "Oh God, Yes I am. Fill me, Mistress!" She cried out.

"Please fill her, Mistress," Ty said, and I stopped caring. At this point, I was already in, raw without thought, and I had both the husband and the wife begging for cum. I spanked her ass and released my seed deep in her pussy as her pussy spasmed all over my cock in return. We moaned as a group, and I thrusted up against her cervix multiple times, releasing my seed deep into her depths.

I rode out my orgasm, and Didi's legs trembled, holding her up till I finished my ejaculation. Then I pulled out and let her fall to her knees. My cock sprang out and bounced against my breasts, and pussy juices and semen coated my cock. I pushed Didi to the side, and she fell to the floor on her side. "Mistress?" She asked quietly, and I smirked as I stepped up to Ty.

"Ready to watch your husband lose his anal virginity to a fat futa cock Didi?" I asked as I finished approaching and lined my cock up to his asshole. "You will miss the moment if you don't get a good seat soon!" I informed her; then, in a flash, she shoved the suitcase away, making it fall on the floor with all the toys falling out, and she had a front-row seat to watch her husband lose his anal virginity.

I didn't wait a moment longer from when she got her front-row seat. I pushed into him with galaxy-colored hair partially in the way with how close Didi was watching. His sphincter didn't resist much, and I heard him moan and groan as it stretched wider and wider, using the semen and his wife's pussy juices as a lubricant. I slowly stretched him open, letting him feel every moment of his sphincter stretching to accommodate my cock inside his ass. His moan sounded throughout the room, and seconds later, I pushed the head of my cock inside and stopped.

"I am so fucking wet, Mistress," Didi said, her voice full of lust, "Fuck his ass, please. I want you to make him cum with his ass, Mistress!" Didi exclaimed, and I believe there was a fetish thing going on here.

Whatever the fetish, it didn't matter. I was going to fuck his asshole, and I pushed deeper and deeper, making him moan as I stretched the interior of his ass wider with my cock. I pulled back and hit that spot inside that made his cock leap off his stomach and more precum drip from his cock. Each time I hit it, he moaned in response, and I smiled as I picked up the speed and went a little deeper, making sure I hit his prostate each time without fail, making him moan more as his head pressed back into the blankets. I smirked, feeling good having a male partner who was enjoying it without reserve for once. I smiled brightly as I pushed over half my cock into him and pulled out in a slow, deliberate mess.

"Do it harder, please, Mistress," Didi begged, "I want to see you pound him!"

I reached out and took her face in my hand, "Shut the fuck up," I told her, and my other hand slapped her face with calculated strength. "You will watch and stay silent. Now you are not allowed to touch your pussy either while I fuck his ass." My voice was harsh, and I pushed my cock deeper and slowly into Ty's ass feeling his ass make room for me, and I moaned. I waited till he could take eleven inches of my cock before I picked up speed, making him cry out.

"I am so full, Mistress!" Ty said, "What is that?" he suddenly asked as I pushed into the S colon.

I didn't answer, and I pushed deep and pulled out with increasing speed, and his cock throbbed and pulsated. I could see his balls getting ready, and I grabbed him by the balls, pulling them and making him groan. "You cum when I tell you!" I ordered, and Didi moaned, watching.

I didn't stop, and I brought myself closer and closer to the edge fucking his ass and feeling every part of him deep inside him. He moaned more and more, and I quickly reached the edge with his ass. "Ready to get pregnant, bitch?" I asked Ty as I reached the edge.

It was at this moment Ty looked up into my eyes instead of down where my cock was sliding in and out of his ass. "Yes, Mistress," He replied, lust-glazed eyes looking up into mine. "Fill my ass pussy, Mistress!" He cried out, I smiled, and pressed my hands on both sides of his hips as he continued to hold his legs wide open for me. Then I began to fuck him three times faster than I had before, my cock gliding in and out of his ass at incredible speed, quickly making him reach his peak, and he cried out as his cock sprayed out white seed all over his chest and face.

A second later, I joined him, filling his asshole deep. I filled every inch of my occupied territory with my seed, coating his insides a bright white of semen as we moaned together, with Didi joining in a second later. I filled him up, and I moaned as I leaned back, holding his hips, thrusting a little deeper, using my semen to easily go deeper.

"You filled him so much, Mistress," Didi said, her voice laced with lust. "I think he has to be pregnant."

The roleplay continued as I finally pulled out as I finished with my cock still covered in semen. "Doesn't matter if it wasn't enough," I said officially, turning my body to hers and grabbing her head. Didi opened her mouth in surprise, and I shoved her mouth down onto my cock. "You will clean up my cock, and I am going for round two," I told her, and Ty's post-orgasm eyes widened as he registered those words. "You two are in for a long night when I am your Mistress," I told them, my smile bright and sadistic, almost looking like a maniac. "I can go more times than I can count, and you only made me cum three times. I have at least eight more rounds in me."

Both trembled under my lust, and I couldn't help but hope that the walls were thick with soundproofing.

Chapter 10: Breakfast

The night was fun as I took both Didi and Ty. They were both clearly in love with each other as they took pleasure in each other and me as I had my fun with them. The toys were not forgotten as I made Didi edge a couple of times before I made her cum while her husband fucked her throat. My cock was deep in her ass as I made her squirt all over the bed and my lap.

We played late into the night before we passed out altogether, with Didi being the little spoon to me while Ty took advantage of the moment to hold my breasts, playing the big spoon to me. It was a nice night, and I passed out with a smile and was completely relaxed.

When I awoke the next morning, I felt a head between my breasts with some dampness in my cleavage that I didn't remember last night. I felt behind me that someone was pressing their head up against my neck, snuggling in. I let my eyes flutter open and felt the light weight of the blanket on me. Looking down, I found someone other than my beautiful girlfriend, which made me frown. I quickly remembered that I was at the resort, and memories of yesterday afternoon with the bellboy entered my head.

My once relaxed body tensed up, and I sighed, looking down at Didi's galaxy-colored hair. The couple was fun last night, and maybe later, I would play with them again. Tonight wasn't going to be the night if it was. I turned my head and saw Ty snuggling into my neck, and these two were holding hands while they slept. I yawned and felt my stomach rumble.

I had an early dinner yesterday, and I was hungry. I also wanted to run around the resort. Some beach running sounded difficult yet fun to try, so I slowly moved Didi's head out of my voluptuous breasts and Ty out of the nook of my neck.

My attempts to let them sleep didn't work, and Didi woke up as I moved Ty off of me. "Good morning, Mistress," I heard her say sleepily. "Enjoy your evening with us?" she asked, her voice coy.

"I did," I told her truthfully, "Now I am hungry and wish to go for a run, so you both are in my way," I told her bluntly.

"Oh, Nothing for us this morning?" Didi asked.

"Nope," I replied, "I am hungry and need food. Then I think I am going for a run along the beach before everyone else is up and running." I told her. "Thoughts of the sea salt air entering my nose as I sprint down the beach are calling to me," I told her and began to slide down to the end of the bed.

"Mmm," I heard a more masculine grunt as I moved. I got off the bed, turned to look down the bed, and watched as Ty's eyes opened up. He stretched and looked at me with a smile, then his wife. "Going so soon?" He asked, "Oh, and good morning Mistress," he said with a sleepy, lazy smile.

"Yes, I am going to head back to my room and change before eating breakfast." I told them, "I will be heading out. Maybe we can play again sometime in the future." I told them.

"That sounds like fun," Didi said, and Ty nodded, "I think there are a lot of toys we didn't use last night that would be awesome for you to use on us both," Didi followed up.

"I believe that there would be," I told her with amusement in my tone. I quickly walked over to the space I had lost my clothing, gathered it all up, and began dressing. "Maybe if you two want, we can enjoy some breakfast with each other. I will not be long in my room showering and changing, though."

They both turned to look at me with a smile and knew I had some guests for breakfast. I put on my bra and panties while Didi turned to her husband. "Hey, want to shower with me?" Didi asked, her voice suggestive, "I am still really turned on from watching you last night. I would love to feel you fill me up again," Didi said and leaned toward her husband as I put on my pants.

Ty came in for a kiss and smiled right after he broke it a second later, "I would love to," He replied, and his hand dipped down to her pussy, and he kissed her again.

I was putting on my shirt as the two started to kiss more, and I heard Didi moan a little as I finished. I turned without another word as I heard movement behind me. I opened the door and checked to see if I had everything I had brought in last night. I found my stuff and headed out

toward the stairs. It didn't take too long, and I moved with purpose toward the room I had with my stepmother.

I only took a moment as Didi and Ty's room wasn't very far from mine and my stepmother's room. I stopped at the door for a moment before I swiped the door open. Stepping inside the room, I saw my stepmother looking at me while lying on the bed. "Nice of you to tell me that you were staying out last night." My stepmother said.

I felt annoyed and turned to open the bathroom door as the room door closed behind me. "Violet," I said as I pushed the door open. "I am going to shower last night's activities off before I go have breakfast, then I'm going for a run. You can either join me or sit in the room." I told her not to answer all the questions that she had in her head.

"Where were you?" My stepmother asked as she followed me into the bathroom as I began to strip.

I decided that I would uncaringly tell the truth to my stepmother as I looked at her while taking off my shirt. "I fucked a couple of newlyweds in their bed," I replied honestly, "I took her husband in the ass with my cock and made him cum while making his wife watch," I continued being brutally honest as something in me snapped. "Then I made her suck the cum out of his ass. Her pussy was so wet when I began to fuck it after I fucked her husband. She came all over my cock again and again to the point that she squirted all over the bed, Violet. That was what I was doing!" I yelled. "Now, I am going to shower newlywed juice off my body," I told her more calmly, looking at my stepmother's startled expression. "Are you going to be joining me for breakfast?" I asked her.

Violet, I purposefully thought now, looked startled as she opened her mouth and closed it. I stripped off my pants while watching her mouth open and close. Pink started to show on her cheeks as she looked at me, surprised. "B," she began to say something before turning around, "I will join you for breakfast," My stepmother said and slammed the door behind her as she left the bathroom.

I sighed, knowing I would eventually pay for my disobedience. Instead, I finished stripping and tossed my clothes to the side. My cock was sticky with female ejaculate and intestinal fluids, and I stank of sex. I turned on the hot tap before jumping in straight away. I sighed as the cold water hit me, waking me up further before it started to heat up.

What I had just done wasn't a good idea. Violet, my stepmother, needed to hear it, though. I was on vacation because of her issues with my father. My dad cheated on her, and I could tell that my stepmother wanted to do the same to hurt him. She was probably trying to break him or leave him. I didn't know what she wanted to do, but that crazy shit yesterday was stupid.

I didn't regret it, but I absolutely regretted fucking that bellboy with Violet, my stepmother. I am only eighteen, and my stepmother should be dealing with her own marriage issues. That didn't change the fact that I wasn't on good terms with my father these days. Both my stepmother and father betrayed me by not fighting for me to be in the sports programs that I wanted to be in

when I was younger. I was still hating both my stepmother and father for not fighting for me when all this bullshit started.

Now I had a younger half-sister, and I had no idea how to deal with it all. To make it all worse, I was now a couple of thousand miles away from home with my stepmother for a week.

I shook my head and began to wash off using the hotel soaps and shampoos. I quickly finished and rinsed myself off till I no longer smelled of sex. I stepped out and used the towels the hotel offered. I dried myself quickly, stepped out of my room, pulled open my drawer with workout outfits I had in there, and put on a black sports bra that held my breasts with only a little cleavage on top and black tights that I hadn't worn in a while. I put on some black socks and put on my running shoes.

I saw Violet waiting outside in a yellow sundress that made her look good with a hat. I could tell she wasn't joining me for the run, but I wasn't getting away for breakfast. I walked with her toward the resort restaurant.

When we got outside heading toward the restaurant, I saw Didi and Ty waiting there, looking around. I could see slight frowns on their faces as they looked around, and I couldn't help but question how this interaction would go. Then I realized I had just told my stepmother I had sex with a newlywed couple last night. My eyes widened, and I hated myself for a second as I realized the pickle I had just put myself in.

Didi and Ty's faces lit up as they saw me and waved to me as my stepmother and I approached. "Mistress," They both said, coming over to me and making my stepmother look at them in surprise.

"Angela," I said, "We are going to enjoy some breakfast," I told them both, and they blushed and nodded, "This is Violet," I continued sending both their gazes over to my stepmother.

"Nice to meet you, Violet," Didi said.

"Pleasure to meet you, Violet," Ty followed up a second later.

My stepmother looked at me, shocked, before shaking their hands. "It is a pleasure to meet you both," Violet replied.

"I'm starving," I said, pointing towards the restaurant that didn't have many people in it yet, "We are still early," I told them, "I want to go for a run before the beach is packed."

My statement put everyone in movement toward the restaurant, which was a self-serve all-you-can-eat. I happily smiled at the food as Ty said to Didi, "I wasn't a fan of the pancakes yesterday, so I am making myself a nice egg and sausage breakfast today." He told her, and Didi nodded.

I began to grab food from the buffet and filled a plate quickly before finding a table to seat four people. It was about to be an awkward breakfast, and I had no idea what to talk about. I sat down before Ty and Didi joined me. "Who is that with you, Mistress?" Didi asked, her voice coy. "A sub?" She asked, her tone coy.

"Nope," I replied, holding back a wince, "A friend," I replied just as my stepmother sat down.

"So, how did you meet my-," Violet paused as she almost confessed our relationship, and Ty and Didi shared a conspiratorial look with each other as Violet caught herself. "Angela?" She asked.

"Last night, we found Angela at the nightclub staring out into space," Ty said, "She is a lot of fun, and we danced for a bit and partied all night long." Ty said, "It was a great night."

"Oh," Violet said, and I decided I wanted out of this conversation already as my stepmother moved in for more information considering she had already learned that I had stayed in their room for the night. My stepmother wasn't an idiot, and Ty and Didi probably thought Violet was jealous.

They both smiled as my stepmother seemed a little lost as she got the information from them that was critical. I could see the thoughts of asking for even more details from them as I went deeper into my plate of food. "So Angela," Didi began, "We are only here for one more night before we are headed back to California. Would you like to stay tonight as well?" Didi asked, and I could hear the want in her tone from the simple question.

"Oh, we would love it if you spent another night with us," Ty added in, and my stepmother's eyes were wide.

"Can't," I told them honestly as I remembered the client I had tonight. "I have plans tonight. Hopefully, if I am ever in California, I can enjoy an evening after you both show me around the cities." I replied, "I know at least that way I would never need to stay in a hotel room." I joked, and both laughed while my stepmother looked a little gobsmacked.

"Then, can we have your number?" Didi asked, "We would love to have it so that we can keep in contact, Angela. You were a lot of fun last night, and both my husband and I would love to keep in contact. If we are in each other's neighborhood, then we should stay at the other's place!" Didi exclaimed while Ty nodded.

I took another mouthful of food. I was unsure if I should sigh. Still, Didi and Ty were not bad, and I had a lot of fun with them. I had seen much of the genuine love between them while also inviting others, and I wouldn't mind having someone I could text if I needed advice in the future. "Sure," I replied after a pregnant pause.

I gave them my number, and both happily put my number into their phone, while Violet remained silent throughout the exchange. They sent a text to me, and my phone buzzed. I grabbed it and put their names into the right contact number.

At this point, I had almost finished my food while my stepmother was only halfway and Didi and Ty were delaying eating their food. Didi and Ty chatted a little longer until I finished my food, but nothing really of note was said. It was pleasant while Violet wasn't hunting for information which I was surprised she didn't do more of while they were here.

This very likely might be the last time I saw Didi and Ty, and as I finished my food, I turned to Violet and said, "I plan to run on the beach for an hour or so. Will you be by the pools or the beach then?" I asked her.

Didi and Ty looked at Violet, and she sighed, "Probably the pool; I will see you then," Violet said, sounding defeated.

I got up, leaving Didi, Ty, and Violet behind me, and left the restaurant hastily. I hoped to god that nothing would happen, but I never knew with my stepmother. Didi and Ty probably wouldn't elaborate much to her, and so I felt that I was probably in the clear. I felt happy now that I navigated out of that situation without something ground-shaking happening. Violet, better known as my stepmother, was sometimes unpredictable but more often was completely predictable in things. This week I was throwing that out the window as I had no idea what was going on in her mind.

After yesterday when I more or less played chicken with my stepmother and neither of us backed down. It ended up with a sissy bitch bellboy being reamed out while my stepmother came multiple times while having him eat her out.

I shook my head and moved down the path towards the beaches and quickly passed the pools. I got to the beach pretty quickly and stretched a little before running down the beach. I started to run and promptly slowed to a jog as I felt my calves begin to get sore quickly running on sand.

I smiled in response as I realized that I might not need my weights to have a good workout here at the resort. I took in the sea salt air in through my nose with a smile as I heard a wave hit the shore without anything other than empty beach chairs in sight. Some had towels on them for a change but most didn't. I ran feeling it in my legs as I picked up the pace. I turned and ran back at some point and did a lap around where I thought the resort might end and felt the heat of the air increase as sweat dripped from my brow. I lost myself in the feeling and my smile only got larger as I ran.

I needed to come to the beach more often. I loved running in the sand more than I thought I would.

Chapter 11: Delivery

The sun began to beat down, and I continued to run long past what I would normally do. I ran back and forth down the beach as more people started to filter onto the beach. I breathed heavily as I continued to run on the sand. The difficulty hit my calves hard, and I felt sweat dripping down from my brow as I continued to sprint and jog on the beach.

Still, at some point, I would need to put on sunscreen as although I could tan, I didn't want to burn and hurt my skin. I heard that cancer could be caused by the sun if you allow it to do too much damage to your skin. So I ran back to the resort and slowed down to a walk as I returned to the pool area. I felt like a couple of water bottles would do a lot for me as I got back.

I headed inside and around to the room and opened the door with the card I had brought with me. I sighed a little in relief as I noticed my stepmother wasn't back and headed into the bathroom after getting some water from the minifridge and chugging them before turning on the water to warm up the shower. The cool air of the air-conditioner licked my skin, and I sighed as I stripped.

My relief from my stepmother was short-lived as the door opened, and I saw my stepmother step into the bathroom and look at me, surprised as I was in the middle of taking off my pants. My hands were down by my knees, and my panties were in my pants, showing my body off to my stepmother once again. I looked at her and raised an eyebrow. "Need something?" I asked.

"I need to use the toilet," My stepmother replied, and I realized that my stepmother was in a blue bikini at this moment that was just as immodest as the last. I knew my stepmother was trying to make my father jealous in ways still, and I wanted to sigh again. I took a moment and finished undressing, "Go ahead, but I am using the shower," I told Violet.

I got up into the shower, and I heard my stepmother relieving herself, and I heard her sigh. "I am sorry, Angela," I heard my stepmother say as the water sprayed down on my body. I didn't respond, and I used the soap provided to wash off the stink of sweat. "I am just so emotional right now, and I don't mean to take it out on you." Violet continued, "I want to enjoy my time with you here, Honey. I don't know about yesterday too much, but I found yesterday with the Bellboy," My stepmother's voice trailed off, and I was frozen in the water, and nothing was said for a minute. I decided not to wash my hair, and I finished slowly washing my body, making sure I didn't miss anything as my stepmother sat on the toilet beside me while I showered.

The silence was soon only cut by the sound of the shower, and I was much faster than I wanted to be and sighed. I opened the shower curtain and saw my stepmother with her thong on the floor, sitting silently in thought. I stepped out and looked down at her as she looked up at me. "Look, I get it, Violet," I began, "You are hurt at the moment and unsure of what to do. Honestly, I am a little hurt too. I am not exactly taking finding things out nicely, but it must have hurt you since Dad has been lying to you longer than me. So I cannot say I understand how you feel." I said, and I saw Violet looking up at me with tears in her eyes.

"You have the right to feel hurt, and I know you want to lash out at him. I can help with that, or I can just be here as you cry. What I am not is someone you can control, Violet," I continued after

a couple of moments. "Now, I love you, Violet," I said, saying what my stepmother needed to hear the most, and my mom sobbed.

I didn't get to say anymore as Violet jumped off the toilet, wrapped her arms around me, pressed her head into my neck, and sobbed. Her arms were tightly wrapped around me as she cried. I wrapped my arms slowly around my stepmother and felt her feet on her tiptoes to keep in position as she sobbed. I just held her feeling a little awkward as I felt my cock in between her thighs a little. I just held her, not saying anything as my mom sobbed.

I slowly walked us over as my stepmother cried on my shoulder. I pulled her up onto the bed and just let her hold me. Our bed got a little damp, but she had been crying so long in the bathroom that I had mostly dripped dry. I held her in my arms, and my stepmother continued to cry. This was probably one of the most awkward moments in my life, with my stepmother now on top of me while she sobbed uncontrollably. I didn't say anything more as I knew Violet needed this. She needed to release her emotions, and I was the only output. I could hear the pain in her sobbing, and my trying to reassure her in the bathroom must have broken a dam of emotions inside her, forcing them out.

Time passed slowly as my stepmother cried, and suddenly I heard a knock on the door. My stepmother, Violet, stopped sobbing and looked up for the first time with a sniff. "Who would be knocking?" She asked.

"Ma'am," I heard, "We have a package to be delivered to this room."

"Thank you!" I called out, "I will be there in a sec," I finished and pushed my stepmother aside a little. "Sorry, Violet," I said as I got up, "I need that package for work," I told her, pulled out a t-shirt and some panties, and slipped them on while finally stuffing my cock into the panties. I heard my stepmother sniff behind me. I opened the door and took a peek, only to see a black woman with a Dolley and several boxes on it.

"Hello, We have a number of urgent boxes for you from Samantha. The delivery company said that these had been paid for urgent delivery, so we thought you might need them immediately. Are you expecting a delivery, Ma'am?" The woman asked, and I nodded.

"Yes, I am. Is there more?" I asked.

"Yes, There are. Would you like us to deliver them here?" She asked.

"Absolutely," I replied, "I would appreciate that a lot. Can you please bring them all here? I will make space for this. Give me a second, and you can bring them in. I just got out of the shower and am not fully dressed." I told her, and I closed the door before she could answer.

"Violet," I said, stepping inside and looking at the tear-stained face of my stepmother. "I have a bunch of packages being delivered. You are not fully dressed, and there are a lot of packages that are coming in." I told her urgently.

"What are you getting delivered?" Violet asked in return.

I paused as I put on pants, and I knew she saw my hesitation, and I just decided to reply simply, "Work stuff. You can look at it later," I told her without much thought, and Violet nodded.

Violet moved and put on her bikini bottom in the bathroom, and I opened the door, and the woman came in and started to put down boxes of varying sizes. I sighed as I looked at all of them. I could tell that Samantha must have shopped and sent urgent requests to companies for these toys. I wondered if there were outfits in a box, and the black woman set down the boxes by the couch and departed with a quick, "I will be back in a minute."

"How many boxes is this, Angela?" Violet asked with a quick sniff from crying so long.

"I don't know, but Samantha ordered them quickly and sent them labeled as urgent. So they were probably stuffed onto the plane last night not long after we took off since I messaged her in the morning. Then when I informed her of where we were, she must have made a dozen calls to make sure they all got here on time." I said, feeling amazed.

"WHAT THE FUCK DO YOU DO FOR WORK!" Violet cried, "What is so important that you need like twenty boxes of stuff and can be done internationally?"

The question was a valid one, and I didn't want to confess. I felt weird and looked at my stepmother, hoping to delay. "I don't want to tell you yet?" I replied, and my stepmother's face turned red.

"Angela Sandra Brown," My stepmother suddenly said slowly with a threat in her voice when the door suddenly was knocked on.

I quickly ran over to the door and smiled as the woman returned, and my smile turned wry as there was another load of boxes. "There is another cart full, Ma'am. May I put it down?" She asked, and I opened the door, and she brought it into the room.

My stepmother started to glare at me as the woman set down the boxes in a growing pile of boxes before departing, and the room was silent by the time she finished setting them down. I looked at my stepmother, feeling pained, as the woman finished and departed.

"Angela, Sandra, Brown, You will no longer dodge the question." My stepmother threatened. "You will tell me, and I will not accept any more delays."

I winced, and I knew the promise that she spoke of, and I sighed. "There is another cart full of boxes coming," I told her, "Can she finish so I can tip the woman before I start this conversation?" I asked.

I could see the anger on my stepmother's face as I told her that. A snarl was on her lips, and I could see who I had inherited my temper from. "Fine," My stepmother said, "After she finishes delivering these packages, you will tell me, and you will not delay any longer, or you will regret

it. You may be eighteen, but that doesn't mean, as your stepmother, that I cannot still do things to make you feel regret for pissing me off."

It was a naked threat, and I winced since my stepmother rarely laid things out bare, so no one was confused about what she was thinking. Silence reigned in the room, and I was torn to start opening packages. Looking at my stepmother, I couldn't see the crying woman that was there for not even fifteen minutes. Instead, I saw an older version of myself looking incredibly angry at me, and I wanted to run a little from her when she looked like this.

A knock on the door sounded the end of the time I could delay, and I opened the door. My stepmother reached into her purse and pulled out a couple of bills for tips. My stepmother handed her money, and the woman thanked her and finished setting down the packages before leaving. My stepmother followed her out, locked the door, and turned to me, ensuring that I felt trapped in the room with her.

A sigh escaped my mouth, and I pointed at the bed, "Sit," I ordered, and my stepmother's eyes narrowed but followed my finger and sat. I could tell that I annoyed her with that, and I positioned my ass on the stand across from the bed from her. I looked at her and decided just to tell her straight, "I am a Dominatrix." I told her.

My stepmother's eyebrows raised to the top of her head. She was surprised at my confession of my job. "What?" She asked suddenly.

"I am a Dominatrix. I dominate men and women for money," I told her, being flat and brutal with my confession, and I could tell that my stepmother's mind was short-circuited.

"Sorry, What?" My stepmother said again, "I thought for a moment that you told me you are a Dominatrix."

"I did, and I enjoy the work. So yes, I will tell you I am a Dominatrix and paid quite well for it." I told her again. "My first commission made me twenty-seven thousand dollars for about three hours," I told her again honestly, which was the best policy with my stepmother.

My mom looked at me sharply at that, and her eyes narrowed. "You are a prostitute?" My stepmother asked with a snarl.

"I am not a prostitute!" I replied, feeling slightly angry, "If I want to have sex with a client, that is completely my choice. If I don't want to, I can leave them on the floor begging like a fucking little bitch and whip them properly." I snarled out, "They pay me just to be in a room alone with them. If I want to walk out, I can. If I want to whip them till they beg for mercy, I can. I am a consenting adult who plays with them and chooses if I feel like having sex with them. I am encouraged to choose; if I want to, I will. If I don't want to, I don't. Otherwise, I am there to humiliate them, degregate them, or whatever fetish they are into without having to touch them even once if I choose not to. I may be still learning and have had sex with my first customer, BUT THAT WAS MY CHOICE, AND I WASN’T PAID TO HAVE SEX WITH THEM." I emphasized every word slowly, "I WAS PAID TO DOMINATE THEM."

I felt my anger flaring as I finished that, and my stepmother noticed the anger I felt as I told her that. She looked at me, and I could see the surprise in my reaction. "So you are a Dominatrix," my stepmother said.

"I am a Dominatrix that only works with wealthy clients that pay a lot to spend a small amount of time with me. I am discreet and sign confidentiality contracts to ensure that whatever happens when I dominate them stays there." I finished before turning to the toys, "These are the tools of the trade I have for a client." I told her honestly. "Just because we are on vacation doesn't change that I have a very long waiting list."

My stepmother looked stunned at me. Silence reigned, and I looked at the mountain of boxes I now had that I would need to toss out. I thought about the bellboy and wondered if he was available to pick it all up for me. For now, I would have to clean and organize this for tonight. I didn't even know what time it was at this point, and I still had to deal with my stepmother. I felt the crunch of time, and I stood up and looked for something I could open the boxes with.

I found my house keys, and I brought them over and began to open a relatively small box. Inside I found some vibrating eggs, and I couldn't help but smile. I put them aside, opened another box, and found some cleaning wipes and toy cleaners. It was like finding fun things as I started to open. "What are you doing?" my stepmother asked.

"I am doing my job," I told her flatly, "I have to clean, organize, charge, and sort all of these toys for a client I have tonight. I need to think about how I want to play with them and decide what I plan to do generally or if I feel like winging it since they are new clients. That is my job, and I usually don't have to do this. Since I am in a foreign country, though, I have to do it myself, and I plan to enjoy myself while I am here. There should also be some outfits in here that I can change into as well."

I opened one of the bigger boxes as I was starting to have fun opening the boxes and found a black suitcase with wheels. I opened it up with a smile to find a smaller one. I quickly realized this was so I could bring everything without raising eyebrows around the resort and walking into the client's room.

I opened more and more packages and pulled out dildos and whips, not finding my outfits quite yet. "So you are a Dominatrix," My stepmother said in a neutral voice after breaking the silence that filled the room.

"Yes, Violet," I replied, "I am a Dominatrix."

I opened another box, and I found a box filled with underwear. I smiled as there were various lacy panties and bras. I smiled as I pulled up a picked-up pink bra that had a cute design on it that made me smile. I could see if I wanted to act cute that I could put this on. I didn't want to do that, but it didn't mean that I didn't like the look of it. "Oh, that is cute," Violet said.

"Yeah," I replied, "Looks like Sammantha bought a custom pack of bras in my size for me. I think she rushed them since this isn't the thing I would have bought, but there are some black and grey bras in here that I like." I said honestly.

"So she buys you clothes too?" Violet asked.

"Nope, This is a special circumstance, and I will pay her back. It is basically a drop in the bucket from what I am being paid, and she was pissed about having to do this. I had to make up for it by taking three clients instead of one, but she understood my position." I replied and turned to my stepmother.

My stepmother was looking a little lost, and I put down the bra. "Are you looking just to get angry at me for something?" I asked, looking at her, "Are you thinking that Samantha is suckering me into this?" I asked.

My stepmother nodded, and I smiled wryly, "Violet, Mom, However you want me to talk to you right at this moment." I said with a wry smile and a reassuring tone, "I am glad you care for me. I am happy that you are worried for me and that you don't want me to become a prostitute. I am not one, or at least I do not think of the job as a prostitute. I am a Dominatrix, and I like the job. I have moved into this job with both eyes open, and both Crystal and Samantha warned me and told me what the job is. I was not suckered into this job and wasn't deceived into this job. I walked in wanting to do the work, thinking it was interesting and fun. After my first client, I found I enjoyed it." I looked at her seriously, "If I want out, I have contracts signed and read through, allowing me out at almost any time I want. Samantha has taken a considerable risk and has done a lot for me," I looked at her with a smile, "Honestly, if I want out, I will be out. Now, I am looking forward to more clients and am honestly excited to play with them. Please, take my words as an assurance. Okay, Violet?" I finished.

I turned and grabbed a box and opened it to find a leather paddle and smiled, looking at it. I put aside the things I would need to bring to the clients tonight. I also needed to charge some things, and I got up and found a power bar. I plugged in a couple of the toys that I had in. They began to blink lights showing that they were charging, and I put the toy cleaner nearby, so I remembered to clean them.

"Fine," Violet said, standing up, "You are a big girl, and you have stated your point. I just," Her voice trailed off, and I wryly smiled as I moved to open another box.

"You want the world for me," I said, "You think I am putting down my dreams? I am not if that is what you are thinking. I have been working for years to make sure I can be in a good university or college of my choice. Honestly, with this job, I wouldn't even need a damn scholarship in order to go to school. I would just work once or twice a year and pay my way through school."

I shook my head almost in disbelief at what I had just said, "You think I am giving things up to be a Dominatrix?" I asked as I opened up a pack of nipple clamps and spurs. "Of course, I am not giving up my future. Don't insult me." I finished with a sneer.

Silence returned to the room, and I continued to open boxes and take out toys and clothing. I found some leather clothes and smiled as I saw them. It seemed as I started to pile up the empty boxes that I didn't find the leather outfit Crystal made. I was a little disappointed, but I wasn't about to cry about not having those high heels. Instead, I found some nice outfits that I wanted to try on.

Sorting things out, Violet stayed quiet and watched me as I had a power bar full of sex toys laying out to recharge, along with weights and things I needed to clean. I turned to her, and I raised an eyebrow. "So," I said finally as I had various piles of things, and my stepmother had not talked in a while. "What are you thinking about this revelation?" I asked her.

Violet, my stepmother, looked at me, and I saw a tinge of red as I looked down at her face that I didn't get. "Fine," Violet said, looking a little miffed and confused for some reason. "But if you need out, you tell me, and I will do my best to help. Now I am going to the pool and thinking you can finish up in here while I go to the beach or something. I will be back for lunch, and I expect you to join me for it."

She finished without another word and walked out, only stopping for the flip-flops we purchased yesterday. It was odd the way my stepmother reacted and without her usual confidence. I watched her go, and I was unsure of how to feel. I felt a little warm and happy she cared so much but also annoyed that she put herself into my business so much. I would have to reiterate to her never to talk about my job in public as I also signed something to cover my ass too.

I doubted that Violet would tell everyone and would keep to herself while out at the pool or beach. I would see her soon, and I would deal with it then. For now, I turned back to the last boxes with a smile.

"I wonder what else Samantha got delivered to me. It's almost like Christmas morning!" I exclaimed happily and opened another box to find a leather riding crop that whistled nicely when I swung it. I couldn't wait to find what else she had sent.

Chapter 12: Pool Bar

I found a lot of nice things, and I found plugging them in and cleaning them enjoyable. It was nice to have all of these things here, and I wondered how I was going to get them home. Thinking of that, I took a moment to send a text and pulled out my phone, and began to send a text to Crystal.

Angela: Hey, Miss you, Minx. I am sorry that I was pulled out of bed and made your morning a mess. Things here are still a bit of a mess, but it seems my mom really needed the break. I can't wait to see you next week. I will make sure to take a night to make sure that you are not only satisfied but cannot walk for a couple of days afterward.

I smirked and sent it and leaned back, thinking about sending more messages out. The problem was that I didn't know how much that would cost. I could always repay my mom and dad with extra, too, if I wanted to. I just know that my dad would still complain about it no matter what.

In response to my last thought, I put down my phone, turned back, and began picking through the things I wanted to take to my customer's room tonight. She would be around for another couple of nights at the resort, and I may even play with her if I wanted to. Playing with her multiple times would be interesting, and I smirked at that thought. What should I go for?

My mind raced, and I remembered what Samantha told me, and I began to pick things out. I took my time and began to put those aside and ensure they were charging. I would clean them when I came back, and I sighed, stretched, and decided that I would go relax after picking some more things and ensuring that I had the stuff I planned on using on charge for later.

After that, I smiled and decided that going for a swim to rest my calves would be nice. I could sit at the bar and relax, maybe even have a conversation that could prove interesting. I stripped naked and put on that bikini. I was happy that I would go swimming in it. I couldn't help but feel pleased after unwrapping so many gifts. Still, I would have to stop by the reception for all the cardboard in our room and see if I could get some help disposing of so much packaging. Otherwise, there wouldn't be a lot of room inside our room, which wasn't fair to my stepmother.

I stretched some more and began to put on my bikini after slathering myself in sunscreen. I didn't want to hurt my skin after all. I moved back and broke the boxes into one of the largest boxes I had, and it didn't take long. I put them outside the room and ensured I had everything I needed before heading down the hallway toward the reception. It didn't take long, and I smiled at the black woman at the desk. "Hello," I said, and the woman smiled back as she looked up from her computer.

"Hello," She replied, "How can I help you?" She asked quickly.

"I had several boxes delivered to my room this morning, and I finished unpacking and breaking most of them down. I would love it if you could have someone come pick them up to dispose of them properly. If that isn't possible, please tell me where I can bring them so I can dispose of them properly, as our room doesn't have room for so much cardboard." I told her politely, knowing that being polite gets more things done for you than yelling most of the time.

"Oh," The woman said and picked up a radio. "I will have someone come pick them up. You can leave it outside your door, and I will have it taken. Is that alright with you?" She asked, and I nodded.

"Already outside my door, Thank you," I told her, "Have a nice day," I finished before heading out towards the pools.

"Enjoy your Stay!" She called out as I departed, and I headed out into the heat and smiled. My flip-flops announced my movement to those nearby, but I didn't care. I quickly saw my stepmother with heavy-lidded eyes near one of the pools but decided to ignore her and jump into a pool with a swim-up bar.

The pool wasn't that deep, but it was at least five feet deep in the middle, and I noticed there was a deeper side further down. It wasn't exactly square but wasn't too far off it with rounded edges, and part of it was attached to another pool that had a little bridge over it where you headed towards the beach. It was simple, and beach chairs were placed appropriately around the pool. I quickly dipped my toes into the cool water and smiled before jumping in and feeling the cool water surround me. I sighed in pleasure and dunked myself under the water. I quickly came back up feeling light. It had been a long time since I had gone swimming and the pool wasn't exactly full. I began to swim over the bar feeling like some water to drink would do me some good.

I took a stool beside a man in his mid-thirties and a woman on the other side who looked to be in her early twenties. Both were to my left, while on the other side, there was another woman in her early thirties smiling as I came up. The women were both in bikinis and sipping on cocktails. The man, on the other hand, seemed to be drinking something else that I did not recognize. I smiled at the black man on the other side of the bar looking at me with a bright white smile.

"What would you like to have, pretty lady." He asked with a bright smile.

"Water, please," I told him, "I am not much of a drinker," I told him, and he nodded and placed a cup down and pulled out a tap, and began to fill it up with water. I took the cup in hand and drank it back in a couple of large gulps. It was refreshing, and I sighed in pleasure as I finished it. "Another," I ordered without thought, and the black man smiled.

"Another for the pretty Lady," He said and filled my cup.

I noticed now that for the three others, I was the center of attention, and my breasts were the man's center of attention. I didn't care for his attention but also didn't want to make a big deal of it. "How are you guys," I said, gathering their attention.

"Oh, I am good," The woman to my right said. I looked at her as she decided to respond; she was wearing a teal bikini, which was pretty standard. She had a little flab around her center, and I liked it. She wasn't fat or anything, but I could tell with some of the marks on her that she probably had been pregnant before. "Nice and relaxing to be away from the kids for a week." She said with a smile. "How are you?" She asked.

"Not bad," I replied, "I just got here yesterday and plan to relax and enjoy myself." I replied with a lazy smile, "I'm Angela," I introduced myself, "You are?" I asked politely.

"I am Jessica," Jessica replied. "Nice to meet you, Angela," She said, "How long are you going to be here for?" She asked a couple of moments later.

"Till Sunday," I replied, knowing any longer and I would be yelling at my stepmother. I already didn't want to think about how I would have to deal with all the homework and missing Volleyball. It was something that would make me very annoyed, "Any longer and I would miss too much school. In fact, if it wasn't for a specific reason, I wouldn't be here now. But that is beside the point," I told her with a smile, "How long are you here for, Jessica?" I asked with a smile.

"Till Saturday," Jessica replied with an answering smile, "Decided to have a day to get back in the groove before going back to work. You should be a senior in school if you're here?" She asked.

"Yup, I am a senior. One of the top students in my grade as well." I replied, and she showed a surprised expression at me.

"Wow," Jessica replied, "You look so fit; what sport do you play in school?" She asked.

"Oh, this isn't from sports," I told her, motioning to my abs that I didn't realize were on display. "I recently joined the Volleyball team and am thinking of the track team next year for fun. But I have been mostly an academic due to reasons," I finished with a smile, although it was hiding a bit of pain.

"Oh wow," Jessica said, looking down at my stomach as she took a sip of her drink. "You look really jacked for a woman."

"Thank you," I replied with a bright smile, "I wish I could put some more visual muscles on my arms," I said, holding them out and flexing. A small amount of muscle showed itself, and I sighed audibly, "See, my arms look so freaking weak," I complained, and I heard a scoff from the man to my left.

"You are plenty strong enough, Angela," The man said, and I felt my eyes narrow.

"I'm sorry," I said, "Who are you?" I asked since he was using my name. Something about him using my name causally like that annoyed me, and I raised an eyebrow while reaching out for the drink. In the corner of my eye, I saw the black bartender paying more attention as the man turned to me.

"I am Jack," He said, "This is my girlfriend Mary," He told me before continuing, "As long as you have some muscle, you have enough. Too muscular doesn't look good on women," He informed me, and I felt my eyes narrowing. I took the glass in my hand and finished half of it in one go while looking at him. I felt anger rising in me, and he seemed to notice my anger. "Oh, you're one of those," Jack suddenly said.

"One of what?" I asked, my voice crisp. "A person who can probably lift more than you?"

"Nah," Jack replied, and I looked him over more. He was wearing black swim trunks and wasn't in shape, but he wasn't fat. You could see traces of muscles on his arms, and his stomach was flat. "I could probably lift more than you, though."

I chuckled, "I bet fifty thousand dollars you wouldn't even be able to handle one three-hour workout I do." I told him, confidence brimming, "Let me change what I said." I said, my voice slow as he turned to look at me, "I know you couldn't even follow my running routine."

The man barked out a laugh, "Where would a little girl like you find fifty thousand dollars? I don't want Daddy's money from you. Probably here with some sixty-year-old pervert who wants a sugar baby," The man's face twisted with disgust, "I don't need to prove anything to a little twat like you." The man looked down at my breasts and grinned, "Although I wouldn't mind giving you a couple of hundred dollar bills if you do a little dance for me."

Anger burned in me, and my fist shook in the water. "Dude, You're cut off," The bartender said, "You will return to your room for a bit, and cool off. Do you understand me?" his voice was commanding, and Jack looked at him.

"Look at that," Jack said, "A man comes in to stand up for a woman. How very heroic." His voice was mocking, and my anger was boiling like an inferno.

"I think he is saying that for your protection," I said as I got off the barstool and turned my body to him.

"Honey, why not go for a swim," Jessica said behind me.

"I don't mind putting a piece of shit like you in its place." I said, not caring what Jessica said, "Maybe Mary wouldn't mind stitching your face back together after I put some serious TLC with my fists to it. Or are you going to use the out the bartender gave you and fuck off? I will tell you one thing, though," I said, my voice a testament of warning, "You will regret it if you don't listen to the bartender and fuck off, Jack off."

Jack looked pissed, "Hey, can I have security over here?" The bartender said into the radio. Jack turned to the bartender before he quickly turned back and spat at me. The glob of spit fell onto my breasts, and I felt my anger rise just as I felt two arms grab me from behind and pull my arms back as I was just about to swing at him. On the other hand, Jack and Mary began to walk away.

"Come on, Mary," Jack said, "Little bitch has an attitude problem."

He began to walk off, and I felt fury in my core and stopped trying to swing at him. My anger boiled, and I turned to the bartender, who also looked angry, "Sorry, pretty lady," He said, "I have security coming over to talk to him. Please, sit and let me make you a virgin cocktail for you to enjoy and forget about the American asshole just here," He said, and I chuckled.

"I am also an American," I told him with a small smile but anger still boiled inside me. He wouldn't come out unscathed if I found him in a quiet spot with no one around.

"It's okay, Angela," Jessica said, making me turn to her, "He will be dealt with by security. Why not have a virgin cocktail, wash his spit off you in the pool, and then enjoy it and relax? I am sure that the hotel will deal with it." Jessica was being reasonable, and I turned to glare in the direction that Jack went off.

"Fine," I said, turning to the bartender. "I am pissed, though," I told them honestly, "He assaulted me for no reason, and I wasn't even allowed to swing back at him. I want security to know that he assaulted another guest. You can deal with him that way," I finished.

I dipped into the pool and washed the slimy spit off my breasts with a pissed-off expression I couldn't lose. The bartender passed out a pink drink for me, and I came back up and sat on the stool just as two big black men came up in the hotel uniform. They began talking in Spanish with the bartender, and the guards nodded as the bartender seemed to be telling them what happened. The guards turned to me as he pointed at my breasts, and then in the direction that Jack went. When it seemed that he finished reiterating the story, both turned to me. "So he spat on you when you stood up, saying you could fight him and rearrange his face before walking away?" The first security guard said.

"After insulting me," I said while nodding. "I don't take bullshit from jackasses well," I said, continuing to mock his name, "I told him to fuck off when he insulted me a couple of times when I told him that he couldn't keep up with my workout routine. The asshole doesn't think I have fifty thousand to bet," I realized as I said that I wouldn't have that much till the end of the week unless I talked to Hilda and had her wire the money she owed me. "He insulted me, saying that I had no money and that I would have money only if I was with a sixty-year-old pervert as a sugar baby. fucking prick can fuck off," I said, letting steam out.

Both guards nodded knowingly and turned to the bartender, "We will go find Jack and have a conversation with him and talk to the manager. Miss," They said, turning to me, "Our manager may come to talk to you later. Do you mind if we have your room number or the name your room is under so we can find you later?" he asked politely.

"It is under Violet and Angela Brown," I told them, and they nodded. One pulled out a notebook and wrote in it before nodding to the bartender.

One security guard walked away, and the other stayed while the other began to speak on the radio. "Please, relax, and we will deal with this. I hope that you will have a better day, and please," He said with a bright smile, "Lunch is on us. Please, Enjoy," he finished and began to walk away.

The bartender pushed the drink towards me, and I took a sip, tasted watermelon, and smiled. "This is tasty," I said, but inside I was fuming. I wanted to dominate someone right now. I took a large swig of the tasty drink and fumed, ignoring the world around me, trying to calm down a little.

Chapter 13: Confrontation

I took another glass of water from the bartender and drank it quickly, still feeling the anger rolling through me. I stood up quickly and went swimming trying not to think about my last interaction. I decided I needed to stop listening to everyone and relax in the pool. I hate to say it, but I was fuming, and I held a grudge as my stepmother did. I sighed and swam for a bit longer before pulling back up to the bar and grabbing some more water despite being submerged in it.

I was still furious about that asshole, but as I took a mouthful of water, I tried to brush it off. I had a client tonight, and I was going to enjoy it. I would make sure that I enjoyed it, and I went back into the pool and laid back, letting myself float while thinking about what Samantha said about this client.

She was an Asian woman that would be here for a couple of days afterward, and I could play with her later if I wanted to. I would have to come out strong with her because she was a switch. I needed to come in and be strong and control her. I thought about the outfits I had in store. I would need a lot of condoms since I wouldn't mind blowing off some steam if I felt this woman deserved it. I would make her earn it, though, as I didn't want to just sell myself. I could go to a street corner if I just wanted pussy and ass. Unlike what I did with Sophia, I would degrade her and make her earn it.

I didn't regret what I did to Sophia, but I felt like I hadn't made her earn it. I wanted to have fun with it and blow a little steam on her body. I thought about what I should do, and I started to plan with thoughts on what I had in the room to use on her. I'd already decided that I would use the nice-looking crop top and skirt that came in the packages. It was a black crop top and a black skirt that was a little tight. There was a set of black underwear that was lacy. Samantha sent so much that I even had matching bras and stockings. It would be a matched set, and it would give me a more dominant look. The only problem was that I didn't have matching shoes. I also didn't remember seeing anything that worked inside the gift shop here at the resort. That sucked, but it wasn't necessary. It gave me the confidence to contemplate as I lay back in the water, floating away.

blah

My eyes were hooded as I lay in the water, and I didn't know how long I was floating before I saw my eyes flutter with a shadow above me as I felt concrete lightly brushing my head and I let my eyes open to see two big breasts under a red bikini with Violet looking down at me her expression one that told me that she wanted to talk now and not in an hour. I sighed and got to my feet and turned around.

"Lunch, now," Violet commanded, and I felt something in me twitch at the command, but still, I got up and out of the pool heading over to my flip-flops while walking behind her. Soon we arrived at a restaurant different from last time, and my stepmother walked up to the black man standing at a podium wearing a light suit and a large white smile.

"Hello, Ladies," He said, "How can I help you?"

"Private room, Booking, Brown," Violet replied tartly, and the man looked down at the podium then smiled, "Ah, here for the reservation made earlier today. Come with me, ladies," He finished and guided us deeper into the restaurant. Inside was much fancier, but it seemed now that men and women dressed lightly for the summer heat were sitting and enjoying each other in couples. Soon we were at the back and entering a small room.

In the room were a small circle and a more intimate feeling with an Ipad on one side of the table. "You can order on the tablet and choose the language that you wish to speak in. Press order, and someone will be here as soon as possible to serve you." The man then stepped to the side, and Violet and I sat down; the atmosphere tense, and the black man smiled brightly, "please, take your time. This room is well soundproofed," He finished and closed the door, and I turned to the doors thinking of the guy that was quite observant to tell us that.

"So a Dominatrix?" My stepmother said, "I looked it up," and she continued seriously. "You are a whore that just is in a superior position than your clients, Angela!" My stepmother suddenly shouted in my face much to my surprise, and I felt my anger ignite.

"I AM NOT A WHORE!" I yelled back, "I CHOOSE WHEN I FUCK MY CLIENTS, AND I DO NOT EVEN HAVE TO LET THEM TOUCH ME!" I sat back and tried to calm myself down. My stepmother glared at me, and I scoffed, "You know what, Violet," I said, an expression of disdain crossing my face. "I have heard you many times with dad over these years. I have heard those fake moans and dad's shit grunts since my room has a vent to the damn room I sleep in; I could hear you every time. I have heard you get excited whenever he treats you poorly, and I have heard you-"

"Shut up, Angela," Violet said.

I scoffed and leaned forward, "You want to talk? Fine, I will not yell at you, you wannabe Masochist," I said, my words slow and deliberate, "I will not be silenced this time either. I am going to tell you exactly what I think is wrong between you and dad, Violet," I took a breath, and my stepmother was glaring at her death gaze, and I could feel that this conversation would only have three endings in total. Either I won my way in which I had no idea what would happen. I would die from Violet's anger, or my stepmother would ignore me. At this point, I didn't care as I doubled down. "I am just as stubborn as you, Violet. You and dad are shitty communicators, and both of you never want to work on that. You both left me out to dry with sports when it was everything I wanted in this world. But that is not even the worst part. I can somewhat understand why dad wanted to be with another woman." I told her, and I saw the hurt as I took the first large shot. I saw her open her mouth, and I literally put my hand in her face, silencing her.

"You have already pissed me off, Violet," I said her name like a curse, "It is my time to talk, and you can shut the fuck up and listen, bitch." I told her before continuing, "I know dad hurt you and that you are hurting because of it. I also can understand his side because even your stepdaughter in the fucking basement can tell that most of those orgasms you scream out during sex are fake. Even I can tell that you want more and that I truly believe that you are a masochistic bitch. Not this dominant woman you are showing me right now," I told her, looking her up and down, my expression one of contempt. "I bet what happened was that you were more submissive to dad when you and he were younger. Dad probably thrived on it, and with your art career, you could take care of the house, and he got his little submissive wife at home all the time depending on him. Then slowly with me around there was less time for sex and you got sexually frustrated," I said, and I could see the blush of shame on her face as my words struck the truth. "You probably got more and more dominant due to the lack of sex, pissing him off and turning him off. Then you learned he went to go find whomever that little Asian woman was and probably kept paying her to keep quiet when she had Elana." Violet's expression turned to one of hurt and shame as I continued, "That is my theory, and I hate him myself, if I am being honest, for or doing that to me, my biological mother and you, Violet,, Violet," I told my stepmother honestly. "But you also know what?" I asked, pausing for Violet to chime in, "I am not sure if I could completely blame him as I know what it is like to have a cock. My sex drive is insane, and I am lucky to have Crystal, who is probably missing me right now."

My stepmother went to open her mouth, and when nothing came out, she blushed in shame, and tears started to roll down her cheeks. "How-" Violet paused, and more tears started to well up. "How did this leave the fact that you are a dominatrix?" She asked, and I scoffed again without thought.

"Because you are a masochistic bitch that wishes she had a Dom, and you are only calling me a whore because you are, in fact, jealous that others can feel what you have never felt before!" I announced to her, and Violet looked up at me in surprise at my words. Her mouth opened to refute, and I could see it in her eyes that, with all her being that she wanted to refute my words. That she wanted to say that I was wrong, and I continued, "When I was fucking that bellboy and treating him like crap, I saw the looks on your face. I saw what brought you closer to orgasm, and it wasn't him licking you. It was me cumming in his little sissy ass. Every moment as you were watching me dominate him got you off in the end." I told her, my voice harsh and unforgiving. "I am not a whore." I told her once again, "I am a Dominatrix, and my 'clients'," I said using quote fingers as I said clients, "Are my bitches, Whores, Sluts, and sissy fucking faggots that get on their hands and knees and BEG ME FOR MY COCK AND MY ATTENTION!" I finished and hadn't realized I was an inch from her face leaning over the table, and I sat back after a couple of moments.

Violet looked at me, and I could see her shocked, perplexed mind as she processed those words, and finally, she nodded meekly. "I'm sorry," Violet said, "C-C-C-" Violet began to stutter, and I leaned back and waited because I could see her struggling with the next words. "Can you dominate me?" Violet asked, and I froze.

My mind blanked, and I stared at Violet for several seconds and felt like I needed water to spit out or something. My mind refused to work, and I could see Violet sitting there, almost twitching with teary eyes before she continued, "You called me a masochist bitch and a submissive woman. That," Violet paused, and I could see her blush harder, "You were right about me and that I used to let your father do more to me. Let him treat me worse, and I liked it, but I quickly grew bored and wanted more. But when I asked, he wasn't comfortable, and it got me bored of our sex, and I want to feel it, M-M-" Violet stuttered on the next words hard, and I was still just staring at her, "Mistress. I want to see what it is like being a masochist and see if that is what I need in my life. I am so pent up and frustrated, and I don't know what to do. I also want to do something crazy," Violet's voice trailed off, and I was dumbstruck as I barely heard the last sentence.

'What you can do is find another person to make you the bottom bitch you are because I am your fucking stepdaughter', is what I wanted to say, but the words didn't leave my mouth, and I could see Violet struggling in the silence, and I couldn't help but laugh. I couldn't help it as I started to laugh, and I felt the palm of my hand slap my face lightly. I started to laugh uncontrollably in a way that almost made me sound deranged. I was so angry and confused at this point that when I finally looked down and turned to Violet, I couldn't help but say the next words.

Disdain started to overpower me, and I looked at the masochistic perverted bitch that just asked her stepdaughter to be her Mistress, "You are a fucking perverted little Masochistic bitch aren't you?" I asked, "Asking your stepdaughter to dominate you like the Masochistic bitch you are. Fine, Starting now, You and I are not stepmother and stepdaughter. You are my Masochistic bitch slave for this week. You will learn what it is like to serve your Mistress and that you are not the center of the universe. Back home, this will no longer happen, but fuck it, we are in another country, and we will never speak of this week ever again. DO YOU UNDERSTAND ME?!" I asked.

Violet nodded and began to reply, "I-"

I stood, cut her off, walked around the tiny table, and grabbed Violet by the hair. I roughly pulled her out of the chair, and she fell to the ground with a little cry of surprise. "You obviously don't, Bitch," I told her as I pushed her head to the floor. "I don't know yet what your masochistic tendencies are bitch. But you will say your understanding from the proper position. On the floor like your new position entails!" I told her harshly, unknowing why my cock was throbbing as I continued, "Now, Do you understand your new position?" I asked her with contempt in my voice, and I let go of her head and stood tall with my back straight, looking down at Violet half on her side with her head still pressed against the floor in her red bikini that slipped a bit to the side.

Moments passed, and I knew there were moments when Violet thought of backing out as I stared down at her. I hoped that at this moment, she backed out and this conversation would never come up again. Crazy was happening in this small private room, and the bellboy wasn't even close to whatever the fuck this shit was. "I understand, Mistress," I heard my stepmother

say, keeping her head on the floor. The words washed over me, and I felt the urge to spit but held back.

"Good," I told her, my foot pushed forward under her nose, "Kiss my feet, and then we can order something together for your first meal as my slave."

Moments later, I felt lips touch my feet, and an even odder thrill went through me even as I saw my stepmother's once-dry bikini show a small damp line down the center.

I couldn't help but wonder if I was going insane at this moment and if this was all a fever dream.

Chapter 14: Slave

My mind almost felt like it was in a haze as Violet was on the floor. I was now her Mistress, and she was my Slave. Her lips were pressed against my feet as a sign of subservience, and my brain was hurting slightly from the change. Since I became more aware of Sadism and Masochism, all my observations were right as I noticed that Violet had a small wet spot on her red bikini, and I shook my head.

I pulled my foot back and sat back down in the chair when Violet started to get up, and I turned to her. "Did I tell you to get back in your chair?" I asked, my voice lashing out at her with contempt. "Are you stupid?" I let myself ask. Violet blushed and stopped her movement toward the chair. "You are in serious need of punishment to start with. Some serious training is needed for a stupid bitch like you." I said ab libbing everything I said. "Honestly, A stupid slave like you needs even more attention from their Mistress, and I think we will start now," I told her, and I snapped my fingers and pointed down beside my chair. "Kneel here," I ordered, and I watched as Violet looked around at where we were, and her cheeks were red.

I hadn't planned for any of this, and I would let up if I hadn't seen Violet literally get on all fours and turn to crawl to me, turn around and kneel beside me, giving me a glimpse of an ever growing damp spot in her bikini. Not only was she enjoying this I could now see a trace of her nipples on her bra going through the damn padding. I knew Violet was a masochist, but I truly don't think I understood just how much of one she might be.

I pulled up the restaurant's Ipad for food and looked through it. They had some nice meals, and I quickly put in for a steak meal for myself and a large salad. I wasn't that hungry and I briefly thought about letting Violet choose her own lunch before I decided against it. I smirked as I picked some food that I knew she liked a bit but clearly chose over something I knew she would have loved. Then I put in some special instructions that I am sure the serving staff would

question but do anyways and sent the order in. I then turned to Violet and thought that she didn't deserve a reward, and I said, "There, the food is ordered." I told her, and I reached out, touching Violet's blonde hair with a smirk. "I wonder what they will think seeing you like this?" I asked her, and I saw her shuffle on the spot a little.

"I-" Violet began to say something, and I turned to her.

"What? You want to say something?" I asked, "Did I give you permission to talk, Bitch?"

I stared at her, and she looked away, "That's right," I said, staring her down, her normal will seemingly disappearing because she asked for this. I knew it wouldn't remain, and her dominant side would probably come back, but it wasn't here for now. "You are the masochistic perverted bitch that needs to learn that you are the slave here." I told her, "Now," I paused, looking down at her, "I will allow you to choose. I think that big black man that showed us this room will be here soon. You can either kneel here on the floor like a proper slave bitch and receive a reward afterward when they notice you kneeling beside me." I said, and I could see Violet twitch with a blush, not liking that option, her embarrassment apparent. "Or you can sit in your chair and pretend to be normal until the food is delivered with some drinks, then you can be punished in this little room," I smirked, my mind still torn on what I was doing. "Choose. You may not speak your reasons; you either go sit in that chair or remain on your knees and wait."

Violet was clearly torn, and we continued to sit in silence as I leaned back, enjoying the silence so I could think about what the fuck was happening. I knew that I was the one who called her out for being a Masochistic bitch, but I never thought things would escalate this way. My mind was still reeling, I was playing this by ear at the moment, and I was struggling.

It was at this moment Violet got up, her face red, and moved over to her chair. I showed a disapproving expression and shook my head. "I figured you were too weak to show what a Masochistic bitch you were to them," I told her, my voice filled with contempt remembering that night with Mistress Vapor and how the voice could do so much to your Slave. Her expression showed a lot of shame, and she moved just in time; it seemed as a knock on the door sounded.

"Come in," I called out, and the door opened, and that black man came in with a smile. It turned brighter as he saw that the atmosphere had changed.

"Ah, So good to see the atmosphere is better in here. That is great! I am so glad two nice ladies like yourselves, relaxing here, are no longer at odds," He said, "Your lunch is here; who had the steak and salad?" He asked, and I smiled.

"That would be me," I told him, "The soup is hers, and the bottle of water and extra bowl?" I asked.

"Right here, ma'am. Also, the pitcher of ice-cold water with extra ice is here. Please enjoy," He told me as he set things down, and we watched him set the table with everything while Violet blushed a deep crimson, her hands on her lap.

"Perfect!" As he finished setting the table, I exclaimed a little, "Can we please have a do not disturb sign? We won't be too long, but some business needs to be done, so this will be a working dinner for us," I half lied, "Business doesn't stop even if I am on vacation," I told him with sorrow in my voice, and I saw Violet raise her eyebrow.

"Absolutely, Please, use the Ipad if you need anything else." He said, and I smiled.

"Absolutely, thank you so much," I told him, and he pulled a sign off his cart, putting it on the door before closing the door.

"You just had to sit down in the chair," I said, shaking my head. "Now, I must punish you here and now, you dumb masochistic bitch." I said, and Violet was looking down, "Stand up and lose the bikini," I ordered, my voice harsh.

Violet looked at me surprised, and I snapped my fingers, "NOW!" I almost yelled, and Violet stood. Her hands disappeared behind her back, and her red bikini top came loose a moment later; as she blushed in shame, her bikini bottom began to fall to the floor but not without a string of clear liquid coming from her pussy for an inch or two before they passed her knees to the floor. "Look at you," I said, standing up and looking Violet's hot body up and down, knowing that she was considered a Milf. Her Double D breasts with hard nipples were not saggy, and I reached out to grab them with one hand. "Look at these breasts," I said as if I was looking at an object instead of a person. "Nice breasts with large size. All hard like a Masochistic Pervert just moments away from having her life ruined if someone opened the door just behind her." I said, more contempt dripping from my voice.

I allowed my hand to glide down her slightly stretched stomach of a woman that has lost weight in the past. "And what do we have here?" I asked as I reached for her pussy. "A fucking bitch in heat," I announced to the room with only us in it. "I almost think I should get a dog to knot such a perverted bitch like you." I told her, "Maybe you don't even deserve a person, knowing how much of a perverted bitch you are, all wet and wanting when you originally came in here with such an attitude. Now, look at you," I commented, stepping back and pulling my now wet fingers from her dripping cunt and showing them to her. "You are now a dripping naked mess waiting for my instruction. I don't even know what to make of it. One thing is for sure you are not eating at the table with humans. A perverted bitch needs to earn that privilege again," I said and turned.

I put the bowl by my feet, included the empty bowl, and filled it with water. "You will eat by my feet, for now, Slave. Maybe you can earn a reward if you behave well while down there and are a really good girl. If not," my voice turned sinister, "I have a client tonight, and some things that I could punish you with will leave you begging for mercy when I come back. I am sure that you will enjoy eating in your proper place, Perverted bitch." I told her, and I pulled down my bikini bottom my cock hung down into her vision, and I moved to sit down. "No touching," I told her as I felt the slightly warm wood on my bottom as I sat elegantly, "But it will be there, and you can look up to it and maybe, Just maybe." I paused with an expression of superiority, "You may touch it or worship it." I told her and pointed under the table where her food was. "Time to eat, Bitch." I finished and picked up my cutlery.

Violet stood there, unsure of what to do. She was utterly lost and didn't know what to do. I cut into my steak, and it was rare but not still mooing level of rare; and I felt the juices enter my mouth, and I moaned as I sat chewing slowly on my food. I turned to Violet, who still stood there unsure as she gazed at me, eating with my cock out and her food just a foot away on the floor where I told her to eat naked.

"I'm sorry," I said, turning to her, "I don't think I said that you have a choice. Either you get under this table and start eating now with further punishment, or you will be walked outside naked like the Masochistic bitch you are. Maybe we can also find out you are an exhibitionist too. That will be a picture that we can send back home for people to enjoy," I said with a smile as bright as it was one that made Violet shiver, and she got down on her knees. Violet then crawled on her knees, and I looked down as she stuffed herself between my legs, my cock inches from her face.

I didn't pay attention to her as I started to eat, and I moaned as I heard the clink of a spoon that I allowed her to keep. I felt her soft breath once and a while as I slowly and methodically ate at a pace that would normally make me cringe. Lunch went on for a longer and longer period of time as I made Violet eat her soup inches from my girthy, partially erect cock that twitched once in a while.

Without warning, I moved my foot and heard Violet jump a little, hitting the table. I frowned as I moved my foot between her legs without seeing. "Another mistake?!" I almost exclaimed, "This damn bitch can't even keep calm enough not to try and ruin my lunch!" I complained without even talking to her. "I will definitely be punishing her later. But this steak is absolutely divine, and this salad is great." I said, talking to myself as I moved my foot down, and I found a wet pussy with my foot.

"Ah," I heard Violet moan as her drenched pussy was touched by my big toe.

I continued to eat slowly and methodically, slowly digging into the steak and potatoes with a smile. I let my toe move up and down slowly, and I heard a moan as I heard the clink of a spoon along with a moan, and I grinned as I reached for the pitcher and grabbed a drink of water. The ice clinked, and I looked down and saw that Violet had some of the water. "Oh, The bitch is low on water," I commented and poured some ice and water into the bowl before moving my foot from her pussy, making her sigh. Instead, my toes dipped into the ice water, sending a cold shiver up my foot.

I knew Violet would hate this, and my cock throbbed as I toyed with her. I slowly took another bite while my toes got colder and colder as I heard her clink a lot more, telling me Violet was at the bottom of her soup bowl, and I continued to eat. My toes got colder and colder before I pulled them out, and my foot moved forward back to where it was. My cold, wet toes then touched something hot and wet at the end of its journey.

"AH!" Violet cried out, and I made my toes move up and down the slit of her cunt, and I heard her moan as I began to eat more and more. "MMMM," I heard Violet moan, and I didn't stop

eating. I needed to act like nothing was happening under the table, even as my cock throbbed a little from time to time as I moved my toes, dipping into the honey pot that was under the table. It was nothing and no one that mattered. It was a disobedient slave that didn't even deserve my attention as I went about eating my meal.

"MMMMM!" I heard a sexy moan, and the hot juices were starting to drip down my toes slowly; I stopped moving my feet as I moved onto my salad. There wasn't much left, but I took much more time than usual, and I heard a groan of disappointment and a little movement of hips on the tip of my toes as I refused to move my foot, and I felt disdain through me as she rocked her hips.

I finished my salad and pulled my foot back, and I looked down at Violet with disdain on my face. "You failed to be a good Masochist bitch. All you had to do was eat and nothing else. But here you are, dripping your filthy juices all over my feet. Disgusting," I spat, and a little spittle landed on her legs. "Get up for your punishment," I ordered.

Violet was blushing hard, as seemed to be normal now, and her embarrassed expression was one to behold. She was a mature woman that felt the shame of the moment, and her embarrassment made my cock throb as I looked her over, and I walked over to the table and placed the jug of water by my hand. "Stand here," I said, snapping my fingers and pointing at the floor just in front of me, and I could see Violet wanting to say something.

Instead of even talking with her, I reached into the icy water, pulled out a large ice cube, and closed the distance on Violet. "You have been naughty this entire time, and I have nothing good to say about your performance. I think you need to cool down, Pervert." The next second, the hand holding the ice pressed against her nipple and instantly started to melt on her skin, and the heat of her body made the water start dripping cold water down her white only slightly browning skin from the Dominican sun. Her body tried to jump back, and I scowled.

"Did you just do something again against orders?" I asked.

Violet froze and shook her head quickly, and my scowl got deeper. "Now, even lying to your Mistress. Unacceptable." I said, and I reached in and grabbed a handful of ice and took one into my stepmother's hand as they rested in my hand, and with an ice cube, I brought it down to her dripping wet pussy.

"You know, with men, if you put ice on their cock they apparently lose their erection," I told Violet, and her eyes widened as I moved that ice cube straight to her pussy and pressed it against her clit.

"AH!" She almost screamed, and I frowned before she stopped her scream of shock and maybe pain or excitement as I pressed her clit with an ice cube. To be honest, I had no idea what it was before Violet was covering her mouth with both hands, her body jumping with slight tears in her eyes. But I wasn't done, and I moved that cube down the slit of her cunt and then used a finger to push it inside of her.

Violet's eyes widened in shock at the sudden intrusion of an ice cube in her vaginal canal; she didn't focus on what I was doing next. My hand grabbed two more cubes, and suddenly those eyes of hers widened even more as two more cubes joined her inside, and she screamed into her hands a little. "You are here to cool down." I told her, and I snapped my fingers and pointed at her bikini bottoms, "Put them on, you Masochistic bitch," I ordered her.

Violet scrambled over, and two, much smaller, followed by a third ice cube, dropped from her drenched cunt as she moved quickly and reached down, pulling up her Bikini bottoms and tightening them when my hand reached out. "Wait for a second," I told her, and my hand reached into the pitcher, and I could literally see her shiver as I pulled out four fresh ice cubes and closed the distance. My bikini-covered top pressed against her bare breasts as my mouth reached just beside her ear as one hand held the small of her back while the other dove into her bikini, dripping with cold water and ice, and pressed the ice into her cunt. "You will cool down," I told her, my voice barely audible and a little husky. "This is your first punishment. And you will walk out of here with those cubes in you; then we will head to the pool for some fun. You will only have two phrases outside this room. "Yes, and Yes, Mistress. Only those are acceptable." I told her, my voice barely audible as she covered her mouth as the ice settled inside her, making her bikini wet on the bottom. I pulled my hand out and stepped back. "Get dressed now," I told her, and I reached down and picked up my own bikini bottom while I heard a moan behind me as my dominance over her must have washed through her.

I put on my bikini bottom without further incident, picked up the bowls from the floor, set them on the table, and used a napkin to clean up the mess under the table before chugging a good portion of the ice water with a sigh of satisfaction. By this time, Violet had her bikini on properly, and I snapped my fingers and pointed beside me. "Come," I told her, and I pushed open the door leaving the privacy of that private room behind.

Violet stepped beside me just where I snapped for her to be, and I smiled as we walked up to the black man that welcomed us. "That was delicious," I told him, "Unfortunately, I forgot to bring my purse, and I wish to tip the chef and yourself. Perhaps I may come another time?" I asked.

"We allow only one private room reservation every three days to allow all guests to use it. Although you can also come by and ask if there is an available room that hasn't been booked if you want," he told me with a smile.

"I most definitely will be doing that. A private room to talk is just what we needed in order to set things straight. I will be back later, and please give my compliments to the chefs." I told him and he nodded.

"I most assuredly will, and I hope to see you soon, ladies. I am happy you dealt with whatever it was that you needed to be done," he replied, and I grinned and walked out with Violet towards the pool area where we were before whatever the fuck happened in that room happened. I walked over and snapped my fingers, and pointed at the pool bar. "Come," I told her, stepped down the pool stairs, and sat at the empty bar with the same black man working the bar as before.

"Yes," Violet said and followed me in, looking much meeker than I had ever seen her and even sat beside me to the side I snapped to.

"Welcome back," The man smiled, "the man that you were talking to earlier," he said, and I felt a bit of rage in me at the thought of him, "He has been talked to, and he will not be doing it again and has been made note of. Please, Keep enjoying your stay," he finished with a large white smile.

"Hopefully, it works," I replied, and the man poured some water for me. "Thank you," I said, taking some water. "A cocktail light on the alcohol for Violet here," I said, "Bartender's choice, just not too much booze," I told him, and he nodded.

He began pouring something red, yellow, and blue, and I hardly paid attention as I drank water and spun in my seat to look out into the view. "You have a great view here," I said as I noticed a woman in a blue bikini sitting at the pool's side soaking in the sun.

"Always," he said with a smile, "Please, tell me off if I am being forward," He began to ask, and I chuckled.

"If you are asking me my preferences, then I will say that I am a top and that I like both men and women. I think I am bisexual, if that is the term." I told him, and I saw Violet frowning at the forward question.

"I was going to ask if you drink and if not, why not," The man said with a chuckle, "Although that is interesting," The man finished, and I laughed and turned my head.

"That is my bad," I said, "I don't drink because I hope to go to the Olympics one day, and if I drink, I might damage some nerves or something. I don't want to do that and don't feel the urge to drink. So I don't," I finished with a shrug, and the man was nodding as I turned back out to the pool. I quickly finished drinking the water and put it to the side, and I could hear him filling another cup.

My mind was barely on the moment as I heard him finish and the clink of ice on glass, and I snapped my fingers and held out my hand. I didn't know if Violet would take the hint, but she picked up the cup and handed it to me, and I couldn't help my smile. I turned my head to see a raised black eyebrow, but he didn't comment, and I turned my attention. "I think we should head back to the room soon," I said as I found a man walking up to a woman in a tan bikini. She had a nice fit body and when she turned to look at the man I knew that he was a cuck. The look he had for her was once of almost worship while the woman barely even paid attention. I took a mental note, turned to Violet, and downed more water in one go. "Time to go," I told her.

"Yes, M-" Violet stopped herself, and I turned to the black man.

"I hope to see you tomorrow," I told him, headed out, snapped my fingers, pointed beside me, and said nothing more.

"Have a good day, Angela," He called out, walked with Violet beside me, and headed into the hotel, making our way back to the room. My mind was spinning, and I had no idea what to do with Violet, but we reached the room, pulled out my card, swiped open the door, and entered the room. I closed the door, snapped my fingers, and pointed at the bed.

"Sit," I told Violet and stood across from her. I looked down at her while toys and various outfits were still littered around the room since I hadn't cleaned up yet. I looked down at Violet, and I took a breath. "You may speak about one thing and one thing only in this room at this moment." I told her, "Do you want to continue this? Or do you want me to stop? This is the last time I ask." my words entered the room, and silence reigned.

I couldn't help but wonder what she would answer as I gave her the last out for the both of us at this moment, and I saw Violet blushing, turning her head.

"My pussy has never been wetter, and I have never been so turned on more than at lunch," Violet confessed, her voice barely audible in the room, "I want you to continue training me, and I am sorry for what I said about Dominatrixes Mistress."

It was quick; it was like I felt something in me happen, and I wasn't even sure what it was. It could have been breaking or lifting or crying, I didn't know, but my expression turned harsh. "Very well, Slut," I said, "I will continue this, and you are my Slave. As you have already started to get in your stupid Masochistic dumb slut head, when I snap my fingers, you do what I tell you. No questions or thoughts of doing otherwise will ever enter your head!" I commanded her and snapped my fingers, pointing at the showers. "Go Clean your skank self up," I told her, and I took a couple of steps and pulled out an enema kit. "And clean your asshole while you are at it. Maybe I will use it; maybe I won't." I told Violet my expression was one of contempt and disgust.

Violet's eyes widened, and I saw her shame, but not one wish to decline, and she took off to the shower to clean herself up and out.

I turned, sat on the bed as I heard the shower turn on, and put my head in my hands. "Angela, What the fuck did you get yourself into?" I asked.

No one answered.

Chapter 15: Before dinner

I slowly opened my eyes and I hadn't even realized I had closed them. Violet was in the shower now, and I knew that I couldn't be weak. I stood back up and looked around at the mess, glad that at least the boxes were gone. Instead of leaving the room, I started to collect my things, put them in drawers, changed the sex toys that were charging, and laid out the whips and paddles that were shipped to me by Samantha. I grabbed the small luggage kit and opened it up, only to look pleasantly surprised as there were things inside to hold and keep the toys clean. I found a little pamphlet that showed all the places to store the toys, and I went about storing things in little corners that were not in sight right away.

I distracted myself and cleaned while thinking of what to do to the hungry woman in the shower. Even now, despite being in the room, I truly couldn't understand how things got to this point. I needed to treat her roughly and without remorse. I walked around the room, and soon what I had planned in the pack while floating was almost done. I just had to wait for some of the toys to finish charging. I then moved over to my outfit and pulled out my panties, bra, and stockings that I was going to wear for the client. I was done quickly, and I even realized my runners wouldn't completely ruin the look of my outfit. I finished setting it out when I heard the water stop.

Instead of continuing, I grabbed some rope that was shipped to me, and I found the halfway point and smirked, ready to lay down some punishment for a Masochistic slave that had been very naughty today. I still had plenty in the room in the way of toys since Samantha didn't want to limit me in choice. I was thanking her in my head as I collected two other things and moved the bag full of various things earmarked for the client tonight.

The door opened from the bathroom, and I saw Violet poke out her head; I turned to look at her. I snapped my fingers and pointed to the bed, "Well, Show me you cleaned yourself up properly," I told her, making my voice sound bored as Violet stepped out naked. I could see that she had time to think inside the shower and was embarrassed. Still, she didn't do anything other than follow my finger, walk over to the bed, and wait.

"How stupid are you?" I asked, rolling my eyes, "I told you to show me how clean you are. Show me!" I commanded, "I will not continue to repeat myself over and over with you." I made sure that my voice inflected annoyance at her and her blush returned; her rosy cheeks glowed a red, and her nipples hardened under my abuse. More and more signs of what a masochistic slut Violet was kept showing up. Violet looked lost at this moment, and I sighed. "What is it?" I asked, making sure I made myself sound even more annoyed with a trace of contempt pushing through.

"H-how do you want me to show you?" Violet asked meekly with a blushing face that would make many men weak in the knees. Her submissiveness was at its peak, and tears were in her eyes.

I scoffed and grabbed Violet by the neck, "If I have to show you everything, it will get tiresome quickly," I told her and stormed back into the bathroom with her neck in my grip, forcing this disobedient woman back into the bathroom. I shoved her face down onto the counter and

quickly found a dry enema kit to the side, and I picked it up. "How good of you," I said with disdain in my voice, "You made sure that this kit was perfectly clean and dry after using it."

I saw her ears turn red as I pinned her by the back of the neck, forcing her breasts against the counter, and I turned on the tap. I quickly began to fill the soft bottom of the enema kit, and I made sure the water was cold. I screwed it on when it was full while making sure Violet couldn't move. "Spread your fucking disobedient masochistic legs slut." I commanded loudly, and Violet did so instantly. I quickly found her asshole, and I shoved the nozzle of the enema into her before squeezing the water deep into her. "I am going to tell you something," I told her as I heard her groan and her legs kick out a little. "I am going to put you on the toilet. If I hear a flush, I will punish you in a way that will make you wake up in cold sweats for years to come. If I come in and the water is dirty in the toilet, I will punish you once for not doing as commanded. I will punish you another time for lying to me. Then to top it all off, I will punish you for forcing me to do all of this and proving you're a disobedient bitch. Do you understand me Slut?" I was almost yelling at the end, and Violet nodded while her thighs were dripping with vaginal fluids.

I pulled the nozzle out of her ass and unscrewed the enema kit, and filled it with more cold water making Violet groan as I screwed on the kit before shoving it back into her ass and squeezing. I knew the water was flooding her rectum, and I turned when done, I left it inside her for a moment, and my hand rose and came down on her mature ass hard. "Now," I said and reached back and pulled it out as Violet moaned. I snapped my fingers and pointed at the toilet. "Sit down and release the water. If there is any dirty water," I let my voice trail off, "You better hope there isn't any dirty water, Slut." I finished and opened the bathroom door. "You have five minutes. Show me that I can trust you to do something so simple." I told her.

I left the room and closed the door so I didn't have to hear anything going on in there. I didn't want to hear that, and I had no fetish around anything in that toilet. It didn't gross me out, but it also didn't turn me on in any way. Finally, I looked around the room, and I picked up something to bind the bitch in the bathroom. I knew that she would fail this either way, and it was time to start planning. I needed something to punish her for lying to me and being such a masochist. I had been pretty hard on her so far, but at every point, I noticed her turned on. The true depravity of Violet was deep, it seemed, and she was pent up. I didn't even have enough time tonight to begin satisfying the slut in that bathroom, it seemed at this point.

Instead, I grabbed the rope and laid it out straight again, happy that I had something to restrain her, and I checked over the toys to find a couple finished charging. I moved and collected those that I planned for the client tonight, and I charged some more while looking at those that were not going to be used on the client tonight.

I heard the bathroom door open, and I turned to see Violet blushing with shame. I walked over and looked at her. She straightened herself as I closed the distance, and I didn't even say a word as I opened the bathroom door and stepped inside. I looked down and saw a dirty toilet, and I looked at her and reached out and flushed. "So disobedient. It seems that I need to punish you in a way that you actually seem to understand that I am serious. Stand here," I finished, stepped out of the room, and grabbed the rope. I grabbed a couple of toys and headed back

into the bathroom while looking her up and down. "Okay, face down against the counter. I want your cheek pressed against it with your ass out and your legs spread." I commanded, and I turned on the tap, although this time, I allowed it to be warm water. I filled up the enema kit again as Violet got in position.

Then I started filling her ass up and left her to drain herself. I would step out to check things, and I also made sure that the toys were charged. It took another six times with the enema kit till it came out with clean water each time, and I looked at her. "You are such a dirty bitch." I told her, contempt clear in my voice. "Now, to start the punishment. Get in position again." I snapped my fingers, pointing at the counter.

Violet moved, her face still blushing with shame. Today I had been pushing her and pushing her without her pushing back once since this all began, and I twisted the nozzle of the enema kit back into place. I didn't acknowledge her as I set the enema to the side, and I grabbed the things from outside I had gathered and placed them on her back. "Time to start your punishment," I told her, and I grabbed the enema kit and pushed the nozzle deep. Again I filled her ass with water, filled up the enema kit again, and pushed deeper water into her. This time was different, though, as I didn't stop at two and instead refilled it again, which Violet groaned as more water pushed in deep, and I didn't stop with a third and quickly refilled for a fourth, fifth, and sixth. I stopped with six, and I stopped only for a moment. "Hold it slut." I commanded, "release any of this water before I tell you, and I will punish you." I threatened, and I grabbed the butt plug that I had grabbed. Her ass hole was tightly puckered, and I could see it twitching. I grabbed the lube, and I completely covered the butt plug in the lube liberally. I toyed with her little asshole.

I heard Violet moan as I toyed with her ass with my pinkie before I pulled back, and I heard Violet groan. Then I pressed the buttplug against her asshole. I noticed a moment she loosened up, and I had the two-inch thick plug into her ass. Four inches of thick butt plug went into her, slipping in on lube, and Violet cried out. "MISTRESS!" She screamed in surprise, and I pressed the plug against her.

"What?" I asked harshly. I paused for a moment to let her talk. "Did I give you permission to speak?" I asked again.

"No, Mistress," Violet said, her voice strained and out of breath from getting filled with water.

"You're right; I didn't," I said contemptuously. "Now, Shut the fuck up," I told her, and I grabbed a small thin vibrator. I didn't even lube it up and bent the vibrator to ensure it would vibrate against the plug inside of her. This vibrator was supposed to go against her clit. Here I put it up against her plug on the outside as well since I didn't have a vibrating buttplug.

I heard Violet moan, and I stood back up. I grabbed the rope and started to tie up her waist with the rope. I tightened everything up and forced the plug and vibrator together even tighter, making Violet moan. I Ignored it, and soon I had made amateur-looking panties for her, and I tied them around her waist. I frowned, looking at it, but it was tight and kept everything in place.

I stood and grabbed Violet by the hair and forced her to stand. I made her look in the mirror, and she saw the black rope panties. "These are for a masochistic slut like you tonight. We will go to dinner tonight, and you will wear those. I also have this," I prompted. I showed her a remote, and I placed my head on Violet's shoulder while grabbing her breast. I held up the remote and pressed a button, putting it on the lowest setting, and it began to vibrate.

"Oh," Violet moaned, and I could see her blush before I pinched her nipple. "Ah," She cried in pain a second later, and I twisted.

"You are such a pain slut." I told her before letting her go. "Go get dressed. We are going to dinner in a few hours, and I want to make sure that you are ready. I have a client tonight, and if we are going to eat dinner, it will be a little early." I told her.

It hadn't been too long since we had lunch, but we had a bit of a late lunch. It was already mid-afternoon, and It wasn't like I was going to waste the time before we went. I decided to shower off from the pool while things continued to charge, and I turned on the shower. I quickly gathered some things and removed my bikini. I got into the shower and sighed purposefully, setting my mind on what I was going to do to the Masochist outside the bathroom at this moment.

Violet was disobedient but also obedient. When I was in the room, it seemed that Violet was still wanting to learn her submissive side. Something told me that she really wanted to please me but wanted to get away with something naughty. I would have to leave no loopholes while I worked with her.

I got out not long later, all heated up and I smiled as I grabbed a towel. I dried myself off quickly before stepping out of the bathroom. I stepped out to see Violet dressed in a new white shirt and a black skirt with a blush on her face. I looked her up and down, knowing she had put on a bra. I looked at the charming mature woman in front of me, whom I refused to look at in any other way. She was attractive, and I snapped my fingers. "I already gave you all the underwear that you need for now. Lose the shirt and take off that bra; now," I commanded, and Violet blushed deeply.

Violet pulled off her shirt, and a black bra that almost matched the rope panties came into view, and I started to get dressed in the clothing that I intended to wear for the client tonight. I got dressed while Violet took off her bra, and I didn't pay much attention to Violet as she only wore her black skirt.

"Good," I said as I finished putting on fresh black panties and I started to pull up the stockings that matched. "Lay down on the bed," I quickly snapped my fingers and pointed to a spot, and Violet nodded. Silence began to reign in the room, and I continued dressing. I put on a bra and pulled up the short black skirt I picked. I put on a black crop top, saw my abs peek out, and smiled. I finished getting dressed, and my mind raced, thinking of things to do to the bitch beside me now. I got up, walked into the bathroom, retrieved the remote, and returned to bed.

Violet was lying down now, her breasts rising and falling steadily, and she looked at me. Her gaze was one of need and desire, and I knew what a Masochist like her needed for now. "Well, You did nothing for a reward," I told her as I crossed back over to the bed and lay down beside her. "Lift your hands and put them above your head," I ordered as I pulled up close, wrapped an arm around Violet, and grinned. My warmth could be felt, and Violet was blushing at this moment. "Tell me, Violet." I said slowly, "How are you feeling right now?"I asked, and my finger pressed the button on the remote, increasing the intensity. "You are allowed to speak freely," I told her with a grin a moment later.

My fingers glided up to her breast, and I played with her nipple, and her breasts heaved up a little as I played with her breast. "I feel weird," Violet admitted before pausing a moment, "But good. Can you increase the intensity?" She asked, and I pinched her nipple hard. "Ah!" She screamed in surprise as I twisted her sensitive nipple. Her back arched, and she tried to pull away into the depths of the bed a second later.

"I am Mistress. When talking to me, you shall use my title every time. No exceptions while in the bedroom. You are my slave, and you will never forget that simple order." I told her, feeling like I was getting a workout on the contempt in my voice today.

"Sorry," Violet replied before quickly following up, "Mistress. Sorry, Mistress," Violet finished her apology.

"Good," I replied as I teased her nipple and put down the remote, and watched Violet's reactions to my teasing as the vibrators worked inside of her.

"My stomach feels full, Mistress," Violet complained a minute later, and I chuckled.

"It wouldn't be a punishment if you were not uncomfortable, Violet," I told her sternly. "That water will stay in there till I decide differently," I darkly chuckled as I pressed her nipple to the side and started to play with her breast. "Here is the game we will play," I told her, "You will try to cum. If you cum you will get a reward. But you must declare that you want to cum. You must cry out that you are cumming. If you cum without crying out that you are about to cum." I smirked, and my voice turned to a pure threat; I neared her ear and twisted her nipple hard. "I will paddle your ass with a hundred and fifty strikes before bed, tie you up, use you as a body pillow, and gag you. Leaving you all alone with a red ass and no ability to speak or communicate. Or," I paused and got closer to her ear. "I will do nothing at all for an entire day to you. Who knows. It is my choice and not yours. If you cum after telling me, though," I lightly whispered in her ear. "I will make you cum later, so hard and so many times this week that your legs will turn to jelly."

With the incentive in place, I picked up the remote and groped Violet's breast; her voice hitched up a notch as she thought about the reward. I pulled her up by the nipple and increased the intensity, and Violet moaned while I teased her nipple. I only played with the one, and I continued to hold her nipple while bringing her large breast around in a circle before letting go. Violet moaned her pleasure, and her hips rocked, and she groaned. "My stomach feels weird. It is like the water is vibrating inside me," Violet complained, and I continued to grope her breast.

"Poor you," I commented as I pinched her nipple again and forced her to raise her chest as she moaned. "You can hear the caring in my voice, right?" I asked with dripping sarcasm as I continued to play softly with her nipple. Her moans and groans slowly increased in volume as I increased the intensity of the vibrations inside of her.

It didn't take long for Violet to start moaning louder, and her first cry sounded out, "I am about to cum, Mistress!" She cried out, and I instantly let go of her body, and my fingers pressed buttons on the remote, decreasing the intensity back to a mild vibration edging Violet and making her groan, "Please," Violet cried out, her hips pushing up off the bed, her hands still above her head. "Mistress, I need to cum!~" Her voice cried out, desperate.

"You can cum whenever you want. You just need to announce it." I told her and watched her groan before reaching out and playing with the same nipple. Both nipples were standing tall hard as a rock, but I continued to play with the same one, softly playing with it for a bit as I pressed a button to increase the vibrations inside of her more.

Violet's moans started to fill the room, her mature body heavily breathing as I brought her back up to the edge with light play and left the intensity of the vibrations purposefully low. Time passed slowly, and I continued to tease her nipple. "MISTRESS, PLEASE!" Violet suddenly begged, "I NEED TO CUM! I'M GOING CRAZY!" Violet cried out.

"Cum, Whenever you want," I told her in a soothing voice as I played with her. I didn't increase the intensity. "You may cum whenever you want," I told her teasingly. Her hips bucked up into the air as she tried to press her ass into the bed a second later.

"Mistress. Please, Increase the vibrations!" Violet begged, and I smirked.

I pressed the button and decreased the vibrations. Her groan made my cock throb, and she bucked her hips again, "No o oo oo oo oo," She cried out. "Please, Mistress, Please!" Violet continued to beg.

"You look cute begging," I told her honestly, "For that," I let my voice trail off and pressed the button but increased the grip I had on her breast and twisted a little making her groan as the intensity of the vibrations, increased then I let go of her breast and moved my hand down to her stomach and pressed down and felt her slightly swollen stomach making her groan as I trailed back up quickly.

With the increased vibrations, Violet started to moan louder with those groans, and I continued to play her body like an instrument. Then I slapped her breast making her jump up in the air, and I grabbed her breast as Violet cried out, "I- I- I think I am going to cum!" Violet cried out as I tortured her breast, and I let go of the remote and sat up a little and grabbed both her breasts, and lifted her up from the bed as she tried to buck her hips, putting all of her weight on her double d breasts making her scream and she cried out louder, "CUMMING!" She screamed, and her hips tried to buck but couldn't move under my powerful grip, picking her body up off the bed, and her hips gyrated.

I dropped her, and her body bounced, and her arms and legs trembled from orgasm. I grabbed the remote, decreased the vibrations, and got out of bed. "Well, That is the last orgasm you will feel tonight," I told her as I got up. "I do wonder if you can hear me now, though?" I asked myself as I watched Violet zoned out on the bed, breathing hard in the sub-zone or in post-orgasm bliss as her world slowly righted itself.

Instead of watching, I picked up some more toys that were still needing charging and put them in place. I took my time and made sure it was done right. I put the last of the toys I had mentally assigned to my client in the bag. Suddenly I heard my phone ring, and I walked over and saw Violet breathing heavily on the bed.

I picked up the phone and heard a familiar voice. "Ah, Angela," I heard Samantha say, "Is now a good moment?' she asked.

"I have a dumb Masochistic slut on the bed breathing heavily, so I can't say anything, but you can go ahead," I replied with a smirk making sure Violet could see that smile.

"Oh," Samantha said, "I found another partner while you are at the resort. Sounds like a vacation fling; anyways, the client is on the top floor in a presidential suite. If you head to the reception, tell them you have a card key waiting for you under your name, Angela. They should give you the card key, no problem. She is expecting you soon after dinner time there. No later than seven." Samantha finished.

"Okay, thanks!" I replied with a smile, "I will be there, and I expect to have some fun. I guess I should go eat early then." I told the bitch on the bed.

Samantha replied quickly. "Yup, I hope to hear good things from the client. Talk to you tomorrow, Angela."

"Talk to you then," I replied and hung up. "Get your shirt on. No bra, We are headed to dinner. You can talk, but you better not moan while we eat." I told her, grabbing my card and watching Violet put on her shirt.

When she was done, it wasn't blatantly obvious Violet wasn't wearing a bra. But the hard nipples poking through the shirt didn't do much to hide the fact. I pushed her out the door, Vibrators working inside her after we both put shoes on to go.

I didn't know if I should smile or laugh, but at least I had a client later tonight to work out some frustrations on. I very distinctly didn't think about the person beside me as we headed to one of the restaurants.

Chapter 16: Restraint

I walked forward with little regard for Violet as I moved. She hurried up to stay beside me as we headed to dinner, but I could see the tremble in her legs and slowed down a little, much to her relief. However, she wouldn't be getting any more relief for the rest of the night. The slight vibrations would keep her company, and her pants and panties would keep them in place. It was a prison, and the public would keep her in control of herself.

Violet's legs trembled as we walked, and I knew the vibrations were currently affecting her along with her recent orgasm. It really was the perfect timing to go to dinner with such a masochist beside me; at least I knew that I would be having some fun later. We reached the restaurant or more like a buffet, with relative ease, and we didn't have a private room in this place.

Stepping into the restaurant or the buffet, it was a larger building slightly off the main building. I saw five areas with food immediately, with a center area attaching these five other areas filled with chairs and tables with set cutlery and cups for water; it seemed as if some other couples were drinking water. I looked around more and found that there were some waiters and waitresses, all with a variation of black skin, serving people drinks and heading to a bar directly to my right that I hadn't seen at first. I looked back to see a second bar that also headed into the interior with another bartender serving more people drinks. The servers came to the inside bar and grabbed drinks for people at the tables.

"Hola," I heard suddenly from a woman standing at a podium as I looked around, "Is there anything you need?" She asked. She had a cute face with curly black hair that was pulled back into a ponytail that burst out into the curls behind her, and I smiled.

"No, Thank you," I replied with a small smile, "Come on, Violet," I said, turning to her and seeing her blush as she looked around on slightly shaky legs. "Let's grab some dinner; then we can settle you down for the night."

The woman gave me a stare that showed how confused she was by what I had just said. I ignored the look, and we walked over to the buffets soon; I was piling food onto two plates for us, and I turned to Violet and leaned towards her ear, and whispered, "Go grab a seat for the two of us. Maybe in the center of the room so everyone can see your slutty face when you cum," My voice trailed off, and Violet shivered. "That is if I let you cum tonight."

Violet shivered again, and I smacked her ass, sending her off as I gathered food in one of the buffets for us both. It was a choice of healthy food that we both liked and some Dominican Republic staple dinner foods. It was interesting to try some new things, so I gathered up more food before returning with a large plate for myself and a much more modest one for Violet.

I turned to look and quickly found Violet in a more quiet corner of the restaurant buffet but still very much in the open. Her legs seemed to have stabilized, and I walked over, making her turn

to look at me as I approached. Violet smiled wryly, looking at the plates, and she looked up at me as I placed the plates down and signaled one of the staff members waiting on the hotel guests.

Moments later, a staff member came up and smiled, pouring water for the both of us with a smile "Hola," The waiter said with a sharp white smile, "is there anything I can help you with?" He asked politely, and I nodded.

"I would love a large glass of orange juice for me and some beer for Violet here," I told him with a smile. "Thank you," I finished, and he nodded.

I sat down a second later, picked up the fresh cold water, and motioned to Violet, who had just picked up a fork. I motioned to clink our glasses together, and Violet picked up the glass obediently. Our classes clinked, and we both drank, with Violet drinking a large portion before starting on her food with a slight blush.

"After dinner," I began earning Violet's attention, "I will be going to my client's room for a duration, maybe even the night. I will bring you back to the room and tuck you into bed. I am sure that you will enjoy what I have planned for you. Speak now if you have any objections, Slut. Otherwise," I let my voice trail off, and Violet poked at her food, and I picked up the glass and drank.

The waiter showed up with a large draft of beer and a large glass of orange juice. He looked down and spotted that I had finished more than half my water and hurried off before either of us could say thank you. I sat down, looking at Violet with a sly smile, and started to eat while reaching into my pocket and messing slightly with the settings of the vibrators inside of her. Violet quickly looked up and was about to say something when the waiter came back with water and topped up both glasses.

I smirked and picked up my drink, "Thank you," I replied, and the waiter ran off again while Violet looked at me.

"Your being mean," Violet admonished, and I let my look darken and turned up the vibrations with my other hand while taking a drink. A faint buzzing sound started to come from her, and I took another mouthful of water before putting down my drink. Violet stared at me but bit her lip to stop herself from moaning as pleasure assaulted her pussy.

"I am being mean, you say," I said in a drawl and picked up my fork while my other hand held onto the remote, which Violet was now staring at with a blush on her face and anticipation as her legs pressed against each other. "I believe I am being more than nice," I continued after swallowing some more food. I quickly reduced the vibrations back down and looked at her. "I will do what I want, though."

Fresh contempt appeared on my face, and I continued to eat without addressing her again. My foot slipped up and pressed her legs apart and pressed toward her core before stopping. Anyone looking could see my foot was there, but there was nothing else happening. Violet

looked a little annoyed at both the lack of action and the action itself, and I pointed to her food. "Eat, I have other things to do tonight, Masochist," I told her while making Masochist sound almost like an insult.

Violet bit her lip and looked down, but her legs no longer trembled, and I reached out and pushed the water to her. "Drink," I told her with a smirk now. "You will need it tonight," I quickly picked up my orange juice. I drank while watching Violet pick up her beer and drink a large portion of it. We both began to eat again, and I slowly slipped my foot closer to her core as I ate.

Violet paid attention to it but didn't comment, going quiet. It was different from what I was used to with the woman in front of me. She usually would be much more stubborn than this as I reached into my pocket, slightly turning up the vibrations inside of her, making Violet soften her gaze. A moment later, I could see her face blushing slightly darker red, and I pointed at her food. "Eat," I ordered.

We both started to eat, and I played with the settings more and more. Each time I played with the settings both up and down, I could see Violet wanting more in the end. She wanted me to play with her, and the environment setting seemed to make this even more apparent. I ignored her desire and left my foot close to her core, and once and a while, I would move my foot down, almost touching her. That seemed only to fuel her need even more, but that relief never seemed to come. I teased and teased and only left her wanting while ignoring her completely.

The waiter came, and I refilled Violet's drink and my own, only motioning for her to drink more once and a while. Still, I made her drink three glasses of water and two beers, ensuring her hydration. I drank more and knew that before leaving the room with my client, I would need to drain my bladder. A Sadistic smile on my face started to creep up my face without much thought, and soon I was getting up to pick up more food to feed the furnace that was my body.

On the other hand, Violet chose to be finished eating, but I already knew her diet was much more modest than my own. As I collected more food, I returned with a full plate to devour. This time I only made her watch and drank a little more as I ate. It wasn't long before I finished eating, stood up, and looked at Violet as I grabbed my glass of water and finished it while looking down at her. "Time to go slut," I told her, my tone scathing, and Violet nodded.

"Yes, Mistress," Violet replied, her voice soft, and I could barely hear her.

I smiled, and without another look, I turned and began to walk away. A moment later, Violet was running to catch up to me, and I slowed down when she reached me. "When Mistress is walking, you are already moving to keep up with me. When I want to go, you must be ready to go. When I want to stay, you are prepared to serve me while I stay," I told her as we quickly walked back to the room. "You will be punished for being so slow to understand this simple rule. I am the one being served, and if you do well, you will be rewarded with masochistic pleasure. If you fail, you will be punished." I stopped abruptly as we walked, and Violet was blushing and stopped a moment later in surprise at my abrupt stop. "Look at me," I told her as she turned to

look up into my eyes as Violet was shorter than me. "Do you understand your place while we are here?" I asked her, "Do you truly understand what your place is as a Masochistic slave?"

Violet paused, quickly realizing I had expected a real answer, and looked around. Not too far from us were some people lounging on chairs and some others in a conversation. Someone probably could overhear us, but I didn't care. We were in another country, and no one would recognize either of us at this point in time. The blush on Violet's face told me a lot as she turned and the shame of the moment as she nodded slightly was evident, and I shook my head.

"You will answer verbally, so I understand. If I tell you that I want you to shout that you are a masochistic slave, you will shout it out because I am your Mistress. That is what you wanted, and that is what you asked of me. So I will only ask this one more time, and you better be clear with me. Do You truly understand what your place is as a Masochistic Slave?" I spoke slowly and clearly, and there wasn't any way that a couple of people just nearby lounging didn't hear as he looked up at me in surprise. The person that he was lounging with, a younger attractive woman, looked at me in surprise too, but I ignored them both.

Violet, on the other hand, seemed to be struggling, and she turned and could see that the two heard what I said completely. Her blushing face was a deep red and would have matched the bikini she was wearing earlier. Violet opened her mouth and closed it as she looked into my eyes. "I'm sorry, Mistress," Violet finally said honestly, "I don't understand what it will entail."

I smiled much more softly, and my hand reached up and brushed her cheek softly, "Of course you don't," I told her, "You have only been with someone vanilla your entire life. Don't worry; I will start instilling into you what a Masochistic slut you are and the understanding that you need to know, what it all entails." My voice was steady and loud and the two people watching seemed to be invested in the Drama unfolding in front of them.

Again, Violet was a different matter, and with my free hand, I turned up the vibrators just enough to be noticeable. Her legs shook, and she couldn't look away from my eyes before she finally replied, "Yes, Mistress."

"Good, Now let's get back to the room. Punishment is in store for you," I told her and slipped my hand out of my pocket and both hands onto her shoulders and turned her around, starting to head back to the room. Violet only struggled for half a second before turning around with my movements and heading towards the room with me. It wasn't much farther to walk until we reached the resort.

Quickly we reached the room, and we entered the room moments later, with me closing the door and ushering Violet deeper into the room. Before acknowledging Violet, though, I went around the room, making sure that I was ready for the client. I made sure everything that I wanted to bring was here and that I hadn't dropped anything on my clothes during dinner. With a final check, I was finished, and I grinned. I turned to Violet, who was sitting on the bed, her legs oddly spread in a way that would put her body waiting right at her pussy to increase how much the vibrator was penetrating her. Then she was bouncing on the bed a little.

My disappointment in her was apparent enough that when I coughed and she turned, she looked down, embarrassed. "Wow," I said, my voice filled with contempt and disappointment. "I quickly checked for not even five minutes that everything is ready so I can work tonight, and here you are trying to cum and pleasure yourself without permission." I shook my head softly, "You know what, I think we need to have a real conversation right now, Violet."

I moved and sat down on the bed, knowing Violet had not reached orgasm. She was probably nearing it but not quite there yet. I also didn't have much time to have this conversation with her at all. I would need to keep it brief but still let her ask questions. "You are allowed to ask questions when I am done speaking, Violet," I began, "If you have a question and do not know when I will finish my thought, you may put up your hand, and I may address you if I feel like it. Nod if you understand, or shake your dumb Masochistic head if you don't understand."

Violet was surprised at my sudden change, and she looked at me surprised and nodded. "Good, You understand," I said, although my tone made it sound like she might not. Still, I knew Violet wasn't stupid as I wasn't stupid. "Now, to start off, I am going to tell you what you asked for earlier today. What you asked for was to be my Masochistic bitch that will follow every order I give in exchange for the pleasure I bring as a Mistress. That means much more than just pleasure that you seem to think it entails for some reason. It might be because I fucked that little sissy bellboy in front of you, and that is what it entails." I said and looked at her, seeing that Violet was thinking that way.

"In a way, you wouldn't be incorrect," I continued after a pause, "You are mostly incorrect with that thought. What you asked for was for me to control you and bring pleasure. To be my slave and to bow down to me in a much more extreme form of Sadism. At least in the way I understand it, and my understanding is the understanding that matters at this moment. You accepted my understanding and will listen to me in everything and follow what I order without thought. I am the Mistress in this room, and my word is the word of god unless you are so scared or you find that you cannot handle what I am doing to you either physically or mentally. If you do feel that way, you have the right to say Red light, and I will end all play with you. If you do this, I will put a stop to everything, and we will sit and have an honest conversation about it. Although my word is the word of god around here, that doesn't mean I want to do something to you that mentally scars you for life." I could see the understanding or at least the beginnings of understanding in her eyes as I told her that, and I continued, "That being said, I also have wants and desires, and one of them is an obedient Masochist that follows orders. I do not mind some slippage, but I also expect my orders to be followed. I take pleasure in dominance as you take pleasure in subservience." Violet quickly put her hand up, and I stopped to look at her and nodded. "You may speak," I said simply.

"Mistress, Are you saying that I have some say?" Violet asked, "I was under the understanding that I must follow all your whims." I shook my head.

"No, you don't have to follow them. At the end of the day, you are your own woman and can choose not to. Remember that I will punish you accordingly, and I will make sure that those punishments are close to what the crime was depending on how many times you have done

something I do not like," I told her in reply. "Also, I do not want to do something completely nonconsensual and rape or torture you. At the end of the day, this is a sexual relationship with a Dominant and a Submissive. If you truly do not like something, then I need to know so I don't continue to do something that hurts you more than pleasures you." I sighed and paused for a moment, getting my thoughts together. "that being said, I am very annoyed that you continue to disobey me each and every time I tell you to do something. Continuing onto that, though, is the fact you have not even been a slave for a day and have a lot of training needs done in order for you to understand exactly what it is that I want. You will eventually learn what those things are and start doing them in the way that I want before you even realize it. Now," I said with another pause, waiting to see if Violet would have to ask something, "You have been a very bad girl today with many punishments needed, and I also know you like those punishments, it seems. This verifies what a Masochistic Bitch you are. Tell me, Slut," I began to ask my question, "Tell me what you thought about your first Maso orgasm as you submitted to me."

I finished with a brief explanation, and Violet stared at me for a moment, that blush now reaching her ears. She looked away and whispered something I didn't hear. I sighed, and I reached out and slapped her. "LOUDER," I almost roared after slapping her, “You must proclaim what you felt. Now!" I ordered.

"I NEVER FELT LIKE THAT IN MY LIFE!" Violet suddenly roared into the room. A second later, tears started to enter her eyes, "I am thirty-nine, Angela!" She cried out, "I experienced the best orgasm of my life today from you. I cannot understand how much it destroyed my world. That moment where you forced the little bellboy to cum while eating me out was the hottest thing, and I cannot help but feel envious of him. The feelings I have right now make me feel guilty and exhilarated. I want to hurt as I feel that addicting pleasure. When you played with me before dinner not too long ago," Her voice trailed off with tears in her eyes. "I don't know, but when I came, my mind blanked for a long time. Listening to your commanding voice and giving me permission to do something so deeply personal was like I didn't need to think about things. I loved it. I loved it. I fucking loved it, and I want to try more!" The last sentence was a proclamation.

I looked at the woman not even a meter from me on the bed, and I took a deep breath. What had my father done to her that left that simple orgasm as the best in her life? I made Alex cum harder than that multiple times in one session. I felt myself exhale slowly before taking another deep breath. Silence reigned in the room, and I saw her sobbing quietly. I asked a question that I didn't want to ask again.

"Harder or softer?" I asked.

"W-What?" Violet asked, sobbing lightly.

"Do you prefer when I am rougher and embarrassing you or when I am teasing you lightly," I asked her, "Answer truthfully," I finished, and I waited as she looked up at me with something akin to hope in her gaze.

She turned for a moment before looking back up at me with an expression I had seen on Sarah before. Determination. It was a hard thing to see on the woman in front of me as she mustered her courage to ask for something so taboo, but in seeking that new pleasure, I could see her courage take its ground. "I like it when you are harder on me. I don't understand why but I love it when you treat me badly, and I feel it almost in my womb. Tell me, Mistress," Violet said, looking at me, "Am I crazy?"

The question was a simple one, and the answer was easy. I stood, no longer remembering if I had been sitting or standing before when I was talking to her. "Your fucking insane, and you are bringing me with you. Now, Slut, shut the fuck up while I think." I replied, and I could see her excitement as the tears trickled to a halt.

I hated that I knew the excitement that she was feeling at this moment as it was painted on her face as she looked forward to what happened next. It was what I saw on her face not long after I made her kiss my feet, and that was only a mere few hours ago. It seemed that since I became a dominatrix, my life was destined not to be simple, and I took a deep breath. I turned to her and looked down at her. "Fine, Slut, your punishment starts now."

I stepped towards her and grabbed her by the neck, and stood her up. "Strip everything but panties,' I ordered. Because she wasn't wearing a bra, that shirt and pants dropped quickly. I quickly reached over and grabbed the phone, knowing I was lacking rope. I took out the phone line, uncaring about that, and quickly grabbed her wrists, tied them up, grabbed the sheets and blankets off the bed, and tore them off the bed before grabbing Violet by the neck and tossing her onto the bed. I quickly followed it up while looking at the mature beauty, now looking much more excited with tear-stained eyes. I quickly wrapped her legs down with the blankets. With that done, I turned up the vibrators, and I heard the faint buzz of toys in the bedroom.

"Mistress, Harder, please," Violet asked. Instead, I untied her, changing my mind on one simple thing, and turned her onto her back without saying a word. I pulled her arms behind her back and tied them up with the phone cord again before I finished. I pulled her back into place onto her back and looked down at her. Then I took a blanket and began to lay it down over her without covering her head and made sure to tuck it in, which started to worry her.

"Now, first, you are going to learn something," I said to the Masochist, now firmly tucked into the center of the bed, tied up, unable to move her legs much. "I told you already, you Masochistic Slut, that I have an appointment to go to. I spent too much time here, and you are due for punishment. So you are going to lay here with the vibrators on. If you cum you will be punished. If I find that you pissed the bed or went to the bathroom while I was gone," I smiled sadistically, "You will be punished. Guess what will happen if you are no longer tucked into the bed when I come back?" I asked.

Violet trembled to look into my gaze, and I didn't even realize my cock was throbbing as I was paying attention to her. "I will be punished?" She asked.

"CORRECT!" I announced as I stepped away from the bed and took the small suitcase with the tools of the job. "You are learning. I will be back in a couple of hours to maybe six hours. Good news though," I told her with a sadistic grin, "none of the restraints are tight enough that if you choose to escape, you will not be able to. But if you do?" I finished and walked towards the entrance, "You will only ever find out if you do, and you better hope that you never learn what I have in mind for that."

I opened the door and closed the door with the toys, and headed towards reception with a sigh on my lips. I didn't sigh any more than once before, making sure I used my long legs to my advantage and moved quickly to reception and was there in a minute. I walked up to the receptionist. "Hola," I began, "I believe a card for the Presidential suite has been left for me under the name Angela," I told her, and the woman nodded.

"Yes, Please do not lose the card," She replied, simply handing me a blue card, and I nodded.

"Thank you," I told her before heading to the elevator and hitting the top floor. I took a deep breath and headed up, happy to change back to a client I could dominate without guilt or breaking Taboos. I smiled as the elevator reached the top floor, and I stepped out.

It was time to go and have some fun, no longer thinking about the Masochistic slut suffering in my room as I left.

Chapter 17: Second Dinner

Walking out of the Elevator, I moved slowly and deliberately toward the presidential suite that my client had purchased. I forgot about the problem in my bedroom, and my thoughts centered on the woman waiting for me on the other side of the door that I was walking up to now. I had no major plans, only roughly sketched ideas on what to do with her after we met.

I was still new to this, so I felt the nerves spiking through me as I wanted to make this woman submit. After her, I would be contracted for my first male clients, and I was nervous about that also. I didn't let a single bit of my nerves show as I confidently walked up to the door and knocked. Following that up, I directly used the room card key to open the door and walked in with my luggage behind me.

The room, this time, was large, with a small foyer for you to take off your shoes. Then there was a small step up into the main area of the room with a door off to the right. I took a look and walked in quickly, kicking off my shoes as I didn't care if I wore them or not in my current outfit. I stepped up and brought my small luggage with me as I entered the room.

"Mistress Futanari? Is that you?" I heard a female voice call from the door, and I turned to it.

"Yes," I replied tartly, "Is that the bathroom?" I asked.

"Yes, Mistress, I wanted to be fresh and ready for you. Please wait, as I am almost done!" She exclaimed through the door.

"You have a maximum of five minutes, or we will start with a punishment," I replied tartly and walked into the room. I didn't hear a response, and I looked around the room as I passed the first door and saw a large room. There was a balcony on the far side of the room with a hot tub, it seemed, overlooking the resort, and I smiled. I saw to the side that the bed was king-sized, and over to the other side of the room was a large television with two closets that closed with panels towards the center. The room was spacious, and I had plenty of room to work with.

I turned around to look back to the entrance, and I could see another mirror, which seemed to be common in this room. On the opposite side, though, I noticed another room that I hadn't entered and decided against opening up. Instead, I brought my luggage and lifted it onto the closet area she wasn't using as her luggage seemed to be on the other side, unopened. I unzipped my luggage, and it opened up to various toys ready with remotes and bindings if I wanted to use them.

Today I would be relying on my natural demeanor and appearance to do the heavy lifting along with some fun toys as I didn't know what this client liked. With my toys in the open, I grabbed a black flogger letting the leather straps fall naturally in one hand.

Moments later, I heard the door open, and a stunning woman walked out. She was a Chinese woman with long black hair that was done up in a bun, and two steel sticks stuck out of her hair. It made her look stunning and formal as I looked at her. Her facial features were sharp and beautiful, with pale white skin and almond-colored eyes looking at me in shock as I stood before her. I looked her up and down, making sure to school my face into a facade of uncaring as I looked at the woman in a formal red dress with beautiful spring blossoms on it.

"I see that you probably wanted to make an evening out of this," I commented, and she nodded, "It seems some miscommunication between some parties was involved," I paused for a moment to think and realized I could always eat more. "Unfortunately for you," I began looking at the stunning woman, "I do not have clothes as formal as you are dressed," I said, making her frown, "Circumstances have forced this upon me, but fret not," I continued looking up the beautiful woman, "That will not ruin this evening between the two of us. Although we will also make further preparations before we head out." I stepped closer to her, "Before we begin, I am Mistress Futanari or Mistress to you tonight. Is that understood?"

"Yes, Mistress Futanari," The woman replied, "I am Chun Yan," Yan introduced herself, "Please call me Yan tonight. I was hoping to get to know you a little before you have me so," Yan blushed a little on her pale white cheeks, "You have me so vulnerable." She finished, and I nodded even as my cock hardened.

I smiled and grabbed a butterfly toy with a couple of inches of insertable protrusion. "I will be more than delighted to know more about you, Yan," I said, holding up the butterfly, "But at the end of the day, I am a Mistress," I continued and tossed the flogger onto the bed. "For our evening meal, You will wear this inside of you, and I look forward to us getting to know each other. Understand Chun Yan?" I asked, holding out the butterfly toy.

Yan nodded and stepped back, "It is understood, Mistress," She replied, and I held up a hand.

"Here now, I am hungry," I lied, "No time for you to properly prepare inside the bathroom," I told her.

Yan blushed hard and nodded before turning serious. She spread her legs for me, and I saw her serious face turn ablaze with a red blush as the red dress parted under her hand and matching red panties came into sight. I found a clean pussy without a single hair in sight and a tight little slit. She pushed aside her panties, and I saw a small wet mark on her panties. She quickly took the teal butterfly toy and inserted it into herself with a loud sensual moan as she did so before putting the panties back in place.

"I will have to reward you later," I said as my cock throbbed and she put herself together. I watched as she stood back straight, no longer bowing her legs, and I smiled, going back to the suitcase and grabbing a remote for the toy. "Now we can be on our way, Yan."

Yan nodded, and we walked out together both with key cards in hand, looking a little mismatched. I walked down the hallway with her, and we walked side by side to the Elevator that opened instantly for us before depositing us on the main floor. Yan got a lot of looks of admiration for her dress, while I looked more like a skater girl at this moment. We made it to the restaurant, which looked very formal. When they looked at Yan, they smiled but were less pleased with me.

"I have the private VIP room booked for the next three days," Yan said to the woman, and she nodded and didn't say anything about my state of dress. Neither did the other men with her, and we were escorted to an elevator, and we went up. The woman came in with us, and we had deposited four floors up. We walked down a hallway with only doors before we were brought to a door with VIP written on it, and she opened it up. Inside was a small table for two and she showed us to the table, pulling out the chairs and grabbing ice water already prepared for us.

"Please use the button for anything you want. We also have provided an Ipad for you to order as you have requested privacy. Anything you order will be made immediately and sent to you." The woman said, pointing out things for us to pay attention to. "Are there any drinks that you would like?" She asked.

"I would like a Red wine," Yan said.

"I am fine with water, thank you," I replied, and the woman bowed before exiting and closing the door.

The room was furnished, and the window looked out over the dark beach with partygoers just out of sight. "No wine for yourself?" Yan asked.

"I do not drink alcohol," I replied with a smile, "Even if I can legally drink here, I would rather not as I am not interested in substances that alter the mind. I enjoy the dopamine of reaching my goals."

Yan looked at me, surprised. "What are your goals then, Mistress?" She asked curiously.

"To be a Gold medalist Olympian," I replied with a smile, "Although you might not see it, I am quite the runner and just picked up volleyball recently. I hope one day to make it to the top of the sports scene." I made no secret of it. "One of the reasons you have to sign an NDA to be with me as well," I told her.

"I was curious about that, Mistress," Yan replied, "It was the first time I had to sign something like that for Samantha's records in regards to a Mistress." She looked at me, and I could see something in her gaze change. She was more respectful, giving me a look that I hadn't seen before. There had been nothing wrong with her tone or gaze before, but something subtle about her had changed. "I respect athletes a lot," Yan suddenly said, and her blush deepened a little, "I endorse many, to be honest, as it is a difficult job."

"It helps that Athletes also help sales," I mentioned with a smile, and her blush deepened a little more, "I am not criticizing you for that," I told her with a wave of the hand. "It helps the profession, and it will be something I might have to go for in the future. I am not beholden to that, though," I finished looking her up and down, and I pressed the remote, turning on the vibrator inside of her making her red cheeks turn redder, and a slight moan escaped her lips. "I do have my current profession that I also enjoy while I train." I told her, "As you can see," I continued, my voice turning dark, "I don't only train my own body."

A sudden knock at the door ended what I planned to say to continue to tease her. "Red wine," The black woman said, coming in with a smile. If she noticed Yan blushing deeply, then she made no note as she brought in a bottle of Red wine and set down a cup before opening the wine and pouring her a cup. "Enjoy," She finished before departing. The entire interaction was less than a minute.

"Well, Yan," I said with a smile, "You have heard a bit about me," I picked up the Ipad and ordered something. "Tell me about yourself."

Yan nodded, "I am an international businesswoman," Yan began, and I nodded. "I have factories in three different countries, and I export mostly to China and the United States. I honestly don't have a specific product, but I make a large variety of products. I am also expanding, but honestly, I have been finding it dull these days. Whenever I do feel unsatisfied, I like to contact Samantha for a little fun," she said.

"That led you to meet me, my beautiful tart," I said with a grin. "That dress looks beautiful on you, by the way, Yan. I cannot wait to make you take it off for me later," I commented.

Yan blushed deeply at that, which made me wonder more about Yan. She looked confident in herself but changed a couple of times. She was showing a shy part of herself, and she looked away. "Tell me," I began digging into the topic of tonight as I selected a steak for myself, putting in medium rare. I passed the Ipad, and she took it with a nod as I leaned back, "What do you like in a partner or a Mistress, Yan?" I asked her.

Yan froze and looked at the Ipad, "Please, Take your time," I said, "I am not pressuring you now. I like many kinks, Yan. Tell me yours when you're ready," I said, leaning back in the comfortable chair.

Yan didn't say anything, and I pressed a button on the remote, turning up the settings. "Ah!" She moaned in surprise, looking up at me only to be greeted by my sly smile in return before she looked down and pressed in an order. She put it down and picked up her glass of red wine, and I picked up my water. I drank with her, my smile not disappearing in the least.

When Yan put down her glass, she looked at me, her face still slightly red even as she tried to recover. "I guess I should confess, Mistress," Yan finally said after a minute and looked at me. "I never had a Mistress ask me that before," Yan continued, "I like being pushed down and teased. I like pain a little, but not a lot, and I love to be called names." Yan said, her blush darkening again. "Being restrained is not something I am very familiar with, but on previous occasions, I have enjoyed it." Yan paused and looked at me, and her blush grew darker. "I- I do have one more that I have never tried before." She said.

Yan looked away, and I could see that she would need coaxing for her to say it as her blush and subsequent looking away like a maiden told me. It was probably her trying to play coy and have something more to talk about. It felt like she probably wanted a little more control over the current situation. With how her face went ablaze, I had one guess but I wasn't about to voice it.

"Interesting," I said plainly as I looked her over. "You are an elegant woman," I told her, "I am sure that at some point tonight, I will get you to admit what you want. I also think that we should have that hot tub ready for us to use when we get back." I continued, "I have an entire night to dominate you, not just dinner."

Yan blushed deeply and looked at me in surprise. "You know I am not going to be buttered up with compliments," Yan said.

I looked at her weirdly, and I chuckled. "Butter you up?" I asked. "Why would I need to do that?"

Yan looked at me with a question when the door was knocked on, and she picked up her glass to take another mouthful of wine. The same black woman arrived, smiled at us with a cart of food, and asked, "Who ordered the steak?" She asked.

"I did," I responded and leaned back, and I pressed the button of intensity on Yan, making her freeze as the woman set down our plates. Yan put down her glass, and I smiled as the woman filled our glasses again.

"Please let me know if you need anything by pressing the button or ordering on the Ipad." With that, she left, and I grinned as I turned down the vibrator inside of her.

I took a large gulp of water and looked at the Asian beauty across from me. I smiled, cut into my steak, and moaned as the flavor entered my mouth. It was delicious, and I looked at Yan, who was eating a beef wellington that made her moan as well. It might have been the vibrators, but the utter sensual pleasure I heard in her moan made my cock throb as I looked at her. "They outdid themselves with this food," She moaned, "My friend got me on this dish, and I haven't been able to stop myself from ordering it since, if I see it," Yan said, and I smiled.

I enjoyed my meal with her as the conversation came to an end. I noticed as we ate now that she looked fully immersed in her food and looked at me from time to time to see if I was enjoying my food. I ate and enjoyed what was obviously high-quality food. The steak was delicious, and the accompanying food was delicious. I vocalized that I found it delicious and pressed the button, increasing the vibrations in the woman across from me. She shuddered a little as she ate and moaned loudly before pouring herself a bit more wine.

"Sorry, Mistress," Yan said, "I love to enjoy my food completely. I never knew vibrations could be so," She paused for the right word, "Enhancing."

"Well," I replied, pouring some more ice-cold water for myself, "I enjoy good food myself when accompanied by external pleasure."

Yan smiled, and we soon finished our food before I stood up, "Yan," I began as I stood, surprising her, "Let us go back soon. I am slowly running out of patience," I told her, and she looked down, my bulge was visible as I smelled her need, and I could see a dark look in Yan's eyes as she looked at my cock's bulge.

"I wasn't expecting it to be that large," Yan commented, and I smirked.

"Come on, dinner was delicious, and I learned a lot about you. I look forward to learning more about you, but I no longer wish to tease you in this setting," I told her as I cranked the vibrator to the max, making her lean forward, "Instead, I want to learn more about you in a more intimate way." I finished with a sly sadistic smile.

Yan nodded with a huge blush. "I- Look- Forward- to- it, Mistress," Yan moaned, and I smiled.

"Good," I replied, "No longer do you have a choice tonight; follow me, Slut." I finished, and she looked up at me in surprise. I opened the door, and Yan finally got up and started to follow me. You could now hear a slight buzz as she walked through it, and I could see her face turn fiery red on those pale white cheeks, and I knew it had to do with makeup that she looked so pale. I didn't care; who didn't want to look their best for someone? I thought it was cute, and her beauty was amazing.

We quickly bid farewell to the wait staff, and she followed me through the resort back to the hotel room. Soon we were in the elevator, and I could see that Yan was feeling a little awkward. "Mistress," Yan suddenly said as we went up.

"Yes?" I asked, raising my eyebrow at her as I listened to the buzzing of the vibrator inside of her.

"I want you to be hard on me but not painfully," Yan said, "I have never been submissive to someone with a cock before. I am used to riding on top, but when it comes to women," She turned away as I looked at her, the charm of this woman spiking as she did so. "This will be new for me, and I would like you to be rough as I like moving my hips fast when I ride but also, I don't want to be in control. Please, Mistress?" She requested, turning to me, and I looked at her.

I stepped closer to her, and my eyes bore into hers as I looked down. I was taller than her by a couple of inches. My hand reached down, and I let my hand slip into her dress and pressed the vibrator into her. "Who the fuck told you that you have a choice with what I do to you?" I asked suddenly, "I seem to have been a little too nice tonight. So I am ordering you to open that dress. I want to see your panties, and you will walk from this elevator to our room with your drenched panties visible. Otherwise," My voice trailed off, and I pulled out my hand, letting go and showing her the pussy juice on my fingers. "What a fucking wet skank," I commented, looking at my hands and stepping back.

Yan blushed deeply, but I could see the sudden new direction flustered her. A moment later, though, she opened her legs and opened her dress, and the buzzing sound became louder. Not a moment too late either, as the elevator opened up to the top floor. Yan was blushing, and I stepped out. When she took a moment too long to step out; I snapped my fingers as the elevator doors tried to close. "Hurry up," I barked at her.

Yan stepped out, her pale leg stepping out bare with the red silk dress covering the sides. Her face was scarlet, and I slowly guided her down the hall with her face a deep crimson. Yan tried to speed up, and I physically pulled her back when she tried. "Mistress. Comes. First," I told her. "You will go no faster than your Mistress. One more time, Yan and I will make you strip in the hall and crawl back," I told her; My voice deadpanned, and I saw her face pale a little before she followed the order.

I slowly walked to her room door, and much to my disappointment and probably for the better, no one came to see the play in the hallway, and I scanned the door. I slowly stepped in, and much to Yan's relief, she followed me in. Her thighs were slick with the juices her pussy emitted.

"Such a naughty slut for Mistress tonight," I said, turning to her as the door closed. "You disobeyed me and tried to rush a couple of things. I will have to give you a slight punishment. But that can wait till later," I said. "First, things need to be done. Strip, Slut, and show Mistress what she is working with. And not slowly," I said as she stared at me. "You’re Mistress's slut and whore for the night. Make it sexy, and make it, so I want to shove my cock deep into your throat. Now start whore," I finished.

The woman looked at me, her face a show of shock to start. Slowly it changed as her pussy sprayed a little, almost as if on a delay trigger from my previous words. Then she nodded, her face turning crimson, and I pointed to the bedroom. "Go and start whore," I told her again, pointing at her stage, and I walked into the room, my cock throbbing with thoughts of what was to come.

Chapter 18: Yan's Sensual Punishment

I looked at the Asian beauty Yan before me. She looked a little lost with her red dress open and pussy juices that had already started to flow from the walk to the room. Something told me this woman might be an exhibitionist without any release on it. That was something I would file in the back of my head later while I watched her contemplate how to strip for me.

My cock was already starting to throb with need as I thought about what to do to her. This sexy Asian beauty was dealing with the order I just gave her to do a short quick naughty dance while stripping for me while still having a vibrator inside of her. The blush on her face was residual feelings of walking through the hallway. It was a dangerous play that she seemed to have loved, but I couldn't go from there. Instead, I would need to start in this bedroom and maybe build up to something fun.

My cock was throbbing as I looked at her deciding what to do, and I snapped my crop against my hand lightly. "Did I give you forever, Bitch?" I questioned her. "I told you to strip for me, not stand there startled," I snapped with my voice whipping her into action.

Chun Yan moved, finally turning on a dime and showing her body, even as the slight sound of the vibrator filled the room. Her arms pulled at the dress, and it quickly loosened up. I had no idea where she pulled at, but the dress got looser by the moment, and the spring blossoms on her red dress opened up, and she twisted her body so that her back was to me. She turned her head back and gave me a smile attempting to seduce me.

The attempt worked as my cock was throbbing in my pants. Her pale legs became more visible, her arms reached back, and she dipped down, bringing most of the dress with her just up to her ass crack and covering just the tip of her thighs, barely stopping the vibrator from coming into view. It was an enticing image as she came back up, and her arms were no longer in the sleeves of the dress she wore just moments before and turned back to look at me again and looked me up and down. I could see the excitement in her gaze as she looked below my belt and saw the bulge of my pants ready for her. A small swallow bobbed her throat, and I could almost feel her excitement growing with the moment.

I could feel the tension in the room thicken as I saw her pause for a moment looking back at me. She dropped the dress that she was holding, and it fell to the floor; the look in her eye as I

appreciated her was one of superiority. I felt my eyes narrow as I noticed the look in her eyes. I hated that look, and she turned around, her pale skin now only covered by a matching red bra to her dress. It was beautiful on her skin, and she only showed a little confusion as my eyes narrowed. Her hands then dropped behind her back, and a second later, her red bra went loose. Her hands skillfully took the bra off with simple movements, and her slightly pink nipples came into view. They stood strong and poked out hard and wanted to be teased. Her shapely petite ass looked good, and I could only appreciate the woman in front of me.

The only thing that could be called clothing on her were those red high heels that matched the dress and her body. Yan's pale white skin and her modest breasts and tight pussy, which had a teal butterfly hiding in her drenched red panties, were all on display. It was enticing, and my cock throbbed in my pants as I looked her over. There was only one thing missing from it all, and I smiled as I realized what I wanted to do most. I stepped forward with a smile, and Chun Yan turned to look at me. That superior look in her eyes, still there, and I don't think she even noticed it.

Yan had faith in her body, enticing men and women alike, and I couldn't deny that underlying beauty of it all. She was remarkably beautiful, and her body was amazing and perfect for her demeanor. All it was missing was the strong red marks of my whips and spankings along it to decorate it properly. That pale white skin seemed to be a canvas for me to mark now with her screams and cries.

My cock was throbbing harder than ever as I looked her up and down. "Punishment to start," I told her, looking her up and down as if she was an object for me to carve. I wanted and needed to know where to strike and make her cry out for me. I closed the distance on her, and my hand reached out and cupped her breast lightly. "Well, this is a nice breast," I commented, and my thumb moved over that hard nipple.

"Ah," A soft moan erupted from Yan's red lips involuntarily, and I smirked. Her body shivered under my touch, and I could feel the submissive side come out of her as that look of superiority started to die in her eyes. I knew it wasn't gone, but Yan was seemingly no longer feeling superior to me anymore.

My eyes roamed up and down her body, and I let go of her breast as I stepped around her. My fingers pushed at the drenched panty-covered butterfly, shoving it a little deeper and making Yan moan a little more before I spoke, "You are like a canvas for me to paint on," I told her, feeling a little odd. I paused after saying that and stopped behind her back. I looked at her hair done up in a bun with those two silver sticks, and I realized that if she pulled those out, she would have extremely long hair that reached the bottom of her petite ass. I wondered what it would look like water falling down her back.

I let that thought sit for only a moment before letting it stay tied up, for now at least. I smiled and touched her back softly, "You were a little naughty and didn't listen to my orders precisely. That isn't good, Yan," I said, my voice more sultry than I meant it to be. My hand crawled up her back,

and I felt her shiver. The vibrator got a little louder as she probably tightened up on it. "What do you say to your Mistress?" I asked with a smile.

Chun Yan shivered, and I saw her turn to look back to reply. I used the crop to stop her from letting the leather lightly touch her skin as she tried to turn. "No, Look forward and reply," I ordered, and I felt her body still, and the vibrator got a little louder again, telling me she tightened up on it.

"I deserve punishment, Mistress Futanari," Yan said, her voice trembling as those words came out, and I smiled, my cock throbbing harder than ever. "Please punish me," Yan followed up a second later, and I couldn't kill the smile on my face. I stepped closer, pressing my breasts against her back and reaching around her body, pulling her back to me.

My cock pressed against her ass and my hands, with my crop pressed against her breasts, as I rested my head on her shoulder. "I will punish you good, my little slut. I will make you cry out for hours tonight before you go to bed. You will not even remember when I've finished for the last time as you will orgasm out of this world and into dreams of me." My voice whispered into her ears, and I heard the vibrator a little louder with her breath hitched up, and she stopped breathing as I held her breasts tighter. "Are you ready to become my slut tonight, Yan?" I asked, "Are you sure you are ready for what Mistress Futanari demands of you tonight?"

My questions hung loose in the air, and I felt her breathing resume in harsh, more rapid movements. I could hear the last moments of hesitation leave her as she replied, "Yes, Mistress Futanari!"

Yan's loud words seemingly echoed in the room, and I couldn't help but lick my lips once quickly. "Then I shall begin," I told her, my grip tightening on her breasts for a brief moment before letting go. I unwrapped my arms from around her, and I took a step back. The crop in my hand whistled as I lashed her ass once quickly on the cheek.

"AH!" Yan let out a small scream of pain and surprise at the sudden pain that hit her ass. She turned and was met with me frowning and whip in hand. "Ah?" A yelp of surprise, this time at my expression that told her that she just messed up, came out.

"Tell me, My little Slut," I began to ask, "Did I tell you to turn around and look at me?"

"N- No?" Yan said, her voice uncertain, with a blush starting to appear on her face.

"You are right, I didn't," I said. This time I walked away from her leaving her with those words as I walked over to the suitcase. I looked at the various options that were available to me, and there were so many displayed, I had trouble choosing. I turned my head to look at her once, then back at the suitcase. I pulled out a leather paddle which I intended to use to spank her instead of the crop originally. "This was what I was planning to use to paddle you a little for a small punishment," I told her. "Look at me," I ordered, realizing she was a little scared to look.

Yan nodded, looking cute but a little frightened about what I was going to do next. "But you have been such a naughty girl. I will keep the same punishment," I told her, but I saw her fear increase. "But I will make the punishment's equipment harder," I finished pulling out a studded paddle with silver metal studs meant to make things hurt more. It wouldn't break the skin, but it definitely would upgrade the level of pain that she was about to feel.

In response, I saw her swallow dryly as she gazed at it, and I snapped my fingers. Yan's eyes instantly returned to my face instead of the paddle. "First before punishment," I said slowly, "You will strip me like a proper slave." I told her, "You may touch me during this time, and if you do well in your duty, slave," I continued slowly, even as my cock throbbed, "I will reward you after your punishment."

The excitement in her eyes jumped to the next level, and I could see the anticipation as she looked at me. "Come now," I beckoned with a single finger as I stepped toward the bed, putting down the paddle, retrieving the vibrator's remote, and turning it down to the lowest, making her sigh. "Serve your Mistress," I ordered.

"Yes, Mistress," Yan replied, her face a little lost as she walked over. Her hands went to my shirt, and I let her lift them up and briefly pull them over my head. It was quick and mechanical, and quickly my vision came back with my black bra now visible to her, and Yan, with my black shirt in her hand, was now looking at my large breasts, her face blushing.

My breasts were large F-cup breasts that enticed both genders that enjoyed breasts, and I could see her gaze center on them. Yan's tongue ran over her lips quickly, and I could see the desire in her eyes on my breasts. I could see the need in them and the lust building in her eyes as she stared at them. The look in her eyes was almost fanatical, and I realized something quickly.

Yan wanted to worship my breasts, and I could see her fascination for large breasts in a single moment. "Did you know that my breasts are one hundred percent natural, my little submissive slut," I told her before I smirked as her breath hitched with that small statement. It would be a mistake to show her my bare breasts at this moment, and I decided as she finally moved after looking at my cleavage for several seconds towards my bra. "Leave the bra on," I told her, surprising her. "Get on your knees and take some time removing my pants this time. You are a slave here to please her Mistress. Not to get your rocks off, Slut," I reminded her.

Yan looked surprised at the change but nodded with a little disappointment, proving what I thought about it. She wanted to see my large breasts first thing over my cock any day of the week, it seemed. Delaying that was a punishment for her disappointment, showing me that breasts were a big deal to her as she was submitting to others.

Yan slowly got down on her knees and started to unzip my pants and undo the button, making me smirk as I looked down at her. The bulge in my pants was almost down to my knees and clearly off to the side, pressing against the pant leg hard. I could see her hesitation as she finished unbuttoning the top and swallowed again dryly.

Slowly Yan pulled down my pants, and finally, in a slow reveal, inch after inch of my fat futanari cock came into view. I felt her take in a deep breath with how hard she breathed in. Her hands continued to glide my pants down an inch, slowly freeing my hard cock as it strained against the fabric. Her breath released, and her breathing quickened as it continued to glide down to my knees. I winced as the fabric continued to press against the head of my cock. I wanted to groan but bit it back as finally the last inch to my knees, and my cock popped free, springing up against my breasts and bra with an audible slap that made her breathing freeze as her eyes literally went cross-eyed looking up at my cock. My massive balls also intimidated her, and the sheer girth of my cock hit home for her.

Yan froze with her eyes cross-eyed and her breathing heavy, staring at my large throbbing cock as if it had just introduced itself to her. My hands came down, and I decided to lightly greet her face with my cock, as she would no doubt have had to introduce herself later anyways. I brought my cock down lightly on her face, slapping her with an audible slapping sound filling the room as I lightly did so three times. "Wake up, Slave," I said, my voice filled with the superiority that she had shown earlier. "I am not undressed yet, Slut." I reminded her, "You will have plenty of time to worship your new goddess soon."

Yan's eyes finally uncrossed, and she looked up at me. Fear showed on her face, but more importantly, lust and desire as she had to look past my breasts to see my eyes. I took in that look and felt my cock throb all over. Yan looked down at my cock that was now right against her face, still with my hands controlling it, and I slapped her one more time, making her wince slightly.

Yan's hands began to move again, and I felt her hands move down to my feet, and she noticed my shoes. She untied my shoes with a simple slip of the knot, and I stepped up with the pants still around my ankle as she pulled them off. I could see the blush of shame and humiliation as she did this and quickly followed up with the other before both my shoes were off and my pants a moment later.

I let go of my cock and let it spring back up to my breasts and looked down at Yan with my cock throbbing against my breasts now. I watched her with the eyes of a predator as she finally looked up, seeing me standing over her with my fat cock and balls and massive breasts as a stare of a predator looked down at her. A smirk lifted my lips, and my cock moved side to side as it throbbed. I noticed her shiver as she looked up at me.

"Slave," I began with contempt dripping from my tone, "I am still wearing panties." My voice lashed, and Yan looked surprised to see the black panties pushed off to the side of my cock, pushing them aside. Yan's face blushed a deep red, and she remained kneeling as she lifted her hands to the black straps hooking her fingers between my hips and the panties. Yan's fingers glided down and slowly brought them down my thighs as she looked up at me.

"I am so sorry, Mistress," Yan apologized, "Please forgive me," She begged slightly.

I looked down at her, and my eyes narrowed as I watched her, and her fingers glided down slowly against my legs, slowly reaching my ankles as I watched her. I didn't say a thing, and she shivered under my unrelenting gaze. Finally, I stepped out of my panties and quickly said, "Kiss my feet, Slave, and show that you are ready."

Yan froze on the spot then, a moment later; I felt her lips kiss my foot. I felt my cock throb not in pleasure but in our dominance over this international business woman as she lifted her face from one foot to the other. I felt that the humiliation play would end at the end of this for now as I felt her lips kiss my other foot, and she looked up at me. "Yes, Mistress," Yan said, her voice one of humiliation and desire. "I am ready, please, tell me your will!"

I couldn't help the large smile on my face, and my cock throbbed, pressing against my breasts as it bobbed up and down in anticipation. "Good, Good," I said, stepping back. "Stand up!" I ordered and took a couple of steps over to the bed and sat down. "You deserve a reward more than a punishment for all that. So I will ask you one thing, My slutty Slave," I began as I stood by the bed, "As a reward, I will let you choose to have your reward first or your punishment first. Tell me, Slave," I said, my sadistic smile showing in full force like a demon proposing a contract for her soul. "Which do you choose to have first? Punishment or Reward?"

Yan was still on her knees, and I could see her mind blank again. I loved taking her off guard again and again. It kept her from finding out what I would do next and kept that anticipation and fear. It would make it so she would have more choice if she followed instructions and rewarded following those instructions without thought. It would punish thinking twice and hesitation. I wanted her to follow my orders unconditionally and without thought at this time and for later when I fuck that thought out of her mind and put her into a state of bliss.

"Punishment, Mistress," Yan said, her body shivering in the warm hotel room. I could see how hard it was for her to say that, and I looked at her and grinned.

"Very well," I said, no longer standing by the bed. I combined some pleasure with her pain, grabbed something new for her, and pressed the remote for her vibrator off.

Yan looked down, and I got to the suitcase and picked up ten toys. Eight were the same thing, and I loved these little eggs on a wire. They were fully changed and could last a long time. I turned to her, letting the toys dangle in my hand in a heap. "Stand, Slave," I ordered, my voice now lacking inflection. "I shall prep you for your punishment," I said after a small pause. I walked over and didn't show the two additions from the vibrating eggs. I had a plan in place, and it was a mixture of punishment and reward.

Chun Yan's mistakes were small ones, and I wanted her to associate the pain from me with pleasure. I didn't want to make her scream in pain like Jake or Alex. Alex loved that pain I noticed, while Jake was just a piece of shit that I didn't care about.

Those thoughts disappeared from my head quickly and instead turned to the surprised woman in front of me. Her Asian beauty took me for a moment, only for my smile to return and grin as I

looked at her. "Come here now, Slave," I ordered with a strict tone, "It is time for things to get started.

With that, I reached the bed and sat down. Yan looked at me for one second longer and stood as I beckoned her with a finger again before putting down the vibrating eggs. Instead, two vibrating clamps came into view for those cute Asian nipples that hadn't had nearly enough attention yet. Yan stepped forward slowly and stopped just before me.

"Good," I told her and stood again with the clamps in one hand, letting the other sit on the bed for the moment. Glancing lower, I could see her juicy pussy still with the vibrator inside, with slick liquids slowly drying on her thighs. Without the vibrator, she may be turned on, but it wasn't increasing the flow, it seemed.

It was time, and I reached forward and cupped her breast softly. I began with her right breast and softly stroked the nipple making her moan lightly. I looked up at her face, and I could see the anticipation and nerves she felt at this moment. She had locked in her choice and now was following through with it. It was hard for her, and I could see the underlying vulnerability and how much she loved and desired it at this moment. My cock throbbed, looking at those eyes and my fingers opened up the clamp, and the teeth of the clamp dug into her nipple.

"MMMM!" Yan groaned and moaned at the sudden sensory input as I squeezed her breast a little before letting go. She looked down at the clamp and the wire attached to it. There was a small protrusion on both sides of the clamp, and I could see her eyes examining it as I put the remote on the bed. I turned and picked up the second and turned to her left breast, and this time I cupped it for only a small moment before squeezing it and putting the clamp down on that hard nipple. Yan groaned with such a sexy voice, and I felt my need for release increase, which I ignored.

I loved these moments and the build-up to that first penetration. It was something that I was quickly learning about myself since I met Crystal, and I have only grown that need since then. I loved the domination of this moment, and I grinned as I put the remote on the bed after letting go. "Good girl," I said, turning on the remotes and putting up the vibrations to the minimum settings.

"OH! MMMMMM!" I heard behind me as I turned on the remotes, and her surprised moan filled the room. Yan, without realizing it, confirmed my thoughts about her sensitive breasts with that single moment, and I turned to look down at her pussy.

Red-drenched panties covered a teal butterfly that was no longer needed. "Lose the panties without crouching. Hand me the drenched vibrator when done." I ordered before turning around like I didn't care about her. I heard a moan as she got to work while I quickly untangled the wires behind me and sat down.

Sitting down, I was looking at her again, and my cock was against my breasts, which were still covered in my black bra. Yan was now holding a teal vibrator in her hand, her pussy now uncovered, showing a tight slit that almost kept her entire pink pussy from view.

I grabbed the remotes and tapped my lap with the other hand. "Lay down on my lap for further prep and punishment, Slave," I ordered her, put the remotes to the other side, and indicated which way I wanted her to lay down on my lap.

Yan swallowed dryly; her face was red, and the anticipation and nerves probably had reached their peak. I had no idea what the mature Asian beauty was thinking about at this moment as a person much younger than her dominated her in the bedroom. She walked on those red heels over to me and laid her stomach down onto my lap just after I pushed my cock down between my legs, increasing the amount of lap she could lay down on.

Yan's lightly toned stomach was on my legs, and her breasts were on one side. Her juicy pale ass was on the other ready for me to punish with her juicy pussy and ass ready to be punished. I decided that the paddling was not quite ready, and I twisted the knobs with one hand turning up the settings on her breasts lightly. I heard a soft moan of pleasure coming from Yan, and my hands stroked her ass lightly with only a slightly visible red line from the crop earlier.

"Since you love red so much," I began as I picked up the vibrating eggs and turned them on. The low vibration filled the room with sound now as more and more vibrators were turned on. "I thought we might start with turning your ass into a nice deep dark red," I told her as I stroked her ass, then I reached down with the vibrator and pushed it into her pussy. As I did so, I pushed a finger into her pussy and felt her pussy clench down on my finger a little.

I confirmed in one second that Yan loved this with how wet her tight cunt was. It was ready for me to plunder now, and my cock throbbed against her stomach. I pulled my finger out, grabbed a second vibrator, and turned it on with a higher setting before I brought it down to her pussy. Instead of pushing it in, I teased her clit, making her moan loudly, and I felt a small spray of fluids on my hand as I did so.

Surprise filtered through me, and I looked down at the blushing Asian on my lap. "Did you just squirt a little, Slave?" I asked.

I saw her open her mouth, and I pushed the vibrator into her at that moment, making her loudly moan out the reply, "Yes, Mistress!" Her voice as she moaned out the confirmation made my cock throb even more, and I quickly grabbed another egg vibrator and turned it up to a mid-high setting, and quickly shoved this one in deep.

"We haven't even got to the reward phase, and you want to cum?" I asked, my voice dark with unfelt anger.

"Sorry, Mistress!" Yan moaned as the vibrators, now hitting each other inside her started to sound in the room.

I reached for another egg vibrator and turned it on with a sinister smile she couldn't see. I grabbed a second, and both were turned to max settings. "No, You are not," I clarified to her. "You are not sorry, but you will be," I told her, making my words sinister. A second later, I shoved

in one vibrator just inside her before using the second to push both vibrators inside at the same time.

"OOOOOoooooHHHH!" Yan moaned out with a large o shaped mouth. It looked almost comical on her face, but I said nothing.

I had better things to pay attention to as her asscheeks trembled and the sound of vibrators filled the room. My hand reached for the dial on the clamps, and I turned them up and noticed her legs trembling a little; I knew I would need to hurry up.

I quickly grabbed the last three vibrators, and I used her pussy's juices to lube them up; just when she probably thought that I was going to put them in her pussy I brought them up to her little asshole and shoved the first one in.

"AH!" Yan screamed in surprise at the sudden penetration into her backdoor. I wasn't sure if she knew I was into anal too, but I didn't hear further protest as that scream of surprise turned into a moan as I turned on the vibrator inside her ass to a mid-setting teasing her sphincter and just inside her. Her ass seemed to try to push it out naturally, and I grabbed the second and turned it on, and pressed it against her clit, using her pussy juices to lubricate it as my wrist pressed against her ass, pushing the vibrator back in, making her moan. Her ass started to shake, and her legs started to tremble. I could already tell that she was gearing up to cum.

I brought the second egg and pushed it into her, and I heard her moan even louder. I turned on the last vibrating egg and quickly brushed it down the slit of her drenched pussy before bringing it back up to her ass and shoving it in. Subsequently pushing all the others inside her ass deeper, making her tremble.

"OH FUCK!" Yan screamed out, and I reached out, grabbed the paddle, and turned the flat side to her ass first lightly. I could feel her coming closer and closer by the second to orgasm as I rubbed her ass.

"Punishment time!" I loudly declared to her without waiting to bring the paddle back, flipping it over to the studded side. My anticipation for what was to come made my cock throb against her flat stomach hard, and my hand brought down the studded paddle on her ass.

I watched her expression and eyes open wide as the studded paddle landed home, pushing vibrators in, and her pale ass cheeks rippled as it landed home. "OH, GOD!" Chun Yan, a Chinese businesswoman from Southeast Asia, screamed out. The next moment her pussy erupted, and her ass shit out a vibrator from her ass against the paddle.

"NO," I declared, and I took the vibrator and shoved it right back in, making her cry out.

"OH GOD CUMMING!" Yan screamed as her pussy juices squirted out again, and I brought the paddle back. A moment later, that studded paddle landed on her ass, making her scream all over, "FUCK! GOD!~" Yan screamed out again, her voice sexier than ever before as she was in mid-orgasm. I pulled back the paddle and flipped it over, and brought it down hard on her ass,

making it ripple and her scream louder. "IT HURTS!~" She screamed, her voice sensual, and her legs trembled as her body rocked forward.

No mercy, I thought to myself, and the paddle came down again as her pussy and legs trembled. I heard the vibrators clashing against each other inside of her, and the paddle came down on her ass, sending more vibrations straight to her womb, making her scream, "MISTRESS!" The paddle came down again and her ass vacated a vibrator again. It went a bit of a distance this time and I didn't chase after it.

"THIS!" I declared, bringing down the paddle again, "IS!" I yelled over her screaming voice, "FOR!" The paddle came down again, making her ass quickly turn red, and my arm pinned her in place as her legs tried to shove herself forward to escape. "BEING NAUGHTY!" I finished my declaration.

"SORRY!" Yan screamed with no dignity left as her legs trembled. I tossed the paddle away, and my hand came down.

"SORRY FOR WHAT?!" I asked over her scream.

"SORRY FOR BEING A NAUGHTY SLAvE!" She screamed out, uncaring if others could hear.

My hand came down hard three times in quick succession, and her ass vacated another vibrator out into the room as her legs trembled, and I brought my hand up. "CUM ONE MORE TIME, AND I WILL FORGIVE YOU!" I declared into the room, and my hand quickly fell down on her pussy; her screaming ended, and her eyes widened. I saw something special as it started from her toes. I saw them curl up her legs and her pussy gushed, and her ass vacated the last vibrator spitting it out into the room. Her ass cheeks trembled under my hand, and her cunt started spraying my hand with fluids as her hips trembled against my leg, and her abdomen started a moment later against my cock. My cock throbbed in reply even as her breasts trembled a moment later and her arms pressed against my legs a moment later.

I watched her full body orgasm from both pain and pleasure from her toes to her head, and her wordless scream made me want to take her now. Her head tilted back, and her whole body trembled, and a moment later, her scream echoed in the room like a slut being taken for the best ride of her life.

"Shàngdì bāngzhù wǒ, wǒ zhèngzài gāocháo!" She screamed out in her native tongue, "I'M CUMMING MISTRESS! I AM CUMMING!" She began to scream and repeat. A moment later, I smelled her liquids pouring down, and I didn't know if she also pissed herself, but I didn't smell any urine at this point. Her body shook on my lap, and I could no longer take it.

Her body slumped down, and her eyes were dazed; I pulled vibrators out of her, her moaning as I did so. That was the punishment, and soon it was time to make her serve before the reward came. That would come later after she served her Mistress properly.

My cock throbbed in anticipation of what was to come, and I let Yan rest as I slowly took the last of the vibrators from her pussy. Tonight had only just begun, and I couldn't wait to start for real.

Chapter 19: Cries into the Night

Yan's body shook, and her eyes were blank still, as I pulled out the last egg vibrator from her pussy. Her breathing as I retracted that last egg and tossed it onto the bed was still ragged, and I slowly picked her up. Her juicy pale ass was now red on a large part of it, and red cross marks from the studs still showed. Her ass must be hurting, but I could see her large squirt of pleasure along the floor.

This woman was mine for the night, and I softly picked her up and tilted her head to look at me. The clamps vibrated on her nipples, and I brought her in for a kiss. Her body was loose and relaxed as my lips met her red lips. Yan parted her mouth, and her eyes started to focus as I treated her nicely. I broke the kiss shortly as her body trembled in my hands, and I picked her up fully, not bringing her into the air shortly in a princess carry as I made her turn over.

Yan moaned a little and looked up into my eyes as I stood with her weight easily. "Wow, you're strong, Mistress," She commented without much thought. I lightly put her down on the bed with her head toward the edge of the bed. I smiled, taking off her high heels with a simple slip of the wrist on both her heels.

"I am," I said with confidence and stepped away from the post-orgasm Asian beauty. Her breasts hitched as I walked away and turned to the suitcase. My cock was throbbing now, and I wanted to do something to her. The problem was that Chun Yan's pussy was probably not able to take it at the moment after an orgasm like that. I would have to give her a brief respite. Yan was not my girlfriend, after all.

I grabbed a small flogger that was about a foot long with a handle about three-quarters that. The black and red leather strips were about a quarter inch thick and wide. It was going to pack a little punch without hurting her too much. It was just what I wanted for my slave tonight. Yan didn't want to hurt too much and it was the reason I kept the studded hits on her punishment so few.

Still, that pain was a spice that she liked, and I wasn't about to stop using it. I walked back over as she regained her breath. I slowly walked around her, so I approached her head. Her body was across the bed with her head just at the edge, and I was sure she had no idea what I had planned at this moment. It had been a while since I throat fucked a girl like this, and I remembered Tracy as I did it the first time. My cock throbbed with a need that I could barely hold back as I looked at her while I approached slowly and deliberately. I could see her dazed

eyes; her breathing was heavy as she tried to recover. Her eyes widened as I came closer and closer to her, my cock slowly appearing just above her head. My massive balls were now covering her vision as I stood above her.

"Now, Slave," I began looking down at her breasts and body. "You will pleasure your Mistress a little before I stuff your tight cunt with my fat futa cock, Slut." My words were a declaration of intent, and I bent my knees and felt my balls pressing on Yan's nose. "You will please my cock and get it ready for insertion to your tight cunt. Are you ready to serve slave?" I asked.

I pulled my hips back, feeling my balls brush against her face as I moved. As I backed my hips back, the flogger lashed out and hit her breasts, making her yelp. "Mistress!" Yan cried out, waking her up.

"Good," I said with a smile of satisfaction, "Keep that mouth open for Mistress," I told her and pushed my cock down to her mouth and pressed the head on her red lips. "I wonder if being dominant towards men has taught you proper cock sucking skills?" I asked.

I was looking down as I backed up to accommodate better thrusting into her throat, and I saw Yan move off the bed a little letting her head down a little off the bed. Her lips parted wide, and the tip of my cock entered her lips. Instantly I felt her sucking on my cock, and I moaned in reply. I pushed the head of my cock in deeper slowly and enjoyed her lips wrapping around my cock. The moisture on my cock and her suction was amazing. Her lips took me in with ease and her tongue licked the top of my cock as I slowly began to thrust in and out of her mouth fucking her throat like her pussy.

I was only a couple inches deep, but I could tell that she could at least take a cock. Maybe it was the Mistresses in her past or the men in her life, but I moaned again as my throbbing cock drove in a little deeper. Not even a quarter of my cock reached down her throat when her throat tightened, and I felt her shake her head. Suddenly it started spasming, and I pulled out, and Yan started to cough.

"T-" Yan coughed harder as she tried to speak. "T- T- To b- b- big," She finally coughed out, and I smirked.

"Turn yourself around and get my cock ready for you then, Slut," I ordered, "Do it your way," I continued a moment later as she quickly flipped around while still coughing a little. "But be warned, if you don't reach my satisfaction in standard; then I will punish you," My voice went low and I saw her shiver in excitement at that promise.

Her mouth opened, and she pulled back a little to have more space on the bed. She started to move a single hand only to flop a little to the side. Chun Yan blushed in shame for a moment before moving off the bed, and I stepped back. She quickly moved and got on her knees before the bed, and I smiled at her conviction to do a better blowjob for her Mistress. Her small hand came out and slowly gripped my cock, with her fingers barely touching each other at the end. I watched her mouth open up as she brought the head of my cock down to her mouth.

Yan's eyes shut as she kissed the head of my cock, and I felt her tongue lash out and play with my urethra. I bit my lip a little as the pleasure sent tingles up my spine and her hand began to move slowly up and down my shaft. Her other hand quickly came into play as I felt her small fingers move around my balls slowly and sensually, making me moan loudly. Her hand movements were small and pleasurable, sending accompanying shivers up my spine as her hands stroked my cock faster and faster.

I lavished her tongue movements as she took more of my cock into her mouth, taking just the head. Yan's suction increased, trying to wring my balls of their semen for all they were worth. I moaned louder and louder, and I grinned with pleasure. My hand came down with the flogger, and I felt her mouth tighten as it hit her breast lightly on one side. The pain made her hands move faster, and the pleasure came in waves. Her fingers were small, but they did a real number, and I felt my balls churning and brewing a large ejaculation for her to swallow.

"I am about to cum," I told her, "Don't miss a drop," my voice continued in a lower, huskier tone as I felt myself nearing the edge, and my hips began to thrust without thought. Yan quickly picked up her speed, and I felt her move with me so I wouldn't choke her. It didn't matter as I moved quicker and quicker as I reached the peak of pleasure, and I felt my balls throb just as I reached my peak. I moaned loudly just as I felt the cum move through my cock and out into her mouth.

Rope after rope shot into her mouth, and I felt the semen build around in her cheeks as I thrust in and out. I felt it spilling from her mouth, and she swallowed large amounts of it even as more semen came from my cock, rushing into her mouth as she attempted to drink it all. I heard her swallowing in the quiet as my ejaculation came to an end, and I pulled back from her throat.

Instantly Yan coughed onto the floor with only a small amount of semen hitting the floor. My cum was on her hands and breasts, with some more around her mouth. Yan continued to cough for a moment before she started to breathe normally again. I looked down at her while she regained her breath, her hand pressed between her breasts while the other was on the floor holding her up.

"What a bad slut," I said, my voice dropping, and I made sure I sounded disappointed. My words made Yan look up at me, and I looked at her in disappointment. Shame showed on her face, and I shook my head, "You should at least be able to swallow my cum like the Cumdump you are. You even paid to be here and do it, yet now you are leaving it all over the floor," I scolded. "I will have to attempt again with the lower slut hole this time," I said, pointing down at her pussy and reaching out with my foot.

My foot reached out and pressed against Yan's extremely wet pussy, making her jump back a little in surprise as her back hit the bed. I played with her dripping wet pussy lips a little with my toe even as I looked down at her. My expression was one of extreme disappointment. "I- I'm Sorry, Mistress," Chun Yan suddenly replied, and I had to retract my foot as she kneeled in front of me. My foot raised, and I decided against humiliating her more for the moment.

"Get up and don't disappoint me again, Slut." I told her, "Lay down on that bed and get ready for my cock."

Yan looked up at me, surprised, and a moment later, I started to see the lust in that gaze. She looked at my cock, and I thought her reaction was weird. I thought that she was dominant towards men, and being submissive to my cock felt out of character for her. I looked down at her and pointed at the bed, "WELL?!" I asked, sounding as annoyed as I could before stepping towards the suitcase to grab a condom while still keeping the small flogger in my hand. I moved, and I heard Yan moving a little behind me. I heard something get on the bed, and I finally smiled. I wondered what position she was looking for to start, and I started mentally betting in my head as my cock throbbed in response to my thoughts.

I grabbed a long line of condoms, let them fall, and looked over to Yan. Yan was in the middle of crawling on the bed, and I could see the indecision on her face when she looked at me and saw the line of condoms falling from my hand. "I think this much should be a good warm-up," I said with a grin, and her eyes widened. Her expression was one of both pleasant surprise and incredulity. "Did no one tell you that you have to satisfy me before I let you go to bed?" I asked with a grin.

"I- I- I was told that you have stamina," Yan replied, "M-Mistress," She added in quickly as I looked at her before she looked at the long line of twelve condoms in my hand. "B-But I am not sure I can last that long if," She cut herself off, and I saw her swallow.

"Don't worry," I told her, stepping forward slowly, crossing back towards the bed, and stopping just before her. She was still on all fours looking at me stunned as I walked towards her, "If you start to do too little in this exchange, I will whip you back into action. You will be enjoying every moment that each of these condoms means," My smile was bright and sadistic, and I saw the Asian beauty shiver.

"Mistress," Yan said, her body trembling, and I saw a hint of nervousness come through.

"Get in whatever position you want to start in Slut. We have a long night, and I may as well let you have a final decision before you start screaming for mercy and your gods." I told her.

"I- I- I- I don't believe in god," Yan said slowly, and I couldn't help but smile more.

"That's fantastic," I told her and took out the first condom. Her expression was one of confusion, and I slid the condom down the length of my cock, "That means that you will cry out to the only god that can help you tonight," I paused with a huge smile and got onto the bed with my feet stepping up and looming over her my head close to the ceiling. "Me. Your Mistress. Now, pick the position you want me to start fucking your slut pussy. Otherwise, I will choose my own," My threat made Yan turn herself around and lay on her back, spreading her legs out.

Confusion showed on her face at how fast she moved, and I went down onto my knees slowly and lined my cock up to her pussy. Her legs were spread wide for me, and her hands were touching her feet. She looked up at me, and I saw the anticipation, fear, and nervousness all

over her face. I felt her wet pussy as I probed her lips a little, and I watched as that anticipation grew on her face. I picked up the flogger and grinned. I held it high slightly behind my back, brought it down onto her thigh, and pushed in simultaneously.

Yan's pussy tightened up, and the pleasure of that hot wet hole hit me at the same time. I pushed in and moved my whole body forward as I felt her stretching around my cock inch by inch. "Oooooh! OOOOOOH! OOOOHHHH FUCK!" Yan cried out, "YOU'RE SO THICK! MISTRESS!" She continued to cry out, and I reached forward, and I carefully controlled my strength, and slapped her.

Yan looked stunned, and I grabbed her face while shoving another couple of inches into her. I squeezed her face making her lips push out, and her moan trumpeted out. "You are my slut, right now," I told her harshly, "Take my cock and enjoy yourself," I let go of her face, and I slapped her with carefully controlled strength again. I didn't stop, but instead, as I put the tenth inch into the tight Asian pussy squeezing on me, she cried out and let go of her legs.

"MISTRESS, YOU'RE SO BIG!" She cried out, and I took the flogger to slap her breasts, making her cry out more. I pulled my hips back but started to move in and out of her, but this wasn't an easy position to slap her like she deserved and fuck her simultaneously. "MISTRESS!" Yan cried out as I abused her breasts. I put the flogger aside and moved forward, bringing my face to hers and my bra-covered breasts pressed against hers. My hands were on both sides of her, and I put myself in an almost push-up position taking a second to bring myself closer to her.

The sudden change took Yan by surprise, and she found my face an inch away from hers. "I may have abused your breasts for a moment," I told her, "But you should really learn what my mercy is," I finished confusing her for only a moment before I brought my cock back and shoved it up into her. Her mouth opened, and I brought myself back up in a quick movement bringing my cock back into her again, hitting against the cervix without thought. Her cry was quickly muffled with my lips taking hers and her legs wrapped around my back, instantly trying to pull me closer.

That instinctive movement was for naught as I continued to move even as her legs tried harder and harder to keep me close and penetrate her deeper. Instead, I continued to shove my cock in and out of her tight wet pussy that suddenly began to spasm on me as she screamed, "MISTRESS!" Yet again. Her scream broke through my lips and pierced my ears, almost making me wince even as I took more pleasure as I knocked on the doors of her womb with each thrust.

Her pussy spasmed all over my cock, sending shivers of pleasure as she struggled to breathe. I took her pussy harder and harder. I wasn't about to finish in only one position, so I pulled back and out of her as she struggled to keep me close. I easily broke the bindings of her legs, went back on my knees, and took a leg as she regained her breath. Her leg trembling in my arms as I pulled her pussy closer to my cock, and I lined myself up to her.

I was on my knees while she was now on her side with her leg straight up into the air as I held it close. My breasts pressed against the side of her leg as I shoved my cock into her, and she

cried out as I picked up the flogger while raising my knees to better thrust in and out of her. "OH, GOD! OH, GOD!" She cried out, "AI YA! AI YA!" Her screaming turned Chinese, and I felt her pussy tighten up on me even more as she cried out something I didn't understand and frankly didn't care about. I understood that she was in a place just before another orgasm as I took the flogger and brought it down on her ass, making her cry out more things in Chinese.

My cock pumped in and out, and her pussy spasmed tightly on my cock just as I pushed against her womb while reaching a peak of my own. I moaned loudly as I took her for all she was worth, and she screamed out more in Chinese. It seemed she could no longer scream in English and took to her native tongue, which I had no problem with, as her tight pussy brought me to the edge. I forsook the flogger for my hand as it came down on her ass, sending that wonderful ripple through her ass and making her tighten up before I sent the first rope of semen into her pussy.

I moaned as she cried out about more things I didn't understand, and it was the first shot in a long night for the businesswoman. I still had many more shots in the system, and I looked forward to using each of them as she screamed out. I continued to thrust into her as she grabbed her breasts, and I could see her squeezing them, making her pussy even tighter as I came to the end of my ejaculation.

I sighed as I pulled out, and my cock throbbed, looking at the woman below me. Yan's breasts heaved up and down, jiggling as she did so in harsh breaths trying to take in all the air she could. I could see how tired she was with just the first round, and I pulled out the condom that was half out of her and tied it off. I reached forward and placed it over her eyes and watched as she opened her eyes, moving them off them and picking up the condom.

"That is your first trophy of the night, Slut." I told her as I reached to grab another condom and opened up the wrapper with my teeth in a mocking smile as I tore it open. "The first of many," I told her, pulling out the latex and placing it against my cock, and sending it down the length of my shaft.

Chun Yan shivered as it reached the base of my cock, and I pulled her towards the edge of the bed as I moved off the bed. "Mistress?!" She cried out after a moment, and I stood off the edge of the bed.

"I told you, Slut," I said slowly as I flipped her over, hearing a yelp of surprise, and forced her onto her knees while her face was buried in the sheets. "That you get to choose the first position, but I have all the rest. Now, Get ready for round two. You have one second," I told her as I lined my cock up to her pussy yet again.

"Mistress, I need to-" Yan stopped talking as I shoved my cock right into her straight up to her womb without a moment's notice. "REST!" She cried out, completing her sentence, and I pulled back before shoving myself right back into her.

"We don't have time for rest," I told her with a sinister expression, and my hand came down on her tight ass with strength making her scream again. "Tighten up, Slut. You got another ten

wrappers to go!" I told her with conviction as I continued to fuck her in a way I was sure no one had ever done before.

I couldn't help but wonder if I was going to have the honor of a noise complaint.

Chapter 20: Insanity

I looked down at Chun Yan as she lay on the bed twitching, and I looked at the line of condom wrappers. There were four left, but I could tell the Chun Yan was in no condition to take any more of my lust. Her body lay there almost broken, looking as if even in sleep, her breasts heaved up and down in sleep with small moans erupting every time she breathed out.

For several moments I contemplated waking her up, but I didn't think I should anymore, and it was late. At this point in time, I did more than just fulfill what my contractual obligation was, and Violet was still downstairs waiting for me. I couldn't stay the night, properly cuddle her, and take care of her at this point. At least emotionally take care of her like I would do with my women when I could.

Instead, I got up and decided to write a note to her.

‘Good morning, Chun Yan,

If you are reading this, it should be morning time now. I have heard that you are taking a vacation here in the resort while I stay here. If you want, you may 'tip' me for some extra service while I am not busy with others and if I feel like it. Although I told you that you were going to use an entire line of condoms, it seems that your body was not up to it.

If you wish to converse further, I will probably be around late breakfast, or you can see me around the resort. Take care of yourself as I abused you last night, and I recommend spending some time in a hot bath before you leave the bedroom. Do not worry, though, You were great last night, and I enjoyed your company.

I am not averse to spending more time with you if you wish.

P.S. I am also here with someone, so if you wish to be around me at the resort, you may have to interact with her.

Mistress Futanari.’

I left the note in an obvious spot so that she could see it, and I helped tuck her in. Her body was trembling, and I could see her legs twitching in a spread-eagle fashion. I helped tuck her in as

best as possible before I cleaned up my toys and separated them from the others in plastic bags that came with everything. I put them in the suitcase and walked over to the bathroom.

The bathroom was much fancier, and there was only clear glass between the toilet and the rest of the bathroom, which doubled for the shower. They were perfectly clear, and you could see the person inside. I couldn't help but chuckle as I realized that Chun Yan never even got to see my breasts which I knew she wanted to see. I highly doubted that I wouldn't see her later, and I wondered how she would do it.

I took off my bra and got into the shower, and began washing. I didn't want to come back smelling of sex, although I already knew Violet would know. I sighed as I didn't know what to think about that in my head as it all got so confusing the moment I started to think about it for more than a moment.

Without thought, I started to clean myself up and used whatever was in the shower, taking a moment to bask in the heat and let my erection go flaccid. I looked down and gave it a good wash as well before taking a dry towel and drying myself off. I grabbed my things quickly before I started to dress and made sure to set an alarm for a decent time to go for a run.

Moving around the room, I gathered my clothing, dressed, and took the card with me. If she wanted me to have no access to her room, she would deactivate it. I quickly made sure I had everything before taking the suitcase with me. I smiled back one more time as I heard the slowly calming breathing of Chun Yan in the quiet room.

I suddenly had a thought, and I chuckled as I decided to act on it. I moved back, left my stuff at the door, and picked up all eight condoms. I left them in a row on the nightstand nearest to her and grinned. Leaving them in a neat row, I wondered what she would do. Wishing I could see her reaction instead, I turned back and, without another thought, walked out of the room.

Moving down the hallway, I pressed the button on the elevator with a grin. The elevator was empty, and it was late. A moment later, I was on the bottom floor, and I moved toward the room with Violet; inside, my mind couldn't help but wonder about the condition she was in.

Would she have gotten up and done something by herself? Would she have released her bladder on the bed, although I doubt she would have done that? There was a backup plan for that as the couch pulled out into a cot. Without thinking much about it, I started to plan what I would do.

What I didn't expect was when I reached the door and opened it up, I heard a soft moan. I kicked off my shoes and entered to see Violet in the exact same position with tears in her eyes as she turned to look at me. What I had not expected was that she would complete the challenge and stay still. Those restraints looked loose but not undone, showing that she must have been tempted but stopped herself from breaking the restraints. Violet's breasts were heaving up and down, and tears were already streaming as she saw me.

"M-Mistress," She lamely said, and I didn't know how to react. I had been gone for hours, and I felt my cock hardening in my pants even though I didn't pay attention to it. I was stunned by how long she lasted for a reward, and I couldn't help but think she deserved a reward for sitting still so long. She was locked in, and although I wasn't sure, I also doubted she orgasmed. Her expression of need and lust was painted on her face, and the frustration on it showed that growing need. I didn't see any deception or guilt on her face. "P- Please, I want to cum and go to the bathroom," She begged, "Please, Mistress," She begged again, and my cock throbbed with need again.

Chun Yan took a lot, but she was basically a masturbation toy with the last two rounds, and I slowly shook my head, not liking where my thoughts were going. I stepped into the room and locked the door. I looked at the woman tucked into bed with the covers over her and didn't see one stain. I reached the bed in a couple of steps while schooling my face from shock. The faint sound of buzzing hit my ears, and I pulled the covers off, Violet.

Breasts with extremely hard nipples came into view with a slight jiggle from the blanket, and her arms were bound with my jury-rigged bindings. I looked her over slowly, letting my eyes trail to the drenched panties. There was no pool of liquids under her, though, much to my surprise. The buzzing got louder, and I looked her over, making sure my expression was that of apathy as I looked.

I reached down and pressed against the damp panties, feeling my fingers get wet. I brought it up to my nose a moment later and took a sniff, and realized she hadn't pissed herself. I couldn't help but feel that Violet was an even bigger Masochist looking for a reward than I thought. Her desperate look as she gazed up at me was one of pure need. My cock was hard again, rubbing inside my pants as if I never went flaccid in the first place.

"What do you want for a reward?" I asked, regretting it even as I had no control over asking the question.

"I- I- I WANT YOUR COCK TO RAVISH ME AS YOU DEGRADE AND HUMILIATE ME, MISTRESS!" Violet screamed, making my cock throb hard.

I looked at her for several seconds, and my hand reached down and tore off the first sheet binding her legs. They easily slipped off as planned, and I did the same with the other bindings walking around the bed with a throbbing cock as the mature beauty with tears streaming down her eyes watched, confused and wanting.

I got over to her and grabbed her by that dirty blonde, almost brown hair, and I pulled her towards the edge of the bed. "Get the fuck up, Bitch," I commanded, and half tossed her to the floor as she fell to her knees. "Get moving!" I exclaimed but didn't yell as my foot hit her towards the bathroom, "Can't have you pissing all over the place, you dumb bitch." I cursed, and Violet started to move under my taunts into the bathroom.

I followed her inside as she scrambled in and pulled down my pants. At this point, I didn't even know what I was doing. I felt like I was going crazy, and my cock popped out of my pants, and I

kicked them behind me. I followed her into the bathroom just as she reached the seat and I heard and smelt the first signs of her releasing herself, even as the toy inside her bounced on the floor after she pulled down her panties. I stepped over it, and Violet looked up at me with my raging cock right in front of her.

My throbbing erection was not even an inch away from her face as I heard her relieving herself, and I grabbed her by the head and pulled her face into my cock. I pulled her up, and her mouth opened for me. I inserted the head of my cock into her mouth. My mind didn't care anymore as her moist mouth accepted my cock with ease, and I shoved my cock deeper into her. I felt her throat tighten on me as she released herself from hours on the bed, but I didn't care.

I couldn't care and think about what I was doing. I was out of my mind as I took this mature beauty before me. Her throat tightened, and I felt her gag on me. I pulled out and heard her breathe before I shoved my cock right back into her mouth. I looked down at that brown hair as the sound of water hitting water continued, and shoved my cock in and out of her throat without caring how she breathed. I felt air moving through her nose along my cock, and I pulled out once again, letting the bitch breathe again.

"Oh, Yes," She said after breathing in twice.

My hand came down on her face with a loud slapping noise. "Bitch, if you have time to talk, you have time to suck," I snapped and shoved my cock deep into her. Her throat tightened on me, and I felt tears landing on my cock from how harshly I was treating her. It didn't matter; none of it mattered. I took pleasure and was quickly reaching my peak as I heard liquid hitting the water, slowing down.

She must have been holding in a lot, and I was impressed with how long she held it as I stuffed three-quarters of my cock down her throat. I fucked the inside of her throat until I felt her gagging on my cock, and I pulled out. With a sharp intake of breath, I didn't give her more air. Instead, I shoved my cock back in as I was reaching my peak, and I didn't care about her pleasure. This was what she wanted, and I couldn't care anymore.

Was it that she earned the treatment or this reward? Was it that I lost to my lust looking down at her in such a hot and pathetic display? I wouldn't know, and I wouldn't contemplate it as my mind turned white, and I shoved my cock as deep as it could go and released my seed. More liquid sprayed into the toilet as I released my seed into her throat, and I didn't pay attention in the least.

Rope after rope of semen was deposited into the crazy bitch under me, and my world was still white with pleasure as I slowly came down from my orgasm. My cock was sensitive from before, and I looked at the bitch as I shoved her off my cock with force. She laid back against it breathing heavily and semen leaking down from her mouth. Her breasts jiggled as they rose and fell and I felt enticed as I looked down at her. The water was yellow as she spread her legs, but I knew the second water stream probably wasn't urine.

"Bitch," I said, breaking the silence with only the harsh sound of her breathing. "Did you squirt?" I asked her knowing that she most likely did.

Violet's hazy eyes looked at me, and her head slowly nodded, "Yes, Mistress," She admitted, and I felt my eyelid twitching.

Something primal in me was moving, and I felt myself reaching out and grabbing the insane bitch before me. I grabbed her by the hair again, pulled her off the toilet, and forced her onto all fours, following me as I half crouched to pull her behind me properly. She cried out in pain that I ignored, and I knew she loved it as I forced her back into the bedroom. I could hear her breathing quicken again as I brought her to the edge of the bed before I let her go. I stood and reached behind her, and my hand came down like the wrath of god on her ass, making her squeal.

"Get on the bed, Bitch," I told her, walking back to the suitcase and placing it on the ground. I ignored the movement behind me, pulled out a string of condoms, and looked at them. I looked at the string of twelve condoms, each slightly shiny, and I couldn't peel my eyes away from them even as my cock throbbed with need.

Finally, some sanity returned to my mind, and I looked at the condoms. Was I going to do this? I knew what I said I would do but did I have to reward her? Violet she-

I cut my thoughts off and turned around to see that dripping wet pussy. Her ass had a large red handprint from a moment before, and I growled. I tore open a condom and slid it down the length of my cock. "So you want my cock, You insane bitch?" I asked, my tone menacing, "You couldn't look elsewhere, Eh?"

My question hung in the air, and I saw Violet turn to me with her ass wagging and lust in her eyes. She saw me walking towards her with my condom-covered cock, slowly coming towards her ass, ready to breed her bitch pussy. That excitement rose to a new level, and her look was one that was even more insane than before. Was she even thinking with a sane mind? Had I lost my own? What was I doing?

"MISTRESS!" Violet cried out, wagging her ass in my face, juices slowly trickling down her juicy thighs. "I want your cock, Need your cock! PLEASE FUCK MY PUSSY!" She cried out.

Her words echoed in the bedroom, and I finally stepped up behind her, looking down at her ass. Violet's ass was juicy and almost as good as Crystal's without that perfect ripple underhand. I stepped up and brought my hand down hard on her ass, "AH!" Violet cried out, and my other hand came down even harder on the other asscheek. I spread her ass apart and looked at the juicy pussy before me. I pried it apart with my thumbs, and I looked at it.

My emotions looking at that pussy were something I was not able to describe, and I didn't even know my own thoughts at this point. I reached down with my left hand, and my cock lined up with that pussy in front of me. A cry of excitement sounded in the room, which I ignored. What was I doing?

My mind was in turmoil while I pressed the tip of my condom-covered cock against that hole. I didn't want to think about it. I refused to think about it as I pressed forward, and it started to stretch with a sound of joy in front of me as it pushed forward. "Oh, God, I can't believe it," I heard Violet say, "I can't believe how much I want this. Please, Mistress!" She exclaimed suddenly, "TAKE ME AND MAKE ME YOUR BITCH!"

The exclamation seemed to break something in me, and I felt myself getting angry a little. I reached up into the sky, let go of her ass, and both hands came down hard. A slap resounded loudly in the room, making her squeal in delight. My hands reached her hips, and I pulled her back onto my cock hard. I felt Violet's pussy fall back on me and my mind went blank. Pleasure and something else mixed together as I felt her pussy expand and wrap itself around me. Like coming home after a very long journey, and I didn't know how to feel about it.

Violet cried out in ecstasy, and a moment later, my legs were covered in fresh juices from her pussy. "YES!" Violet screamed, and my hand came down again. "MISTRESS!" She cried out, and my hand came down again on her ass. I felt the ripples, and all I had done was insert at this point.

Looking down, only five inches were in, and I reached and grabbed her hips, and I didn't care anymore. My mind was in turmoil, and my body felt amazing. My cock throbbed, and I thrived on the domination while somehow hating myself internally as I pulled her back onto my cock harder.

The cries of a bitch sounded in the room even louder as her pussy took more and more of me till I felt her cervix. Something in me growled as I felt it, and I pulled my hips back, not caring how much the bitch under me screamed. Something told me we were going to get a complaint tonight, no matter what.

Whatever was happening in this room or outside, I didn't know or care as I pressed the head of my cock against her cervix again and again. Screams from her lips erupted with ecstasy as I plundered her bitch pussy with each thrust. Pleasure and feelings I didn't want to think about surged in my head, and I mindlessly thrust in and out of her. My hands rose while my hips moved, and my hands came down on her ass, teaching it a lesson about being such a bitch even as she screamed in delight with each and every hit.

I watched as she cried in delight, and I accidentally pulled out so far before thrusting that my cock went up her ass cheeks instead. Her pussy gushed and squirted on my legs in a tide as I lined my cock back up, and with a swift slap to her red ass, I was inside her spasming pussy. I heard her cries and knew she was saying something, but none registered as I was reaching my peak. I didn't care about her pleasure as I took pleasure mindlessly.

"MISTRESS! MISTRESS! FUCK ME!" Violet cried, "Take me!" She continued as her pussy spasmed, and I watched her body tremble as I reached forward and pulled her hair as I thrust into her, and my hand slapped her bright red ass, making her tighten up and spasm, sending me over the edge. I released into this bitch under me. I pushed against her cervix and growled out a

moan as rope after rope released into her. "YOU'RE FILLING ME, MISTRESS! THANK YOU, MISTRESS!" She cried, and I ignored it as the world turned white, and I pulled back before thrusting hard against her cervix, sending pain through her and making her orgasm in the bliss of the moment.

Her pussy spasmed on me, and I looked down at Violet as I finished releasing. I pulled out and took off the last bit of the condom, and tied it up. I looked at her trembling body and refused to think about what I had just done. I reached out and grabbed another condom and grabbed her by the hair again, leading her toward the head of the bed. I flipped her onto her side, looking away from me, and I got into bed with her.

I wasn't done, but I wasn't about to look at this bitch in the eyes while I released another load into her. I slipped on a new condom. Soon a cry of delight escaped her lips as I reinserted myself. The sheets were drenched from her pussy, and her cries were ignored as I grabbed her breasts and pulled on them as I pushed into her from behind her while holding up a leg.

My hands were busy molding and abusing her breasts as I took her hard. With each thrust, I pressed up against her cervix as she cried out to the gods. As she cried out to me and thanked the heavens for being treated like this. I pulled her nipples and made her squeal in delight and pain at the same time as I continued to abuse this bitch.

I wouldn't think of her as anything more than a bitch for me to release into as I continued to abuse her and felt her cum on my cock again and again. I couldn't, wouldn't, and shouldn't think of her as anything but the Masochistic Bitch she was as I pumped my cock in and out of her masochistic pussy. Reaching a new peak while my emotions raged, I released into her again. More semen poured into her, and with that, I pulled out and shoved her across the bed, and tied the condom up tight.

"Go to bed, Slut," I told the twitching person across the bed from me. I reached down, grabbed the covers, and tossed them over us. I didn't want to think, and I turned away from her; despite having a hard cock I ignored her.

Moans of remembered pleasure sounded as I tried to sleep with her behind me. It took me forever in my mind to fall asleep, and I couldn't help but wonder if I ever would, just as exhaustion overtook me.

Chapter 21: Wednesday Morning Workout

I woke up, and my eyes snapped open wide. I felt tired, but I wasn't sleepy as I heard the soft breathing of the mature woman beside me. My thoughts were trying to unravel, but I looked up

at the ceiling feeling a little crazy. I got up and out of bed and noticed that it was still a little dark. I was tired, but I didn't think I could fall back asleep.

Getting out of bed, I saw that the sun would rise soon, and I yawned. I felt oddly dirty at this moment and walked over to the bathroom and heard a moan from the bed. Ignoring things in this room, I went into the bathroom. I looked at myself in the bathroom and saw myself in the mirror. I didn't look any different, but I felt different all over. My breasts were still growing slowly to what seemed they would only stop at a G cup, but they weren't there yet. My abs were still well-defined, and my arms hid all my muscle mass there, making me look weaker than I was. I turned my head, and my cock was still there and feeling sticky from the ejaculation of Violet's pussy and my cum inside of the condom.

My mind seemed blank with that last thought, and I walked over to the shower, turned it on at the hottest temperature, and stood under the blast of cold water as it started to heat up. The heat was soothing on my body, but I just stood there soaking in it, and after a couple of minutes, I decided that I would rather run. There was a gym at the resort, and I would be making use of it.

With that in mind, I washed my cock and body with the body wash and my hair a little before getting out of the shower. I needed some alone time and did not think. I stepped out and used the towel to dry off, although my hair took a little more time. I tied my hair up into a ponytail and finished a waking-up routine before stepping back into the bedroom. I walked over to the drawers and noticed Violet twitching in the bed, half of her covered with blankets with her legs spread. Her breathing was a little heavy, and she moaned in her sleep once and a while.

I looked at her with a stone face, and I turned to my drawers and pulled out another sports bra and matching blue workout pants. I pulled them on and put on my socks before heading over to my shoes. I put them on slowly in the small foyer and made sure to grab a hotel room key. I would need to come back and clean toys as I had that client at lunch that Samantha told me about, but that was hours away.

Opening the door and making sure it was closed behind me, I stepped out and looked around, slightly glazed as I did so. I moved with purpose toward the outside of the building, and I started to speed walk toward the beach. I noticed only a couple of seats and beds taken out on the beach with couples waiting for the sunrise. I ignored them all, stepped out onto the beach with a large grin, and started running.

My body started to relax as I ran down the dark beach, as the sun slowly rose into the sky. The air was slowly beginning to heat up, and I continued to run down till a pier appeared before me, then turned around and ran back. I ran on that beach and listened to the sounds of the ocean hitting the shore as I ran up and down the shoreline. I loved this peacefulness, and I felt my mood slowly start to recover as I took in the peaceful surroundings. As the sun slowly started to rise into the sky, lighting the walkways on the tranquil shores of the Dominican Republic. It was amazing to see, and I continued till I reached another pier which I promptly turned around and started to run back the other way.

The heat started to lick at my skin as the sweat started to coat my skin. I took slow, meticulous breaths of air through my nose and breathed out slowly through my mouth; almost in meditation, I continued running up and down the beach. I would reach one pier and turn around to run back to the previous one.

Slowly more people started to filter out of their hotel rooms, and the beach slowly picked up more people. I felt eyes on me as I continued to run and felt my body soaked with sweat as the sun fully entered the sky and officially ended the sunrise, and I turned finally to move towards the gym.

Slowing to a jog, I got a lot of looks from both men and women as I dripped with sweat all over as I reached the gym and found a set of free weights. I smiled and quickly took that spot and started to go at the highest weights they had at the gym, which wasn't much. In order to compensate, I did short quick bursts and increased the number of sets till my arms burned.

The exertion felt amazing, and I finally finished my workout as I was finally huffing and dripping with sweat. I stepped out of the gym and looked around noticing some women coming my way. I smiled and realized that the morning buffet was near. I turned and noticed a face from last night.

Chun Yan looked at me, and her smile brightened. She instantly turned to me and started to head my way as some women in yoga outfits passed me. Chun Yan wore a white dress that went down to her knees with lace all over, puffing out around her hips, and looked very light to wear. The cut of the dress down to the top of her breasts gave a small show of her cleavage with two stylized straps of lace around her shoulders to hold up the dress. She looked cute and modest in it, and I licked my lips as she closed the distance between us.

Chun Yan looked around just before she reached me and smiled brightly, "Mistress," She said, doing a cute little English-style curtsy before holding her hands in front of her, waist folded before her, making her look even more modest.

"Yan, I see you are up early," I commented with a smile.

"Not that early, Mistress," Chun Yan replied, "I was hoping to catch breakfast with you if possible," She said, looking me up and down, and I could see desire show in her eyes as she looked me over. "I noticed your note, and I couldn't agree more that I didn't finish what you started and passed out before you finished. I couldn't help but wonder if you could assist me in finishing such a simple task and be properly compensated with more work and money?" Chun Yan said and sounded perfectly professional as she asked me to fuck her more than the allotment of condoms that I left in her bedroom.

"Satisfied customer, I see," I commented and looked around myself for a moment. I had no problem having such a treat like Chun Yan multiple times. Still, I had a problem with the person sleeping in my room, and I decided that I just wouldn't go into detail on that point. "I would never have a problem being with such a defined woman such as yourself, Yan," I said after a moment, "I do need to clean myself up before heading to breakfast. Care to join me on my trip back to my room?" I asked her.

Chun Yan smiled brightly, and I knew she loved the idea and nodded, "I would love to!" She half exclaimed and blushed. "Sorry," She quickly apologized and took a second to close her eyes, "I would love to join you while you get ready," Chun Yan said a moment later after reopening her eyes.

"That will be no problem as long as you do not mind the crazy Masochist bitch that is in my room," I said with a smile as I pointed the way.

Chun Yan looked at me surprised, "Crazy Masochistic Bitch?" She asked after a moment as she walked beside me, heading slowly towards my hotel room.

"Ah, Long story, and she might be joining us. Remember that you do not have to engage with her and that she is below you. If she becomes a problem, I will deal with her," I told her reassuringly, even as I felt something odd feelings-wise. My head was either more clear of fucked up after my run. I didn't know which it was, but whichever one it was, I had made up my mind to keep to the deal. Even if it hurt me, I would make her fantasy of being dominated real.

For some reason, that thought becoming solid in my head firmed my mentality, and I walked with Chun Yan, who looked confused as we walked for a bit before turning to me. "If you insist on that, then that is the way I will act." Yan said, "Samantha said that you were here with someone else," Yan continued after a moment as we finally got inside. "Are you in a polyamorous relationship with this woman?" Yan asked, her curiosity obvious, and I couldn't help the chuckle I responded with.

"Not with her," I replied after chuckling for a couple of moments. "This bitch somehow got me here and then begged for me to treat her this way. No, I am not in a relationship with her. Although I do have a girlfriend who I am in a polyamorous relationship with, although that is still quite new," I confessed as we reached the hotel room door. "This is me," I told her, pulled out my key card from my sports bra, swiped the card reader, and opened the door. I heard movement, and I turned to Yan. "Sorry for the mess," I told her and opened the bathroom door, seeing no one inside.

"Mistress?" I heard Violet say, and I froze for a moment.

"Bitch, We have a guest, come out and greet her on your knees like a proper bitch," I suddenly snapped at Violet, refusing to think of her in any other way.

I heard a small yelp, and Violet quickly came out in a purple tank top and white shorts that ended halfway down her thigh. She quickly ran up to Chun Yan and me. Violet stopped and blushed under my stern gaze before getting on her knees, and I closed the door to the main hallway.

Chun Yan looked surprised, and I looked down at violet and stepped forward after kicking off my shoe and pressing a sweaty sock down on her face. "Did I tell you to get dressed, you dumb bitch?" I snapped, "Whatever; we need to go for breakfast soon anyways," I quickly scoffed, "Be good and remain in that position till I finish showering." I turned to Yan and wryly smiled, "Mind

doing me a favor and watching to ensure this dumb bitch follows instructions? She is still learning."

Chun Yan looked genuinely surprised at the moment, looking at Violet, who was now trembling a little on the floor on her hands and knees. Her face was pressed against the floor, and it seemed Chun Yan couldn't look away from the humiliated woman. "Okay," Chun Yan finally said, and I smiled. I stripped out of my sports bra and pulled down my pants, and Chun Yan's gaze eventually left Violet's despicable appearance and looked at me as I tossed my clothes away, walked towards the shower, and turned on the water.

I closed the bathroom door, and I couldn't help but be curious about what Violet was thinking at this moment. I shook my head, perishing that thought quickly, got into the shower, and started washing my body. I scrubbed away the sweat quickly before getting out of the shower feeling refreshed as I stepped back out, grabbed a towel, and dried myself off. I opened the door and looked down at Violet, still on the floor before Chun Yan.

Stepping out, I stepped over Violet, moved towards my dresser, and found a short sleeve t-shirt and tight blue jeans. A moment later, I searched for fresh underwear and a bra, finding a nice teal bra and panties combo. Shortly after, I put on the blue jeans and white t-shirt, leaned back with a sigh, and stretched.

In clean clothing and after a great workout, I felt much more alive and more like myself. I still refused to think about last night or anything other than the time with Chun Yan from yesterday. Still, I felt better, and I walked back to the foyer, looked down at Violet, saw the stain on her shorts already, and scoffed and pressed my bare foot against her crotch.

"Already turned on by something as simple as this," I said with contempt dripping from my voice, "Even this turns you on. What a masochist," I commented and reached down, pulled Violet up by the hair, and saw the woman's face as she looked at me with desire. This wasn't a woman that hated what was happening, and I heard Chun Yan take a deep breath as she looked at Violet's face.

No, I had to correct myself as I saw the blush of shame on her face. The desire was just much more clear on her face, and I spat directly onto her face. "You are dressed enough for breakfast," I said after a moment of looking at this wanting bitch. "Get yourself up and put on those flip-flops, and you may follow us. Also, clean your face," I snapped and slapped her face hitting the spit with my hand as I slapped her face with controlled strength. "Dammit," I snapped a second later. I started wiping my hand dry on her face all over, "Got to clean up my hand after you dirtied it."

The look of pure lust was still on her face as I tossed her back, and she fell onto her ass and hands as I pushed her away. "Let us wait outside; this bitch has two minutes," I told Chun Yan and stepped over as I picked up my key card again and slipped into my flip-flops.

Chun Yan looked surprised but opened the door, and I stepped out with her with the slap of flip flops as I moved out the door behind Chun Yan. I closed the door and sighed as I did so. Chun

Yan looked at me, then the door, and then at me again. "What was that?" Chun Yan asked, and I turned to her rather pointedly.

"No disrespect Chun Yan," I said after a moment, "Everyone has their fetishes, as do you. I will not tell others as you will not do the same." My look must have conveyed some of my feelings as she nodded, "Just enjoy your time with me, and maybe tonight we can play with each other again. I do have a prior engagement for lunch, though," I finished, and Chun Yan nodded demurely. A second later, the door opened, and Violet stepped out.

"Well, She is here," I said with a small smile, unsure what more to say. "This is Violet," I said, turning to Yan, "You can introduce yourself if you want, but you don't have to introduce yourself to a slave," I commented, and Violet blushed again.

"You may call me Miss Chun." Chun Yan said, "Disrespect will be noted," Chun Yan said suddenly, turning to her.

Violet looked surprised and looked at me, and I glared at her, and Violet finally nodded. "I understand, Miss Chun," Violet said, and I nodded.

"Good, Now, let us go get some food," I said with finality to my voice, and I had no idea how the logistics of this morning would go, but with my will firmed, I led the line of three women heading to the breakfast buffet.

Chapter 22: Morning Breakfast

Walking with Chun Yan, Violet followed along with a blush while Chun Yan turned to me. "So, how was your run this morning?" Chun Yan asked, trying to end the silence as we walked towards the morning buffet.

"It helped me clear my mind and was good for waking me up. I am feeling much more refreshed after putting this slave in place last night," I said, motioning to Violet, making her blush hard.

Violet uncharacteristically didn't reply, but I was beginning to learn a new side of her. Was this how she was when she met my father? A demure woman that didn't talk back, or was it because I controlled her that made her like this? It was an interesting thought but one that I didn't want to explore.

"Where did you run?" Chun Yan asked, "I may have gone for a little workout too," She paused with a deeper blush before she finished, "And to stretch off the aches of last night," I looked at her charming blush as we walked past a pool just before the main buffet area with a smile.

I didn't have much to say about that when we reached the buffet area and quickly found a table to lay claim to. I pointed at the table and looked at Violet, "Reserve the table by sitting at it," I told her, the inherently derogatory remark held back, and she blushed and sat down at the four-person table while Chun Yan and I split up to grab food. I wasn't about to escort her around the area to get food when I remembered that I also had that appointment to be exactly on time. I still had some time, but it was something that I needed to clean up for. I needed to clean toys too and get ready. Chun Yan and Violet could use attention, but my client was more important. He was only going to be here for a couple of hours, and he had paid good money to be humiliated by me. I would provide that service.

With a much clearer head, I was in a much better mood as I moved around, picking up food with high amounts of calories. I didn't know what to think anymore, but everything would hopefully go back to normal at the end of this vacation. I wouldn't think about it anymore then, and for now, I got to enjoy the company of Chun Yan, an interesting business woman from Southeast Asia. Then there was my Masochistic bitch that brought me here. I just needed to make it to the end of the week, and that would be finished.

I firmed my resolve as I gathered my food and brought back two plates before sitting down. Chun Yan was still gathering food, and I turned to Violet, "You may go grab food for yourself now." I told her flatly, and Violet blushed with a charm of her age before getting up and going. It was odd to me still how she was acting, but I buried that feeling deep. I wanted to shoot it before I buried it any deeper though that wasn't happening.

I started to eat when Chun Yan came back, and a black woman came up with a coffee cup, and I shook my head, "Water, please," I asked with a smile.

Chun Yan nodded and held up the coffee cup, "Yes, please, plus a little cream and sugar." She said with a smile.

The woman poured some coffee, and I took Violet's cup. "Please fill this too," I asked, remembering Violet like black coffee. It was the first nice thing I had done for her since she asked for me to take up my current role. I shoved that aside and looked at Chun Yan, "Just to give you a heads up, I will be busy this early afternoon. So tell me where you are planning on relaxing, and I will meet you there," I told her, "Don't worry too much; I have a plan for you," I finished with a grin making her blush.

"I am not sure yet, I haven't taken time off in a while, so I was thinking of some beach time. I plan to turn off my phone so I can relax properly on the beach," Chun Yan replied just as Violet returned to the table. She sat beside me, turning to Chun Yan, who sat before me, and I pushed her coffee to her. "So you should find me half asleep on the beach."

I nodded in reply and turned to Violet, "I have some things to deal with this afternoon. You may do what you wish. I will probably go with Chun Yan to dinner. So relax and figure your shit out." I told her, making Violet blush hard and turn away. I reached over and grabbed her chin, and made her look at me. "You acknowledge me bitch," I told her, my voice stern but not loud.

"Yes, Mistress," Violet replied, her eyes showing the desire I had seen in Alex and Crystal before, making me feel weird, "Sorry, Mistress, Please forgive me," She begged a moment later, and I closed my eyes.

"Eat, Bitch; I will punish you later," I replied, turning back to Chun Yan. Yan looked surprised at how I talked to Violet for a moment before returning to normal.

"Have any excursions in mind while you are here?" Chun Yan asked.

"Not at this point," I told her truthfully as Violet nodded. I turned to Violet and tilted my head in question.

"I purchased a Tour of the Capitol City for friday," Violet said with a blush, her expression submissive.

"Makes sense," I said, turning to Chun Yan, "So there you have it. I think it will be interesting, at least. I think it will be the only time we will get out of the resort, especially with how busy I am despite this being a vacation."

Chun Yan blushed, realizing that she was one of the reasons that I was busy on vacation, and looked away. She didn't apologize, though, which was a point in her favor, in my opinion. I never said she was an issue, and she didn't seem to think she was, which was true. I was the one who decided to take on an increased workload while on vacation, and I enjoyed the work, so I wasn't blaming her. If she wanted to hang out afterward, it was up to me too. I could have said no at any point.

I liked this woman's confidence even as she blushed a little, and I couldn't help but smile. "I was thinking of doing the same thing next week. I plan on staying a little longer, so tell me how it is," Chun Yan said instead of asking to join, which would have been awkward. I would probably do something to Violet when we went so that she understood what she had asked of me.

"I will let you know," I said as I continued to eat while talking. "So," I said, changing the subject, "So what do you do for fun outside of work?" I asked.

"To be honest," Chun Yan said with a blush, "I don't really have time outside of work to have a hobby. I mostly work out in order to maintain my figure and keep up my energy levels. It is my relaxing space since work consumes the rest of my life, but I also enjoy my work a lot." Chun Yan explained, and I smiled.

"Ah, I am quite the same," I admitted, "When not busy, I work out, and I plan a lot of time around my working out since I love running. Sports are a major part of my life now, so I am looking

forward to playing in the leagues soon," I said with a smile, and the conversation took a turn to sports as we ate.

Violet joined in talking about some sports as we ate, and we all enjoyed ourselves. I looked at the time as I finished my food and stood pretty quickly afterward. "I've got to get going," I announced while getting up from my seat, "Violet, did you bring a room key card?" I asked.

Violet nodded, and I smiled brightly, "Good, I've got an afternoon appointment. I will be heading out to it now," I told both of them. "I will see you both this afternoon, Chun," I said, turning to her, "I will see you later to finish last night more properly," This made her blush, but desire showed on her face, "Violet," I said turning to her, "I will have something planned for you tonight. Rest up and anticipate I will see you after making sure that Yan here will have a good night's sleep," I paused in thought for another second and remembered to warn Violet. "Again," I said, turning to Violet and changing my expression to suitably grave, "Say nothing to Chun Yan, which we both know you are not supposed to, about our personal life or hers," I let my voice trail off, and Chun Yan nodded along with Violet, "Good, you understand," I finished. With that, I turned before the two blushing beauties behind me could respond.

I didn't have much time, and I had a client to go see in about an hour. I made my way back to the hotel room at a somewhat fast pace as I watched couples walking around and playing in the pools. I returned to the room quickly and noted the time was just a little before ten, and I cursed in my mind as I remembered that I needed to be there before ten.

Moving quickly, I took out the toys I used on Chun Yan last night and had zero plans to use them on my next customer. Instead, I packed the outfits that were clearly not meant for me that came with the care package Samantha sent and quickly started to change.

I quickly ran to the drawer with the stuff Samantha had sent and found a backless dress that she had sent. It was in black, and I didn't have much time to think. I didn't have everything I wanted for it since I thought boots would be the best for this outfit, but there were some nice black heels that I could wear for this one. After getting it all done up, I put it on and looked at myself in the mirror.

The back started around my hips, and the dress went around my large breasts. Three rings went up my collarbone till black fabric went around my neck to hold up the dress, making it look almost like it was floating on my body with nothing holding it up. The dress met in the middle, almost like a bathing suit, as it met three more times down the stomach, still showing off my abdomen, until it came to a short skirt halfway down my thighs. The dress was airy and comfortable to wear, with three knots at the front to hold it all together. With the black heels, I looked like a woman in charge, and the three knots of extra string only added to the look.

To make things even better, the skirt easily hid my cock inside it without the bulge. After my quick inspection of myself, I realized that I was light on time and grabbed my phone. I noticed a text from Samantha, Crystal, Alex, Sarah, and Tracy on it. I didn't have time to look them all over and pulled up Samantha's text.

Samantha: Angela, To meet with today's client, go to the front counter and use your name to pick up the card key. When approaching the guards, you are Angela and no other name. Don't be late!

I quickly put my phone back down and grabbed my things before leaving the room. I quickly started to head to the front lobby again with the suitcase in tow. I looked good, and I had some eyes on me, some appreciative, and others probably thinking I looked like a slut or prostitute.

My heels clicked as I moved, and I was too concentrated on moving down the hallways. I wasn't used to heels and hated them, so it took my full concentration to reach the front counter. When there, I smiled and asked if they had a key card prepared for Angela.

The woman on duty looked me up and down and smiled, "You must be Angela," She replied with a smile, but I felt hostility, "Third-floor room number Three hundred and twelve." She said, handing me the key, and I smiled.

"Thanks," I said, taking the card and starting toward the elevator. I had to wait a minute before the elevator arrived, and I stepped in. I took a deep breath as I remembered Samantha's instructions.

The man, this time, was into being Dominated and Humiliated. With the outfits that Samantha provided, I would need to take these things with me, and I smiled. I stretched a little as the elevator got to the floor, stepped back out into the hotel, and quickly found the room as I looked down the hallway.

Two large black men stood on either side of the door with Assault rifles in hand there. They looked like they were not looking at anything in particular as their heads looked back and forth. I took a breath, walked toward the men, and noticed the room number was three hundred and twelve. It wasn't much of a surprise, and I smiled at the men who stopped me as I approached.

"Who are you?" The men asked

"Angela," I replied and reached to scan the card, and the guards nodded, both turning to not look at me as I entered the room. It seemed whoever I was meeting didn't even want his guards to know his fetishes. Not my problem, I thought simply as I entered the room and closed the door behind me with my suitcase.

With the door closed, I heard a shower turn off. It seemed all my clients wanted to be clean for me. I smiled at my last thought and stepped deeper into the room, wondering how much fun I would have with this client.

Chapter 23: Humiliated

The shower continued going, and I walked deeper into the room. I couldn't help but smile and wonder if he knew I was here. I had no idea who this man was or the reason he had two armed guards on either side of his door. It wasn't my problem, and I tossed my suitcase onto the bed and opened it up. I looked good in my little dress and pulled out the outfit I thought to start with.

I pulled out the paddle and closed my eyes, and smiled. Nothing outside of this room mattered, and I was the goddess of this room. The mere fact that this man wanted to touch me was a humiliation to me. If I put my cock in him, I might even consider it a loss unless he was even more humiliated in the process. I tossed my head a little and made sure my ponytail was tight. I closed the curtains of the room so there was absolute privacy in this room.

Walking over to the bathroom, I was slow and took notice of my surroundings. This man probably didn't pay much for this room. Maybe he knew someone and didn't even have to pay for more than the cleaning after I finished with him today. I walked into the bathroom and saw a brown man cleaning himself in the shower with a smile. The man's eyes widened in surprise, and his mouth opened.

"Well, hello, Maggot," I said, walking in, "Cleaning yourself up for Mistress?" I asked.

The man looked me up and down and nodded, "Yes, Mistress," he said, starting to blush a little, and I looked the man up and down and scoffed.

"Then do it faster, Maggot," I snapped and turned around, "You have to earn the right to pleasure me, Maggot, and I don't have much time for it," I turned and walked off. I noticed in the mirror the man looking at me, and I could see his eyes full of desire looking at my ass and my… feet. I wanted to roll my eyes, but I realized that this man was probably into feet. I didn't say much, and I reached the bed, crossed my legs a little, and watched for a moment.

The man who walked out not even thirty seconds later blushed a little. "You, Mistress Futanari?" he asked, his English perfect, and the man was, I believe, Filipino. His cock was flaccid but showing signs of getting hard, although I would guess it would not be larger than five or six inches at full mast. My eyes looked him over, with disdain, and I felt contempt as he blushed and looked at my body.

"Why should I answer a Maggot like yourself? Do you think any random woman can enter here? That you will find that I even showed up is because you fucking paid me to be here, Maggot. Now," I said slowly and looked down at my fingernails, "Why are you standing like some fucking human?" I asked, feeling contempt for the man as he looked at me with surprise.

The guy was freshly dry, and my small rant had his cock already half-hard by the time I was finished. "You know," I continued a moment later, as he was still surprised, "I could use a good

footstool for a moment; I need to make sure my toenails look good. Footstool," I said, looking at him directly and snapped my fingers twice. "Now," My tone made it an absolute order.

The man was walking over to me and I snapped. "FOOT STOOLS, DON'T WALK!"

My voice came out dominant, like ordering a very naughty child, and the Maggot stopped, and got down on his hands and knees instead of walking. I watched him, as he crawled across the room towards me, and I watched with contempt. The thing I realized as I watched this objectively powerful Filipino man crawl over to me, I felt nothing but contempt. The deepest contempt for him, and it was from my heart. I roughly brought my heels down on his back with a solid movement and heard the man grunt a little and a twinge of pain.

"You know, Samantha told me to be here. I could barely be bothered, but I only had to spend some time with some maggot. Some perverted Maggot for a bit of time, and I would have to make fun of him for a bit or something like that. If he earned the privilege of pleasuring me, maybe I would grace him with the honor of gazing at my cock or something," I looked down at him, tilting my head toward him. "Tell me, Maggot," I said with contempt, "Do you deserve to pleasure me, Maggot?"

My question came with the contempt I felt for him, and something about him disgusted me. The Filipino man before me was powerful, and here he was, paying an eighteen-year-old futanari schoolgirl to make fun of him with contempt. Paying me tens of thousands, all for a couple of hours of degradation. I could see, as I looked down at him, his cock was hard and throbbing a little as he looked at me.

"Mistress, I will clean your feet with my mouth if that is what it takes to earn the right to pleasure you. Your wish is my command," He said, "Please allow me to pleasure you as much as you wish to take!" His attitude changed, and his blush was noticeable. His fascination with my feet was obvious, and I knew he was asking to suck on my feet.

Had I cleaned them from my run? No, I hadn't. It was a quick shower, and I looked down at him with even more contempt, if that was even possible. "Hm," I said after a moment, "Well, I did run several miles this morning and haven't had the chance to wash them properly. Maybe a Maggot like you can do something useful."

Those words seemed to spark his desire, and his expression was one of pure happiness at those words. It was confirmed in my head that this maggot was a pure foot pervert and loved to be humiliated. I lifted the black heels I hated and brought a foot toward his face. His nose flared, and I could tell he was smelling my feet as I brought that heel near, stretched it out, and brought it under his nose. "Lick it, Maggot," I told him.

There was no hesitation as his tongue reached out and started to lick up the shoe onto the top of my foot. It tickled and felt weird and moist, but I said nothing as his cock throbbed, and I lifted my other foot and dug the heel a little into his back. "Did I say you could love it this much, Maggot?" I asked. "Such a perverted little Maggot, Take off my heel and lick up all the sweat from my morning run," I told him and dug the heel of the other shoe into his back a little.

The maggot took off my heel slowly and made sure it was comfortable as he did it. All the while, he complimented, "Your feet are so beautiful. The arch of your foot is exquisite. Your feet are made to be worshiped, Mistress," he continued, and if I was being honest with myself, it creeped me out.

My feet were meant for running, jumping, and all forms of other things that I loved doing. Now with a maggot kissing and licking my feet, I shuddered a little inside. But the Maggot loved it, and soon my other foot was without one of those damned heels, and he was licking and worshiping it as if it was the greatest thing to exist. The depravity as I continued to insult the maggot as his cock twitched and leaked precum was obvious.

With both my feet being cleaned by the tongue, my feet had a light layer of saliva on them, and I decided to 'reward' the maggot a little. At the end of the day, this contemptuous maggot was paying, and I reached down and pressed my foot against his cock. The sudden change in play was something that the maggot didn't expect, and he moaned. I felt fresh liquid spray onto my foot in seconds, and I felt my anger peaked.

"Did you just fucking cum on my foot, Maggot?" I heard myself say my anger obvious, and the maggot moaned a little as he licked my foot. I kicked him back, and without realizing it, I put strength into that hit, and it sent him onto his back after I kicked his shoulder.

"S- Sorry, Mistress!" He cried out as I stood as he fell onto his back. His legs were spread a little, his cock spurting a little more as the top of my foot had cum all over it. I growled.

"You're fucking sorry?!" I snapped, "Maggot, are you fucking serious?!"

My foot landed heavily down on his cock with the foot that had just been in his mouth, and I pressed hard, feeling his cock throb under my foot. "I did not give you permission to even cum!" I barely kept control of my voice, and I lifted my foot again and stomped on his cock, and his moan sounded in the room, and I turned my body around, stood on his cock, and shoved my foot all over his face wiping the semen off on his cheeks and lips. "You feel that?" I demanded an answer, "That is some Maggot's liquids all over my foot you are feeling on your face." I said as I felt his cock throb under my foot, and I stepped on his face as he groaned.

The sole of my foot started to get semen all over it as I pressed my foot against his face pressing him to the floor. "You know what, Maggot?" I said, my voice full of contempt, "You will not be fucked by me today. Maggot, I will instead allow you to suck my magnificent cock, but you must earn it!" I told him, "Clean this filthy cum off my feet!" I demanded.

My foot pressed with my total weight on it as I hovered my foot with saliva and cum all over it in front of him. "Come on already," I said, pressing back on my heel.

"ARGH!" He groaned and moaned. I would think he was in pain if it wasn't for the fact that I felt his cock throbbing and his hips wanting to thrust up a little as I stood and balanced on his cock. He loved this treatment, and his tongue started to clean up the cum on the bottom of my foot.

It tickled so damn bad, and I didn't enjoy this type of treatment around my feet if I was being honest with myself. The man groaned, and my foot was licked clean again, and I stepped off his cock, which looked to be on the edge of orgasm when I stepped off. "Mistress, please, allow me to pleasure you to make up for my mistake!" he begged.

I had not received any real pleasure since being in this room, and I pulled my swimsuit-looking dress a bit and pulled out my cock, which was still flaccid before him. It hung like a menace before him, and I looked down at him. "You haven't even got me hard with how much contempt I feel for you. You have ten minutes to make me cum, or I will leave right after, and you will never see me again," I told him, stepping away from him.

"Now, Maggot," I said, standing a step away from him as he lay on his back. "You may suck now," I told him.

Maggot got up on his hands and knees and was below me, looking up at me. He took my flaccid cock into his mouth and started to suck. Now what started as a slow pleasure as he started to work the shaft of my cock and my balls with his hands while he sucked on the head of my cock. It was nothing compared to my girls back home, and I started to get hard thinking about Crystal.

What was Minx doing at this moment? Her sexy ass wagging back and forth, begging for my cock was something that started to help me get hard. The Maggot started to suck harder, but his skills were lackluster, and I found myself zoning out thinking about Alex and Becky. Taking my Cumdump would be so much better at this point.

My mind continued to wander, and his blow job skills were terrible. He started to take my cock a bit deeper, and I looked at the time, bored of this Maggot. I looked down at him and yawned, "Your skills at pleasuring Mistress suck," I said, making Maggot look up at me surprised. I grabbed him by the hair, looked into his eyes, and spat on his face. I grabbed both sides of his head and shoved my cock deep. "This is how you take a cock slut!" I announced, and I shoved it deep down his throat pussy feeling it stretch as he gagged on it, and I didn't care.

I started to fuck his throat, thinking of Tracy the first time I did it to her. Training her for blowjobs was amazing. That first night I brought her home to my house was like something out of a dream, and I fucked this maggot's throat harder thinking about a much better time at home.

I loved to humiliate people, unfortunately this foot fetish wasn't my thing, but this was, wasn't it? I fucked this maggot's throat without stopping and orgasmed as fast as I could, sending semen down his throat, and realized I didn't need a single one of the toys I brought today. I pulled out, and the Maggot started to cough out all my cum.

"Can't even suck cock or swallow properly. What a fucking failure," I snapped at him and raised my foot, and pressed his face down into that freshly coughed-up semen. "Don't worry, Maggot, I will let you get off one more time," I told him, and my foot went under him, and I flipped him using the strength in my body. It seemed he was surprised at my strength but didn't have much time to think as my foot landed home on his cock that was pasted in his own cum against his stomach.

"OOOOFFFF~!" He groaned and moaned, and I used my foot to jerk him off really quickly.

"You may cum, Maggot. Cum now!" I ordered, and the Maggot started releasing another load all over my foot as he groaned.

It was the most contempt I have ever felt for someone besides that Sissy Jake. I couldn't wait to get rid of Maggot just as much as I wanted to get rid of Jake. I stood tall, wiped the bottom of my foot off on his face, and grabbed my things.

"Keep my heels as a gift, Maggot," I said as I finished gathering my things and putting my cock away. I took a moment to look in the mirror, and except for my lack of shoes, I looked good. I stepped out of the hallway, and the two guards let me pass without saying a thing. I walked to the elevator and wondered what the Maggot would say to Samantha.

Oh well, I could live with one bad review, right?

Chapter 24: Distractions

My bare feet walked out of the room, and the two armed guards looked at me for the slightest moment before I walked past and down the hall. My luggage was trailing behind me as I walked out. I was unhappy with myself for the way I treated that maggot but I just hated him already and walked out, not wanting to do work.

I stepped into the elevator, pulled out my phone, waited for the elevator to deposit me onto the main floor, and walked towards my room. I received a few looks but did not care as I reached my room. I opened up the door and instantly called Samantha. I looked around the room as the phone rang and found no one, so I sat on the bed.

"Hello? How did things go?" Samantha asked.

"Unsure, I didn't enjoy myself, but who knows what that maggot enjoys? I left him a souvenir of our time together." I shook my head as I said to her, "I left him my high heels and walked back, but I am unsure of how he will react," I finished with a sigh.

"Well, then, let me give you some news. It seems that a major incident happened at one of the companies. He will no longer be able to show up at the resort or find time off. Do you want me to fill that with another potential appointment?" Samantha asked. It seemed that she was fishing for something.

"Honestly, I think I am going to take some time and relax then. I might be coming down from being pissed at that Maggot, but I am in the Dominican Republic, and I did do two customers for you. I have some things happening here and am still taking extra time with the first customer. I believe she will be a very loyal customer in the future." I finished with a smile.

"I heard from her, and she is very happy. It is not a problem for the last appointment. As for if the guy complains," I could almost hear Samantha shrug, "Did you humiliate him properly and do things to him? Did he orgasm?" Samantha asked.

"Yeah, I did not like him, though," I replied.

"Then you are not a prostitute, and it is up to the customer to please you. If they don't, that is their own fault, and the customers we serve know that our mistresses can choose not to have sex with them for any reason. Maybe he should have pleased you more in the time that he reserved. If he creeps you out or makes you unhappy and unwilling to have sex with him, then that is your choice. I will not fight you or make you feel like you have to in the future. You are a Mistress; you choose what you do and can take that to heart. I got the rest and hope you did the best you could while feeling disgusted. Even disgust is something you can show customers in our job. I think that this customer would enjoy that also. So I got you, Angela. Enjoy the rest of your week. I will only call you if I need to. Go, relax and don't worry about me. Two customers were more than enough to make me happy."

I felt weird the way that she was talking to me, and I looked at the phone. "O- Okay," I stuttered out, unsure. "Have a good one, Samantha. I will go enjoy the beach a bit." I stretched and put on my flip-flops. I was already wearing something that looked like it could be a swimsuit, but instead, I slipped it off and put on my bikini. I stretched and decided to go spend some time alone.

My mind could not take much more, so I left the room. I walked out toward the beach, and I reached the poolside quickly. I walked past and moved toward the beach chairs and found one that did not have a towel on it. I quickly sat down and relaxed on the beach chair that I found. I sighed, settled into the chair, and closed my eyes. I was going to get hungry soon, and I would see if Violet would want lunch with me.

Suddenly my head hiccupped at the last thought, and I realized right now was both the best time and wrong time to think about whatever the hell was between her and me. It was something that I didn't need to complicate my life, and it would end at the end of the week. I would go back to the United States, and none of this would have happened.

No, I didn't want to think about it too much because it would acknowledge things that I didn't want to accept. I should have called Crystal and talked to her, but I needed some time in the sun to not think about things that I didn't want to think about. My mind continued to swirl around it, and I would continue trying to avoid the thought, and I sighed, sitting up.

As my eyes opened, I saw a young man with a woman staring straight into my breasts, and I smiled as the woman noticed his gaze with my smile. "Stop hitting on my husband," the

black-haired woman in a white bikini snapped at me. Her breasts were C cups but were nothing compared to my F cup, almost a G cup, which I hated. I looked at her unamused and decided this was a good little bit of a distraction.

"What are you talking about?" I asked, "I just opened my eyes and found your husband looking at my tits. I found it funny because he was right beside his wife while gazing deep into my cleavage." I replied.

The woman looked offended, and I couldn't help but smile. "Bitch, stop," She said, putting her hand in my face, which I wanted to snap her wrist for doing, but I held myself back. Her hand started to point an inch away from my nose. "Apologize." She snapped at me.

"No," I told her, "Now, leave me alone," I told her and laid back, and it just so happened to let her husband stare straight down into the chasm of my breasts. I made a show of getting into a more comfortable position, jiggling my breasts back and forth for him.

The man could not help but look, and my eyes were angled to look and show the woman that I was doing it on purpose, and I smiled like I was a slut. "You, You," The woman was outraged, and I smiled at him, turning my head.

"Hey, if you want to have some fun tonight, Come find me without the bitch," I lied to him, and his face went pale as he realized what was happening without even realizing it. I put this man in the dog house without recourse as she could not do anything to me, but he was the one who let his eyes wander. She was working up into a jealous rage; he was the fuel that made that fire burn bright, and she was outraged beyond belief, and I saw a server not far away. "Excuse me!" I raised my voice and waved at the server, who started to walk over as the wife and husband lay stunned.

"A nice cold drink for me without alcohol, please," I told the server as he approached, and the man nodded.

"I will get you something fruity," He said, quickly running off.

"How, fucking, dare, you," The wife seethed at me.

"Please, Leave me alone already," I told her, knowing I was attracting trouble when I wanted to relax.

"You, You Slut," She snapped and I heard a fresh voice cough.

I turned to see Chun Yan smiling and looking over these two, "Excuse me, but that is my friend you are talking about. I would appreciate it if you would leave her alone." Chun said, her voice polite and respectful.

"She was hitting on my husband!" The woman yelled, gathering a bit of attention.

"I very much doubt that," Chun Yan said with a smile, "She is very much a lesbian with myself and another woman at the resort. She probably would not be after your husband. Please, leave us alone, or we will file a complaint." Chun Yan said, her voice steady, and the woman looked outraged and turned to me, her face turning red.

"I- I- I," The woman stuttered, wanting to say something.

"Honey, let's go back to the room and cool down. It is hot out," The husband suddenly jumped in.

"Is everything okay here?" A security guard walked up, and I turned to him.

"This woman is hitting on my husband." The woman said, bringing her voice back down, realizing it attracted a guard.

"Then you and your husband can just not be attracted by her hitting on you and walk away," The guard replied, "You do not have to disturb others while turning her down." He finished.

I was surprised, Chun Yan looked surprised, and both the husband and wife looked surprised at the guard as he called the woman out without restraint. I couldn't help but start to laugh, and the woman turned a fresh shade of red. She opened her mouth and closed it multiple times, looking angry and wanted to say something and tried to think of something. Instead, the woman grabbed her husband and walked away toward whatever they were doing before.

I was laughing as Chun smiled at the guard, "thank you," She said, holding out a hundred American dollars.

"No, thank you, ma'am; please, don't cause a disturbance here. But I do not mind taking your offer of some money for doing my job," The man said, taking the tip, walking away, and continued watching over everyone. I could not help but continue to chuckle as I remembered her face.

"Is that normal?" Chun asked, looking at me as she stood near me. A moment later, the server came up with a slushy-looking drink with a little umbrella and a cut of pineapple. I took it and I sipped it and didn't taste alcohol,

"Thanks," I said and took a sip.

"Enjoy," The server said before walking away.

"No, not usually," I said, relaxing as Chun Yan stood to the side a little. "But, I am used to being confronted so," I shrugged. I took another drink and looked at Chun. "I thought you were going to be at the pool if I remember properly."

"I never said where I was going to be," Chun said, and I looked at her and smiled.

"True, true," I said, and I got up, looked the Chinese woman over, and smiled darkly. "Lunch, then we can go enjoy ourselves," I told her before taking another drink of this fruit slushy.

Chun Yan looked at me with surprise but followed as I started to walk away toward the pools. I noticed Violet talking to a couple as she sat at the swim-up bar, but her back was turned, and she did not see me walking past. We walked into the buffet and I looked at Chun Yan and noticed only now that she was in a black bikini that hugged her body. It was a pretty standard bikini and held her breasts nicely snugly. There was a hoop in the center, seemingly keeping her cleavage apart a little, and her bottom part had two rings for holding up to her hips. It looked good and her skin was tanning a little already.

"You look good, Mistress," Chun Yan suddenly said as we walked to the buffets, and I grabbed a plate.

"You look good as well, Chun," I told her, "I would say I wonder what is underneath, but I am sure I already know."

Chun blushed a little. "You look like you work out a lot," Chun said, changing the topic.

"I do," I replied, allowing the topic to change, "Only my abs show it, though." I replied.

"Well, your arms have a little definition," Chun replied. "Still, you look built."

"I worked out almost every day for the past decade," I told her casually, but I was happy on the inside as I started to fill up my plate. "My body is my temple and I enjoy working out and the slow progress."

"Not something everyone can do," Chun Yan said, looking me up and down and licking her lips. "Amazing."

"My Sensei compliments me as well," I told her, "Still, others can beat me," I admitted. "Besides that, Yan. Tell me a bit about you, maybe even fetishes, if you wish," I said as we sat down with food.

Yan blushed and shook her head, looking around, I could see she didn't want to talk about that topic here, and she took a deep breath. "Do you mind, Mistress, if I talk a little about my family? I will not name specifics, but I can't really vent to anyone I know."

I paused and said something I probably would regret, but I knew it would distract me from my thoughts related to Violet, "Go ahead," I told her.

"Well, recently, my stepmother and father have started telling me to get married," Chun Yan started and I realized that lunch might be longer than I thought if I let her go on forever but I listened for now.

Chapter 25: Finishing the Condoms

The conversation at lunch was good, but there were things that Chun Yan spoke about that got me bored. It was interesting generally, but there were things that she talked about that I didn't understand. Chun Yan was definitely the businesswoman from Southeast Asia that Samantha told me about.

When we were done, though, I told her to follow me back to her bedroom and that I would show her what I mentioned last night. I could tell Chun Yan was looking forward to things. She was on the top floor, and I had something planned for her. I was having a hard time controlling myself.

"You know I heard about you from one of my European friends. Said that you are amazing and that I would never forget the experience." Chun Yan blushed as we walked toward the room, and I wrapped my arm around her. "You are young and very charming in an odd way. You are so frank and blunt with me. The way you talk would make me hate some men, but with you," Chun paused for a moment, "It makes me want to feel it," She finished, her blush bright red.

We made it to the elevator as she talked, and I grinned as I cupped her breast as we stepped into the elevator and pressed her against the wall. I kissed her without words and invaded her swimsuit a little as I continued to kiss her. I played with her nipple and teased her tongue even more. Chun Yan responded in kind and loved it. She moaned into my lips, and I continued to kiss her more. "Ah, Right there, Mistress," Chun moaned as I played with her nipple, and I broke the kiss a moment later, leaving the older woman breathing a little heavy.

I pressed the button up to her floor, and I smiled. "I will make today a day that you will not forget," I promised, "As long as you do whatever I tell you, Slut. Now," I leaned forward like I was going to kiss her, "You have one second to get on your knees and suck me off here and now," I told her as the elevator door closed behind us.

Chun moved for me, got on her knees, pushed up the little skirt of my dress, and pushed aside my panties. Her mouth found the head of my flaccid cock and started to kiss it. The floor started to move up, and her lips sucked and teased my cock, touching the head and sucking on my urethra. I moaned as pleasure assaulted my head.

Chun seemed to be in the zone between my legs and being my slut as she took my rapidly hardening cock harder and harder, moving her head back and forth. "That is it slut; suck it like that. Make Mistress happy to ram your cunt to submission. Take it deeper," I said, talking dirty.

Chun started to moan in reply as I told her what a slut she was for me. I felt her suck harder on my cock, which sent a wave of chills through my body as I moaned loudly, only for a moment later to realize we had reached the top floor. "Mmm, Stop Slut," I told her, "We can continue in your bedroom," I told her.

With a pop, my cock was free from her mouth, and she moved the skirt of my dress and placed my cock to the side. There was no hiding my massive cock bulge, but at least it wasn't in direct sight. Walking with my Asian lover to her room, I could feel her need and want as I wrapped my arm around her hip. "I want you to yell it here and now in this hallway who you belong to tonight." As we neared the room, "Yell, it," I commanded slowly as we reached the door.

Chun looked at me and then at the hall with a blush. "I BELONG TO MISTRESS TONIGHT!" She cried out, swiped her card as fast as possible, and opened the door. No one seemed to come out from their rooms, and I smiled as I walked in behind the blushing woman. I closed the door and closed the deadlock as I walked in and started to strip.

Before me, Chun Yan stripped herself, her bikini, falling to the floor with two simple motions as I watched her. Mine took a bit more effort, but my cock was hard, and my panties failed to contain my sixteen-inch cock of meat, ready to penetrate her. Chun was focused on it, and I grinned, "You have one option: In the shower first or on the balcony?" I asked.

Chun blushed hard and pointed to the shower as we stared at each other from a meter apart. I pointed toward the door, "Get in the shower then, and I am going to show you what being my slut for the night means," I told her with a grin.

She made a move to go toward the bathroom, and I intercepted her, grabbed her by the neck, and mashed our lips together. I felt her tense then loosen up as I took control of her body, and my hand dove into her wet honey pot, and I felt her tense again as my fingers dove into her pussy. She moaned as my arm wrapped around her back and gripped her ass hard. I tensed my hand strongly and grabbed a full hand of ass, making her moan more as my other hand dove in and out of her pussy with a nice satisfying noise of her juicing all over my hand. My cock was at attention, pressed against her stomach and breasts as we kissed deeply.

I moved us closer and closer to the bathroom as I finger fucked her cunt and realized I was missing the condoms. I felt Chun getting close as her pussy started to squeeze my fingers, and I pulled back all at once, leaving her breathless and questioning. I grinned, and I walked away, "Go get the water hot, Slut. I will be there in a minute," I told her and turned away from her to grab the condoms. I grabbed one and brought it back with me as I heard the shower turn on.

It took me seconds to get back to Chun, and I looked at her in the shower for a moment and opened the door to see her naked body. I grabbed both breasts, flicked her nipples a bit, and showed her the condom, putting it in her mouth. "Put it on, Slut," I said, licking my lips.

Chun moved to get down on her knees as the hot water poured over us, and I grinned, holding her up by her breasts as she tried to get on her knees while I held her nipples. She gasped as I stopped her and suddenly let go of her breasts, making her fall to her knees suddenly with my cock in her face. With a condom in her mouth as I let her go, Chun Yan did not just start sucking on my cock. I felt her hands move to take the condom, and then I felt her licking up my meat shaft.

Her soft tongue slowly moved up the shaft, sending shivers through me. God, I loved this power dynamic and felt my hands go into her hair as she started to worship my cock. I watched as she opened up the condom, and I leaned forward to protect us from the water as she licked up the shaft and put the condom in her mouth to start putting the condom on. I moaned as the tip was covered with latex, and she used her hands to bring it down the rest of the length. I felt that spine-tingling pleasure through my cock as she stroked it down the length of my cock; she played with the tip before I pulled on her hair as the condom reached the base.

"We have an entire string of condoms to go through, Slut. Stand up and be ready for me," I commanded. Yan stood up and turned around without saying a thing, and I stepped back as she leaned forward so I could take her pussy from behind. I didn't need any words to start lining up my cock and shoving it in without restraint, feeling her cunt shudder and tighten up at my insertion. It stretched for me without a problem, and her cervix trembled as I kissed it with my girl cock. Her body shivered as if it was cold, even as the hot water rained down on us.

Feeling her pussy tighten, I gyrated my hips to kiss her cervix nice and deep, making her moan loudly. It was amazing, and I felt a thrill as I brought her to the edge without thrusting more than once. When I pulled back, Chun moaned for me, and I shoved my cock back in. I felt her pussy spasm as she squirted on my cock. It was like ringing the start of the fuck as I grabbed her ass cheeks, pulling them apart to start the heavy and hard fuck in earnest.

I drove my cock in and out of her without a word, feeling her cunt tighten up on me with each thrust up to hitting her cervix. I trained that cunt to start feeling more and more pleasure from the assault on her cervix. "MISTRESS~! MISTRESS~!" Chun Yan cried out as I shoved my cock in and out of her beginning our heavy and hard fuck session without restraint. Her cries fueled my need, and I grunted with a thrust as I was slowly reaching my peak with an increasing intensity. Chun was screaming out, "MISTRESS~! I'M CUMMMING~!"

I shoved my cock deep, and for once, I pushed past the cervix as I reached my peak, and my toes curled a little as I broke through and sent every inch into her cunt, penetrating her womb. "TAKE IT SLUT!" I Commanded as I released my seed into her womb, making her cry out as the latex stretched inside her as I released a massive stream of semen directly into her fertile womb.

"I FEEL IT!" She screamed, "I FEEL YOUR HOT SEMEN INSIDE ME MISTRESS! I WANT IT! GIVE IT TO ME, PLEASE! OH GOD~!" Chun's pussy spasmed and squirted all over me as the pain and pleasure mixed and sent her body shivering as she orgasmed hard in the shower as I filled her pussy.

I blanked out, and I gyrated my fully inserted cock in her pussy before slowly pulling out. "You are my slut," I said softly.

"I am your Slut, Mistress," Chun said as her legs trembled.

I pulled out and grabbed the condom. I fully pulled out as it decided to remain behind, and I pulled that out separately, making her moan again as the semen was removed from her hungry

cunt. Both of us gasped a little as my cock throbbed, looking as her legs trembled and she looked at me with those fuck me eyes I enjoyed so much.

"Well, your slutty cunt has been washed up. Now it is time to head out to the balcony and continue in the hot tub," I told her. Chun Yan didn't seem to understand and nodded as I pulled her out of the shower. Turning it off, my cock was throbbing with the thought of what was to come next.

"W- What are we doing again?" Chun asked as I pulled her toward the balcony overlooking the resort.

"We are going outside, Slut," I told her as we walked past the bed. I grabbed the condoms, and we reached the sliding door I slid open. The hot tub was already full, and Chun Yan seemed to freeze as the outside air licked at her skin, and she shivered.

"It's daytime though, Mistress," Chun Yan suddenly said in protest, even as I saw her shiver and blush. I could tell that she was even hornier as I pulled her reluctant body outside. She gasped and shivered as I pulled her outside, and we overlooked the pools from a high height that no one could see us easily unless they were looking up, even then, not really. I ripped off another condom from the string and placed it in her mouth.

"Put it on, Slut," I commanded her, "I am going to fuck you here and now, making you scream for your Mistress," I continued, "You may make me cum before you put that on me and delay the inevitable or you can put it on, and I will fuck you anyways. Your choice, Slut," I finished.

Chun Yan shivered as she looked down at the pools and beach. People were jumping into the ocean with lovers, lounging in the pools, swimming, and having fun. All the while, she looked down at them as adults enjoyed themselves, and I reached out and grabbed her ass hard. "Stop thinking and do what I say, you Slut," I said, my voice more demanding.

Chun heard my voice and got down on her knees between me and the hot tub that was waiting for us. Her hands were trembling as she found my cock and started to stroke my throbbing meat. She was trembling and looking up at me as she kissed the underside of my cock, looking into my eyes. Her body seemed to tremble more and more with the thoughts of what was to come next as her tongue poked out and started to lick up the shaft of my cock.

Throbbing, I released a low moan, which seemed to feed her enthusiasm. She started to move her body up and down along with her mouth to lick the length of my cock as she cleaned up the leftover semen, and the female ejaculated on it. Slowly, she got increasingly into it, forgetting that there was an audience down below as she moaned. "Mmm, Mistress, your cock tastes so good."

She continued to stroke my cock as her head suddenly found my massive balls and started to suck them up into her mouth. My balls trembled, and my mind blanked a little as she continued to pleasure me more and more. I felt my cock throbbing more and more as my balls trembled in

her mouth, building up the deposit for her stomach. I would be making a very large one, it seemed, as my eyes rolled back, and I heard a pop as she released my balls from her mouth.

I felt her lick the length of my cock before I felt the head of my cock enter her mouth, making me moan a little louder. I was getting closer and closer to the edge, and her enthusiasm built as I moaned louder as she started to take my cock deeper and deeper before I grabbed her head thrusting down her throat and released into her throat. I moaned as rope after rope went down her throat without restraint. I thrust a little deeper and pulled back as she tapped my leg, begging for air. I let go a couple of seconds later, and she pulled back with a mouth full of sperm as I released a final rope of her face.

Chun coughed hard, and sperm spilled from her mouth as some clearly went down the wrong tube, and she spilled my sperm all over the floor. She coughed a couple of more times, and I looked at her with disappointment. "Naughty, Naughty, Slut. Mistress made that for you to eat, not waste. I am going to have to punish you," I told her as she continued to spill cum onto the floor.

I watched as she coughed and regained her breath. For a moment, I was kind of worried as she was coughing pretty hard. My cock was hard and throbbing, though, as those teary eyes looked up at me as she got her shit together for a moment. I reached forward and cupped her face as she looked at me. "Stand up, Slut. I am taking you here and now," I told her. She shivered but stood.

It was like I caught her in a spell, making her stand without conscious thought. She wanted to obey me and do as I told her. I could see the need to obey and submit in her eyes, and I loved this moment. The moment she got to her feet, I reached down with that same hand and grabbed her leg, making her tilt, and she grabbed my shoulder to balance herself.

Meanwhile, my other hand grabbed my cock and was already leaning down and bringing it to her pussy. "Mistress, The condom," She moaned, and I looked at her with a dark look.

"Put it on now, or it is going in raw," I told her, and she quickly moved. The condom was already out of the package, and she glided it down somehow with a single movement and lined it up with her cunt. It took a minute, but the second she was done, I stood and shoved my cock up into her trembling drenched pussy, making her gasp wordlessly. I could see her eyes unfocusing, and her grip loosened. My hand grabbed her hip, and I shoved my cock up into her harder. Her arms suddenly wrapped around me, and I started to pound her cunt as she bit her lip. "MMMMMmmmpppphhhhhh!" She tried to keep it contained, and her legs trembled as I started to shove up into her trembling womb.

My cock moved in and out of her with wild abandon as my sensitive cock took her hard. She cried out finally, "Mistress!" She cried out with that same wild abandon I was fucking her with. The next second, she brought herself closer and kissed me as our breasts rubbed together as I fucked her harder and harder. My cock was throbbing, and I loved this reckless fucking. Her

cries were straight into my mouth, and I invaded her cum stained mouth, taking pleasure from her.

Our tongues intertwined, and out bodies rubbed together as I fucked her slutty hole with each thrust. Each thrust brought her closer and closer to orgasm, and I saw her eyes rolling and unfocused as I brought my cock home against her cervix. Her pussy spasmed a moment later, and I felt a fresh spray of liquids on my legs as I grabbed her tight and fucked her somehow even harder. Her eyes were perfect, and I loved it. I wanted to take more and more from this woman, and I took it. I didn't care if we got in trouble or anything. I needed and wanted more, so I took it. It was mine, and this woman would dedicate it to me either way.

I continued, and I felt as her pussy continued to spray me a little with each thrust into her. My mouth stopped her cries, and she shivered with each thrust. I could feel her tight spasming cunt, unable to take much more, and I didn't care. I took and took from her without restraint, making her pussy tremble more and more as she continued to spray my legs. Then I reached my peak inside of her and shoved my cock into her spasming cunt and released my seed deep inside and felt her body tremble and release a large wave of cum all over my legs as I filled the condom directly inside her womb as I kissed her.

We both moaned into each other's mouths, and she couldn't scream because I filled her mouth with my tongue and hers in mine. She tried desperately to scream out the ridiculous amount of pleasure she was taking from this moment, and I covered up every last one. I finished inside her, and I pulled out. The condom spilled more cum onto the balcony, and I pulled the condom out as her legs trembled.

I slowly brought her leg down, and she shivered, her eyes hazy. I continued to hold her, and I whispered in her ear. "We can go a bit slower next round. Get in the hot tub Slut," I ordered her.

Chun's eyes were hazy, but she moved, almost falling over without my help. She got up into the tub and sat down. I grabbed a condom and slipped it down the length of my cock, and turned on the jets before getting in myself. "You are going to sit on my cock and fuck yourself at your own pace, Slut," I told her, "I expect to cum in a decent time frame, or I am going to let the whole resort know that I am fucking your slutty pussy," I warned her.

I sat down and leaned back, leaving my cock to stick slightly out of the water like a menace. The spear for her cunt hung slightly out of the water, and I saw her shiver and look out. No one was watching us at this moment, and I thought I saw disappointment in her eyes when she noticed that fact.

Then she moved over and stood before me on those shaky legs as I watched her reluctantly take my massive cock's tip. Chun almost fell over when she took that tip and moaned, "Oh God!" She cried out and barely stood. So, for the fun of it, I moved my hips a little and watched her legs tremble harder. Then she lost her footing and fell down and forward into my arms as she skewered her dripping wet cunt on my cock.

Her pussy spasmed as she landed, taking the entire length and I smiled as she hugged my body as she continued to tremble. She simply couldn't stop trembling as her cunt spasmed, and I waited for her patiently. She held me tight, and her head was on my shoulder as I felt her cunt try to milk my cock of its creamy milk.

My hand reached down as she just held me for minutes with my cock buried balls deep into her. I grabbed her ass and said, "You need to start fucking yourself, Slut. Or I will start doing it for you and ensure the entire resort knows it," I told her, and she started to move slowly.

I don't know when, but she was on her knees with my cock buried deep inside, and she brought her ass up and down slowly. Her pussy squeezed my cock with each movement, and I moaned as she moved. I let her take it slow, and she moaned more and more as she moved her ass up and down my cock.

Closing my eyes, I relaxed as she slowly fucked herself with my massive Futanari cock, and I took the pleasure. It was like getting a massage up and down the entirety of my cock. It was wonderful and amazing. Without much thought, I relaxed even more than I would have in a chair downstairs as my client took my cock slowly, bringing herself quickly to yet another orgasm.

Her cunt moved and glided up a couple of inches before she could no longer take it and brought it back down. Right now, I knew she couldn't take my cock out of her even if she wanted to. It was taking all her effort to move a couple of inches up and down.

"Ah, Ah, Ah, Mistress~, Mistressh, It feels. So. Good," She moaned as she moved on my cock. "So. Good!" She cried out as she reached another orgasm. God, I loved feeling her tighten up and spasm all over my cock as she continued to move. She was in for it now.

"Make me cum, Slut. Make your Mistress fill your womb yet again with my seed," I ordered her, and she started to speed up instead of slow down. Her moans got progressively louder, and the pleasure became more and more as she moved faster and faster. I could tell that she no longer cared that we were in public and that people might be able to see or hear her. She continued to move her ass faster. She was in the zone fucking herself, and started to cry out.

"MISTRESS~! MISTRESS~! OH GOD MISTRESS~!" She screamed from the rooftops, and I was sure we would have some attention and smirks. I didn't care as I felt myself getting closer and closer as she moved her ass faster and faster, crying out in pleasure before her body trembled as I reached my peak. Her scream as she orgasmed echoed in my ears as her pussy spasmed somehow harder, as her muscles contracted as my cock shot a load of semen into her womb.

"AHHHHHHHHHH~!" Her cry of orgasm filled the balcony and beyond without restraint as she tilted her head back and continued to scream, only stopping to take a breath when she shuddered.

I couldn't help the smile but also had to protect my client and I picked her up, taking her off my cock. She shuddered and trembled, and I pulled the condom out of her, knowing it would be

floating in the hot tub. I didn't care. I took the remaining condoms and carried her over my shoulder, quickly bringing her back into the room. Her body was trembling and I still had condoms left.

I closed the door and knew I would look like a kidnapper. I shut the door and tossed my slut onto the bed. I was finishing that roll of condoms today. I grinned and put a fresh condom on. I turned to the trembling slut whose legs were open with a swollen pussy. I moved in and her screams continued throughout the day as I fucked her cunt into submission.

One condom at a time.

It was amazing. I would rate this whole experience five stars, I could not help but think in my head, as she squirted all over my cock again and again.

Chapter 26: Soothing

I left Chun Yan as the night sky started to turn dark. She lay twitching on the bed, surrounded by full condoms that I had filled inside her pussy. She had tapped out long ago, but I was determined to finish the row of condoms. Chun Yan continued to wake up and get fucked unconscious till she was nothing more than a squirting mess as I railed her pussy into submission again and again.

Leaving her room, I wondered if I should come back. Chun Yan was a paid service; frankly, I wasn't paid for tonight. I did not have to interact with her and was also supposed to be here with my stepmother. My mind blanked for a moment, and I realized my mistake. I was here with Violet. I was with Violet, and I needed to keep thinking of her as such. She was my Submissive at this time, and I promised her that.

Now I was here avoiding that very promise because I felt so incredibly awkward and could not help but sigh as I reached the elevator. My stomach grumbled, and I wanted to eat after exercising a slut in her room. I sighed and entered the elevator without much thought and was soon deposited on the main floor. I didn't know what to do if Chun Yan continued to follow me after this interaction. I told her I would fuck her till the condoms ran out, and I promised other things even if my mind refused to think much about that promise.

Stepping out of the elevator, I was more lost in thought as I walked down the hallway toward my room with Violet. It was my room with Violet, and I wondered if she would be there. I swiped my card, entered the room, and saw Violet on the bed, looking very annoyed. "Oh, you are here," Violet said, her voice short, and I knew she was pissed. At first, I felt like a shit storm was about to hit, and then I remembered something in the back of my head.

"Oh?" I said, "Is that how a fucking slave greets their Mistress?" I asked harshly, as I wouldn't say I liked her tone.

"Oh, I am a slave now?" Violet asked back, turning to me, and I knew she was even more pissed than I thought, "I degraded myself and begged for something that I wanted, but just like your father, you went to someone else first before me!" She snapped, and I looked at her, surprised at the low blow, and snarled.

"Oh?" I asked, "I promised one more evening with that woman, Violet," I said, "I am not abandoning you! I am WORKING!"

"You PROMISED ME!" Violet snapped back.

"WHEN DID I GO BACK ON MY PROMISE?" I snapped back.

"You have," Violet stopped for a moment, and I saw the tears in her eyes, and I wanted to sigh. "Do you know how hard it was for me to beg you like that?" Violet asked, "How good it felt? How wrong it felt, but with how much liberty I felt the moment after?" Violet asked, "Do you know how I feel?" Violet asked.

I looked at her for several moments and sighed, "No, I don't know how it felt for you. I have just started this and have never been a Masochist," I told her honestly. "To me, I was finishing my work, and I was done with her. Now, I can focus on enjoying the rest of the vacation. My attention will be completely on you and no one else. I will treat you like a good little slave who needs to pine over my attention. Like a good little fuck girl, I will make sure you understand your place," I said.

I watched Violet shudder as I said it, and I looked at her, "Isn't that what you wanted, Violet?" I asked, "Well, tell me?" I ordered.

"Y- yeah," She said, her voice shy. "A- Are you sure you are done with her?" Violet asked, her voice much shyer, and I felt weird seeing her like this. Her face was blushing, and the anger that was so apparent not so long ago was gone.

Did she want to be spoiled and have my attention?

I didn't know what to think, and my mind felt like it was being lit on fire again. Why was I allowing this? Why was I doing what I knew I would do to this woman later tonight? Yes, Violet looked terrific and was objectively attractive, But, BUT!

My mind blanked, and I refused to think of that last thought and took a deep breath. "It was work," I finally said, "I will talk to Chun Yan tomorrow if she approaches me," I continued, "Now, stop acting spoiled. I am hungry, and we need to eat before the buffet closes."

Violet nodded and worked on the tears in her eyes. I looked at her, and she was in her little red bikini, and she looked good. Her body was amazing, and I could only acknowledge it. "Okay, so,

put on something quick as it is getting dark out. We will talk more when we get back or talk less, and you can enjoy yourself following my orders. But by god, I better not have you acting out once more the rest of this vacation, Violet, Or I will punish you so badly you will regret everything," I finished with my voice turning dark.

Violet nodded, and I could see her smiling now, which was something I noticed most Masochists did when they got their way despite the warnings. Violet went to work making herself look like she had not just thrown a bit of a fit, and I questioned my life as I changed outfits.

Instead, I opened the suitcase and pulled out a black T-shirt I spotted when opening things up. It cut off over the stomach, but it was a short-sleeved hip lift shirt that showed off my toned Six-pack muscles. I looked good, and I smiled as I put on the matching black jean pants that came with it, and I knew that Violet would enjoy it. It would also work later, as I made up for ignoring Violet today.

I still didn't know why I was doing what I was doing other than an arbitrary promise I made to her. It was not a good idea or even a great idea. It was a bad idea all around, but I continued putting on the outfit and looked at myself in the mirror. I looked perfect and dominant, just like I wanted, and put on my shoes, readying myself to head out for a late dinner.

Looking at all the toys, I thought about what I should do tonight. I knew she would insist, and I kind of wanted to do something to Violet. She was already throwing a temper tantrum, and I had no idea what I would do if I had to continue dealing with that.

A moment later, Violet stepped out of the bathroom, looking fine and wearing some makeup. She blushed and murmured something I could not hear as she stepped back into the bedroom. Violet looked at me, and I saw her blush a bit more before she tore into her own clothing, and I wondered something.

Was my stepmother always secretly attracted to me in this way at least a little?

The thought hit me hard, and I suppressed it, and my face turned hard as I didn't want to think about it anymore. Instead, I watched as she took off her red bikini and put on a backless floral dress with a diving neck that crisscrossed, and she had to tie the dress together. The black with floral patterns looked good, and she was showing her cleavage. It looked like it was perfect for the place we were at, and she blushed as she looked back to see me looking at her.

Then she put on black panties, but I markedly noticed that she never put on a bra. My mind tried to shy away from that fact, but my brain assaulted me with the knowledge. Then Violet walked over, put on her flip-flops, and looked at me, "Mistress, do I look good?" Violet asked.

The answer was an assault on me, and I felt like we were now dating, and I responded, "Yes, you do," Without thinking too much about it. My mind felt like it was on fire again, and I stood and grabbed my stuff, "Come on, before the place closes," I reminded her, "this Mistress is hungry, and if you want something later, then you need to ensure your Mistress is happy."

I turned and walked out, taking control of the circumstances, and Violet followed me out. We walked down the hallway, and I walked slightly in front of Violet; I felt weird as she blushed behind me. I didn't know what to do with her as I was in constant flux about how I should feel about her.

Walking through the resort as the sun was setting and the dark was settling in was a little weird. Violet was quiet as we walked, and when we arrived at the buffet, it was relatively quiet, and I saw some fresh food being set out. Some people were still walking in, and I walked in with Violet, "Come on, let's grab food and find a place to sit. You are allowed to sit and pick up food with me," I told her, unsure of how to act.

"Thanks," My stepmother replied, and I shook my head, not knowing why tonight I was having a hard time keeping my mind thinking of her as Violet.

I needed to become steadfast, and I walked out and started to grab a plate before gathering food. Spending some time on my own might be a good thing, and I started to fill up a plate with random foods from around the world in the international part of the buffet while thinking about nothing. My mind still felt like it was on fire with the things that I had done, and I knew that I needed to do something to Violet tonight.

Should I go hard?

Should I go soft?

No, She wanted it hard.

She wanted it painful with a mix of pleasure.

I knew she wanted to be degraded and made to be at the bottom.

She needed a harsh Mistress that punished her for even questioning her.

My mind started to settle; I thought about the toys I had access to, and my mind started spinning. I found a place that was clean to sit, and I thought about things. When I noticed Violet sitting across from me with a plate of food, she was smiling like she won. I hated her; she looked like she had won and beat me at something. Emotionally, I still felt weird knowing that Violet threw something of a fit that I had to temper, and I couldn't help but want to dampen that.

"So I was thinking about your punishment tonight," I said casually, and Violet stared at me, surprised.

"I-," Violet began.

"No, you will be punished. I am your Mistress, and if I choose to get fucked by sixteen big muscular men in front of you and ban you from masturbating, please, enlighten me on what I expect you to do?" I said, suddenly cutting her off.

Violet looked away with a blush, and I took a thing of food, and I wondered what she would say. It took a minute, and I continued to eat, and I finally didn't allow the silence to continue. We might be in public, but I truly did not give a single fuck that she was feeling shy about things. I was in charge, and she needed to answer my question. "So, what do I expect you to do?" I asked seriously.

"To- To watch and not masturbate as you get fucked by those men," Violet said.

"Good, now, I went out, and I decided to fuck a client into unconsciousness, which you may or may not be lucky enough to get that treatment tonight, and you gave me attitude for doing so," I said slowly, "What do you think a little slave such as yourself deserves for being disobedient?" I asked.

I leaned back, continued eating with a raised eyebrow, and watched Violet deflate and her smile disappear. "To be punished," Violet said after a couple of moments, and I smiled.

"Good, you are not stupid," I said with a grin. I looked around and noticed a couple of frowns looking my way, and I shook my head.

"Excuse me," I suddenly heard, and I turned and saw a black-haired white man standing near me with a woman who had brown hair. She was wearing a floral dress like Violet, but it was a little more modest than Violets, and it reached her knees and didn't show off her cleavage, although I could tell that she had nice D-cup breasts at the least.

"What?" I asked, turning to the man.

I looked at the man, and I could tell that he was insulted that I was talking to a woman in such a way, and I wanted to roll my eyes. I was talking to my stepmother exactly the way that she wanted to be treated, and being nice to her would dry up her pussy. "You shouldn't talk to women that way," he said, his voice strict.

"I can talk to her in whatever way I want to. What you shouldn't do is butt into other people's business. You do not know what the circumstances here are, and you are annoying me. Now, go eat your dinner somewhere else," I told him strictly. I was already annoyed about things, and my attention had little to spare for this nitwit.

"You-" He began, and I sighed exaggeratedly, cutting him off.

"I don't think you understand what I just said, nitwit," I said, being more vulgar now, "Leave us alone," I snapped.

"You should be more respectful to your elders," He said, walking back, and I turned to the woman.

"How do you deal with an insufferable man who gets into other people's business? You can do better, lady. There are plenty of black men who can probably do better in the sack than him.

Hell, Make the little cuck watch; you never know," I grinned as the man started to turn red as I talked to his wife or lover. "He might enjoy it more than you know."

Both walked away, and I rolled my eyes, annoyed I had to deal with yet another idiot today. "You think people can mind their damn business when you are at a resort," I said, turning to look back at Violet, who was blushing, and she nodded.

"Now, do you understand what I have been saying?" I asked, "I am going to punish you lightly because I understand where I went wrong, but you could have licked my feet and asked for forgiveness, begging for me to listen to your plight and feelings." I said degrading here, "Like a proper slave asking to tell their Mistress their feelings. That is what I expect next time," I finished.

I took a bite of food, and her face was crimson as we now knew others could hear our conversation. "Now eat; I need to think about what I am going to do with you later," I raised my hand as a walking past waitress walked nearby. "Excuse me, can I get a couple of glasses of water and a drink for her?"

Soon, Violet ordered a drink, and I continued on with my food, and the conversation ended. Still, I had to get up for another plate. The international food this time was excellent.

Chapter 27: Training Begins

Dinner was boring and not worth much, but I realized more and more I was receiving looks from others. All were of disapproval, but Violet's expression was more of a blush and the shame of being that humiliated woman. I had to keep my face solid, but that was the second time today that people were getting in my face, and I was annoyed. I finished my food and got another plate to enjoy while Violet finished her own food.

My mind was wandering, and I wasn't really paying much attention as I thought more and more about what I was going to do to this older woman in front of me. Something inside me always loved when older women wanted to be with me. I had an attraction that I could not deny. Hilda and Sophia were perfect examples of me loving putting women in their place; I just loved doing it.

Watching their bodies quiver and tremble after my massive Futanari cock shoved itself up into their wombs and destroyed their sense of reason and ability to think or move. I loved it, and I loved putting them under me and fucking them unconscious till they begged and screamed for mercy. Then I would make them orgasm under me again despite that scream for mercy. I loved

it and wanted to do it more and more the more I thought about it. The woman in front of me awoke that drive inside me despite that taboo that I refused to think about.

As long as I didn't think about it, it was wrong, and I couldn't think of what I wanted to do. I wanted her to scream and beg for mercy in a way that I simply didn't think about with Chun Yan. Chun Yan was actually not even doing much more than putting my condom-covered cock into her and fucking her again and again. It was cheap and not what I was about to do to this woman in front of me.

Violet was a woman who begged me on her hands and knees for me to make her a slave through and through. I promised her that, and even if my head felt like it was on fire doing so, I did promise that, and so I would. I would make her my slave and permanently make her remember this week in her memory.

I leaned back in my chair, looking down at my finished food and cups that had been full of water moments before. I knew soon I would have a full bladder, and so would she. I made her drink a couple of drinks, and I knew that she had a couple of beers in order to relax her mind. Tonight we would stay in, I decided, but tomorrow, it was Friday, and it would be when I would parade her around like the slave slut that she was. Yes, we were in another country, and I could only go so far, but the training would begin, and I would start things tonight.

No more wishy-washy. She wanted what she wanted, and my mind, despite feeling it was on fire doing what I planned on what I was going to do, I was going to follow through. I felt like I had been challenged looking at the woman before me. It was going to be an escapade that his woman would never forget, and my father would never learn about it. This would be a secret that I would take to the grave and never speak about after this week. It was so dark and wrong as it was breaking a taboo, even as I hated to admit it.

My cock was hard thinking about breaking it, and I stood slowly, surprising Violet. "We are going," I told her, looking around, and I grinned at that man whom I told his wife to cheat on him. "Follow me," I told her, and Violet was startled as I walked to the man and woman who bothered me earlier.

"Then Dave was talking about the Richards file, and I couldn't believe his idea," The man said to his wife, who looked like she was about to die of boredom.

"Wow, you are boring," I told him, "I just wanted you to know that I am about to put this slave in her place," I said, pointing at Violet, "I am going to be quite hard on her because of you. No matter how much she begs for mercy tonight, I am going to continue until I leave marks. I just wanted you to know in case you wondered in the middle of the night. It will be all your fault because you got into other people's business. How does that sound to you, Violet?" I asked, turning to look at her.

The man was stunned, as was his wife, and Violet was now blushing hard as I humiliated her again. "I- It sounds g- good, Mistress," Violet said, "I- I am yours t- to do with as you please,"

She finished, and I was proud of her as I could hear the struggle in her voice and the woman looked even more surprised.

I turned to look at the woman, "You can ask her if she enjoyed it tomorrow, but leave the cuck husband out of the conversation," I finished, and I grabbed Violet's hand, pulled her away, and smiled as I walked away. "Come on, slave, We have much to do tonight," I snapped, being a little louder than I should have, and I saw some eyes looking my way.

"You are being a little loud," Violet said, her voice a little shaky as she said that while we talked, I turned to look at her and raised an eyebrow.

"So?" I asked, "Do I care?" I asked her a second later, "I can slap you here and now, and it will only get your pussy wetter for what is to come," I told her and kept my voice on the same level. "I am the Mistress here, and you are the what?" I asked.

"T- the slave," Violet said, her voice trembling as she looked around. Not many people could hear what I said.

I didn't care; we were at a resort and thousands of miles from home. "Good, Don't forget it," I said, turning and acting like the bad Mistress at this moment. I was reasserting control over what I was supposed to have control over. I walked with her behind me a moment later and closed my eyes. I would have to move with this mindset from now on. I might be the younger of the two of us, but I was very much the dominant in the relationship.

Getting back to the hotel room, the atmosphere was hot already, and I knew that Violet knew what was coming. The blush on her face as I turned to look at her as I opened the door was more than enough.

She was ready.

She was willing.

She was needy.

This was happening once again.

The door closed behind us, and I walked over to the bed and remembered some things in the suitcase that would be perfect for a night like tonight. I grabbed the restraints I wanted, walked over to the bed, and looked at Violet. "Till we are on the plane back to the United States, you will be my bitch and my slave. Your punishment for acting out this morning is here. Strip to your underwear slut," I told Violet with my face devoid of emotion.

My stepmother, Violet, looked at me, her face blushing, and she looked down with a blush. Her black floral dress looked good on her. It cut down to her substantial breasts, and you could see the lovely shape of them. Her dress showed off that cleavage without restraint, and her blush made her look good. She brought her hand up to the fabric that was covering her shoulder and

slipped down one side, followed quickly by the other side, bringing her large breasts into my vision. It was a picture of my future and the genetic lottery I won as they almost defied gravity a little with their shape. A moment later, she untied the band around her waist, holding the dress together and letting the fabric fall to the floor.

All that was left was Violet with her panties, which she moved to take off. "Did I tell you to take off those panties?" I asked slowly.

Violet looked shocked momentarily and then realized that I had told her to strip to her panties. Seeing her slightly tanned skin with the tan lines around her breasts was something of a visual show for me. My cock was starting to harden, but I did not let it show on my face as I walked to the bed and I told her, "Your slutty body is on display for mistress, but," I closed the distance and cupped her breast, "Your body is for me to abuse tonight," I told her and looked her in the eye, "Beg for me to abuse you slut. Beg for me to hurt you."

Violet trembled, and I saw her bite her lip, and she lost eye contact with me, and she trembled more. "Please, Mistress," Violet began, her lip quivering even though she was biting it. "Abuse this slave, Hurt me, humiliate me, pleasure me, and do what you want with me," She told me.

"That was not begging slave," I told her flatly, my hand cupping her breast let go, and I turned. "I do not believe that you want to be abused like I believed before. I want to feel that you are just a wanting masochist slut begging to be abused and humiliated for my entertainment," I turned my head and walked over to the bed, and started to set things up, "Remain silent and think about what you want to say as it will dictate what happens to you tonight," I told her my voice remaining flat despite my cock being rock hard in my pants for her. "I will ask you again, and if your answer remains so unsatisfactory, then you will remain wet and unsatisfied, and I will go to bed somewhere else."

Violet looked at me, shocked, like I was supposed to react differently. Like I was supposed to give her what she wanted, I moved, preparing the restraints on the bed for what I wanted to do. I forgot I had these bed restraints from the box, and preparing them now would prepare them for the rest of the week. We would be making use of them after all, and I was surprised that Samantha had sent them.

The silence in the room was only broken by my motions as I put together the bed restraints and put them in the position more down at the end of the bed and halfway up the bed where I wanted her restrained. When I thought I got it, I finished putting it together, put the cuffs on the bed, and turned to her.

Lazily, I stretched from lifting the mattress and walked over to the wanting woman again, and I smiled softly. "Well, I am interested in what you have to say now, Slut. Do you have words for me?" I asked.

Violet looked at me, and I felt her shiver and saw the desire in her face. She was ready to demean herself in order to beg now, and I could see her panties start to dampen as I stood in

front of her once again. My cock was pressed against my pants without me realizing it, and she shivered as she slowly got down on her knees.

"Mistress!" Violet suddenly shouted loudly in the room, "I beg of you, Please, Please, PLEASE! Treat this slut like your Masochistic whore," She looked up at me and saw my cock, "Use me as a cumdump, ABUSE ME! PLEASE, Parade me around like a slut, I will do anything you ask! Please, Pay attention to me and make this slut cum. My pussy is dripping, and I need it; I want it so badly after that first taste. After we separated this afternoon, I spent all day masturbating, and nothing came close to a moment of what you did to me that other night. I beg of you! PLEASE," Violet dropped her face to the floor and pressed her forehead against it at my feet, "I'll do anything! PUNISH ME! ABUSE ME AS YOU WISH!" She cried out, and I felt my cock throbbing from her begging, and I couldn't help the smile on my face.

I shuddered as this felt good in a way I could not describe to anyone who had never felt it. And my pants were getting wet from precum, and my panties were dripping a little. I slowly took off my shoes and stepped out into my bare feet. I lifted a foot, placed it atop her head, and pressed down. "Remember this, Slut," I said, "You're my whore, and you will do what I say whenever I say you do it. If I walk out of this room with you in tow naked, you will show your body off, however I choose to make you do so," I said, ensuring my voice was cold and detached.

"Y- Yes, Mistress!" Violet said, her face pressed by my foot against the floor.

I waited a moment in silence and smiled, feeling something primal in my control shivering, and I loved this feeling. I stepped off her a couple of moments later and ordered, "Head on the end and spread your limbs where the restraints are slut. You have three minutes to get in place before this ends," I told her, and I walked over to the suitcase, picking up the toys I was thinking of. The flogger was the one that I would be using the most, but there were a couple of toys that would offset the pain, and I grinned as I picked up a clit sucker. This thing used air to stimulate the clit with increasing settings, and I had one for remote play that was less powerful.

The variety of toys I had was a little startling, but I smiled and turned to see my stepmother. No, I saw Violet lying with her head on the end of the bed, her legs spread to the cuffs on the middle of the bed, and her arms stretched to the corners, and I smiled. I was just about right, and I walked back over as I looked at the woman just in her panties, and she looked amazing. Such a beautiful woman never got what she wanted from her husband and now was laying herself out for me, anticipating what I was going to do to her. It was beautiful, and I looked forward to doing anything and everything I wanted to do for her.

I was down a rabbit hole and was now moving with the technicolor wonderland I was in now. I didn't care, and I walked to the end of the bed, reached down, and started to cuff her to the bed one cuff at a time. It took moments for her to be strapped to the bed loosely, then I began to tighten each of the restraints slowly, making sure she could not move an inch, and I saw her black panties get even more damp as I did so.

The smell of her need started to fill the room as I worked ever so slowly to increase the excitement and interest. Looking down upon the older woman, who was only eighteen years older than me, I smiled slowly. I showed her the little toy before I put her head between my legs and reached down to her panties. My hand slipped into the swamp that was starting to build, and I found her swollen clit, and I heard her moan as I touched it. My hand was not there to please her at this moment; instead, I put the clit sucker against her clit and slowly made sure it was in place for what was next. Then, when I felt I had it in the right place, I made sure her panties were kept in place, and I noticed I could see the button to turn the setting to a higher setting easily through her panties.

All was set, and the bitch was tied up and helpless for what was to come. I was developing this cunt for what I was going to do to it later. Everything was for later, and my smile grew more sinister as I stepped back. I could see her looking up at me with excitement and expectation, and I reached down to my shirt and slowly lifted it, showing off my bra-covered breasts and a moment later, I undid my pants.

I pushed down my pants and wasn't even done when my sixteen-inch fat futanari cock throbbed and showed itself to her. I stood with my cock pulsing and throbbing above her head as she gazed up at its majesty as I finished taking off my pants. A moment later, I moved to remove my panties as well, and I stood with a throbbing erection.

My cock was in front of her face and was a towering reminder of what was going to happen tonight. I couldn't see her facial expression from where I stood, but I didn't need to, as her panties got wetter by the second I stood above her. My hand grabbed the flogger a second later, and I reached down toward her panties, and the clit sucker turned on a second later.

"Ah~!" A squeal of pleasured surprise erupted from the woman under me, and I leaned down more, pressing my cock against her breasts as I reached for the clit sucker and turned it up a setting watching her hips twitch. "Ah~! It feels good!" She cried out in surprised pleasure once again.

"Get ready for your punishment slut," I said, my voice flat among her pleasured moans. Then, I brought that flogger down on her exposed thighs for the first time tonight. The light woosh of air filled the room as it came down on her thigh, slapping with a heavy thud, striking her on her sensitive inner thigh, making her squeal a little. My hand quickly retracted the leather, and I grabbed it with my other hand as I brought the flogger down on her other thigh a second later.

"EEEP! That hurts!" Violet cried out with a moan at the back of her throat, and I lightly dipped my hips and felt my balls against her forehead. "Ahh! Mistress, please, use me more!" She cried out suddenly as I moved forward, and my balls ticked against her nose as I felt her sharply breathe through her nose as I did so.

My hand reached and pressed the clit sucker, and finally, I could hear the sound of the toy working against her clit audibly, even as her hips started to rock. Her legs trembled as the clit

sucker worked just on her clit, and I smiled as I brought the flogger down on her thighs twice more.

Thud!

Thud!

The flogger hit her thighs, sending pain with that pleasure as she squeaked, "EEEP!" The pain laced together with the pleasure, making her hips thrust up into the air as she cried out, "SO GOOD~! IT HURTS SO GOOD MISTRESS~!" I heard, and the night had barely begun. Her pleasure was obvious, and so I whipped her more, making her moan and cry out how good it felt as my cock throbbed above her head.

My need was growing, and her cries of pleasure and pain filled my ears as I stood above her flogging those thighs as Violet screamed out like a slut begging for more. Violet was entirely into the play, and my cock was throbbing as I barely retained some semblance of sanity and I wanted her to feel even more pain.

Instead of flogging her, I reached down with my hand, "You enjoying this Slut?" My voice asked, wanting her to feel more pain than pleasure.

"YES~! MISTRESS~! PLEASE~! IT FEELS GOOD~!" Violet cried out as things were just starting, and I saw her hips thrusting up and down as she got closer and closer to her first orgasm of the night.

"Then cum!" I snapped, and my hand came down hard on her pussy. Then her thighs and then her breasts as I started to assault her with my hands.

Smack!

“AH~!”

SMACK!

“AH~! MISTRESS~!”

SMACK!
SMACK!
SMACK!

"MISTRESS~! MISTRESS~!" I heard her cry out as I smacked her breasts, then I grabbed both and pulled her nipples up harshly before slapping her breasts again, "CUMMING~! EEEEP~! CUMING~!" Violet cried out at the sudden onslaught of pain and pleasure together, and I watched as her panties could not contain the squirt of pleasure up onto the bed as she orgasms.

Her hips thrust up into the air, straining against the restraints in a weird X formation as she sprayed her ejaculate on our bed, and I looked down at her. I stepped back and left her moaning on the bed as I walked over to the suitcase and picked up a toy. This time, it was a men's prostate massager, but I did not care. I grabbed the lube and lubed it up as I heard the bitch behind me moan as the clit sucker continued to work.

I walked up to the side of the bed, and I looked at the woman as her legs trembled and tried to move her hips away from the clit sucker. "Enjoy your first orgasm, Slut?" I asked as I reached the side of the bed.

"Mistress~, please, use me as you like," Violet moaned, sounding like a broken record, "It feels so good," She moaned, blissed out on her recent orgasm.

Instead of listening more, I realized that now was a time for me to do what I wanted with a MILF for the entire night. My heart thumped a little harder than normal, and my cock was throbbing and leaking a bit of precum, but now was not the time to start taking my pleasure. Things were not prepared for this slut to take me.

I got on the bed and felt my ass was a little wet from her squirting not long ago. I reached forward and pushed aside her panties a little, exposing the clit sucker and her pussy with a little asshole. "Stop moving," I ordered, and even in her blissed-out state, she stopped moving and moaned.

"Yes, Mistress~!" Violet cried a moment later, stilling herself although her hips trembled.

I reached down, and I found her little asshole quivering. I did not give her time to think as I pressed the prostate massager against her asshole, and I watched as her head jumped up to look down at what I was doing before I pushed it in. Her unsuspecting asshole never had time to clench as I shoved a four-inch massager inside her, and it pressed against her vaginal canal. Then I pressed the control and turned it to the max setting before she started to moan even louder. Then I took my time putting her panties back into place as she moaned.

"MISTRESS~! MISTRESS~! WHAT IS THAT~! IT FEELSS SSOOOOO SOOOO GOOOD~!" Violet moaned out, and my hand started to slap her thighs, making her hips jump, and I didn't stop.

"Cum like a pain slut again, Whore, cum!" I snapped as her body jumped off the bed, and I slapped her thighs again and again with strength.

"NOOOO~! NOOO~! MISTRESSS~! MORE~! NO MORE~! I~! I~! I~! I~! I AM CMMING~!" She cried out, her voice turning into a broken record as her pussy erupted, but I didn't stop, and her screams reached a new peak as she squirted again all over the bed as I slapped her thighs. Her feet tried to escape the restraints, and her arms pulled against the restraints to try and reach down to stop the onslaught of pleasure and slaps assaulting her and she cried out as her legs were now red with my hand prints all over them as she was reaching a new peak and this time I slapped her cunt.

"NNNNWWWOOOOO~! I~! I AM~! I AM CUMMING~! I AM CUMMING AGAIN~!" Violet screamed out as she quickly reached a new peak, and I slapped her thighs more and more as she continued to assault my sense of reason with her fevered orgasmic screams.

My cock was throbbing, and I needed attention myself, and so I stood. I walked around the bed, stopping for a couple of moments as her hips rocked in the air with a fresh, smaller squirt to give her what she wanted. I slapped her breast, sending a fresh shiver of pain through that pleasure, and her pussy erupted once again with a larger orgasm. I finished walking to the end of the bed as she struggled to breathe as she rode orgasm after orgasm.

I stood with my cock above her head and grabbed her by the throat, "Open your mouth, Slut; no teeth or I break them," I told her, my body more or less moving on its own now, and I watched her open her mouth with strings of saliva already ready for my entry. I didn't even think as I shoved my massive cock into her mouth, and it was like a sheath at this moment. Pleasure shivered through my needy body, and one hand remained on her throat as I moved my hips back and forth, moving the head of my cock inside her small mouth. Her tongue worked the top of my cock as I moved while the other hand started to slap her breasts. I watched her hips move and dance as the toys fucked her pussy, bringing her closer and closer to another orgasm.

My hips and body moved on instinct, and I pulled out and looked at her needy face as she looked into mine. And at this moment, there was no stepmother-stepdaughter relationship. This was a relationship between two women, one the dominant and the other the submissive, with the stepdaughter in complete control. I felt complete control, and my voice rang in the night, "Breathe," I ordered, and I watched her breasts rise as she took a breath like ordered. My cock shoved home blocking her throat a second later. I felt her throat expand under my hand as I shoved half my massive futanari cock into her throat pussy. My hips started to rock as my hands got to work, slapping her breasts hard, which were already a deep red from the abuse I already inflicted.

Her body rocked, her hips thrust up into the air, and her body trembled and shivered as I watched her pussy squirt in a massive orgasm as her throat tightened on me. My mind was blank, and I didn't care as I reached my first orgasm. And I did not care if she could breathe as I sent a massive wave of semen down her throat without care. My mind turned white as I thrust in and out of her throat, and I pulled back and released the last rope over her face and chest as she struggled to breathe.

"Ha, Ha, Ha," Violet struggled to breathe, "A- Amazing~! You are Amazing, Angela," Violet moaned as her body flopped to the bed. "Ah~! It is sooo~ Goood~!" She moaned as her hips started to rock, and my cock throbbed. I looked at the woman before me, and I wanted more. My cock wanted more, and I wanted to fuck her hard.

I moved without thought, and I was on the bed in a flash, and her dripping wet cunt was before me as I pushed aside her panties. I looked at the greedy hole with a clit sucker still on it, and I lined my cock up and thrust in.

Something primal in me roared, and I growled as she moaned, "OH GOD~! NOW~! YOU'RE SO BIG~! BIGGER THAN YOUR FATHER~!" She cried out, and my cock rammed up into her as my brain was on fire and my hips thrust back and forth with the slaps of my thighs hitting hers as I started to fuck her hard as her pussy was so moist that no lube was needed. I never fucked such a wet cunt, and my cock glided in and out without mercy. My hips moved hard and fast, and she was screaming, "OH GOD~! GOD~! MERCY~! TOO MUCH~! TOOO MUCH~! CUMMING~! CUMMING~!" She screamed as her cunt tightened up on me, and a spray of fluids hit my stomach. In return, I slapped her breast making her scream louder as I fucked her hard.

My cock glided inside her hard and fast as her pussy walls tightened on my raw cock as I fucked her hard and fast without a thought in my head. My need was too great, and she couldn't move or struggle. Her pussy orgasmed on my cock again and again, and I roared, "TAKE IT SLUT~! YOU STUPID CHEATING SLUT~!" I snapped as I rammed my cock home deep inside her pushing against her cervix and beyond into a place I should never have been again. My hips trembled along with my legs as suddenly my head blanked, and I released my seed deep inside of her as her pussy spasmed all over my cock, making my ejaculation straight into her womb even larger as pleasure assaulted us both.

Taboo after taboo was broken, and my mind was blank with need and desire for a woman I should not lust after. Not a thought of the taboo was in my mind, though, as the woman orgasmed all over my cock as I finished my orgasm straight into her womb. Nothing was in my head but my desire for the beautiful needy woman I had my cock balls deep in. I didn't even think more as I pulled out, only to shove myself right back in as I leaned down and I kissed her open mouth and told her, "We are only starting tonight, Slut. You are mine all week, and you asked for this. Now it is time to learn what happens when you beg me to do anything to you," I told the bitch harshly, and my cock went to work deep inside her, plundering her depths and turning her into what could only sound like a dying animal.

I hope the walls here are thick and the soundproofing is good. A small rational thought broke through, only to get lost in the pleasure of the slaps of my thighs against hers as I started to power fuck her cunt. My cock, balls, and stomach dripping with the squirts of a wanting woman as I continued to ravish her to completion throughout the night.

Chapter 28: New Morning Routine

Quiet music played as I gripped soft, supple flesh with my fingers. I moaned as my cock was snuggled deep in something hot, wet and warm. A head of hair rested in the nook of my neck, and their pussy tightened softly, licking my hard morning wood. My mind was foggy, and the music was not the typical alarm I put on my phone.

My mind finally settled on the alarm, and my hand blindly reached past Crystal to grab the phone. Much to my surprise, I couldn't reach it, and my eyes opened to assist in shutting off the damn alarm when I realized that the person in my arms and that my cock was inside of was not my girlfriend.

It was Violet instead, and my mind refused to accept that fact for a moment or two, and I groaned. God, What was I doing?

My mind blanked for a moment, and then I remembered my will. She asked for it. She asked for it, and she wanted it. I willed myself to train her to be my slave, which she wanted. Violet was the one who asked for this, and I promised despite the fact that I never believed that she would have taken me up on it. It was a promise; she got down on her hands and knees, bowed, and swore as she shamed herself and humiliated herself in reverence to me for not even a full week of training.

My will started returning, and I realized I forgot to wear a condom last night, which was not good. But, now, I should just move forward without caring. Stop thinking about it and do it. Resolve myself to put Violet in her place and train her into my perfect slave who does not even think about resisting a single order.

That was my promise, and that is what I would do.

Just don't think too much about it.

My cock throbbed inside the woman in my arms, and I decided that I could continue. My cock throbbed more with that thought, and I turned, pushed Violet down onto the bed, and spread my legs with my breasts pressed against the back of her head as I pushed myself back up and thrust my cock deep inside her. A moan escaped her lips, and I moaned myself, refusing to think more about it as her pussy tightened in response. The folds of her cunt were moist already with my seed and her need as I slowly pulled back and thrust into the wanting bitch. Even asleep, she was thinking of taking my fat cock, and I thrust into her, and I heard her moan even louder.

My arms were in a push-up position, and I started to move my arms with my legs and hips, pulling out several inches before thrusting all the way back in with my cock hitting her perfect ass. Violet moaned loudly, "Oh, Mistressh," into the sheets, "Mistressh, Mistressh. So Big!" She moaned, and I felt her pussy tighten up as I thrust in and out of her faster and harder. My cock was throbbing, and somehow my balls felt full and ready to release a massive load as I continued to thrust into her.

I started to moan louder and louder, fueling her need and making her pussy tighten up more on my cock in this overly vanilla fuck as I barely had just woken up. My hand pushed her head into the mattress hard as I was reaching my peak when I felt her cunt start to tighten somehow even harder. Then her legs started to shake as I continued to pound her womb with my cock as I brought myself to the edge inside her, and her pussy gushed and spasmed as I released my first load of the day inside her tight pussy. My eyes rolled back a little, and her body trembled

under my might as I thrust with each rope of my cum being released deep inside her tasty pussy.

Fuck I love older women. It was put to good use, and the texture of her insides was amazing as she gripped and spasmed on my cock. I loved it, and my mind blanked a little as I thrust fresh, hot semen into her till my ejaculation finished. As I finished, I pulled out, and a small squirt of semen dripped onto her ass as I pulled back and pushed off the bed.

"Ah, Finishing inside a stupid slut in the morning is the best feeling," I said, stretching as Violet trembled on the bed with a massive creampie. Looking her over, I shuddered and shook my head. I wasn't willing to think about what I had just done in logical terms. This was my slave, and it was her job to do anything I wanted. "Still, I think you deserve some punishment. Cumming before your Mistress and making me do the work? What a fucking greedy, lazy slave. I should wake up to you sucking me off or riding my cock without having to do anything."

Violet was shivering on the bed, seemingly unable to move with her legs spread out with cream coming out of her cunt. Her legs trembled slightly, and her toes curled up from the pleasure. I couldn't see her arms as they were under the pillows while her head rested to the side on the mattress. Her eyes looked blank from what I could see, and I stepped forward and brought my hand down on a red ass, reverberating a slap throughout the quiet room.

"AH!" A cry of surprise and pain woke the slave up from her post-orgasm bliss, and she turned to look at me as her breasts heaved up and down. They jiggled in the best way as she looked at me surprised.

"Ah, you are not listening to your Mistress now?" I asked, my voice of contempt. "How dare a slave not listen to their Mistress?"

My voice was like a whip, and Violet paled a little as she realized her mistake, "S- Sorry, Mistress, I-" Violet started to get up as I looked at her and held up a hand, stopping her.

"No, I don't care for your apology; you will listen and do. Now, when I wake up tomorrow, it will be with my cock in your mouth. Followed after you swallow my first load without leaking a drop with your pussy surrounding my cock tightly. You will ride it till I release another load without any complaint. If I do not wake up to that, and for the rest of this stupid trip you dragged me on, you will be punished with a night of chastity as you watch me do someone else without even being able to masturbate. Do you understand?" I told her, and her face paled, and she nodded, scared.

"Y- yes, Mistress," Violet said, and I pointed to my cock, raising an eyebrow.

My cock throbbed with her juices and my semen covering it. "Clean up after yourself," I said, my voice flat as if guiding a poorly taught student. The blush of shame on her face as she got up to try to move, fell over herself, and hit the bed again. Violet's blush turned even deeper as she fell and returned to follow my orders. In doing so, her legs got tangled in the blankets as she turned around, and she was horizontal on the bed as she fell back onto her face as she got caught.

I watched as Violet's blush reached her ears, making even her ears appear red as she picked herself up and kicked off the blankets. She finally reached my cock as I stood there with a look that someone could only read as disapproving to the max. The scorn on it was palpable, and I continued to stare at her as she reached up and grabbed my massive cock dripping with her fluids and my own. I watched without reaction as she slowly stroked it and opened her mouth.

Finally, she took the head of my cock into her mouth and kissed the tip, and sucked out a little bit of semen that seemed to have gotten caught inside my cock. Then I kissed the tip and started to slowly lick around the head of my cock, giving it the attention it most definitely deserved. She was slow and methodical as she took the head of my cock into her mouth, licking it all over dozens of times as she sucked on it, then pulled back. My cock popped out of her mouth, and she licked down the edge, licking it all over and cleaning it up as her hand stroked closer to the base while the other held her body up, stopping her from falling over.

Her tongue moved up and down the length of my cock. First, the underside, slowly licking up the cum from her creampie, and then, with a bit more effort, the juices left over from her cumming all over my cock again and again. She licked more and more, cleaning up after herself, and she moved to the side of my cock, then slowly to the other side before working her way to the top of my cock slowly sending shivers of more and more pleasure.

I basked in the pleasure but did not change my expression as if everything she was doing was nothing. It was amazing, and I was starting to struggle to keep myself from cumming as she finished cleaning the top of my cock. My cock throbbed with need, and I grabbed her head as she finished cleaning. I smiled as I pulled her head back and made her look up at me. "Open your mouth pussy," I ordered, and she opened her mouth, showing me her tongue. My smile turned sinister as I put the tip of my cock on her tongue, and I shoved my cock down her throat without care.

Instantly she choked on my cock, but I did not care in the least as I heard her gag on my cock. I shoved my cock deep into her throat and pulled back till just the tip was left in as I was already close to the peak, and I shoved my cock back in, making her gag and choke on my massive futanari cock. It didn't take much, and I moaned as I quickly reached my peak. I told her, "Swallow it all slut, without spilling a drop," I quickly followed up after a moment as my head was starting to blank out, "Or else," my warning rang out, and I shoved my cock in deep.

My cock moved in and out, the sound of her gagging filling the room as her eyes started to water. Tears started to fill Violet's eyes as I fucked her throat as I reached my peak, and I just did not care. My balls started to throb, and half my cock was covered in her saliva, no longer clean, and I released my seed without warning straight into her mouth as I continued to fuck her throat.

Semen and Saliva started to hit my stomach as I fucked her throat, and the pleasure took my head. I did not care in the least as I continued to release my load into her mouth and throat. I could hear her struggling under me as she was gagging and trying not to cough as I fucked her throat pussy. The wet sloppy noises of my throat fuck filled the room, and I pulled back a little,

looking down at my slave in disappointment as the last rope of cum covered her face with thick seed as she coughed a load of semen down onto the floor as I pulled out.

"Tsk, Tsk, Tsk," I clicked my tongue as I returned to myself, and she coughed a thick load of cum onto the floor. "I told you to keep it clean, and you made a massive mess," I shook my head, "A punishment is definitely in store for your slut body," I said and grabbed her by the hair as she struggled to regain her breath and I pulled her off the bed much to her surprise as pain laced her head. "Come on, Slave. Shower time!" I told her, pulling her suddenly over to the bathroom. She fell off the bed and quickly got up on her hands and knees to follow after me. As I opened the bathroom door, I had to lean down to drag her properly.

Things moved so quickly that she was still coughing and struggling when I shoved her into the shower and turned on the water at full blast at a lukewarm temp. She gasped as the cold water sprayed her first before warming up. I stepped in, and I looked down at her, and I wondered what I should do with this slut. My cock was still throbbing, and I didn't understand why I was still so horny. I was doing things to this woman, this Milf, and I was enjoying it more than I should.

Violet felt great, and I hated that I was enjoying this as she gasped on the shower stall floor. I reached down and grabbed her by the hair and made her recovering face look up at me. She looked abused, and her hair was scraggy, unlike normal, after a night of attention from me. Adding to this morning, I could even see semen stringing in her hair. I pulled her up to her feet, and she gasped as water poured into her mouth as I lifted her.

"Stand, you stupid bitch; I am going to finish the new morning routine before I take you out for further training." I almost snapped my voice full of anger, "Hands against the wall, ass out so I can dump another load into your dumpster pussy."

Violet looked up at me with surprise and lust that her tortured appearance just added to tell me what a Masochist slut this woman actually was. Her need was more than apparent, and she told me that I was not wrong in my assumptions in the past. This needy bitch wanted me to do whatever I wanted with her.

She moved on instinct almost, pressed her hands against the shower wall, and stuck out her ass on trembling legs in a couple of seconds. My cock throbbed as I watched her legs shake, and I moved behind her without another word; as I watched her pussy drip a load of my cum onto the shower floor, I pushed the tip of my cock against her pussy once again.

"Oh, Mistress, fill me, please," Violet moaned.

"Shut the fuck up, Slave." I snapped back, "I am fucking disappointed in you this morning. You will be punished in a way that even I don't know. But you will be joining me in my morning run," I told her, watching her shiver as she knew what that entailed. "Never know when I need to dump a load of cum in the ocean or in a random bathroom somewhere."

I watched her shiver and I grinned as I watched her mouth open to say something but I shoved my cock right into her once again. My cock glided in on semen and her juicy swollen pussy as I pressed against her cervix and went a little past it making her pussy grip my cock harder.

"OH FUCK! SO BIG! SO MUCH BIGGER THAN YOUR-!" Violet started to cry out and I reached out and slapped her face as she started to suddenly orgasm on my cock but ending her words at the same time.

Her pussy spasmed and my other hand slapped her swollen ass. "SHUT THE FUCK UP SLAVE!" I snapped, pulling back and shoving my cock back in hard, "I DON'T GIVE A FUCK~! TAKE MY COCK, BITCH~!" I yelled out as I pulled her head back just as I fucked her hard.

I shoved my cock in and out of her spasming pussy as she sprayed me with a different clear liquid than the shower. I didn't care. This was no lovemaking as I started to shove my cock in and out of her harder and harder. Her cries filled the bathroom as I fucked her hard.

"Mistressh~! MISSTRESSH MERCY~! TOO HARD~! CUMMING~! CUMING~! OH GOD~! CUMMING~!" Violet started to scream out, and I started to slap her ass. As I shoved my cock in and out of her, her body trembled under the assault of pleasure I sent her way. "OH FUCK~!"

"SHUT~! THE~! FUCK~! UP~!" I yelled over her screaming body as I shoved my cock in and out of her harder and harder as my cock throbbed. My balls and cock throbbed harder and harder and I was reaching my peak as she cried out and was reaching peak after peak as I felt her orgasm more and more.

"MISSTRRESSSSHHHH~!" She screamed out just as I reached my peak, and I released a massive load into her once again. My body trembled as her pussy spasmed on my cock. Her swollen pussy spasmed.

I filled her womb directly and pulled out, leaving her trembling on the wall as I released a couple of ropes of semen onto her back. "Slut," I said as I released another rope on her back, "Wash me," I told her as I finished ejaculating.

Her body trembled, and she looked at me with lust-filled eyes. Her legs didn't close, and cum dripped from her cunt, and her body looked weak. She picked up the body wash and I stood before her, and she started to wash my body. I could see that she was having issues with the change of pace things were taking. Her body was trembling and her eyes were full of lust as she reached down to my cock. I could see she wanted to stroke it and suck it, and when she went to do that I stopped her with my hand on her hand.

"We have other things to do, Slave," I told her sternly, "Body wash only and hands only. You will not make me cum again. If you do, I will double your punishment," I told her and watched her body shiver. I could see her indecision for a couple of moments as she thought about disobeying me.

I needed to work that out of her.

Violet, after a moment, then got to work washing my cock then moved onto the rest of my body. She took her time washing every part of my body when she was done. Then I watched as she washed her own. I could see her issue with her swollen cunt as she cleaned up downstairs, but I remained silent. Then she washed her hair and I realized I needed to do the same. I took my own shampoo and decided to work it out.

Not long after, we both stepped out of the shower, and I smiled as I walked her over to the suitcase, much to her question. "Well, Slave," I said as I walked her out, "The punishment is here, and I am showing you this suitcase for a reason," I told Violet, who looked at me with curiosity, excitement, and trepidation. "Pick two toys, Slut," I said with a smile as Violet shivered.

"W-What are we doing with them?" Violet asked, looking at the case of toys.

I smiled, "Your punishment. Now shut the fuck up and pick them; we have places to be Slut," I snapped at her, my voice strict.

Violet shivered on trembling legs, her naked body a wonderful visual for the eyes as she looked down. Trepidation filled her as she looked down to decide her punishment without knowing what was in store.

Chapter 29: Sinister Beads

My feet hit the sand, and Violet struggled to keep up behind me as I moved much slower than normal. Her jogging with a bright, blushing face was something to be seen and enjoyed. I knew she was struggling right now, even after I put off half her punishment because she chose something a little too harsh. But I was looking forward very much to inserting the second half of her struggle today.

For now, her body was in a white sports bra and yoga pants with a nice little surprise pushing against her clit. Her legs trembled from this morning's run, and I didn't make her do even half my run as she dripped with sweat all over. It was a light run and almost a walk for me, but I could not take her too far in her current condition.

"C- Can we go back?" Violet asked, her voice shaky, and I smiled at her.

"Sure, You can go back," I said, letting her go, "I want to finish a bit of my run at my speed when you get back in the room. Clean yourself up and prepare to go for breakfast. I will continue with your punishment's second half when we return. Prepare yourself," I ordered her, and Violet nodded.

We were back on our beach from the run, and I could tell she could not take it any longer. She probably would piss herself if we waited out any longer too. I never allowed her that morning bathroom break either before we came out for a run. Her body shook, and her legs were sore from my abuse last night and this morning.

I was being merciful, letting her smile as Violet looked at me with relief, "Thank you, Mistress," She said with heartfelt relief. She turned to walk away, and I watched her go without saying anything and chuckling as she did so. She didn't know what was going to hit her when we got back, and I wanted to enjoy some more fun disciplining her.

She asked for it, and I now absolutely refused to think about any consequences of my actions. I simply could not do so and not go a little crazy. Instead, I turned back to the beach, and I started to run and let my mind relax. There was nothing but the sand, my feet hitting the sand, and I needed to take the soft ground into account. I loved the sand under my feet and how malleable it was. It tried to make me slide and trip up, and it was harder to run on than concrete, but I loved the challenge.

Running into full-out sprints was amazing, and I loved it. I saw a woman start jogging, looking at me and a couple of men as I ran around, letting my body relax. Without realizing it, I was stressed as hell on this trip. I knew it and was trying to stay away from thinking about the reason why I was stressed, but as I ran, my mind finally settled on the damn reason for my stress.

Violet.

Violet was my stressor, and I was fucked in the head for following through with a promise I should never have made. What the fuck was I even thinking about making that offer then. She only caught me being a Dominatrix, not anything illegal. I didn't do anything wrong, but I wanted to throw things in her face in a vain attempt to make her back off. Make her leave me alone and run back her words.

Now I have to deal with literally training her and her body.

How the fuck did this happen?

To make matters even worse, it was my fault for proposing it!

How could I know that she would take it up?

How could I know that she was this desperate for love and attention?

My mind blanked, and my feet started to run on the sand even harder as I turned to run back the other way. The Morning heat on my skin licking at me. My mind was blanked out running as I tried to run past my stress. The stress of training a woman that I should never train. To put her in her place despite the fact that I had already more than started. Who was in our room getting ready right now, excited for me to come back and do more evil and cruel things to her?

FUCK!

My body started to sweat in the heat, and my legs were starting to get sore from my lack of taking breaks in the middle of my sprints. I slowed down, and I couldn't help but look out into the ocean and see the tide heading out. The waves hit the shore, filling my ears with the calm, soothing waves threatening to calm those in the throes of anger.

"FUCK! FUCK! FUCK! FUUUUUUUUUUUCCCCCCCCCCCKKKKKKKKKK~~!" My voice cursed out at the top of my lungs. My anger at myself for bringing myself here to this point in time. It was my own doing, and although Violet had a major role to play, I was the driving force. I refused to back down, but Violet had started the begging. I hated myself a little inside for going this far, but I had already passed the point of no return, right?

This would end on Sunday.

On Monday, I would go to my girlfriend's house, and I could stay there and enjoy her embrace. Fuck the living daylights out of her and go to school and do the same to Sarah, Tracy, and Alex. I would do that and enjoy it and forget about this week. I would forget about it and refuse to tell anyone what happened between Violet and me.

"You seem stressed," I heard a soft voice startling me. I turned, looking surprised at a woman standing there wearing sportswear like myself. She wore a blue sports bra and blue yoga pants that ended halfway down her shins. She looked at me with a soft smile, and I looked her up and down for a moment before I shook my head. "Oh, you are saying you are not stressed? Then what were those curses out at the ocean for?" Her inquisitive voice pointed out the obvious.

"I am stressed," I told her, not caring, "I made a mistake. Need to move forward and complete what I started, though," I told her, "Still, my mind is having a hard time grappling with what I am doing." I told this random woman.

"Then just put your utmost effort into it and do it to the best of your ability. Regrets or not, you will feel better that at the end you will have done an amazing job in the end," The woman said, standing beside me as I looked out into the rolling waves. "Better to do a job that you regret to the best of your ability than to leave it half done. At least you know at the end of the day, you did the best that you could and did an amazing job. Then, regret not doing your best despite not being able to do so. I am unsure why you are so torn about this, but I think doing your best to your best ability is always the best choice," The lady said.

Looking at her, I knew she was trying her best to help a young woman yelling out into the ocean. She didn't really truly understand what she was telling me to do. I never gave her the true context. What I was doing was not something I could fill this random woman in on even as she tried. Her advice wasn't bad advice, though, and if I was going to do this and I didn't see a way out without breaking promises that I walked into with open eyes, then I should do my best.

Keeping myself firm on it was what was going to be the hardest part. I continued to look at Violet in a way that was detrimental to me, continuing what I was doing to her. It was hard to keep

myself from looking at her in the way I had been taught to for the past fourteen years. She was now my slave and woman now, and for fourteen years she had been in a much more superior position, and in these two days, she wouldn't be in that position anymore.

I turned to the woman and smiled sadly, "Thank you, I will take your advice. It was something I meant to do anyway; I am just feeling the stress of it even on vacation," I said, ending the conversation.

Seeing the curiosity in her eyes, I turned and started to jog down the beach to enforce the end of the conversation. The woman I barely paid attention to seemed to know I didn't want to talk about it and allowed me to leave without much more. I liked that, and I tried without merit for another little bit to zone out into running on the beach.

The heat of the morning Dominican sun started to rise, and the temperature started to hit me. And my legs were starting to get tight with the exhaustion on the soft, slippery ground. I turned and headed back with a lack of what I wanted from the run, but nonetheless, I planned what I was going to do to the woman waiting for me. She would receive exactly what she wanted from me, and I would make this a week that she would never forget, and I would attempt to for the rest of my life.

I ensured my results, though, and that was my determination.

What I was going to do was wrong in so many ways.

But I would do it.

Without even realizing it, I was already back at the hotel room door without a thing in my mind, and a sigh of stress escaped my lips. I would never tell Crystal about what I was going to do for the rest of this week. But I had ideas on what I was about to do. I grabbed my card and scanned into the room as my spine straightened while sweat dripped from my brow onto my sportswear.

Opening the door, the sight I expected and demanded before we went for a run was in front of me. Violet, on her hands, kneeled over with her face against the tile with her ass in the air, slightly wagging and with a thong holding the toy from earlier inside her pussy. It vibrated lightly inside the room, just enough to tease the wanting older woman in front of me with no chance of getting any relief from it.

It accompanied her on the run, and I knew it would be too much for her while she ran. She was tired and sweaty with a swollen pussy from a night of abuse, feeling sensitive from our activities. Her pussy was meant to be abused now for my pleasure, and I didn't want a moment where something wasn't inside it till we took off in the plane.

I looked down at the lonely MILF begging for my attention with her ass in the air while the door was still open. Her breasts pressed against the ground, and her little cherry nipples were hard and poking out to the right side that I could see. It was an amazing sight that I knew that my father would love to see.

He would never be able to because he was such a fucking little cuck that would seek outside his marriage instead of dominating his wanting Masochistic wife.

Something at this moment snapped in me, and it was like a click.

Something replaced my feelings for my stepmother and Father in a way that never changed up to this moment.

My feelings I could feel turned to contempt.

My contempt for the woman before me begging for her Angela to become her Mistress, Her Dominatrix. Contempt that she was willing to prostrate and humiliate herself for momentary pleasure from one of the few people in the world with whom she should never have done so. I looked upon this needy Masochist bitch and realized that I no longer had the respect of a human for her, which was still more than I felt for my father.

Look at this intelligent, Creative woman at my feet, begging for scraps and reaching this point. She reached this point due to his lack of communication and ability to simply ask the woman he promised to love and protect for the decades to come. She reached this point purely because of his own incompetence in addressing this woman's needs. They grew and grew, and I knew my stepmother's needs for years without even being in the room.

She was a Masochist through and through, and she needed a steady, sadistic hand in training her. He failed in that despite the fact that I knew he had that hand in him. I knew that my father delighted in attempting to hit a person's pain point the most, but when it came to his own woman, he was blind. A disgusting man looked outside and caused even more distress, even though I knew my stepmother would love it if I took another woman in front of her. No, the main reason why she is like this is completely because of him and his lack of control. My contempt and disgust were something that seemed to burn into my soul as I looked down at this woman and closed the door behind me. MY foot almost moved by itself, and my dirty sand-covered shoe stepped on Violet's head.

"W- Welcome back, Mistress, I- I - I did what you told me to do and prepared the bed for tonight and prepared the second toy I chose this morning on the bed for insertion," Violet cried out as I pressed my food into her hair without a reason not to. I rubbed my foot into her hair, dusting it off the sand as I looked down at her. "I- I await your orders, Mistress," Violet stuttered out.

I didn't know how she felt at this moment, but my pure contempt stopped me from caring, and I stepped off of her finally before taking off my shoes. "Clean yourself up slut," I said, my voice showing no signs of the fact I was the one to mess it up, "You look filthy with all that sand in your hair. Later we will pick a place to go to for tomorrow so I can show the city what a slut you are. Prepare yourself," I finished as I stepped past her shameful, once again dirty body.

"Y- Yes, Mistress," Violet acknowledged and headed into the bathroom, where I would soon be joining her just to water the sand and sweat off my body.

I walked deeper into the room toward the suitcase Samantha sent me and looked over the outfits I had to choose from. One of which was something nice and loose for the summer heat. I was surprised to see it in here for more dominant clothing, but I liked the look of it. They were just very loose pants that flowed down to my ankles. It would actually also completely cover the entirety of my massive Futanari cock while flaccid without needing panties in the least. I could just let it hang while going commando for once. In this heat, it sounded nice to have a bit of a breeze below, so while I heard Violet quickly showering and getting ready for breakfast, I picked out those pants and grabbed a simple white tank top that would show off my abs. I knew I would look good showing off my muscles, so I picked out this simple outfit, and I knew it would be casual.

It wasn't like I needed to look dominant in order to be dominant. It was a mindset, not a look.

I stretched my muscles and thought about what I was going to continue to do to the masochist slut that was at work cleaning the dirty sand out of her hair when I heard the shower turn off. I began to strip and let my hair out of a ponytail, letting it fall past my ass. My cock was soon quickly freed from my panties, and I felt free for the moment as I finished stripping just as Violet stepped out of the bathroom.

"I- I am finished, Mistress," Violet said, still stuttering over her words since I had taken control of the relationship.

I looked over the woman before me. Her sharp, no-nonsense features fueled my own desire so much with that desire to be owned that was glistening in them. I was sure I would grow into a beautiful, mature body one day much like hers as I grew to be her age. Her breasts, naked to my vision, were free of wrinkles despite her age, and those nipples were hard as a rock as she thought about what I was going to do to her next. Her body trembled as my gaze moved down her Double D cup breasts, and her flat stomach only had the smallest of chub and baby fat. Her hips were wide enough to give birth to more children, which she chose to never do because she hasn’t seen her child since she gave the baby up for adoption when she was 17 before she met my birth mother. Her ass had that perfect cushion to take the strikes from my hands and hips as I plunged my massive Futanari cock into her. Her body was mine as a thong kept a toy buzzing away inside her lightly.

The massive wet spot in those panties could have been from before or after the shower, but it didn't matter to me. She was presenting herself to her mistress with her hands resting lightly before her around her stomach, resting one over the other with her arms seemingly emphasizing her breasts with how she stood. Her body was beautiful, and my contempt for her was immeasurable as we had reached this point.

My look of contempt was obvious as I looked her over once more, and I could see and feel the excitement that she had as I looked at her like this. "Present the second half of your punishment to your mistress, Slave." My voice finally replied after looking her over multiple times.

"Y- Yes, Mistress," Violet replied with barely constrained excitement.

Violet reached over to the bed which, atop of resting upon a white hand towel, grabbed from the bathroom and remained unused, laid a long string of anal beads for the more Masochistic of women. I had to admit I wasn't sure where Samantha found it, but I was interested in buying one for Crystal when I got back. It was a long string that was at least a foot and a half long with small and large beads with different shapes along the length. One ball every inch of the way with the exception of where it would be pressed against the sphincter. There was a protrusion to plug the ass and tease the sphincter, keeping it plugged as the rest moved deep inside. A total of sixteen balls with a plug at the end. I was surprised when the contemptuous woman chose such an object as I wasn't sure how she would like it.

But now it was her punishment, and I smiled as she handed it to me with a massive blush, both hands holding out the long string of anal beads that looked intimidating even to my eye. I looked it over, picked up the lube on the hand towel, and looked at Violet, contempt dripping from my gaze. "So why did you choose this one Slut?" I asked.

Violet blushed deeply and turned her head, and my hand reached out and made her turn back to look at me. Even her ears were turning red as I looked her in the eye, and I could tell she wanted to escape from me. Violet didn't try to flee from my gaze again, though. Instead, she opened her mouth and closed it before finally getting the courage to speak up. "I- I bought some before for back home. I- I have tried to add them to my bedroom life before and used them to entice. B- but," Violet's words fell off, and now I saw the blush of shame not from excitement but of rejection from the man she loved. The one she went to originally for all this play and who should have been the one in my current position.

My contempt toward the man grew as he even rejected such an enticing offer from his wife. It showed me and told me more and more about how contemptuous of a man he was and still is. I shook my head lightly, not at her but at the man thousands of miles away right now, thinking nothing of the trip we were on. What did he have to fear, right?

I pointed to the bed, and my words came out less contemptuous than before, "Face down, ass up, Bitch," My order rang out.

"Yes, Mistress," Violet said, her excitement growing as she stuffed her face into the sheets. Her ass laid bare to me, and I smiled, looking her over. Her perfect heart-shaped ass was in sight, and her black thong came out off her ass crack, holding the toy inside her dripping cunt. "MMM," I heard Violet moan as my hand stroked her ass slowly. I reached for the thong and slowly brought it up, tightening it against her pussy before pushing it aside to expose the lightly used asshole underneath.

"Use your whore hands to spread those ass cheeks, Slut," I barked out another order, and her hands reached back and spread her ass cheeks as hard as she could. Her little slit turned a little horizontal from the forceful spreading of her asshole, but damn, it looked good. A small but noticeable urge to lick her ass entered my mind, but I shrugged it off as I instead started to lube the intimidating anal beads in my hand. My hand then caressed her thighs, forcing her to step them wider for my hand, and with my other hand, I took the lubed-up bead and began the

insertion process. The first bead was the tamest bead, being simply an Inch thick in diameter, and I brought it to her twitching little asshole before pushing it inside, making her moan.

The second bead was a half-inch that widened to a full inch, making it easier to plug in than the first one, which I pushed in quickly after the first. The third bead was sinister, though. It was a little ball at the center, no more than half an inch in diameter. The soft little blunted spikes protruded out from it, making the total diameter an inch altogether. The moan the third bead got as the sinister edges pushed into her little asshole scaping the insides of her bowels, made the slut before me tremble. I didn't pay it much mind as I watched her hands start to slip from her ass cheeks as she maintained spreading them for her Mistress. I grabbed the fourth bead, and the line of beads slowly pushed deeper in as the fourth bead meant it was more than four inches deep inside her. The fourth bead was much like the second bead, whereas this one started with an inch in diameter and then turned into an Inch and a half, starting the widening of the beads. Pushing the fourth in, I proceeded to do the same as I heard the needy bitch moan as the Fifth simple round inch-and-a-half bead pushed into her bowels. Then came the sixth, and I used a little bit more lube to ensure that the mean-looking half-inch bead at the base with inch spikes that were dull at the top pushed in, making the bitch squeal a little.

"AH! Mistress~!" Her little squeal came out, and I pushed it deeper without caring about her reaction. I brought the seventh, which reflected the interesting thing about these beads. This one was another spiked with only half an inch of spikes with a half-inch base that was dripping with lube. I pushed it in, and Violet cried out, "It- ITS SCAPING ME INSIDE~!" Her voice was a lovely moan, and I pushed onward with the next bead being an inch thick, turning into an inch and a half thick at the end. The ninth bead was another sinister bead meant to torment the Masochist with an inch-thick base with half-inch spikes. With each bead now, she cried out as the one inside her pushed deeper and scraped the inside of her ass with soft-edged latex anal beads, and her cries were music to my ears. The tenth, eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth were variations of those before, with a sinister anal bead at the twelfth. The fourteenth bead was a sinister bead with an inch-thick base and thick round bumps that were an inch long with thick rounded tips, which made her cry out, "MISTRESSSH~!" as I pushed it past her sphincter and then I pushed the beads in an inch and a half in before I shoved the anal plug at the end home locking it in a spot as she shuddered.

Her legs trembled, and her voice was a moan that was meant to make you feel pity, but I did not care. Instead, I pushed her hands off her ass cheeks, closing it from view before putting the thong back in place. Eighteen inches deep inside her, those would scrape with every step. It was not good for a run, but it was more than enough for breakfast. My hand came down hard on her ass with a loud crack of hand against the flesh, "Good slut. Now I am hungry," I said, standing, "Get dressed. Something that makes you look good. I want people to look at you and think about fucking you but never think about the eighteen inches of slut deep inside you," I told her, watching her shudder under my abuse.

I stood and walked to the bathroom naked, "You have till I finish cleaning up," I told her, "Not long, by the way; I plan just to rinse off. So no more than two minutes."

Stepping into the bathroom, my cock was hard from her moans and cries, but I ignored the hard-on. I stepped into the shower and cooled my body off with cold water, and grunted as my cock turned flaccid. I rinsed my body and avoided wetting my hair before stepping out. I quickly dried myself off and walked out to see Violet's legs trembling, but she was standing in a light white dress with a floral pattern that fell to the top of her knees. Her breasts were in a white bra that helped with the dress, as you could see deep cleavage as the dress was cut down to help 'air' the breasts during the heat. It was a lovely sundress that I knew men would love to take off their sweethearts. It showed nothing of the contemptible masochistic slut beneath, and I approved it with a nod.

I stepped past her, grabbed a white bra of my own, and put it on before the tank top and long pants I put out originally. I put on the flip flops and looked at my contemptible slave, "Come on Slut, breakfast."

With the card in hand, she struggled to keep up with her merciless Mistress. I could only wonder how long it would take before she wet her dress with her pussy fluids.

It would make quite the show.

Chapter 30: Friday Confession?

With each step, I could see her concentration moving forward as the beads inside her must be teasing that sensitive colon. She walked with her legs shivering a little as we walked through the buffet to pick out food and even as we finally sat down at a table. Her body shivered, and I smiled as I dug into my food without a care in the world. That was when something came up that I forgot about.

"Hello, Mistress," A blushing Asian beauty said to me. Chun Yan wore a beautiful floral dress this morning with a low cut to show off her breasts. Her face was lightly tinted red, showing her attraction to me at this moment, and I could see the want on her face.

I had done a number on her last night before I came back to my room, and I smiled at her. Chun Yan was a fun customer, and I would love another night with her, but that was not in the writing. "Hello, Chun Yan," I replied.

"Do you mind if I sit here?" Chun Yan asked, looking at the table beside us. I could tell that she wanted a third night even more now, and I thought about things in the back of my head. Our Contract was only for the first night, but I wasn't about to break it.

"You can, but unfortunately, I have a slave I promised to train for the rest of the week. Although I do not mind a sophisticated conversation with someone such as yourself," I said with a grin, "Unfortunately, it will only be words with each other," I finished showing her my boundaries. I could see the sadness in her eyes for a couple of moments.

I watched Chun Yan close her eyes, put her plate on the table next to ours, and finally open it. The disappointment was gone, and she smiled. "That is a shame," Chun Yan said, taking a seat next to us, turning over a coffee cup, and motioning to a waitress for coffee before picking up a fork.

I smiled and continued to eat my food while Violet looked very embarrassed and uncomfortable in her current predicament. She was being scraped with each movement of her body and unconsciously tightened up on the anal beads as the small vibrator in her pussy sent a constant shiver of pleasure through her. The torment continued through breakfast as Chun Yan turned to talk to me, which annoyed me slightly.

"So, you plan on doing any excursions?" Chun Yan asked as I took a large amount of food into my mouth.

I continued to chew, letting the silence settle in, and finally, I nodded as I finished swallowing the food. "Yes, I do plan to do one with my little Slave. I have something planned for her, and I think it would be best to do it off the property." I said, making Violet shiver as she realized that I had something planned for her in public, "But I haven't decided which one yet. It seems that we will decide when we go talk to the agents at the front of the hotel lobby," I told her with a smile.

"Oh," I could see Chun Yan realize that she wasn't going to get any more action out of me this week. It was a shame as she was quite good in bed.

But I made a promise that I intended to keep.

"Well, That is too bad, but I knew what I was in for, and I have never been treated so well from a treatment," Chun Yan said, relaxing back, "I have never gotten so relaxed before so quickly. Honestly, I am going to tell those who would be interested in your services that you are worth every penny. I have a couple more days here, but I am going to be more relaxed than ever when I get back. Thank you, Angela." Chun Yan finished with a soft smile.

"Glad to hear you enjoyed my work," I said with a smile, "It is a shame, but I will be busy with my slave for the next couple of days. It was the main reason for this trip, after all," I said, almost as if I was lamenting the fact. "Please, enjoy the rest of your time at the resort."

The conversation died off from there as we continued to eat in silence with Chun Yan nearby, enjoying the coffee the waitress continued to bring over. As I watched Violet slowly pick at her food and complete it, I asked for some water and quickly downed the entire glass in a go and had her refill it after refilling Chun Yan's coffee.

Then it was all done as I finished my food, as did Violet, and I stood and smiled at Chun Yan, ending the awkward atmosphere of a lover no longer being talked to. "I hope to enjoy your company in the future some other week, Chun Yan. You were a pleasurable partner. I look forward to seeing you later. For now, see you later," I finished talking to Chun Yan, who was smiling, and I looked at Violet, "Come on, We have a punishment to finish."

I saw both Chun Yan and Violet shudder as I said that, and I took Violet with me as I walked out of the buffet area. As we walked out, I was not entirely sure what to do with myself, but I looked out, and I knew a moment later. We walked outside under the sun, and I noticed her legs shaking a bit.

"How are you feeling?" I asked, trying to keep the smirk out of my voice.

"I- I never knew tha-that, That there were so many sensitive places inside me," Violet admitted, "M- my legs are trembling, and I want to moan."

"Well, you are free to moan and humiliate yourself to everyone around us," I replied, this time not stopping myself from smirking.

Violet shuddered again and was about to reply when a guy and his wife walked by. She closed her mouth, and her blush was very apparent as we walked toward the lobby under my direction. "I see that you don't want to humiliate yourself quite like that," I said with a grin, "But I was not lying when I said we were going on an excursion. I say something fun and exciting for you, and I can thoroughly ensure that we have some fun. There should be someone up front to help us with picking something," I said, my grin larger than ever.

Violet blushed, and I could almost see all the naughty thoughts going through her head as I insinuated I was going to do something publicly. I wasn't sure what I was going to do with her, but I knew this was part of everything that she wanted, and I was going to give it to her.

As we walked into the lobby, someone was asking for orders for drinks, and I motioned them over and asked for water. Then I noticed the person that I was looking for with a travel agency-looking tag on their shirt and a little podium that was decorated with various pictures. They were standing beside it, looking for people to talk to, and I pulled Violet with me and brought her toward the agent.

The agents smiled as they saw us coming and exclaimed, "Hola! Ladies! How are you doing? Would you like to take an excursion and see the sights around the Dominican Republic?" The agent said, "I am Lucus, and I would love to set you ladies up for something really fun!" He exclaimed as we walked across the lobby.

Violet was blushing as we walked, still full of fantasies, and I walked up to the podium and I smiled. "Yes, I think an excursion is something perfect. We are looking for something for tomorrow as we are leaving on Sunday. Got anything for us?" I asked.

"Well, I have several things, but on Saturdays, we don't have that many things running as many places use that as their day off. But!" The guy smiled, looked at me, and turned to point at a photo of a boat with what looked like people jumping into the ocean while others were drinking on the boat. "This here is a party boat that has a full boat of couples so far. Only eighteen plus and lots of booze. It will be heading to a sand bar and a coral reef with amazing sights. They have scuba diving gear, too, if you are certified for that, too. If you are not certified, though, they can't let you use that."

He sounded apologetic about that, but I thought it was good enough. I wasn't sure how I was going to tease her on the boat, but I could come up with something. Or maybe I would play with her mentally. That was something that I could do without actually needing to do something. "That sounds good," I heard Violet say, her voice sounding unsure as I didn't realize that I was thinking for a bit too long about how to tease her at the party boat.

"Is that the only thing that is adult only?" I asked.

"There is a tour of the capital, but that is on Sunday," Lucus said, making me frown.

"Okay," I said after a couple more moments, "Do you want to do a little snorkeling and partying on a boat with me?" I asked Violet.

Violet blushed and nodded, "I think it would be a lot of fun. Do you want to drink while we are on the boat?" Violet asked, and I could see the hopeful look on her face.

"Nope, But I will allow you to do so," I said with a grin, "What time do we have to be ready, and how long?" I asked.

"It is an afternoon boat ride. It will be around by one, and it will come back at around six in the evening. The boat is just down the road, so it really will not take long for you to get out there, and the party starts as soon as everyone is on board. Not a single child and everyone there will be a couple, so you don't have to worry about not fitting in," He said with a grin, and I realized that he thought Violet and I were a couple.

I was about to rebuke him in my head, but then I remembered that I was acting as her Mistress for the week. I don't really think you could not call us a couple at the moment. "Thank you for letting me know. I would rather not spend time with others that are underage." I replied, unsure of what to say, and Lucus smiled.

"Most people who come to an adult only really don't want to be around kids, so no problem. We try to accommodate you as best as possible. Now, for payment," Lucus's voice trailed off for a moment, and I remembered that was something that we had to do.

"Can you just charge it to the room?" I asked.

Lucus smiled and nodded, "Yes, we can, but we need your permission to do so. I take it you didn't bring your wallet?" He asked, and I nodded. "Okay," He continued, and we exchanged room information with him so that he could charge it to our room.

A couple of minutes later, I was pulling Violet toward the room, unsure of what to do with her at this point. I didn't want to take her now and wanted to leave all the toys inside her. Still, I walked back to the room, and Violet followed me without question. And I could not help but wonder what to do for the rest of the day. It wasn't like I just wanted to fuck, and I thought it was better to marinate Violet for a while longer with those beads.

Then I smiled as I thought of something a little fun so that I could both relax and watch Violet suffer a little. My smile as we returned to the room and opened the door was growing. As the door closed, I instantly heard Violet let out a loud, "AHHHHHHH~! Mistress," To my surprise, making me turn to her. "Please, the beads, they are hitting everywhere in places I never felt. Please, let me take them out," She moaned out loud and begged.

"Denied," I replied instantly, despite my surprise. "You chose those toys as your punishment, and you get to wear them. Instead," I grinned as she looked forlorn at this moment, "You are going to change into your bikini, and we are going swimming for a bit," I said, my smile sinister, and Violet looked at me sharply and trembled. "I am going to love watching you swim a couple of laps in the pool just for me. Those legs kicking in that nice, beautiful swimsuit all over the pool. I am sure you will enjoy it immensely."

My smile grew broader as I finished, and Violet shook her head, "I won't last!" She cried out in fear.

"Then you will be in the pool if you cum~!" I replied, my voice full of Sadistic glee I barely recognized. "You will get to cum as many times as you want, and no one will even notice if you don't make a sound!"

Violet shuddered, and I could see her trying to say something in return. I could feel the desperation to get me to reconsider, "Mistress, Please," She began.

"Violet," I cut her off, "You don't get a say in this," I told her flatly, no longer showing her a smiling face, "You will do as I say, and I will reward you before lunch. I have plans for you, little Slave, and you will follow them." I glared, "You have been enjoying every minute of this, and I knew this was just a new feeling for you. So prove you hate it by showing me your panties right now, Slut," I snapped.

Violet shivered and blushed at the same time. I could see her looking a little lost, then she pulled up her dress, and her panties were fucking drenched through and through. I could see the toy through the panties and simply raised an eyebrow. "Tell me slut. Do you want me to stop this?" I asked, "I can pull it out and take out the vibrator in your pussy, but," I shrugged.

Violet shuddered and waited, and she looked up at me with a face that made me shudder. I could see the contemplation and the torment of keeping everything inside her still, and I knew I

had to push her a little more at this moment. "You know I am going to have to punish you a little more just for questioning me. I will have to swap out that little pussy vibrator for something a little more," I grinned darkly, "Sinister for me to play with you," I threatened and then acted shocked, "Oh, but you wanted this to stop. Didn't you?"

"Please don't stop," Violet suddenly exclaimed. And she looked down, and I could see the vibrator moving a little as she probably tightened up on it, thinking of me actively teasing her. "I- I- I just don't want everyone here to know!" Violet suddenly cried out, "That I want my stepdaughter to do these unspeakable things to me and to make me this way! I am scared, but god! GOD~! I'VE NEVER CAME SO MUCH~!" Violet confessed suddenly.

"I cum when you talk to me and tease me," Violet suddenly continued a moment later while I was still processing her first words, "I cum when you treat me poorly and call me a slave and a slut. I used to think I would hate being degraded so much, but now," Violet shuddered visibly, "I love it, I LOVE IT~! I LOVE YOU FOR DOING THIS TO ME~!" She cried out and confessed, and my mind was blank.

I felt my jaw slacken, and once again, she surprised me with the true level of her depravity. Just so needy and Masochistic. All those years thinking it in the past proved itself true, and the true taboo and filth of the level that she reached might never be able to be recovered from.

My lips peeled back into a sneer of contempt slowly as I got control of my emotions, and I scoffed, "Strip slut," I ordered, no longer paying attention to that dangerous confession. Oh, was it ever dangerous, and I got to the suitcase, and I pulled out the matching device with it. Was I just as bad as her for what I was about to do? Probably but as I turned to see the naked woman again, I showed her the four-inch dildo plug for her pussy with a little clit teaser to match.

I walked up to her with it in hand, and I looked her in the eye. I reached down to her pussy and pulled out the much smaller teaser toy in her pussy, and it vibrated slowly in my hand. It was absolutely drenched all over, and I shook my head, looking at her. My hand slowly lined up the new vibrator to her pussy, and I watched her shiver, "Tell me, Slut," I said slowly, "What are you?" I asked.

"I- I am your slave," Violet confessed, and I shoved every inch of the toy inside her. "AH~!" Violet moaned at the sudden insertion, and I pushed the clit teaser flush against her clit.

"You're damn right about that. Now, never question my orders again, or I will make you regret it. I hate repeating this over and over, but I am done giving allowances," I told her. I took a deep breath, and I smelled her need and greedy pussy, and I finally said, "Now, bikini," I ordered, "We are going swimming."

I stepped away from her, and I started to start getting ready to put on my bikini. It was time to relax in the sun.

Chapter 31: Thousands of Miles Away

The sun was perfect.

I laid back, basking in it and feeling the heat without a thought.

The stress of thinking was something that was only remembered in the back of my head temporarily.

Enjoying this moment, I slowly let my eyes open to watch my charge in the pool, lying back and seeing her trembling a little. In my hand, I had a device that would make her twitch, and I pressed it, changing the settings just a little to make her shudder and look toward me. I could see the desperation as I turned down the settings, ending something that would come soon.

Pleasure at the thought that I may have edged my charge only made me smile more as I laid back. I settled in and felt that stress reduced more, as I should have thought of this earlier. I let my thumb play with the setting, bringing it down even more, and I heard her groan from the pool.

Suddenly, I was thirsty and turned to her, "Be a dear and bring me some water and juice," I ordered without a waiter or waitress nearby. I could see her shudder, and in response, as she looked at me, I turned the dial-up, making the things inside her toy with her more. Her eyes widened, and she nodded with a look that showed she did not know what to do. She moved through the pool towards the bar, and I watched from a distance.

I could see her almost struggling with some of the other guests. I could see her looking back and blushing. Then she ordered from the bartender, and he nodded to her. Then the wait was on, and I saw a woman bump into her. I saw her mouth open a bit, and the woman looked at her oddly. I only smiled as I knew she must have moaned a little at the bump.

Violet had a long string of very sinister beads inside her, and some of them were making her very sensitive with the toy in her pussy. I turned the dial up a little more, and the woman looked like she was talking to her. I saw her pause for a moment, and I could see her turn a little toward me for a moment before turning back to the woman. The woman seemed to want to continue to talk to Violet, and I saw her with a small smile on her face.

Ah, the woman knew that she was being played with by remote.

The smile on my face as I basked in the sun, watching as I turned the dial up just a little more before cranking it to the max just as the bartender put water and juice in front of Violet. I could see her reach out and pause, and I knew that she was reaching the edge. I pulled back the vibrations and turned off the toy for now. That was enough public play for the moment, and she almost fell forward toward the drinks as she came down from the high.

The woman beside her seemed to walk over to see if she could help, and I watched Violet shake her head. She grabbed the drinks and started to bring them back with much less fuss than before. The other woman seemed to grab a drink and walk with her now as she walked over to me.

This might be interesting, and I watched with half-lidded eyes as Violet walked over to me as I sat back and watched. Violet blushed as she closed the distance, put the water on the table next to me, and handed me the juice. I took the juice and leaned up to take a sip.

"Who is this?" The new woman asked, and I looked her over. She was a blonde that was in her mid forties and was older than Violet. She looked really happy to be here, and I looked at her with a raised eyebrow.

"This is Angela, the person I am here with," Violet said, blushing as it made me sound like her lover instead of her daughter. Which at this point was more true than it should be. "We will be here till Sunday," She finished the introduction, and I smiled at the new woman.

"Yes, I am Angela," I told her, "You are?"

"Ah, I am Alyssa; I am from Canada, and, Staying here till next Sunday, I saw Violet here struggling a bit and thought I would help her out."

"Oh, You were struggling?" I asked with a raised eyebrow toward Violet, and she shivered despite the heat. "Well, Violet, we can't be having that," I said and played with the remote in my hand, turning it back on, and she bit her lip a little. "Thank you for helping her out," I told her with a smile.

I saw her eyes narrow, and I saw a smirk, and she looked at Violet, "Oh, You two were playing around; I am sorry to get in the middle of your play," The woman said, much to my surprise, calling things out into the open.

Violet turned a deep shade of red instantly, and I was surprised myself and turned to look at her. "Oh, I think you already knew that when she brought you over here," I told her with a smirk, wondering what she wanted.

Now, Alyssa looked at me surprised, and a couple of moments later of being stunned, she laughed, "I guess that is what I get for trying to act smart around the clearly dominant partner," Alyssa said with a smile, "I am here by myself relaxing, and I saw, Violet here," She pointed toward her and grinned, "Enjoying herself slaving for you. Although minor, I am a bit of a switch and wondered if you would like a third in some play today," She noted, and I looked her over.

The woman was in her early forties at most, and she had nice C-cup breasts in a dark green bikini, and she looked good. I wouldn't mind her as a partner for one of my customers as a MILF to put in her place. She wasn't saggy at all, and I could tell she took care of herself, and most of the age came from smile lines. I turned to Violet, picked up the juice, and finished it all before reaching for the water while putting down the empty juice cup.

"This slut, here," I pointed at Violet, "is in the middle of being punished, and I might want a third." I said, not promising anything, "Hmmm." I thought about it and just put Chun Yan off as a third. Then again, Chun needed some boundaries that I slightly broke when I returned another day to finish my work.

"Well, now I am interested in what is going on," the woman said, licking her lips with a sight I saw in Samantha sometimes and in Crystal. That reminded me! I needed to call Crystal and catch up. It had been a couple of days, and I still had more than an hour of teasing Violet in the sun. I could afford to call my girlfriend and take a deep dose of her.

"It is fine to be interested; I can even think of some play later with a third," I told her honestly, "But I just remembered that I have a phone call to make. How about you and this Slut go and enjoy some drinking together." I said, holding up the remote in front of Violet's face as I turned it up.

"Mmm"

Violet moaned, and Alyssa smiled at the scene. "Be back in a few," I told them, and Alyssa nodded.

"Oh, I do hope you invite me later. You are wonderfully Sadistic and get my bottom side all sparked up." Alyssa told me as I walked away. I continued to walk away, quickly entered the room, and grabbed my phone before heading back out and walking through the nice garden. I found a place where I could see Violet and Alyssa while still having some privacy for a conversation with my girlfriend.

I felt a little tense because of everything happening with my stepmother, but I decided to just relax. I would deal with things as they came, and I made the call. I heard it ring once, twice, thrice before it was picked up.

"Angela?!" I heard my wonderful girlfriend cry out, "Is that you?" She asked.

"Yup, sorry for being so out of touch," I replied, feeling a little emotional.

"Nah, your mom needed you, and she kinda pulled the ripcord on you. I heard you did a bit of work for Samantha," Crystal said, suddenly changing the topic, "How did you enjoy that?" She asked, curious.

"The first woman was pretty good, but the second guy kinda ruined things for me," I said, feeling weird, "I did not like him that much, and it was the first time I refused to do more than basics. I never fucked him or anything while the first customer got an entire box of condoms used on them."

"In one go?!" Crystal exclaimed, "I am not sure she survived."

"Nah, in two nights," I replied, "I made the mistake of promising the entire line and the company was nice. But she couldn't handle it the first night, and I wasn't about to let it get to a third night. Started just after dinner and fucked her unconscious and woke her up a couple of times to finish a couple more rounds," I noted, and Crystal moaned into my ear.

"Fuck, I want that; I miss you," Crystal moaned, "I have been watching the little clips you have sent me in the past to masturbate all week." She groaned, "You should be back soon, right?" Crystal demanded.

"Sunday is when I am returning," I told her, "Don't remember the time."

"Urgh, then you have school," Crystal protested, "Fuck, after that first fuck when I met you, I got addicted to your girl cock. I want your Futanari cock stuffing me every night; your girlfriend is complaining about this!" She demanded, and I could not help but chuckle.

"When I get back, I will ensure that I stuff you so hard that you will instantly stop complaining and a few hours later beg me for mercy," I told her, my voice laced with want and my cock throbbing a little in my Bikini. "Then I will ensure that I don't give it. I will continue anyways; I will just make sure to wake you up each time you pass out."

It was a promise, and I heard the moan from Crystal, and I knew that she either had her hand in her panties or desperately wanted her hand in her panties. "Oh, fuck, Angela, Mistress, don't, I wanted to talk to you, not just masturbate," Crystal almost moaned into my ear.

"Well, which do you want?" I asked, my voice cold.

There was a pause, "Oh, God, I just need it, Mistress," She moaned into my ear.

"My minx is that needy?" I asked.

"Yes, Mistress," Crystal replied quickly.

"Is your hand in your panties?" I asked.

"No, Mistress," Crystal replied, "I- I am at the shop," She told me.

"In the back, I bet. Shut the fuck up and strip; I don't care if you are in the front of the shop or not. Take those clothes off and give the customers a show if they decide to enter. Mistress doesn't give a fuck if you are in the middle of the street," I snapped, feeling my cock harden a bit.

God, I wanted to be there now inside her.

"Yes, Mistress," Crystal said, her voice excited, "I am in the porn aisle stripping Mistress," She told me.

"Good. Put me on speaker and turn it up to the max." I ordered, "Ensure you can hear me no matter what."

"Yes, Mistress!" Crystal cried out, and I could hear her growing desire.

"Good. Now, stand in and spread your legs. I want two fingers in your ass and pussy now. I want you to start finger fucking yourself to the point I can hear it over the phone." I ordered her.

I heard a pause, "Ah," a moan came over the phone then I started to hear the slight squishy noise of someone doing something to something very wet, and my cock was straining against my bikini as I heard my girlfriend fucking herself with her fingers. She must be leaking all over the place as I started to hear her moan more and more. "Oh, God, this, this, fuck, I am getting close, Mistress~!" Crystal started to moan louder and louder over the phone.

"That's right, Minx, fuck yourself so loudly Mistress can hear you. You are not allowed to cum until I give permission, and you are not allowed to stop fucking yourself for any reason," I ordered.

"Mistress, AH~! MISTRESS~! I AM GETTING CLOSE~! CLOSER~!" She moaned.

"No cumming slut, You are forbidden to cum right now," I snapped, and I heard her groan.

"Please, Mistress, I am so close," She begged.

"No, You are not allowed to hold it and fuck yourself harder; I want to hear your pussy dripping!" I snapped at her.

Crystal's groaning and moaning got louder, and my cock was begging to be released. Then I heard something over the phone while I heard her fucking her pussy and ass faster and faster. The sound of a bell, and I heard someone say in a feminine voice, "Oh, my, A show," The woman's voice said, and I grinned.

"Harder, Slut. Tell me how close you are," I ordered.

"MISTRESS~! AH~! AH~! I AM THERE~! PLEASE~! PLEASE~!" Crystal begged, "I BEG YOU~! ALLOW ME TO CUM~!"

"No," I snapped, "HOLD IT!"

"PLEASE~! I- I-~!"

"HOLD IT!"

The sound of her pussy dripping was now very clear over the phone, and Crystal continued to beg. "PLEASE~!"

"HOLD IT," I Snapped, and then I smiled, "You may cum. CUM NOW!" I snapped after giving her permission.

"AHHHHHHHHHH~!"

Crystal screamed into her shop as some woman watched her pussy erupting, and I could hear her continuing to fuck her pussy for a couple of seconds longer to ride out her orgasm. It was amazing to listen to, and I loved it.

"Amazing. Thank you, Mistress, over the phone; that was quite the show; your slave is an obedient one," The woman said, "Made quite the mess; I am sure the employee will need a couple of minutes to clean up."

"Thank you. I do hope you enjoy your shopping experience; I do hope you didn't record?" I asked.

"No, not without permission that I didn't have," The woman said, "Thank you again. I do need to pick up some things, though." She said, and her voice was getting fainter.

"Oh, god, that- that! was amazing," Crystal moaned.

"Good. Now, get dressed and if there is a wet spot and someone asks, just tell them what happened." I ordered her with a grin, "Tell them you were masturbating to your Mistress's voice and came all over yourself."

"Please, I might need another round," Crystal moaned.

"Then maybe you shouldn't dress?" I replied.

"Oh, god, just thinking, Mistress, mercy, I-" Crystal moaned and shook herself. "I am getting dressed," She said after a couple of moments, and I smirked.

My cock was dangerously close to escaping my bikini, so I stopped it. "Very well. How have things been with you and Samantha?" I asked, "Still working on my room?"

"Oh, About that, I am working on it, but some of the things will take some time. Not easy orders, to be honest. But one thing, When you get back, you need to talk to Becky about something. I wasn't told what, but Samantha told me Becky has something to talk to you about," Crystal said.

"Very well," I replied.

"God, I want to continue talking, but I need to clean this up, and I have a customer," Crystal said. "Call me when you're going to the airport?" Crystal asked.

"Sure, I will talk to you soon, Minx," I told her.

"Perfect, I will talk then; I got to go," Crystal said before running off and ending the call.

I looked at my phone and smiled as if I had just made my girlfriend cum hard from thousands of miles away. Something about that made me happy, and I could not stop smiling about it. My cock may be half hard and pressing dangerously against the bikini, but that was a feeling no one could deny felt good. I smiled and got up from my seat in the garden. I noticed Violet and Alyssa talking. I grinned, and I decided to crank the vibrator settings to the absolute max.

Violet leaned forward, suddenly grabbed Alyssa's breast, and wrapped an arm around her, making me smile. Her face was turning a brighter red, and I lowered the settings back down after another moment as she pressed her body against her. Then, I left the vibrator around the mid-range and headed back into the room to set down my phone.

A moment later, I returned and retook my chair, picked up the glass of water, and watched. The ladies noticed me come back out, but Violet was still recovering. I flashed them a smile before drinking the glass of water, and I said so Violet could hear. "Another two," I ordered and flashed my cup to know she understood.

Violet was breathing heavily, and it was pretty enticing to see Alyssa looking at me, her eyes wide, as she noticed the bulge in my bikini, even if it was slowly losing its strength. I flashed her a smile and continued to drink my water, and now she was blushing with Violet as she helped Violet make it over to the pool bar.

I laid back, felt the heat of the sun, and relaxed.

I wonder how long it would take for me to match Alex's skin tone.

Chapter 32: Alyssa

I watched Violet and Alyssa interact a bit more with a smile, and I knew for a fact that Alyssa was interested in Violet. At least in a physical way, she was very interested. I saw her trying to help Violet out when I suddenly decided to bring up the vibration on her, and she would almost cry out, letting the hotel know what she was feeling.

Watching from a distance, I could not hide my smile as I relaxed in the sun. It was beating down on me as I enjoyed the show. Alyssa was looking at me and wondering when I would call an end to this, and I was wondering if I should do lunch before I enjoyed how properly prepared the hole I was preparing was. If I did it before lunch, I would not have that much time, but I could always order in.

Oh, I could even have Violet do it while I railed her from behind!

That sounded like a lot of fun, and I used my thumb to turn up the vibrations once again and played with the settings. I watched as Violet was in the middle of a swim, trying to distract herself, when the vibrations started to assault her like no other. I watched as she stopped mid-stride while Alyssa was swimming along with her. Violet stopped completely, and I turned the settings to the max, played with it around the max, and watched as she started to shake.

The moment she shuddered, I turned it right back down, denying the best possible orgasm as she dunked herself underwater, and I saw the bubbles coming up as she silenced her moan. I could not help the smile of happiness I felt at this moment. I had control, and there was nothing outside of it. If Alyssa wanted to stick around and see what I was about to do to the woman, she would do exactly as I told her.

I watched for a bit longer as Violet recovered, and I looked at the sun and smiled; yes, I knew what I would do. I finally sat up after basking in the sun, feeling the heat on my skin, and relaxed. I moved and walked over to the stairs of the pool and walked in, feeling the cool summer pool water on my skin. It was a nice relax, and I knew I was going to have to bask on my back for a bit after, but I would do that after some fun back in the hotel room.

At this moment, I was cooling down and dipped my head under the water for a moment before pulling back up and taking a deep breath. I flipped my hair back and let it fall behind me, water whipping back onto the poolside. I sighed and walked over to the ladies, who did not seem to notice me, closing in on them with a smile.

"Violet," I said, my voice instantly grabbing her attention, and she whipped her head to see me walking up. Her body was shaking from post-orgasm inside the pool, and I smiled, "Alyssa," I said, turning to the older woman, "I believe now would be a good time to relax before lunch or dinner, depending on the time we take back in the bedroom." I told them with a smile and turned to Violet, "Would you like to have Alyssa around to see?" I asked, and I could see Violet shudder.

"It should be fun," Alyssa said with a smile.

"Oh, yes, it should be, Violet," I continued Alyssa's words with a smile, "You would love to show another how much you can handle, don't you?" I asked, and I could see the heat rising on Violet's face. She would have to show everything, and I already had a plan. Alyssa wasn't needed in this, but the humiliation would be so much sweeter that it was hard to keep me from getting hard in my bikini. Especially after the high of making Crystal cum all the way back in the USA.

"I- I-" I could see her hesitation as Violet stuttered. Then I reached out and put the finger on her lips, cutting her off.

"It seems she would be happy if you joined us. Although I will be enjoying her for a bit before you are able to join us, Alyssa," I told her, "Does that matter to you? Or would you just like to enjoy the show like a voyeur," I asked with a smile on my face.

Alyssa seemed a little off-put by my forward speaking from someone my age.

"You are a natural Dominant and very self-confident," Alyssa said with surprise, "I would love to join you if you both don't mind."

"If I don't mind, then this slut doesn't have a say," I told her, making her eyebrows pop up, and she turned to Violet, who was now blushing as I pushed away her chance to give consent.

Then again, Violet released the ability to give consent when she asked her stepdaughter for everything that was happening to her. I knew she was loving it, too, like the Masochistic slut she was.

"Follow me then, and enjoy the show," I told her, and I motioned to Violet, "Come follow me, we need to get started, and I need to tan my back to match the front," I said as if that was a higher priority to me. Honestly, it was a bit of a priority; having a white back while the front was tanned wouldn't look good for customers in the future.

Violet was now blushing, and I was turning away. I needed to walk away at this moment to maintain control. Alyssa seemed to be here for Violet and wanted me to control her. In order for me to keep control, my word could not be questioned, and if she continued, I was allowing her to question me. Sometimes talking less maintained more control and tone of voice was the hand of your Mistress talking.

I moved with purpose, and as I walked out of the pool I just entered, I could see Violet walking behind me with Alyssa looking stumped. I wondered what she thought of the relationship for a second, but she was someone on the outside looking in. In other words, she did not matter one bit. In two days, we would be gone, and she would never be in our lives again. She was nothing to us, and if she wanted to enjoy the show, then it would only be to enhance the experience for Violet.

I walked with purpose, soon reached the garden, and opened the sliding door to our room, where the AC hit me in the face. It was nice, and I smiled as I relaxed, walking over to the suitcase full of toys and getting something simple for the next play session. It was the simplest and most iconic piece of any BDSM gear that anyone knew. I grabbed it and placed it on the bed while Violet and Alyssa joined me. "Violet, head back out and grab my things; I need to talk to Alyssa for a moment," I told her, and Violet nodded, turning around and heading back out.

Alyssa was standing there surprised, and I looked at her, "You may join us and enjoy yourself or leave; I don't care." I told her bluntly, "For now, though, you are entering a relationship with a hierarchy and are not involved in that. Enjoy yourself and watch and it will enhance the experience, but if you can't take what you are seeing and want to question me," I turned and pointed to the door, "Fuck off now," I told her, making her eyebrows raise. "Everything I am about to do to her is something already discussed, and she is going to enjoy it unless she says the word's Red light. That is the safe word; if she doesn't say that, then she loves it, get it?"

My words came out harsh and hard toward the woman, and I could see her surprise at my sudden verbal assault. I could see her mind pause for a couple of moments, then she looked at the door and then back outside, seeing Violet start into the garden and nod. "I will keep my nose out of your relationship and enjoy myself and, I guess, a show," Alyssa said, and I smiled.

"Good, because I think it will be a good one," I said as Violet rejoined us with a cup of water, I forgot about the remote for the vibrator and our other things. I took the water from her and finished it quickly. She put the other things down to the side, and I smiled.

"Slut, I think it is time to remove that thing in your back door in the most fun way as a way to start the afternoon," I told her, even though we were a couple of hours into the afternoon. "Why don't you quickly dry off with some towels," I said, and I grabbed the towels, tossed one to her, and started to dry myself off.

It was simple, and it was a speed bump in the festivities in order to build up the suspense. It didn't take long, and I sat at the end of the bed and smiled and beckoned Violet over when she was done, "Lay across my lap, Slut," I ordered as she closed and I pointed to the corner, "Watch there, Alyssa, You will get the best place there," I told her with a smile as Violet blushed.

Today, there was going to be someone to witness the utterly deranged things we were going to be doing, and I wondered if it wasn't for her panties, if it wouldn't be just as wet anyways around her crotch. No, I knew it would be just as drenched, and I reached over and undid her bikini and let the bottom fall to the ground, showing off two plugged holes that were desperate for attention.

I felt Violet on my lap, and I felt her breathing, and I finally asked a question I had been wondering, "So, How have you enjoyed the toy of choice in your ass, Slut?"

Violet shuddered, and her breasts were pressing against my leg a little, and I could feel the pause in her breathing, "It, it, it has been hard and wonderful, Mistress," Violet admitted.

"Good," I replied, picking up the paddle that was sent to me, and I showed it to her, "You know what this is for?" I asked, showing her the paddle.

"To spank with," Violet replied as Alyssa watched in the corner of the room.

"Exactly," I replied, the smile on my face bright even though she could not see it. "Now, I am going to get you to remove that toy in your ass, Slut," I told her, "how do you think I am going to do that?" I asked her.

I felt her quiver or shudder on top of me, and I started to feel her ass up as she laid on me. I was being friendly and gentle, and my question hung in the air. I could feel her working up the courage, or maybe the will, as she finally tried to answer my question. "By pulling it out?" She came out with a quiver, and I smiled.

"Oh, dear, no," I replied, shaking my head and caressing her ass, "You have been doing this for years, and years, like every other human in the world, Slut," I began with a smile on my face, and I could see the surprised expression on Alyssa, "You are going to show Alyssa here, you shitting them out as I use this paddle to encourage you," I told her my voice almost like a fond stepmother teaching a child a task.

I saw Alyssa shudder, and I felt Violet shudder as I told her that both women were surprised at the task. "S- shit it out?" Violet asked, her words filled with something that I never heard before, but I could see that she was blushing up to her ears, and I smiled and reached into her cunt and pulled out the vibrator in her pussy. Fluids gushed onto the bed, and I tossed it aside for now.

"Yes, Slut, you are going to shit it out for your Mistress," I told her once again, "You wouldn't want to disappoint me, would you?" I asked.

I felt her tremble and quiver on my lap, and I continued to caress that ass; my cock was straining against the bikini now. She quivered, and I was loving it, and I let my hand tighten on her ass hard. "Now, we can get started," I told her, and my hand let go and moved down her crack and played with the plug, making her moan a little as I felt the vibrations inside her. "Ready Slut?" I asked, and I pulled the plug a little, and she moaned.

"Mistress, Please," Violet begged.

"Please, what?" I asked.

The words hung in the air, and I continued to play with the plug, "Please, what, Slut?" I asked again.

"Please, not this," She begged.

"I will help you with the first one," I said, and I pulled, and with a loud audible pop, her sphincter no longer had something to hold onto for all the beads inside her.

"AWOAH~!" Her voice moaned unknowingly as it popped free, and I felt her ass tense as she tried to hold it in.

I grabbed the paddle again, and I smiled and leaned over, letting her feel my breasts on her back. "I don't care what you want slut; You are shitting those out." I caressed her ass with the paddle, and it hit the anal bead plug, further teasing her ass and making her moan. Then I pulled my hand back, and I brought the paddle down on those perfect asscheeks with a loud resounding slap filling the room.

There was silence for a moment, and then Violet moaned, "Mistress, please~!" She moaned out as her ass rippled, and the paddle came down again.

"DON'T CARE!" I snapped, "Shit it out, Slut, show Alyssa, you shitting!" I snapped at her, and I could see even her neck turn a bright red. Then, the paddle came down again.

"PLEASE~!" She cried with embarrassment for the first time. This trip reached a point of disobedience, and I loved it. My cock was hard, and It was pressing against Violet's stomach, and the paddle came down again.

"SHIT IT OUT!" I snapped as I watched her ass flex hard to keep everything in.

The paddle came down again and again, her cries filling the room as my cock throbbed.

"Shit it out," I snapped, and the paddle came down again.

"MISTRESS~! PLEASE PLEASE~!

"Shit it out," I snapped, and the paddle came down again.

"PLEASE~! PLEASE~!" Her pleading continued

"Shit it out," I snapped again.

"MISTRESS~!" She begged as I brought the paddle down again.

"Shit it out, I ORDER YOU TOO," I snapped, and the paddle came down again.

"MISTRESS~! PLEASE PLEASE~!

"Shit it out," I shouted with my hand, bringing the paddle down harder on her hot red ass, and her leggings were squirming now instinctively.

"MISTRESS~! PLEASE PLEASE~! GOD NO~!" She cried out.

Then the magic happened as she squealed and begged that a new bead came out as the paddle came down and popped free with a burst of air. Then my paddle hit, and she cried out.

"OH GOD~!" And her body shuddered, and her pussy erupted onto the bed, and three beads popped free of her ass, and I pulled back the paddle and spanked her flaming red ass, and she screamed, "PLEASE~! NO~!" As her ass erupted with bead after vibrating bead as she shit out bead after bead without stopping before sending the rest of the string out and hitting the floor as she started to piss on my lap.

I looked over, and I saw her asshole twitching with it, and I knew what I had to do at this moment, and I picked her up. I grabbed her by the neck as her head was still grappling with what had just happened. I shoved her face into her own piss at the end of the bed, and my Massive cock was ready to go, and her asshole was twitching from what just happened. It was a nice gaping twitching hole, and I lifted her ass up, and her legs trembling barely held her there for a moment before I pressed the head of my cock against the hole.

Turning with the head of my cock against that hole, I looked at Alyssa, and her hand was in her pussy, fingering herself. Her eyes were wide, and fluids dripped down her legs as she watched,

surprised. I don't even think she registered that she orgasmed at least once with how her legs were trembling as she watched Violet get humiliated.

Then as an encore, I shoved my massive Futanari cock into Violet violently while it was still orgasming. "oooOOOOOWWWWAAAAHHHHHH~!" The scream erupting from the woman as my cock slammed home and my balls slapped against her pussy was amazing. Violet's pussy squirted all over my legs and bikini, and she lost control of her body as I grabbed hold tight and started to use the bitch as a fuck hole.

My cock was throbbing, and her ass pussy was spasming all over my cock, being tight then loose. It was a good fuck, and her body trembled and fell to the floor, bending in a weird shape as I continued to fuck her hard and fast, pumping in and out of her destroyed ass pussy hard. Her cries and screams were incoherent as I fucked her hard and fast as my balls throbbed, getting ready to send the first load of the afternoon into her asshole. Her body twitched, and she screamed something as I got ready to fuel her up.

"TAKE MY FIRST LOAD~!" I roared in a half moan as I reached the peak, and I slapped her red hot ass with my hips and balls as I sent my first load sixteen inches deep into her. Her ass pussy spasmed continuously as she moved from one orgasm to the next, and I didn't stop pumping in and out.

My cock was hard, and the domination and control I felt at this moment of infidelity and forbidden lust was over the top. I lost my cool, and I fucked her through my ejaculation, not caring about the rest of the world, as I filled Violet with my seed and continued to fuck her ass pussy without any sense of morality.

Even the witness was masturbating as hard as she could as I continued to pound her spasming asshole as she screamed things that I am sure the neighbors heard, and I didn't care. I continued; I fucked her hard, fast, and with all the strength I had as she screamed and raved about things I didn't even hear or understand before I blew a second load into her ass and dumped her to the floor, and sent rope after rope on her body instead of deep inside her.

She lay on the ground now with my head riding high on domination and lust, and I was breathing heavily as I jerked myself off a little to send the last of this ejaculation on her twitching body as she shuddered and looked up at me. I could see it in her eyes, and I knew one thing about that expression as I was sure I had seen it before.

Worship.

And my cock throbbed, looking for more.

Chapter 33: Sunbathing

Alyssa was watching me awestruck with her fingers drenched from fucking herself. I could tell that she had never seen such a scene before, and my cock was throbbing. I looked at her mature body and stepped toward her, "Make a choice; enjoy your fingers or present your cunt for fucking; three seconds before I go back to the slut on the ground quivering."

My words froze her, and I could see the desire and lust in her eyes. Before, she had been all eyes on Violet, but now I could tell she wanted to know what that felt like. How it was to be forced to shit out a massive string of anal beads to the point you pissed yourself and then fucked into oblivion. I wasn't offering that, though, but the cock was there, and her eyes were misted, and she turned around and pulled aside her bikini and presented her ass.

"Fuck me, please," Alyssa said, spreading her cunt, and I stepped up, only wanting to give the slut behind me a quick break before I broke her in even more. My cock pressed against the cunt presented to me, and I shoved it in all the way till I felt her descending womb, and I shoved up against the cervix. "Oh, FUCK~!" She cried out, and my hand came down on her ass.

"Just barely half, slut," I growled unhappily but pulled out and slid right back in, hearing her moan.

"SO FULL~!"

So tight, I thought in return as I pulled back out and fucked her cunt like the bitch that she was. Her pussy gripped me like a vise, and I growled as she tightened up with each thrust up against her cervix, making her moan even louder. I didn't stop, and I continued to fuck the cunt until she quickly started to cry.

"Oh, God, too much cock~!"

My hand came down on her MILF ass, making her squeal as I shoved my cock deep, pressing against her womb. I pulled out and slapped her ass again and again as I fucked her cunt it gripped me hard. I felt her juicing more and more with each thrust as she cried out, growing more incoherent in just a couple of minutes of thrusting to the point that she suddenly shivered and her pussy erupted all over my cock, and her pussy started to spasm in a hard tight orgasm.

Uncaring, I just released a torrent of semen, almost unsatisfied with how little I fucked her in return. I moaned a little, but I pulled out and sent a rope along her back, and she fell to her knees on the floor, gasping for air. "Get some stamina, bitch," I insulted her, and I turned back to Violet, who was still gasping for air on the ground covered in my semen.

"Five minutes is more than enough for a slave slut like you to rest," I said, my voice level as I barely held back the desire in my voice. I reached down and grabbed her by her brown hair and

hauled her up with her squeaking in pain. "GET UP!" I snapped, and she finally got her feet under her even as they shook from everything before. "You think you're done with my cumming twice, Slut?! Think again," I slapped her purposefully toward the bed, and her legs couldn't hold her, and she fell with her stomach dripping in her own piss now, and I spread her red ass cheeks, making her groan.

"Lazy slut," I mocked as I found her asshole still twitching but not leaking cum. It seemed I sent most of it really deep, and I smiled as I thought of something fun and lined my cock up to her twitching or maybe quivering asshole once again.

"Mistress, please, let me rest," Violet moaned out as she felt me getting ready for round three inside her asshole.

My cock then drove sixteen inches deep in a single thrust, and I heard the air escape her lungs as her asshole twitched and spasmed all over my cock as she took each inch. "How about, no," I replied and pulled my cock half out before showing it back in deep and pressing my hips against her flaming red ass. "I do what I want, as the master in this relationship, and you listen and endure like the slave in this relationship," I told her as I gyrated my hips a little.

"MISTRESS~!" She cried out as her ass spasmed on my cock, and I pulled out, and my hand came down on her fiery ass just before I thrust in without a care.

Her body shivered, and her ass rippled as my hips slammed home, and I pulled out and thrust in once again and again. Her body quivered, and her cries intensified. My cock throbbed, and I gave her my cock hard and fast with my hips slamming into her ass, spanking her with each thrust.

Slap! Slap, Slap, Slap, SLAP!

The room filled with the noise of our fornications as she tried desperately to plead for mercy as her asshole orgasms without her pussy erupting. She came from just her asshole for the first time, and her scream of confused pleasure filled the room. I grabbed her hair in retaliation as I was reaching another peak, and I pulled her back from the bed, her body hung in the air as I thrust into her slamming against her ass, sending shivers through her body as I released my seed into her.

Her scream of pleasure eclipsed my moan of pleasure as my balls sent a large load of semen into her. My body shuddered, and I felt amazing at this moment. I continued to shove my cock in and out of her harder and harder, making her scream more and more as the pleasure built, and my mind was turning blank as I sent more and more cum into her asshole.

The release was amazing, and I wasted no time. I pushed her further onto the bed and spread her legs before I got up behind her and started to pound that asspussy into oblivion. My cock throbbed with pleasure, and my eyes rolled back as I took more and more pleasure dominating her ass, which was perfect for a cock my size in it. Her cries and screams were nothing as I entered the zone, and I released my lust into her tired body. My cock throbbed quickly with

another ejaculation, and I barely even registered when I released my fourth load into her before finally stopping with a sigh of pleasure.

My body shuddered a bit, and I slowly pulled out of her, and I stretched and sighed again with pleasure. My body was all loose, and my balls felt much emptier. I looked outside, and the sun was still bright. I turned to see Alyssa on the floor with her legs spread and her pussy looking a little swollen. I smiled at her, walked toward her, and watched her shudder in anticipation as I looked into her eyes. Then I stepped around, took off my bikini top, and went to the bathroom.

I took my time releasing my fluids and decided to shower quickly. I jumped in and quickly hosed myself off my cock before stepping out and putting my bikini top back on, and walking back into the room where the two women remained in the same positions. I looked at Violet, then Alyssa, and I rolled my eyes.

I was about to order them to get up but decided against it. Instead, I walked to my bikini bottoms and grabbed them before heading outside. The two sluts could rest for a bit and think about what had just happened to them. Instead, I walked through the garden and out to a chair, and I laid on my front, took off the back of my bikini top, and laid down to catch the most sun.

I relaxed and did my dead-level best to stop thinking as I rested on my massive breasts. This was another problem with large breasts. I could feel them uncomfortably lifting me from the chair. I took a moment to reposition them a little before I could truly relax. As I got into position, it was as comfortable as I could get, and I let my eyelids lower and relax.

Time started to slip as I relaxed without anyone around to bother me. My mind just stopped functioning more or less, and I just focused on my breathing and feeling the heat of the fall quarter sun on my back. It evaporated the water off my back, and I continued to breathe, concentrating on just that.

In and out, just like my cock in sluts.

My breathing was slow, unlike how fast I fucked those sluts back in the room.

They were recovering, and I did not need to think about them.

My mind started to slip up, but I let my eyes close, and I found myself yawning. My eyes drifted closed and slowly blacked out.

"You know you're a real distraction. Can you please put on your top Slut?"

My mind was groggy, and my back was warm, and I groaned as I felt like someone was talking to me.

"Hey, Slut," Someone half shouted near my ear, and my eyes snapped open.

"Hmmm, Did my sluts resting do anything?" I asked without thought, thinking Alyssa and Violet might have gotten caught doing something stupid. But my mind was catching up with the situation, and even my own thoughts just moments ago didn't make sense to me.

"This might be an Adults-only resort, but you do not need to be showing the resort your flabby breasts," I heard a woman say, and I got up and turned to the woman, my eyes focusing as I realized what was happening.

I saw an older woman, and she looked offended, and I wondered how the fuck I kept attracting this type of attention. I just wanted to nap and soak in the sun to tan my back, as this woman was looking even more offended by the moment. "I do not want to see your slutty flabby breasts, girl," She said, and I looked at the older man beside her, who was very much interested in my breasts as his eyes were now staring at my breasts with a solid gaze that would not leave.

"Seriously?" I snapped, "Fuck off," I replied after a moment and turned back and got back on my breasts and started to lounge.

I didn't care; I was relaxed, and I wasn't about whoever this woman was. "Oh yeah, call me a slut again; I will grab you by the head and drag you to security and report you," I told her, "Now, fuck off," I motioned her to fuck off with my hand to the side, and I stuffed my face back into the chair and relaxed.

"What?!" The woman exclaimed, sounding offended, and I swore I just attracted this when I was trying to relax. Did it say that I was trying to offend women with my massive breasts and men who couldn't keep their eyes off an attractive young woman? "How, dare, you," She said, and I felt the woman was about to gear up to say something.

I turned, sat up, and looked at the woman. I looked at the man, and he was in his fifties, and I rolled my eyes. "You want to fuck?" I asked him.

"What?!" they both said in unison.

"Not the crazy bitch there," I said, pointing to his wife, "I can tell, and she can tell, that you want to touch my breasts and fuck 'em," I said, my voice rude, "Well, do you want to fuck?" I asked, "Never been with an old guy, and I can get my pussy done up, and we both know I am eighteen because I am here, so want to get your dick wet and fuck?" I asked him.

Silence reigned, and I noticed some people nearby now chuckling because I just put this man in an impossible position. I could see the ring on his finger, and it matched the offended woman, and I just propositioned him to fuck. If he said no, then I could get rid of the bitch, but if he said yes, well, that was even better for me because I could use that to fuck with the woman mentally.

His blush and hers as she started to turn red from the outrage, and I looked at her and shrugged, "Got three seconds to decide, dump the old hag that gets outraged from you seeing titties or some young pussy that could ride you harder than you can handle?" I asked, my voice unforgiving and loud as I looked at them with my F-cup breasts in full vision.

The woman turned to her 'man' and looked more outraged as he looked startled, and finally, he got the words out to save himself, "N- No thank you," He said.

"Well, there you have it," I said, turning to the woman, "no need to be outraged because even when given a chance, he doesn't want to stray," I told her. She was furious, "Now, Fuck, off, and, leave, me, alone," I said slowly and turned back to my sunbathing and laid back down on my breasts, and I heard a roar of displeasure.

"YOU FUCKING BITCH!" She snapped, and suddenly, I saw a black man walk up in a security uniform.

"Excuse me, can we talk?" The man asked, his voice urgent in bad English, and didn't seem to be toward me.

"THIS HUSSY~!" She was about to demand.

"Ma'am, please, let us lower our voices and talk for a moment over here. There are others relaxing and some sleeping," The man urged, clearly still struggling with his English.

"argh," She growled, and I heard them walk away, and I heard more footsteps approach me.

"Are you okay?" a person asked in bad English.

"I am fine; please have that lady leave me alone," I requested, "I just need to tan my back and relax."

"Please do not push her harder next time, ma'am," the voice said, and I turned and looked at the young black gentleman.

"Sure, but please, I would like to continue to relax," I told him with a smile, and he nodded.

I had no idea how much time I was asleep. My back was warm from the sun, and I could see that it was almost time for dinner. My stomach was a little empty, and I wondered what Violet and Alyssa were up to, although that was not my problem at this moment. I needed some time away from my stepmother to relax, and I would continue to torment her later.

Before I knew it, I was relaxing again and sighed in pleasure. But I quickly got bored and didn't want to fall asleep as I was getting really hungry. My stomach growled, and I sighed. I got up, put my top back on, and stretched. I walked back and looked up, seeing the sun starting to set, making it later than I thought, and sighed. Although that bitch was annoying, and I put her in her place, she at least woke me up around the right time.

The Garden was empty, and I walked into the room. Violet was lying on the bed, and Alyssa was sleeping beside her. Both women were dressed in something and looked freshly showered. It looked like they both needed a rest after a busy afternoon, although I thought Alyssa didn't

really have an excuse. I fucked her once and not even that long, and she couldn't handle it. Her pussy was low-class, and I didn't want her around tonight when I trained Violet more.

No, the humiliation of shitting out anal beads in front of someone was enough for the day. Instead, I would go with something different. I was going to ensure that Violet got exactly what she asked for by the end of the week. I had a small trip tomorrow and two nights to finish that in. I would ensure that she no longer would bother me with this after tonight.

I licked my lips and suddenly shouted, "Up and at 'em!" Both women snapped awake, "Dinner time for a little more rest; then I have something planned for you for the rest of the evening, Violet," I warned her, letting her know this was the last of her rest time, and Alyssa shivered and Violet shivered even more. "Alyssa, you may join us for dinner; then after the meal you are not welcome to stay," I told her without a care, and I could see the loss on her face.

She was curious and wanted to join, but I could see the excitement in Violet's eyes, and I stepped toward the bathroom, "Get dressed. We need to go eat; I am starving," I told them as I headed to the bathroom once again to wash up thoroughly, this time before changing into some clothing.

My mind wasn't even on the two women as I started to prepare in my mind what I was to do to the woman of the night.

Violet.

Chapter 34: Warm-up

I stuffed myself.

I ate a lot and ensured Violet drank and ate a lot, too. However, I did not allow her to drink alcohol. Tonight, it would not be good for her. I did allow one glass of wine with Alyssa as she tried to convince me that she would be a good third for the night. I could only smile as I knew she had a taste of me and wanted more.

The rejection I made was something of a calm demeanor. "Alyssa, I am sorry, but I have plans for this slut, and I do not plan on changing them. She will be suitably dealt with, and unfortunately, that means without you. I mean nothing by it in any way," I told her, shaking my head at the end.

Alyssa was disappointed, but I did not care. I was not here for her or anyone else. In fact, I was dragged here almost against my will by Violet. I understood her plight, but that did not mean I

wasn't supremely annoyed by it because I was trying to become a starter in my Volleyball club. As a senior, that was going to be really hard to do!

I shook off my thoughts about the volleyball club as there was no point in dwelling over it. Instead, I turned to Alyssa as we got up and started to leave. "Good playing with you, Alyssa; I hope to see you around later after I finish putting this bitch in her place," I said with a smile while pointing out Violet, who was blushing.

Alyssa seemed disappointed, and she nodded, "Don't know what to say; I would have enjoyed more of your company, especially you, Violet," She said, looking at her. "I would enjoy another round if you ever have the opportunity," She finished and walked away without another word.

It was the end of a very brief vacation dicking for her cunt. I didn't know if Alyssa was going to go look for another woman or man, even a couple, to help her with her needs, nor did I care to learn. Now was the time for me to take Violet back to the bedroom to prepare for the evening's activities. I turned to look at her, and she shivered as I stared at her.

"Slave, we're going back to the bedroom right now. We have a long night ahead of us," I told her. I could see the insane desire in her to both retreat and run away and the desire to continue. It was a brief confrontation in her head before she nodded, and we were both walking back to our room, and I was contemplating how far I should go. It was always the question in my mind as I continued this deal.

My cock throbbed, and I felt like I had not reached the true depravity of which Violet wanted to reach. We were already at a pretty low point, but there was lower, albeit not much lower, that I was truly willing to take her. She still had a husband to return to, and I couldn't help but wonder if that had even occurred to her in the past couple of days. What would happen if I returned her to their original identity while she was in the sub-zone?

A sadistic smile crept to my face as I thought about that, and I wanted to see that. How far was too far for her, and would she even reject whatever it was if I made her go that far? How would she look when I reached that location and made her go past it? What more could I make this woman do?

I looked at her, my smile and sadistic desire growing, and only now did I realize I no longer cared about her identity. I wanted to put Violet in the position of being unable to decide and defaulting to whatever I wanted. I wanted her to be pained doing it and torn forever under my grasp and subject to the whims of my sadistic delight.

Violet suddenly opened the door, and I realized we were back in our room to enjoy the evening. I grinned. Now was the time, and I smirked, "Find your smallest dress, Slut, we will need it soon," I informed her, and she nodded.

I walked over to the toys, and I knew the toys that I wanted for the evening of enjoyment. They would make her crawl later and reach a new low that only I would know she had reached. Now

would be the time, and I turned to see her bring out a little black dress, and she showed it to me. "Would this do Mistress?" Violet asked with a blush, and I wondered where she got that.

"Now, what did you bring that for, Violet?" I asked, closing the distance a little to her. "That is such a little dress that you can only have that for attracting someone to fuck," I told her, "Who were you going to wear that for?" I asked, looking at the strapless little black dress that would only stay on with friction based on how tight it would look. It even had a little cut out for the breasts to be a little more open with them. I wondered where on her thighs it would even stop, and she blushed as I looked her over with the dress.

"I- I didn't know I was going to do anything!" Violet demanded, embarrassed, "I was thinking that if I worked up the courage even to wear it, it, well, it," She blushed deeply, and I could see it up to her ears. I closed the distance and stared right at her, and she leaned away.

The power dynamic was completely in my favor, and she broke down a moment later under my stare, "IT'S CUTE AND I LIKE BEING SLUTTY SOMETIMES, BUT YOUR DAD HATES IT!" She suddenly bellowed, and I was shocked.

"What the fuck, he hates it?" I asked, looking over Violet and then at the dress that would hug her body for dear life. A simple move would inevitably pull at another spot, making it exciting if something was going to be seen if the wearer wasn't vigilant. I shook my head, feeling even more contempt for the man thousands of miles away.

I looked at Violet, only inches away from me, and I grinned and pulled her in. At this point, I was uncaring, and she was startled as I took her lips, and my hands went down to her ass and gripped it hard. She moaned into my lips, and I replied by invading her mouth and playing with her tongue. I dominated her mouth, making her moan. I pushed her against the dresser and then let go and broke the kiss.

"Strip and prepare," I told her as I stepped back and stripped my clothing. I had no time to waste as my cock was already hardening, and I didn't want to wait anymore. I didn't care about who she was; I just wanted to follow my earlier thoughts. This woman had nothing back home, and I would paint her a new identity tonight, even if it were only for two more days. She would be owned and branded tonight by me.

Violet looked surprised, but after the last couple of days of training, she followed without question and stripped till I saw her naked body once again. The dress was tossed aside for later, and naked myself now, I reached forward and grabbed her by the neck. "From now on tonight, you don't know the word no; you will only follow every word slut. I will take you to a place that only the lowest masochist slut will go," I told her, and she shivered, and the look on her face was priceless.

This was not my stepmother; This was a wanting bitch that wanted to see how low I could take her.

She was excited at the prospect of what I was going to do to her.

The places to see.

The lowest of the low was where she wanted to be.

"You lowlife bitch," I said, and she shivered in agreement as I lifted her by her neck as she started to choke before I tossed her on the bed. My hands moved quickly as her body bounced on the bed, and she was in the middle of yelping in surprise as her breasts bounced all over. I grabbed her legs, forcing them open as she suddenly found herself on her back with my cock coming toward her juicy pussy.

It was still wet from before, or she was just dripping wet now.

I pulled her up and my hand went down while she was trying to figure out where she was. My cock found her slit, and the head of my cock rubbed against her moist clit before finding her cunt. I shoved my cock into the tight depths below. Her pussy greeted me coming inside once again, and her cry filled the room as she accepted my cock once again with her own natural lubricant, and it spasmed lightly as I kissed her cervix.

Stopping at the door, I pushed up against it, eliciting a new, fresh moan of pleasure, and gyrated my hips before I pulled her closer, moving back slightly myself. Her cunt squeezed me, and her moan got louder before I grabbed her tits tightly. I pulled hard, bringing her down on my cock and pressing harder with my cock till I pushed inside her womb a little, and I let go.

She cried out in a mixture of emotions and pleasure. A moment later, my hand greeted her heavy breast with a slap, and my other hand came down, eliciting a scream of pain as I slapped her breasts again hard. Both my hands went to work as I ground against her womb door, sending shivering pleasure through her. She screamed, and her chest rose and fell as I slapped her breasts again and again.

"MISTRESS~!" She screamed as my hands abused her breasts, and I grabbed them by the nipples, changing the abuse.

I pulled out and began to fuck her as I lifted her body by her breasts and nipples, making her scream more before I let go and grabbed her hips. I thrust in and out of her quickly, making sure to assault but never fully penetrate her womb's door. Her body twitched and squirmed around as she quickly reached a fresh orgasm. I watched her body shiver and felt her cunt spasm as she unloaded a massive squirt all over my body as I thrust up against her cervix once again.

"OH GOD~! HOW~!"

I didn't care, and I pulled out before lining my cock up to her cunt again and thrusting up to her womb's door pressing hard and pulling out. She squealed as she felt empty for a moment before being refilled, and I did it again and again. She quickly orgasmed again, and I pulled out completely for a moment, ruining her orgasm.

"WHA-~!" She cried out in confusion as she suddenly shuddered with an orgasm that hurt. Her body needed me to fuck her all the way through, and I reached down as she came down from her ruined orgasm to flip her onto her back suddenly.

Her mind space must be jumbled and her mind destroyed as I suddenly started to slap her ass hard. I slapped it again and again, leaving her red ass even redder from my abuse before I shoved my cock right back in. Then I spanked her without moving as I continued to mix things up so that she could not get used to a rhythm.

"MISTRESSS~! PLEASE~! WHATS~! HAPP~~!"

She was cut off as I started to brutally fuck her wombs door in small thrusts as I started to slap her back, making her only feel pain with the fresh pleasure from her cunt. Her mind and body did not match, and she squealed in incoherent painful pleasure.

I fucked her cunt good as I abused her back harder, more and more, and she buried her head in the blankets to try and get a grasp. I wouldn't allow that, and my hand reached forward, and I grabbed her by the hair and tore her from her safe zone as I shoved my cock deep into her womb till my balls slapped her ass.

She orgasmed just as I pulled out, ruining another earth-shattering orgasm.

"AHHHHHH~!"

Her scream was a desperate plea as I edged her for a brief moment before I started to spread her legs and slapped her clit. Instantly her scream cut off, and my hand started to slap her cunt again and again. Her noiseless scream echoed in her head as her dripping wet cunt squirted all over the hand that was abusing her as I slapped her through her orgasm.

Her pussy was red from abuse as she continued to cum. I continued to slap up until the moment my cock throbbed. I took a moment when I stopped slapping and reinserted myself and jumped atop her, shoving my cock home.

She didn't make a noise, but her cunt shivered and spasmed again, and I started to fuck her fresh and hard without stopping; my cock was hard and throbbing, and I was in need of release. I took her hard and fast as I reached my peak quickly while she continued to orgasm all over my cock again and again. Her body shivered, and her legs curled up, wrapped behind me just as I pushed home and released a tidal wave into her cunt.

Her body spasmed, and a fresh tide of cum was greeted with a massive wet squirt all over my cock and body. I thrust into her hard with a grunt teasing her insides before I pulled out and sighed with a bitch freshly bred. Not a drop of cum would come out this quickly with how deep I filled her, and she was twitching on the bed to rest.

A dark chuckle left my lips, and I stroked my cock a little, and I found her back door, and I teased the tip. A little of my old cum came out, and I smiled, "Ah, old Lube, meeting new lube," I

told her, but I was sure she wasn't listening up until the moment my cock pushed inside her asshole.

Her back curled, and she stared at me for a moment in surprise, and I shoved my cock right into her without a preamble.

"MERCY~!" She cried out, her eyes wide.

"Denied," I replied, and I pulled her hips back, and my balls slapped her freshly fucked cunt, and I started to fuck her earnestly and without much thought. Her ability to speak and make noise was gone as my hips started to slap her ass. I made sure that no less than six inches of my cock was in her at this time as I pulled out and thrust in, and her head was in the blankets.

Her asshole twitched and gripped. It didn't let go as it tightly held on as it was being fucked hard without her being able to stop it. Like a freight train, I continued to chug along as the pleasure built up for me, and she started to piss herself and cum all over. The bed was drenched on one side, and I knew where she was sleeping as I continued to pound her ass pussy into the most submissive bitch ever.

Quickly, I reached my peak as she shivered and orgasmed again and again, and I smiled. I had to ask the question, "How do you like the warm-up for the night?"

Her body shivered and trembled as I reached my peak, and I released a fresh tide of cum deep into her bowels. I moaned as the pleasure took me, and she shivered. I lost myself in the moment and thrust into her slowly and gyrated my hips, making her gasp as I took my time.

"Fuck, that was good," I told myself as I pulled out and felt an urge. "Ready?" I asked her as I pulled her off the bed and flipped her around. She ended up on her ass at the edge of the bed sitting in her own piss and cum, looking up at me, looking exhausted, and I smiled. She opened her mouth to say something, and I shoved my cock inside her mouth without care, "Start sucking and swallowing," I told her uncomprehending mind as she looked at my massive Futanari cock and sucked out the sperm inside before I released the tide of liquid inside me.

I moaned as her eyes widened, and she pulled back, and I grabbed her head and released the tide even faster. Her head tilted back, and I felt her swallow again and again without the ability to stop it. I shoved my cock deeper, sending it straight down into her stomach, and she shivered. "Fuck," I moaned and pulled out when finished and pushed her head to the side as she coughed and sputtered.

"Why?" She demanded, and I grabbed her and pushed her head to the floor quickly as she demanded something from me.

"WHO THE FUCK SAID YOU CAN DEMAND SHIT FROM ME! DUMB BITCH!" I snapped in return, "I will use you as I want, and that is how I wanted to use you at the moment, Bitch. I WILL NEVER EXPLAIN MYSELF AGAIN!" I told her as I shoved her face in her own piss and cum.

I let go and stood up, and I looked down at her in disgust as she looked up at me, humiliated. No, her expression wasn't just humiliation. It was that gaze I had seen so little, but it always made me feel weird.

Worship!

She was worshiping me now.

I took a step away, and I grabbed the toys, the anal beads, from earlier. "You better not shit out my cum while I prepare you for tonight slut," I snapped, and she watched as I took the long string to the bathroom. I started to clean all the beads, and then I walked out, and she shivered as she saw the sinister beads.

"Get up," I told her, and I could see the indecision. I reached down, not caring, and forced her up by her hair and slowly slapped her into position, placing her head in the wet piss-covered sheets she made. Her ass was up in the air, and my hand slapped her ass, making it ripple lovingly in my hand before my hand shoved the first bead in and quickly followed up with another bead and another. Each of the sinister beads was easily swallowed by her gaping, abused asshole. She moaned and groaned loudly with each of the sinister beads as they worked deeper and deeper into her before I shoved the last one in before the plug. Her asshole quivered, and I plugged it loosely with the last one. "Grip it tighter!" I demanded and swatted her ass twice before she tightened up, and I grinned. "Better," I said, letting her go.

Violet was abused and horny as hell as I quickly stood back up and walked over and grabbed a vibrator and some panties. Tonight was going to be a trip to hell with me as her torturer, and I grinned sadistically, and my cock throbbed with what I had planned. I walked over, and she was resting on the floor, and I put the dildo down.

"Get up," I ordered, and she looked at me with an exhausted look. "We are still going out Slut, and I can't do that with you looking like that." I snapped at her, and she gasped.

"We're going out?" She asked, her voice questioning reality.

"Slut, Did I ever say you are only going to get fucked inside the room tonight?" I replied back to her with a sadistic smile, "I am going to fuck you in front of everyone whether they know it or not." She shivered, and I grinned, "Now you understand what you chose when you begged to be my toy."

My smile only grew more sinister as she shivered, and my cock was throbbing hard.

How far could I go?

Chapter 35: Lust in the Beat

It took about half an hour before everything was complete and the set up for the night to begin. Violet took some time in the shower and washed up from the poor treatment with new toys inside her, and I got her to put on a little skin-tight red dress that showed off all her amazing curves.

Violet's ass was full of those sinister beads once again, and she moved oddly after the fucking I gave her before heading out. The toy inside her pussy was a simple stopper for the bucket-load of semen I stuffed inside her trembling pussy. Her body shivered as I wrapped an arm around her and pushed her to my side. I held her close with a hand massaging her trembling ass, and a thumb was pushing against her asshole as we walked.

The night was upon us, and I had no plans for more food. If we need more, we can order with room service. That didn't matter to me more than what I planned on doing to the woman beside me. She wanted the full experience, and I just could not give a fuck anymore. I was willing to try something more dangerous, and my current clothing reflected that.

Samantha sent me a nice black skirt that went down to my knees, and it went well with a crop top that was a little loose. In a nightclub setting, it was perfect as I could pull out my cock and put it away pretty easily, or at least get myself plausible deniability.

With those thoughts in my mind, I pulled Violet towards the nightclub, and the electric music was already playing. The music was rocking, and the thump of the beat was hitting me already, and I smiled. As we walked closer and closer, I could feel Violet tremble a little more, and she stopped once. "What are you going to do to me?" Violet asked, and I turned and looked down slightly to see her eyes.

Violet's eyes were slightly watery as we walked, and my smile grew. I told her the truth, "Whatever I feel like at the moment."

The statement was loud and clear, and she shivered in my hands as I smiled at her. I wasn't changing my mind on this, and she looked at me, opening her mouth once again to ask, "Is this really what I wanted?"

"Have you hated a single thing I have done to you?" I replied with a question of my own, and her face blanked.

Violet walked with me, stunned by my question, which I already knew the answer to. She might not know the answer to it, but her reaction to my question already told me the answer, and it was one that she probably didn't want to answer that question herself. I brought us into the outside nightclub, and she looked up, and I whispered into her ear, "You don't want to answer because the answer is that you have loved everything I have done to you, isn't it?"

The question made her shiver more, and she looked at me, and the shame on her face was apparent, "I don't know how I will ever go back to being," Her voice trailed off, afraid to say the last word, and I scoffed. She looked surprised at the scoff, and I shook my head.

"You have already and forever lost your authority to me, Slut." I told her simply, "You are nothing but a special cock sheath to me for this week; how you live with that when we get back is not my problem," I told her.

The revelation of the words I said seemed to weigh even more heavily, and I brought her to the back as the music thumped, and I grinned. I pulled her toward a back booth and pushed her into the seat before sitting at the end. I watched as other people in the resort danced and enjoyed themselves. Many were dancing and grinding as Violet confronted the words that I just said. The beat of the music was loud and thumping, and I held up a hand as a waiter passed by. Immediately, he made his way to me, and I ordered a juice and laid back, turning to Violet, who ordered wine.

The man smiled and walked away to go get the drinks, and I turned to Violet, "Get under the table and suck my cock," I told her, "You have till the drinks arrive to make me cum," I told her, and she looked startled, looking around. "Don't worry about the others; you have only me to think about, Slave. You will immediately get under this table and suck me off. Your wine will be accented with my cum. Now, move it," I snapped out the order, and Violet moved while I continued to smirk. I turned my body and spread my legs, letting Violet get under the table, then dive into my skirt, where I wore no panties. Being without panties felt weird, but that was fine.

I felt her hands on my thighs and soon on my cock as I lay against the backrest. I listened to the music and sighed with pleasure as I felt my cock enter her mouth slowly and start to work her tongue. Violet was getting more and more intimately familiar with my one-eyed womb wrecker as I felt her tongue play with my urethra. She teased and licked it up and down the slit, sending shivers of pleasure through me.

There was something about being in public taking pleasure like this that only those who have would understand. My slave toiled on my cock under the table, deep in my skirt, and I let out a light moan. The waiter started to move back, and I smiled as I felt Violet's lips reach toward my balls, taking my massive cock deep down her throat. She was working a load out of me but not faster than the service of the hotel as they put a red wine glass down and a large glass of juice for me.

"Thank you," I replied, and the Dominican man nodded.

"I hope you enjoy it, ma'am," He replied, heading off as I leaned back.

I thought I would be able to enjoy my juice and blowjob in silence when suddenly two people showed up as I was about to take my first sip, and they pulled back the waiter that was heading off.

"Two black Russians, please, for me and my wife," the man said as he sat down. The man nodded and headed off to get more drinks.

I was at this moment enjoying the fact that Violet pulled my cock out of her mouth and dove down to my balls. Her mouth was sucking and licking them all over, sending a fresh wave of pleasure that made my cock throb. Her tongue then went up the length as she ignored the entire world except for my massive Futanari cock.

The man and the woman turned to me and smiled as the waiter left, and I was enjoying myself. Violet was being quite impressive with her cock sucking skills, quickly bringing me closer and closer to the edge of releasing my seed deep in her throat. "What is a beautiful woman like yourself doing alone here?" The man asked.

"Yeah, Come on out to the dance floor and enjoy yourself," The woman added a second later.

"Who said I was alone?" I asked with a smile, and both looked around the table and saw the wine glass.

"Is your friend or partner in the bathroom?" The man asked, and I couldn't help but smirk at the memory of what I did to Violet earlier.

"You could say in a way that they are acting like one right now," I replied, confusing the two of them. Still, Violet was working hard under my skirt, and I barely restrained a long low moan as she started to fuck her throat with my massive cock. I could feel her need to finish up as people were now around us. I could barely contain my curiosity about how she looked under the table as I took her throat.

"Okay? Is English your first language?" The man asked after, and I chuckled a little.

"Yes, I am from the United States; I do speak English," I replied, "I guess the American version of English, but my partner is around. You will see her when she is done. Do you mind if I ask why you have come to my table?"

I took a large drink from my juice as he replied, "Well, to be honest, we saw a nice well endowed woman and were wondering if you are interested in a threesome, maybe a little bit of an orgy? You know if your partner is interested?"

"Oh, sorry, not tonight, although I do have to ask," I said, pausing as Violet started to try and get a little revenge by fondling my balls, and my cock was throbbing in response. I was getting so close to releasing, and I winced. "Is this a swingers resort?" I asked, finally remembering that convention I first met Becky with Crystal.

"Oh, well, there is a group of us around the East Coast that speak up about this place. It isn't a major resort around this type of thing, but our group likes coming around this month of the year. Sometimes, we don't line up, but it is a thing around this resort. Not advertised though like it is for the more expensive Temptations hotel and resort," The man replied.

"Oh, thanks for letting me know," I replied as I reached my peak. I barely bit back the grunt, and I reached down and moved a little, grabbing Violet's head and shoving my cock deep. It was all the warning she had before I blasted my load down her throat, and I rolled my eyes back and leaned further back as I felt the ropes of my cum shoot down her throat.

"Are you okay?" The woman asked, and I smiled in reply, one hand letting go of Violet's head, and I nodded.

I put up a finger, and I pulled Violet's head back as I finished cumming down her throat. I pulled her off and said, "Come on up."

Both looked very confused for a couple of seconds before realization hit the man's face as Violet climbed out from under the table, and the woman's face blanked. My smile was brighter as Violet turned red, and I pushed her cup to her. "Drink, although I know you're not thirsty," I said.

Violet shivered, and the man looked at me as did his wife or lover. "Wow, a bit more of an exhibitionist than a swinger?" He asked.

"Nope, tonight, though," I grinned, "this little slave slut is being punished," I told them.

Violet looked at me sharply, and I rolled my eyes this time, "I am a Dominatrix, not that I look down upon swinging; my girlfriend knows what I am up to this week." That last part was a bit of a lie; Crystal did not, in fact, know exactly what I was doing, although something told me she would masturbate to it all the same if I recorded it.

"Oh, wow," They replied in unison.

"Well, our offer stands if you don't mind us coming back for our drinks here," The man said, clearly in charge of asking for it. "Although you're not the only one we will ask tonight."

"Oh, please go ahead; I will be filling this slut’s holes all night tonight right here," I said, pointing at the table. Both of their eyes widened at that, and I chuckled, "I want to see how far I can go inside of her. Now," I said, turning to Violet, "Pull out the plug in your pussy and show it to them," I said, "And finish your wine. I want you to sit on my lap next to me, fully engulfed in you."

Both the man and the woman looked surprised at my comment and looked a little confused, and I smiled. I turned instead to watch the dancers as Violet chugged down the wine, giving her a little extra courage for what was to come, and she reached down. I turned to see her blushing red cheeks as she pulled out the panty liner with a small dildo at the end that only acted as a stopgap for the cum still residing inside her pussy.

She put it on the table, and both looked more confused as the semen-covered toy hit the table. Violet was about to stand up but instead covered the toy a moment later as the waiter came up and dropped off two drinks for the couple and walked off as the couple tipped the waiter, and he smiled.

With the waiter gone, the couple turned to me, "You already had a third or fourth?" they asked, and I chuckled and shook my head and got up out of the booth, letting Violet get out.

"Nope," I replied with my characteristic sadistic smile, "I don't need that when I've got this," I said, pointing down at my lifted skirt where my massive cock was appearing with the head pointed toward the two. Both their eyes widened, and they looked up at me, shocked.

"Transgender?" They asked in unison.

"Futanari," I replied as I sat back down when Violet stepped out. Instead of going back into the booth, I smirked and turned to Violet. She was wearing a tight little red dress, but now was the time. She moved, and my cock was in sight, "Make sure to take every inch slut," I told her, and the couple got a show of Violet moving. She didn't lift her skirt or dress but instead mounted my cock at the peak with her pussy ready to be skewered. Then she slowly sat down with an audience of two on my lap, taking my sword into her flesh sheath, and she moaned and shivered.

I felt her pussy spasm, and I felt all the cum from before as she moaned, and I turned to look at the two. "See what a naughty little slut she is?" I asked.

"Very naughty," The man replied, his eyes wide, "How can she even take something that big?" He asked.

"I forced it deep so many times. All she can take from it is pleasure now," I replied, and I looked at her and lifted her ass a little, only to force her back down. "You are only allowed to go up one-inch slut. Otherwise, make me fill you by gyrating those sexy hips to the beat of the music."

Violet moaned and started to enter a world of her own. The music thumped to the beat, and she began to move her hips. I could tell that she no longer cared about the world around her as the couple watched as she moved those hips. She barely even lifted her ass as she danced on my cock to the beat. It was one of the most unusual fucks that happened right out in public.

"Wow," The woman said, "She is rearranging her guts in public like a slut," She commented, then moved forward to Violet. "Tell me, Slut, Whore, Slave, Bitch," The woman said, "What is it like taking such a massive cock inside you and dancing? I want to know, you depraved cunt."

Violet moaned, "I love it; my womb is singing a cry of joy as I move around. Tingles and sparks of pain and pleasure spark my world," Violet cried out for those nearby to hear. "My world is all in one place, and my body can't stop moving. My world sparks and lights up, and the moment I stop moving, it will die out. I need that spark and pleasure, and so I continue to move and feel my body rejoice with each movement!"

My hand came down on her ass hard, and she squealed in delight as the music turned to a new song. The beat picked up, and Violet stood up a little before slamming back down with a cry of delight, "Every time my pussy tightens, I feel the raw veins of her move inside me. The throbbing of her makes me cum a little each time, and the ecstasy of that little bit of drizzle as it

knocks deep inside of me," She moaned as she brought herself up that inch and pushed down hard, and ground her hips.

I knew at this moment she had no idea where she was, or she knew exactly where she was but didn't care. Now, she was in the moment of euphoria, riding the high of her life as people watched her grind her hips into me. Plunging my cock deep into her, I heard the woman comment to her husband, "You can't even tell if she is getting fucked or just enjoying the dance because you cannot think about two women having that."

I felt myself reaching a high as I watched Violet dance and grind on my cock. It was a new sensation as I only hit the deepest parts of her. She ground her ass on my lap, and my balls throbbed with fresh baby liquid to send straight into her needy cunt. She couldn't take it, and I felt her squirt on my cock as she trembled but continued to the beat. I couldn't help the sadistic influx of desire to pull the beads right now out of her to make her cum for all to see. Instead, her red dress hitched up a little, and I pulled it down before smacking her ass, making her jump a little before sitting hard down on my lap again.

She squirted on my lap once more as her cunt trembled and spasmed all over my cock, making my cock throb harder. I couldn't take so much pleasure myself, and I released fresh semen straight into her womb without any warning, and she shivered and orgasmed once again. Her cunt was now spasming all over as rope after rope hit the back of her womb. Shot after shot of cum went deep into her baby maker, and we both shivered with pleasure as we rode an orgasm. I pulled my slut back and pulled her under the table, making us look like close lovers with my cock deep inside her.

"Oh, God, that was hot," The woman said, and the man smiled. I tilted my head so I could see past Violet's body, which was leaning back on my breasts, shivering. Her post-orgasmic bliss continued as I grinned.

"Yes, it was hot; I don't think I am done with her yet either," I said with a smile.

"What are you going to do next?" The couple asked together, looking forward to the show. I could see that the woman joined him in our booth, and her hand was no longer in a spot I could see. Her arm was also directly in a place where she could help relieve her husband while he was clearly in the same place as her.

"There is another hole that she has to unplug and replug the front. Then we can go back to the room for a final round," I told them my idea, and they looked happy. Violet shivered or trembled. It mattered little as the words hit her. I then turned and ordered, "Get up and put the toy on the table back in."

Violet shuddered and reached out for the toy before getting up. She reached down and put the toy back inside, and moved her panties to hold it in place. She pulled down her dress a moment later. I realized that a waiter was walking over, and I turned and put my cock under the table and held it down so it would be seen or touch the table itself.

"Is everything okay here?" He asked, and I nodded.

"Everything is perfect," I replied with a smile, and the couple nodded.

"Enjoy your evening then." The waiter replied before heading off. I could see he was looking at Violet with an odd look, and I wondered if he saw what happened.

Instead of caring, I asked the couple, "Would you like to see what is inside the other hole?" I asked.

"I would love to," The woman said, the excitement clear in her voice.

"Then Slut, present your ass so she can pull it out. Do be discreet. We are in public," I said with a sadistic smile.

Both trembled, and the song turned, and I saw the dance floor move to the booths while others joined the dance floor. The music was popping, and the people staying there seemed to be in the mood to party. The crowd was big, and as Violet walked the short distance, I could see her blushing furiously. Violet's legs were shaking hard and trembling from remembered pleasure, and her body had been put through the works today. She turned around and watched the crowd as she leaned forward a little and spread her legs.

The woman didn't make her go farther, and her hand reached into her butt crack, and soon, her finger hooked through the loop before pulling. Then it was magical as the woman continued to pull more and more white-covered anal beads, each looking sinister, and the woman no longer needed to pull them out. Violet shivered, and suddenly she started to push out the beads on her own, and her eyes rolled as she started to shit out the beads faster and faster. Her body trembled, and her mind blanked as she orgasmed while shitting out the semen-covered beads, and the woman shivered.

"Wow," The woman said, and Violet orgasmed as the woman put the semen-covered beads on the table. Violet blushed hard, and I turned, and my cock sprang up.

"Same rules. Sit down, Slut," I ordered, and Violet seemed to be lost. I felt like she no longer had thoughts of her own as she moved forward. I could see her body tremble as I touched her hips, and her hand moved the head of my cock to her asshole. She looked out into the crowd and then sat down.

My massive futanari cock plunged deep into her, and her pussy got even more moist as she squirted on her panty liner. She pushed down the dress just as a new song sprang up, and it was a slow song. Her hips started to ground into me, and my balls pressed against her asscheeks. Her body trembled, and she could barely move.

My cock was deep inside her, and I felt it squeezing and pulsing with her heartbeat as I pulled her in close. "Move and dance slut; dance the night away before I take you back and have my way with you," I told her, and her body shivered, and I felt her pulse increase through her ass.

Her hips started to move in a circle, and her mind must have been in a place far away. Her ass lifted and squatted on my cock slowly as she started to fuck herself. The couple watched her and jerked each other off as Violet became the center of our show.

Who knew if others were watching as she started to move faster and faster without thought? Maybe she was thinking, or maybe she wasn't; I would never know as she started to grind and hop on my cock at an increasing pace. Time seemed to flow differently, and the wife and husband moaned as they watched and finished their drinks. My cock throbbed as the minutes passed, and the song changed to a faster beat.

Violet reacted to the music and moved faster, her hips dancing on my cock harder and faster. She lost herself as she danced and moved on my cock deep inside her. She moaned and joined her hip movements, and I saw some others watching as she started to twerk her ass to one song that sent a shiver of pleasure as she came again and again on my cock. My cock was throbbing, her cunt was twitching, and her dancing as her ass rippled and twirled as we fucked in public. It was amazing, and I wanted nothing more than to move to the middle of the dance floor and pile-drive her tight ass into submission.

Then my hand came down, and she started to work harder and cried out, "Harder!" To the music and her ass danced, and she looked so good as her ass ate my cock greedily. She twerked her ass to the music as the beat picked up and cheers from the crowd erupted. Violet was lost in it. Lost in the sensation, and I knew it, she was a masochist who lost herself in the fact that she could be caught at any moment. I could feel her tighten up at every moment, and her pussy erupted once again, but she didn't stop moving. My hand came down on her dress-covered ass, and she continued.

We both were lost in the moment, drunk on the music and the pump of our bodies slapping together, hitting the beat of a drop in the music's bass. We both were moaning as our audience lost themselves watching us and entranced as we slapped our bodies even harder together.

My cock throbbed, my balls pulsated, and I sent a fresh load into my new cum dump. Rope after rope of orgasmic bliss left my cock and deep into my playmate. She cried out, and her ass spasmed as she orgasmed with her asshole. Her cheeks slapped to the beat, and I took every moment with a grateful smile. My mind was blown, and all that existed was our bodies and the music. It was amazing, and I learned what music could add to a moment as my cock continued to send more semen straight into her bowels.

I lost myself for a minute, and the song slowly changed as Violet was winded, sitting on my lap with my cock deep inside her. We both lost track of when we stopped, but I smiled and slowly pulled out and grabbed the anal beads. Much to the surprise and delight of the couple, they watched as I pulled out of my slut and started to reinsert the beads. Her body twitched with each insertion.

It took a minute, but I stuffed the plug in deep and then held her before allowing her back in the booth to sit next to me. Violet was done outside tonight, her mind missing as she rested her

head on my shoulder minutes after the deed. My cock took minutes to go soft enough to hide under my skirt, and the couple were watching us flabbergasted.

"That was amazing," They said over the beat of another new song. Everything tonight was starting to blend together like our bodies had been doing before. Now I had an arm wrapped around Violet, her head on my shoulder, and her body resting. Her eyes were half-lidded and vacant from the play. Her body trembled, and I smiled.

"Thank you," I replied, "I am glad you enjoyed the show instead of ratting on us."

"Oh, they know," The man said, "The waiter noticed and stopped others from showing up. I think you owe him a big tip," He said, and I nodded.

"Thank you for letting me know. Too bad I don't carry cash." I winced.

"Then we will tip for that show. I would pay to watch something like that," The woman said, and they both nodded.

"Well, thank you," I replied again, "I will have to be going soon. We have a tour tomorrow, and I have not finished with her yet."

The couple gawked and looked at Violet and shook their heads. I saw the pity in their eyes, "You have amazing stamina, then," The woman said.

"I work out. A lot."

My smile spoke volumes, and the couple got up. I could see that the woman's hand was a little wet as they decided to depart without another word. I watched them go, and I looked down at my messed-up slut and smiled. "I wasn't lying; I am not done with you yet," I finished, and Violet shivered.

A minute later, I finished my juice and smiled, "Time to go; we need to wash you out and refill you," I told her, and I got out of the booth.

Violet took a moment to move out of the booth, and her legs trembled when she did. I helped her stand and started to walk us back to the room. After a minute, it was taking too long, and I was wasting too much time, so I picked Violet up and put her on my back to carry her back. That took much less time to get back, and when I opened the hotel room door, I could smell all the sex we had so far on this trip.

I stepped inside, and I let go of her trembling ass and let her stand on shaky feet.

"How are you feeling, Violet," I asked in the darkroom as I moved to turn on the lights.

"Amazing," Violet replied, "I have no idea what is happening to me, but I love it. Everything feels good."

"We are not done yet," I told her, "Strip. We are showering," I told her, and she shivered. I closed the door and turned on the lights. I opened up the bathroom door and turned on the lights there. She stripped for me, losing the little red dress, and was in only her black cum covered panties. She pulled them down, and I reached forward and pressed the toy in her pussy as it was about to slip out. "Keep it in, Slut," I ordered her.

"Yes, Mistress."

"Good girl," I replied, and I stripped myself, and my cock started to harden as I thought about what I was about to do to her.

The next moment I was naked with my breasts slightly bouncing from the force as I tore my crop top off. I smiled. "Follow me," I said, bringing her into the shower and turning on the hot water. I knew she would need to relax, and Violet instantly moaned with the hot water.

I didn't give her time, though, and I smiled, "Time to wash out my masturbation cup," I told her.

Instantly I grabbed the toy in her pussy and pulled it out. A second later, a fat pool of cum started to drip out. Then I pushed her roughly against the wall, her face plastered against the tile, and I forced her ass out. "Come on, Bitch move that ass out!" I snapped as more cum started to drip down into the water pooling below.

Then I grabbed her ass cheek to spread it then, grabbed the plug itself, then pulled the ripcord. "AHHHHH~!" her scream of pain and pleasure from the tortured asshole made her cum. Semen shot out of her cunt and asshole as she shit out the beads and semen. I did not even pull the string as it shot out with speed as she, once again, shat a long string of sinister beads. "ITS SCRATCHING DOWN MY INSIDES~! IT FEELS SO GOOD~! MISTRESS~!" She cried out, her body shivering as semen and beads shot out; hitting the tiles on the floor, she shat out the beads, and her body spasmed as she squirted and started to piss.

That wasn't all, though, as I stepped up behind her, and I shoved my cock in deep, making her scream and piss even harder before I pulled out and grabbed the shower neck. It had a detachable side, and I turned the water over to the detachable head. I brought it down to her twitching orgasming ass, and I started to shoot water up it making her tremble hard as semen washed out.

Then it began as I started to fill her ass up with water and then spanked her ass till she shit out more semen that was locked tight deep in her asshole. She trembled from the orgasm with her trembling body. She was sensitive all over, and I washed her cunt once with a fat load of cum, leaving her there.

Each time, I would fill her up, making her moan. Then my hand would come down on her ass, spanking her red flaming ass, and she trembled. Orgasmed, then released more of my semen. Her body was shaking, and she had no strength left in her body, it seemed.

I pulled her out of the shower, and I smiled, my cock hard and her body ready for the next part of the night. I dried her off and pushed her onto the clean side of the bed. Her piss still soaked the other side of the bed, and I pushed her face into the sheets before she knew it.

"Mistress, what are you going to do to me?" Violet asked, her body a wreck needing rest.

"Beg for my cock in your ass or pussy. You get to choose which I use first, but you are not going to bed till I fill both up one more time tonight."

The words were like a death sentence, and she trembled, but her hands moved, and she spread her asscheeks. My cock was throbbing hard, and she looked back at me, "I want my daughter to fuck me till I cry and orgasm all over her cock. I want your massive fat Futanari cock deep inside my asshole. Please~! MISTRESS~! PLEASE MAKE ME YOURS SO I CAN FORGET ANYONE BUT YOU~!"

My cock was throbbing, and her declaration was made, and I took my cock, and I stuffed her asshole. She cried out, and my cock pumped in and out of her trembling, perpetually cumming asshole hard. Pleasure spiked my head, and my hands slapped her trembling body again and again. The wanting bitch on the end of my cock came again and again.

My cock plunged in and out more and more, and it didn't take long for me to peak and release my seed inside her deep once more.

But I wasn't done!

I grabbed her, flipped her, and started to pile-drive that cunt into submission. I barely even registered the pause as her trembling pussy juiced and squirted. She came again and again. Her screams sounded throughout the room, and I didn't care. I loved it, and I loved this feeling of complete control, and I dominated that cunt more and more. I didn't even realize that I released my seed into her pussy once. I just kept going as her legs wrapped around my back, and I fucked her till she stopped screaming, and I released another load into her.

The last memory of my night being with my cock sheathed deep in her cunt and her sleeping with her head beside my own.

It was a long night for Violet and myself, but my cock throbbed once more inside her while I slept.

Chapter 36: Slow Worship

I groaned and slowly started to wake up. My cock was throbbing already, and I groaned as I realized I was having morning wood. I grunted and slowly felt my eyes flutter open quicker as I wished my girlfriend was here to deal with it. Then I realized I had a slut beside me that I could use, that was still trembling from my might of last night.

Violet's legs were spread open, and a white liquid was clearly visible dripping from her cunt and asshole. My cock throbbed, and I smiled as I realized I could wake the bitch up from her sleep in a very fun way. I moved before my mind could think twice about my decision, and soon, the tip of my fat cock was pressing against her used pussy.

"OH FUCK~!" Violet shuddered and moaned as she suddenly had nine inches of my cock inside her, and I grabbed her hair and shoved her into the pillow. I thrust deeper into her, and I heard her moan into the pillow. "Mistress~!" She cried out, but I couldn't care less. My cock throbbed inside her drenched pussy that easily accepted me, and I started to pound her cunt into the bed, making us both bounce a little, and the backboard hit the wall a little.

Bang Bang Bang!

I was at it hard, and I shoved my cock in and out of her hard and fast as a wake-up call to relieve myself quickly. Treating her like an object, I felt her spasm on my cock just before I released my cum inside her, letting out a moan of my own as I pressed her face into the pillows.

I shivered a little as I realized what I was doing and whom I was doing it to, but I didn't care anymore. I got deep inside her and pushed her down into the pillow, and strangled her as I fucker her hard. Her pussy tightened up in response as I was building up into a final blast. "Fucking take it Cum Dump!" I cracked and pulled her head back, giving her a gasp of air just as I shoved my cock deep and blasted the inside of her full womb. She gasped as she shuddered, and her pussy spasmed all over my cock as we both orgasmed. Her cry of pleasure sounded a moment later, filling up the room and pushing in and out of her more, riding out my orgasm.

Pleasure fogged my world, and I was in sweet bliss before I pulled out. Semen shot out of her cunt as I pulled out, pooling a little on the bed from too much activity in one night. Violet groaned, and I got off her and, a moment later, off the bed and stretched. "Nothing like a good dumping of semen in the morning, right, Slut?" I asked Violet, who was twitching on the bed in orgasmic bliss.

Violet's legs were twitching and spread like a bow, with fluids dripping out of all of her holes. I walked over to her side of the bed, and I slapped her ass hard, waking her up. "AH!" She yelped in sudden pain, turning to me. Then her eyes widened, and I heard her stomach grumble a little, and she shot off the bed towards the bathroom. I couldn't help but chuckle as I knew that she was losing all the fluids I had dumped inside her, and I walked over to my suitcase.

This was a wonderful suitcase that Samantha sent; I kept finding little goodies like those sinister anal beads. I still could not believe Violet chose those beads over everything else. Stupid of her, in my opinion. Then again, she really enjoyed the play we had with them. Maybe it wasn't so stupid of her.

This morning, we had that tour of the Capital to go on, but I wasn't sure if I wanted to go now. I frowned and thought about it. It was about a hundred dollars, and I would take Violet out and travel around. But this was a foreign country, and if we got caught doing things together, it would get really sketchy really fucking quick.

Did I want to deal with that?

"OH FUCK~!" I heard my stepmother groan in the bathroom, and I chuckled. It seemed that my slap started something for her, and I sat on the couch and thought about things while looking at the suitcase.

We had one more full day left.

That was the crux of the matter as we are on a plane tomorrow, and this all ends. I didn't know how to feel about that, but I wasn't going to think about it now. That meant that there was one more day when I would fulfill my promise. Did I want a tour of the Dominican Republic just to take some photos?

Looking over the toys, there were a couple of things that we could do out in public, but none of them seemed like they would be that great. All it sounded like was increased risk. Just amping up the risk and the stakes if we got caught. I could create that excitement with others already at the resort without needing to increase the risk so high if we got caught. That was the crux of the matter.

Does she want me to continue for the day? Or have a day off with something tonight before we go back to America tomorrow?

That sounded like a Violet choice because I was looking at the toys that I still had, and I could not think of anything fun that didn't have chances of things going very wrong out in public. There were public decency laws, I believe, in the Dominican Republic. I could not help but want to find out, so I grabbed my phone and started to look it up. Then I frowned and learned that they did, in fact, have public decency laws, and I sighed.

Probably for the best.

Looking at it more and more objectively, I could not think of anything good that would come of doing the tour of the capital. I mean, what would I buy as well?

Maybe I should have picked up one of those boating experiences.

My mind wandered for a couple of minutes before I heard a groan. "God, that was a lot; you really let me have it, Mistress," Violet came out of the bathroom, sounding much better. I could hear the relief in her voice, and she saw me with my cock flaccid on the couch, and I could see her blush as she looked down between my legs.

"Still ready for more, I can see," I said with a smirk as I looked at Violet for the first time in a while while not actively doing something to her with toys. "Come sit, we need to have a little chat," I told her, and I saw Violet blank for a moment. She then came on over, and I could see her press her hands against her sides, not really knowing what to do with herself.

"Now," I said as she sat down, "I wasn't really thinking yesterday when we were signing up for the Tour of the Capital City," I began honestly. "So you have a choice ahead of you," I turned to her, "We can take a break, and we can enjoy a day walking around the capital of the city or," I paused, and I looked down at my cock, "Or I will continue to dominate you like the bitch you are."

Violet looked at me with a blush, and she leaned back in the chair, and I felt her skin brushing against mine. It was the first time in the last couple of days that I treated her like a human. I could tell that it was taking her a minute to get used to that. Then she looked at me and blushed deeply, and looked at my cock. Minutes passed, and I could see her thinking and engaging her mind.

I saw it again; the person who was my stepmother as the intelligence seemed to engage, and she looked at me. Then she blushed deeply, and that woman disappeared, and she turned into a cock craving slut. I could see her thinking about getting pounded more, and she turned away for a minute.

Silence took over, and I laid back, waiting. I looked at the suitcase full of toys and thought about something we could do on a bus as we drove for an hour. With so many other people there, I couldn't really think of anything other than a toy in her cunt and ass. Then I would feel up her breasts, and What? Milk her tits? Massage her breasts? Kiss her?

It's not like I would be able to fuck her on the bus.

Would we even have enough time to fuck while in a public restroom or a restaurant?

With toys inside her for a while, she would be desperate for sex, and I couldn't see any fun play. I had nothing to work with and honestly didn't know what I was thinking when I signed up for it.

"We leave tomorrow, huh?" Violet said, leaning back, "These last few days have passed so quickly for me." She told me, "You have just made me cum over and over again in a way that I never felt before. The last couple of days have just been orgasmic bliss."

I heard the nonexistent sigh at the end, and I knew that was because of what would happen when it was all over. "Only one more day and I have to face the music of what I left back home," Violet sighed, for real this time, "Well, I can't say that I haven't immensely enjoyed myself," She said, and I didn't know what to say. "Honestly, it is fucked up what I have done, but fuck, you have been the best sex of my life. I will never be able to enjoy your father again."

Again, I didn't say anything as Violet talked to herself, and I did not know what to do. "You know, begging you that day was probably the best decision I ever made. I never even knew anyone

other than your father, and frankly, I like it when you're selfish. I liked it when you pushed me down and took what you wanted. I loved it when you treated me worse than you would a dog," Violet continued. "In front of others, I was no one. I didn't have to think; I just obeyed and enjoyed like a good slave. I take pleasure in following your orders," Violet continued when I kind of wish she wouldn't. "I love it, and I don't want it to end," Violet said and went silent for a minute.

The silence filled the room, and then I felt her hands on my head, and she turned my head to look at her. The attractive woman was before me, and she suddenly kissed me. It was a peck, and then she pulled back before she kissed me again, and I felt her tongue press against my lips. She probed and pushed to get deeper, so I parted my lips, and our tongues danced together.

The pleasure of tongues swirling and twirling in dance as we tasted each other. I could taste the toothpaste in her mouth as she kissed me. Violet pulled back, and she was a little breathless, "I want you to dominate me," Violet said, "I want you to do whatever you want with no holding back. My body is yours for you to treatas you like. Fuck the tour. Let's eat, and you can enjoy yourself with my body."

I looked into my stepmother's eyes, and I nodded.

"You're sick in the head," I told Violet.

"I know," Violet replied.

What more could I say to this woman?

I got up, and I turned to face her with my cock in her face. "At least I know I have consent to do as I wish," I said now, and I stretched a little, and I saw her eyes on my cock as it swung a little before her, although it was mostly flaccid at this point. "Shower, now," I ordered, and I saw her shiver.

"We are canceling the tour; who gives a fuck about the money," I told her as I walked to the bathroom and opened the door, "I also need a dog bitch to wash me off; maybe I might reward the bitch later," I told her.

Violet smiled brightly and followed me toward the bathroom and into the shower. It was odd as I turned around in the shower to see her smiling, and I looked at her up and down before grabbing her by the throat and tightening. The sudden assault on her neck surprised her, and I smiled.

"You are going to wash every inch of my body. You are going to worship it as your goddess, and you are going to show me how you do that; I want to see, and if you please me," I paused and let go, making her gasp for fresh air, "Then I will reward you, maybe, depends on how I feel later."

Violet shivered as I finished, and she looked at me and then grabbed a luffa we brought. She got on her knees before looking up at me. "I haven't done this in ages, Mistress, please," She said as she slowly reached down for my foot, and I turned on the water.

The water blasted, and I watched as Violet daintily picked up my foot and started to kiss it. She started kissing each toe of my foot as the water poured down, and I could barely hear her whisper, "Thank you," To my toe each time, slowly taking her time to kiss each toe in turn before kissing my foot all over. Each inch was kissed and worshiped before she started to wash it lovingly and slowly, and I leaned against the wall as she took her time washing me slowly. It felt oddly good, slightly ticklish, but good.

I watched as she finished the one foot. She didn't move on to the next. Instead, I found my foot in her bosom as she started to kiss my ankle before washing it, and I could only describe each movement as worshiping my body. I watched as she worked her way up my thigh and even licked me sometimes as she worshiped my calves and knee on the way up. My cock was starting to throb, but I watched in silence as the water poured over the both of us.

As she reached the middle part of my thigh, she stopped and moved onto my other foot, and it all began once more. It was a long time in the shower, and I didn't care as I watched this woman worship each inch of my long legs and feet. She took her time, worshiped my body, and even thanked my body as she worked her way up. Her lips met me all over, and soon she was back up at my thighs, and she worked on the top of my thighs, getting closer and closer to my throbbing cock and dripping pussy.

She worked closer and closer to my balls before I felt her lips meet them, and I moaned a little as she started to kiss them. She took her time sucking them into her mouth and licking them all over. When my balls escaped her mouth, she wasn't done, and she started to massage them while licking up to my cock, which was throbbing harshly above my balls. I could almost feel my balls producing more and more sperm for her to take inside her. My balls throbbed as she took them in her mouth, and she slowly moved back, much to my surprise, and she found my clit.

I was about to stop her when an electric bolt went up my spine, and I moaned louder. "Fuck it, Make me squirt as you worship my cunt, Slave," I ordered, not caring at this moment. Once in a while, I should luxuriate in my womanly parts as well.

Violet moaned in return, and her hand found my balls, and her other hand started to tease my asshole. I didn't know if I should be allowing her to play with me so much as the pleasure sparked in my head. It was not normal for me to let even Crystal touch those spots but thoughts in my mind as she sucked on my clit and massaged my throbbing balls while teasing my tight asshole were not a thing.

I moaned more and more, and her finger dove into my asshole as an odd pleasure hit me, and I shivered. Her finger moved gently inside me, and my clit was being assaulted by her tongue before her hand left my throbbing balls and started to stroke my thick futanari cock up and down.

Everything was throbbing and melting below me as she continued to worship my cunt to the best of her ability. I was moaning more and more as I let her bring me closer and closer to the edge. I felt my legs start to shiver uncharacteristically as the electricity shivered up my spine, and I knew I was on the edge as she sucked hard on my clit and her finger dove deep into my ass. My cock throbbed, and my balls churned, but they released nothing as I orgasmed.

My pussy erupted, and I shivered cumming into Violet's mouth as my legs trembled and spasmed. I was blank, and I didn't know what to do for a moment, but I rode out the orgasm as she licked my clit till I finished orgasm. I heard my loud feminine moan, and I pulled her head back for a moment, "Move on, Slave," I ordered as I came to myself, and she nodded.

"Yes, Mistress, allow me to worship your next hole." Violet moaned out, and I allowed it.

"Make sure I am very clean when you are done, Slave," I ordered, and I moved forward, leaning forward and feeling odd. The mood I was in was different, and this was so different to me as I felt her move forward and stuffed her face into my asscheeks. I felt her tongue lick up the crack of my ass, and she kissed the taint. I shivered at the sensitive unaccustomed pleasure I was allowed to happen.

Violet's tongue licked my taint a little, sending an odd pleasure through me before it went back into her mouth, and I felt her kiss the asshole she fingered not long ago. My mind was already in an odd place when I suddenly felt her grabbing my cock with both hands as her lips kissed my asshole. Then I felt her bring my fat futanari cock between her breasts before mashing them together. Then it began, and I moaned at the sudden soft assault as she started to stroke my cock with her breasts. She moved them individually and together as she started to kiss and lick my asshole, teasing it all over, sending a unique pleasure I could never describe.

Then Violet shoved her tongue into my ass and started to lick all over the inside as she jerked my cock off with her breasts. The pleasure came quickly, and my mind was in turmoil under the odd pleasure as she kissed and worshiped my asshole all over with her mouth and my cock was throbbing along with my balls as I started to get closer and closer to the edge before she brought me over and my cock blasted the front of her body with my sperm.

I moaned and shot my cum all over her breasts and body without restraint as she continued to worship my asshole, and I loudly moaned. I was in an odd zone and I let the pleasure roll through me as she continued through my ejaculation. My mind was cloudy as I finished, and I pulled her head again, "Move on, Slave," I told her, and she moved on from my asshole instead bringing things to help wash them.

Allowing her to continue to work, she washed my cunt and asshole softly and properly. She took her time and started to worship my ass cheeks and then my back. Softly kissing and worshiping my body after making me orgasm twice, I was still sensitive. She moved up my back and washed and worshiped as she went before I turned around and made her worship my arms and hands.

Watching someone worship your body for so long we lost track of time. Her lips greeted and thanked each finger before she continued all the way up my arm before repeating and doing the same down the other arm. Then she reached up and started to worship my neck and collarbone.

I felt so fucking weird, but I also liked this over-the-top worship, and I lost track of time. It was a moment that I could tell that she was enjoying every minute of, and I felt her kissing and thanking me as she worshiped me. Then she moved to my armpit, which she decided to lick all over before kissing and washing before moving on to the other.

It was slow and methodical as she reached my breasts. Violet started with my nipples sucking them into her mouth and molding them to her hands, and looked up at me. I was leaning on the shower wall as she began worshiping my breasts. My cock was throbbing between them and she brought it down and put it between her legs. As she moved forward and backward, her cunt jerked my throbbing cock slowly as she kissed and worshiped my breasts.

I was in an odd zone watching it all and enjoying it. I felt every inch of her worship, and my breasts took a long time as she struggled to reach deep into my F-cup cleavage. Her lips slowly licked down to my abs after a time where she spent time washing my breasts, and she began to worship the part of my body that deserved it the most. My eight-pack abs deserved all the worship in the world, and I luxuriated in it as she gave them the attention they wanted.

Time slipped past as she worshiped them properly, and my cock was throbbing before she slowly moved on and she 'found' my cock. Her lips started to kiss down the length before her tongue started working along the entire length. My cock throbbed, and my balls throbbed with them in turn. She started to stroke and work my cock kissing and licking the whole length as she purposefully left the head out.

From base to just before the head of my massive Futanari cock was worshiped. Bringing me closer and closer to the edge I took the pleasure in. My mind was blank, and when she finally kissed the head of my cock I shivered a little as I allowed her to continue. Violet's tongue licked around the tip of my cock, and she kissed every part of my one-eyed womb wrecker's head. She took her time worshiping it and bringing me closer and closer.

Then suddenly, I felt my cock dive into her mouth, and she started to suck me off. My hands couldn't resist, and I grabbed her by the head. I was too close to the edge, and I grabbed her by the ears and I began to fuck her throat. I didn't know how deep I was going or how long I went, but I fucked that throat hard till I released my seed deep inside, filling her up.

The slow worship turned into a brutal throat fucking because I was on the edge, and when I finished cumming down her throat, I pulled out with a moan which she matched as she gasped. "Wash it and move on," I ordered her as she coughed up a little bit of cum.

"Yes, Mistress," Violet gasped, and she began washing my throbbing cock before standing up once again. "Mistress, Please turn around and let me worship your head."

I turned around, and she started to kiss the back of my neck and ears, which was a new and odd feeling once again. Then she washed it all before moving on to my hair, which, by mutual unsaid understanding, she washed with shampoo and then with a conditioner.

Then it was done as the water washed it off, and she stepped back with a blush, and I smiled. "Turn around," I told her, and she nodded, and I spread her asscheeks as she put her hands on the wall, "I noticed you need a refill," I told her before shoving my entire cock up her ass slowly. Her cry of pleasure filled the shower, and I was quick and brutal. After such a slow time, the quick and brutalness of my cock pounding her asshole was a relief to me, and I dumped a massive load into her before pulling out.

Violet shivered after cumming on my cock and turned around, breathing heavily, "You did an acceptable job," I told her, "We need to get to breakfast soon, wash up and get those anal beads you chose yesterday washed up and in your asshole. Then we can go," I ordered, stepping out of the shower, my mind foggy as hell in the bliss of whatever just happened.

Note to self, that was fucking weird.

I blatantly ignored my throbbing cock, pussy, and twitching asshole.

Chapter 37: Morning Chat

Violet and I left the room with plenty of time for breakfast. Although we took over an hour or two in the shower this morning, we woke up much earlier than we had this week. I originally wanted to have some fun before heading on the tour, but I was happy we canceled now.

Violet was in a cute white summer dress that looked just opaque enough not to see anything but to tease the eyes through its lace. I think she originally got this to attract some men if she wanted to cheat potentially. Instead, she was now wearing it for me as low-cut for the breasts, and it puffed out at the bottom, teasing the eyes. Her white panties matched the dress, but what was inside those panties was black hard, and sinister as I made her wear those dangerous-looking anal beads again.

Violet, though, pulled out a little light blue dress that I liked a lot. It was another summer dress that cut low for me, but with the building heat, it was really nice. The dress was dangerous to others as it cut off at the mid-thigh cutely, dangerously close to showing off my panties. But it was super cute, and Violet and I looked good as we walked together.

As we walked, I had my hand on her ass, squeezing a little to remind her of the beads inside her. Violet shivered as we walked together, and I massaged her asscheek, and my thumb sneaked in and played with the plug at the base. Violet moaned as we walked, and her legs shivered as we reached the restaurant. We both quickly moved around to get food together, and we talked about the various foods.

Violet seemed to have forgotten for the moment how much of a bottomless pit I was compared to her as I stacked my plate up. She went for the more diet foods, and I chuckled as I told her she could just join me on a run twice a week, and if she could keep up she would shed any extra pounds quickly. This quickly earned me a playful slap as we moved on to various other parts of the buffet.

This morning felt odd as we maneuvered together and got drinks before sitting down at the table. Then my stepmother started to argue about my lack of needing coffee in the world. "No, once you get started, you never stop. Why do you think I don't really drink pop, tea, and most other drinks?" I replied exasperated, "Only juice and water are allowed in this temple. I don't want to get started on the drug called caffeine. I am happier without it and can wake up fine," I boasted.

Violet looked offended as she put some more sugar in her coffee as I drank my juice. "I can't believe you said that; I will let you know: I am very addicted to my coffee, and I could not do without it." She mocked, and I chuckled, "How did you become so goody two shoes?" She asked a moment later.

I chuckled, "You ask how I am a goodie two shoes after the past couple of nights," I replied with a dark concentration. Violet blushed furiously, and I guess the table next to us heard, making them both laugh as well. "I regard my body as a temple, and you know that," I replied to the original question, "Whether with studies or working out every day no matter what. I sculpted it to be the best it can be. Sure, I have been told by my Sensei to increase my flexibility, but I do that by also making sure I don't bring in things that I don't care for." I know I was putting off the question a bit, and I shrugged. "So what?" I shrugged, "I am who I am and unapologetically so," I told Violet, "Having a backbone and holding true to myself is the best advice I have ever given myself."

My words struck her hard because she always told me not to stand out too much, and the conversation died. I didn't mean to attack her like that, but I was not some goody two shoes or teacher's pet. I had been mercilessly made fun of for years, and I was no longer putting up with it.

Violet nodded in return, and we started to eat a bit more in silence. To be honest, I regretted making her like that, and I rolled my eyes, "Don't be like that; just do better," I told her. Violet nodded, and I leaned back in my chair before getting up. "I am going for seconds; I am still hungry," I told her and went off.

I went and gathered another plate of food and noticed some eyes from men and women alike. I liked this dress, although I knew it was skimpy, but it was damn hot out, and I looked hot in this dress. Moving through the buffet, I got back to Violet not long later, and she had her perkiness back. I didn't know what got her in a better mood, but I could tell that she was enjoying the beads inside her when she moved in her seat a little.

We got back to chatting, and she watched me eat for a bit and drank a second cup of coffee. I finished my meal after a bit, chugged a glass of water, and finished off my juice before heading out of the restaurant. We moved together, and my thumb happened to start teasing her asshole again as I grabbed her ass. I felt her shiver in my arms as we walked through the resort, and I remembered something.

"We have a garden to sit in. Let's sit there for a bit and chat," I told Violet.

"Okay."

We walked silently for a minute before we found our garden spot and sat beside each other. Being surrounded by Dominican plants was an odd sensation, and I leaned back to question it. "Interesting to just sit and chat after these past days," I began.

"Yeah, I have been loving the treatment; I just wish your-" Violet cut herself off, and I nodded.

"He is an asshole, you know, Violet," I told her bluntly, "Honestly, both of you can be a bit of an asshole, but at least you are a faithful asshole." Violet glared at me, and I raised an eyebrow, "Oh, you want me to list times and prove that you are an asshole?" I asked her, "You do not want to go down this line, Violet; you will lose," I stated bluntly.

Violet opened her mouth to start to retort but stopped, "No, you're right, I guess; I just, you know, I never thought of what I was doing as bad for you." Violet said with regret.

"Like I said, not bringing that up now," I told her bluntly once again, "That being said, I don't know what you should do. Hell, after what we have done this week, I don't know how we will interact when we get home."

"I know when I get back, I have a lot of thinking to do," Violet said with a large sigh, "I mean a lot. You have opened my eyes while here in this resort. I had no idea how much of a pervert you were or just how much of one I am. I don't know if I can go back to him. Suppose he can ever top your performance even if I wrote a step-by-step guide. It's the attitude you have. That superiority complex you barely even notice you have. The smiles that make me shiver. That confidence."

Violet looked at me, tilting her head, "I can see why people would pay to see you, Angela. Why would they be desperate to see you and, more importantly, please you? This morning, in the shower, I felt it. I wanted nothing more than that arbitrary reward that you never even promised me. In fact, I would take a punishment as long as it was you paying attention to me. The very fact that you deigned to notice me was itself a gift it felt like."

Violet shivered again, "I never felt this way about someone or something before. You brought me there effortlessly, and it has been like I have been on a cloud of pure ecstasy and bliss with you this week," Violet sighed once more, "I don't know how I will give it up. I don't know how I will stop myself from seeking you out when we are back or if I ever will. But this all ends tomorrow," She finished with a sigh once again.

Another time, I was left with nothing to say. What could I say?

My position in this relationship was that I could easily seek out others. I enjoyed seeking out others, even with her here. I had plenty of stamina to spare to wear out a couple of others over the course of any time frame. I was confident that I could please them and make them cum their brains out. I just knew I could do it.

It wasn't like that for Violet.

Violet wanted to submit to someone stronger. Someone confident and could put up with her shit and dominate her. Even at this moment, I could put my hand to her throat, choke her, fuck her, and put my foot on her head as she dripped semen on the floor, and it would only excite her. I could humiliate her, and she would love it.

When we got back, though, the partner that had been doing that to her was at arm's reach. There, but wouldn't do anything to her. I was still in school and not at home most of the time. I would dedicate more time to volleyball, work, Crystal, and my lovers. She would be in her art studio wishing that the man who cheated on her would dominate her instead of being a pussy prick and hiding and doing things behind her back.

"You know what the fucked up thing is, Violet," I said suddenly.

Violet looked at me, surprised, "What?"

"I think knowing you and the time that we spent this weekend that the reason you're mad at Dad isn't because he fucked another woman and got her pregnant," I began, "No, I think you would have fucking loved to be in a threesome with him and him making you watch her get fucked by him. You wanted him to dominate you. Make you do things you normally wouldn't. You might be a feminist, Violet," I said, turning to her and seeing her jaw drop, "But you're a Masochistic sow who loves to be humiliated and cucked. You would have loved it if Dad did it to you. I know because you loved it when I did it to you."

Violet looked both offended and startled, and she stared at me.

A minute passed.

Five minutes passed.

Ten minutes passed, and she was stunned.

"Am I wrong?" I asked her.

Violet looked down finally, and I could see my intelligent stepmother start to think. For the first time I saw her on this trip, she was thinking hard about her relationship, and I watched as she went over it in her head. I could see her even repeat, and after another couple of minutes, she looked at me dumbfounded, "You couldn't be right, right?" Violet asked.

"Violet, I already cucked you on this trip multiple times. I watched as you watched me fuck another woman in front of you. I watched as you wanted to join and were jealous. That jealousy was something that fueled your needs and desires, not made you hate me. I was your Mistress and Dominatrix; I was supposed to be yours. But I kept finding others, and it was only when you were not involved that it made you mad."

"No," Violet replied.

"You can deny it all you want, but," I shrugged and chuckled, "I am not your therapist; I am your Dominatrix; I play with your emotions and use those to fuck with your mind till you cum your brains out. Not try to make you fix them or understand them."

"But he cheated," Violet said in response, which wasn't an answer to anything I just said.

"Well, you might enjoy it if you were there and part of it. But you hate it when you're not there. It's only cheating if your partner does it without your knowledge and informed consent. I fuck other women with and around Crystal all the time. She loves it," I told her, "Maybe I've learned my swinger ways from you, Violet. Just don't know where the Domination side of me comes from because it definitely wasn't from my biological mother."

Violet was deep in thought, and I let her sit for a minute, "One sec," I said, getting up, "I am going to get some water for the both of us. I think you need a minute alone, so I will be back." I told her, got moving, left the garden behind our room, and walked to the bar. I picked up a couple glasses of water and an orange juice. I quickly downed the orange juice and sighed contentedly.

The sun was out, and I felt relaxed as I looked up into the sky. I could hear the sounds of people chatting in the distance, and some people were already at the beach.

"Ma'am, you missed your tour bus," I suddenly heard, and I turned to see the person who sold us the tickets.

"Ah, no worries. We decided at the last minute not to go," I told them, "We are going to relax on our last day," I said, brushing them off.

"No worries, Ma'am, I hope you enjoy yourself," they said and walked away. I decided I should walk back.

I grabbed the water glasses and entered the garden again seeing Violet still thinking. I put one of the water down, and started to drink the other one as I wrapped my arm around Violet's shoulders. I then sat in silence for a minute, drinking my water, which was nice. It was a hot day out, and I enjoyed the plants around us.

"You are right," I suddenly heard Violet say, "You are fucking right, I would have been fine with it. Some tight Asian pussy being fucked in front of me while imagining myself being the one receiving it next would have got me off." Violet said, "I wouldn't even want to be with other men while he had more action. I would just want to be there, watching, enjoying. Fucking afterward," Violet said more to herself than me, and she looked at me distressed in her eyes.

"I am a cuck?" Violet asked bluntly, her face showing so much of her feelings.

"You are a Cuck, and that is fine," I told her, "You are a Masochistic Slut," I continued, "It is fine to have a kink, and you are allowed to want to be fucked and be fucked in certain ways. There is nothing wrong with being a Cuck." I reassured her and she sighed.

"I think I understand why, why I am so mad about all of this, Why I am so unsure of why I want to stay and torn between both." Violet finished.

"I can listen if you want," I said.

"No," Violet replied instantly, "This is for when we go back," She said slowly, "This is for me to tell him. For now," She turned to me, "I want you to make me forget that tomorrow will come."

I smiled, making her shiver, and I pulled her close, grabbed her breast, and gripped it tightly. "Sure, let me think something up quick, Slave." I paused for only a moment and my smile brightened a second later, "I already have something in mind," I told her truthfully.

"Follow."

Chapter 38: Tasks

I took her lips before she knew it. My hands were grabbing her breasts, working my way around her, and pinched her nipples hard. I was now pressing her against the dresser inside our room, and I pulled them apart and mashed them together. Her head was tilted back as I pushed her forward, and my cock started to get hard.

I pulled her back and made her take a step back before I suddenly pushed her face down roughly against the dresser. Suddenly she was pressed against the dresser with her ass out, and I pulled her dress up, only exposing her ass as her breasts were pressed against the dresser.

Her matching white panties were now in sight, and I pulled those panties down quickly, exposing the plug. I then grabbed that plug and pulled it out in one go. Her asshole started to pop with each bead, and she screamed as her asshole popped out bead after bead scraping the insides and her sphincter at the same time. Her body started to shudder, and she saw her pussy erupt from the treatment. The beads came out like I was ripping the cord on the lawn mower, and the eruption was amazing.

The beads were coming out with a bunch of semen coming out with it. My cock throbbed, and I turned and shoved my cock in as the last bead came out with the semen acting as lube. She cried out, and I started to fuck her earnestly. My cock shoved deep in her spasming asshole without restraint finding itself deep inside her, and I moaned a little as it spasmed on me as she orgasmed from the rip-cord anal beads and the insertion of my cock.

"Oh, FUCK! MISTRESS~!" Violet cried out, filling the room, but I started to pound her ass, and she could no longer even talk as her ass spasmed on my cock. My cock glided in and out, taking at least half my cock out before ramming home and making sure to hear the slap of her cheeks against my hips. I thrust into her hard, making her yelp and moan with each thrust in a quick, brutal fuck.

I released my seed quickly deep inside of her, and I shuddered with pleasure as I sent rope after rope deep. I didn't know what she would do later, but I already had an idea of what I wanted to do with her today. It would not be much different from the day before. I couldn't help the smile on my face as I pulled out and still had the ripcord of sinister anal beads in my hand.

Seconds after I pulled out, I was putting each of those beads back into her loose asshole as she quivered. I could see her asshole twitch from my cum enema, and I put those beads right back inside her one at a time, making her quiver. I quickly put the plug back in and rubbed her ass a bit. "Stay Slut; I am grabbing something for you," I told her and stepped over to the suitcase. I noticed the enema plunger, and I looked at Violet.

My cock throbbed, and I smiled as I thought of the play I wanted to do but so much later. She would be humiliated and cry, and I would fuck her and dominate her without recourse. I would do what I want without caring. I only had one more day to do so. I looked to see Violet bent over on the dresser, her head just an inch from the wall as her breasts held her up a little from the dresser.

Violet's dress was pulled up to the middle of her back, and her legs shook as she tried to recover. I could tell that she loved what just happened but was still trying to find out what just happened to her in the first place. Her legs continued to tremble from her orgasm, and I looked her over a bit more.

The MILF was precisely what she was. I wanted to bend her over again, and I could feel my cock throb as I thought about what I could be doing to her at this moment. Instead, I had a much different idea, and I grinned. I grabbed a vibrator. This time, it was a bumpy dildo that was twisted inside to stir up her cunt. It would be one that she would enjoy next.

I shoved that bumpy dildo up into her gushing cunt without restraint and turned it on, hearing it start to stir up her cunt instantly. "Ah~!" She shivered, and I grabbed her hair and pulled her back up. "Now, Slut, we are going to enjoy some sunbathing; I have to work on my back. I don't care if people hear the vibrations from you." I snapped and tossed her red bikini at her. "Put 'em on," I finished and started to look for my bikini.

"W- what if someone notices?" She moaned.

"Then I bring you back to the room and fuck you," I replied, "In fact, We could just fuck all day without a break," I said, raising my eyebrow at her, "Although something tells me the thought of sunbathing in your bikini while being fucked by two toys is something that gets you going."

Violet blushed and looked away, not wanting to reply, and I shook my head, "Typical Masochistic bitch, pretends they don't want it till you confront them." My comment made her blush more. "I think I have a fun little game. We are going to enjoy some sun, and those toys will be inside you. I will give you a task, and you must complete it. The more tasks you complete, the better the reward tonight. Sounds fun, doesn't it?"

Violet shivered, and I grinned, "See, consent from the masochist whore that can only think with her cunt. Now, Bitch, put on that bikini because," I grinned, "I think you might be flirting with some men under my orders. You might have to degrade yourself in front of them and embarrass yourself in front of them all while your cunt is being stirred up by that bumpy vibrator inside you."

"Please, no," Violet moaned, feeling it stir her cunt.

My hand met her face in a carefully controlled slap, surprising her. "Whore, who the fuck cares what you think?"

I turned away and got my bikini, not that I planned to wear the top for that long. I needed to tan my back while I was still here. It was going to be a nice day, and I might as well leave with a nice tan. That and the idea I just came up with sounded like a lot of fun to me.

Getting ready did not even take me that long, and I stretched after struggling to tuck my cock back in after putting Violet in her proper place. I walked out and saw Violet finished putting on her bikini. She was trembling a little and rubbing her thighs as the toys continued to vibrate and gyrate inside her.

I smiled, grabbed my hotel card, and grabbed Violet by the arm, "Come on," I snapped, seeing her fully dressed, "I want to begin the first part of the game. I cannot wait to see your reaction, Whore," I giggled and felt giddy about what I was going to do and pulled her out the back into

the garden. Violet moaned as I pushed her in front of me and pushed her toward the pool. "Move, Whore, I will not keep pushing you."

Violet demurely nodded and started to walk out, her thighs pressing together more than usual. She was even more shy than yesterday, and I grinned as I brought her to a farther pool that was slightly busier. I pulled up two lounge chairs and pointed at one, "This is base; you will come to me after each job and ask for a reward. Now, your first task," I said, looking around, and my eyes lit up as I found a young man and woman together in the pool, flirting together. They were probably a couple and were in a pool away, so I grinned. "See those two, the young man and woman?" I asked Violet.

Violet turned to look, and she took some time as she rubbed her thighs before nodding, "Y- Yes, Mistress," She replied, looking at them.

"Good, you are going to go over there, you are going to ask them over here to ask them a question; if they don't follow you back to me, then you must at least touch one of them sensually at least once before coming back. If they follow you back after that, I will take care of it," I told her and got onto the lounge chair and tilted my head so I could see, "Now go Whore. I look forward to your predicament." I grinned, lay down, took off my top, put it aside, laid on my breasts, and sighed as I felt the sun beat down on my back.

Violet looked lost and back at me, and I could see the growing wet mark in her panties from getting fucked by the vibrator. She was trembling a little, and those anal beads were deep inside of her. I knew each step would scrape her insides, and I loved it. I wanted to watch her suffer.

I saw her finally step away and walk toward them, knowing trying to get me to rescind the order was not going to happen. She was my toy right now and wanted to play this game. It was simple, and she walked forward, practically gushing sexual energy as she got into the second pool. My sight didn't quite see her fully, but I was watching as she moved forward toward the couple.

I grinned and relaxed completely as Violet started to talk to them. It seemed that the young man and woman were responsive to her. I had no idea what Violet was saying as she pointed at me, and I could see the young man and the woman smile a little, too. I wondered if she went with just telling them what was happening and seeing what their reaction was. That might be cheating and ruin my fun a little if she did that, but it could be effective.

Violet talked to them for a bit, even ordering a drink while talking to them. I settled in and watched with half-lidded eyes as she blushed. She then pointed toward me once more, and both of them nodded. The young woman and man pushed each other a little bit as Violet backed away and started to head toward me. I watched silently, and the young man and woman followed a couple of seconds later after Violet left the pool.

I watched her approach, and the couple followed her. I was slightly impressed as she arrived before me. "Well?" I asked.

"T- they are coming, Mistress," Violet said, blushing.

"Hello," I heard a young man's voice.

"I heard you would like to play a game with us?" The young woman asked, and I turned to look at Violet; she was blushing. I turned onto my side, and both the man and the woman blushed as my nipples entered their sight.

"Sure, I told this whore here to bring you two over for a little game of escalating rewards for each task she completes," I told them without shame, and both looked at me wide-eyed. "Her whore cunt is full of a vibrator right now, and her asshole with some very sinister anal beads vibrating inside her and stirring her up."

Both looked startled at my confession and looked at Violet, who was now turning red down to her breasts and almost matching her bikini color in red. "W-wow, are you like exhibitionists?" The young man asked.

"No, and yes, this whore here is a masochistic bitch that takes humiliation and pain as pleasure. So here is what I am going to propose," I said, "I want to play a game, and please, feel free to reject me as it might get you in trouble."

"What is it?" the young woman said.

"You two are going to sandwich her right here and now in front of me. One of you will take the front and the other the back." I said and saw that they were both blushing a little and grinned, "Then you both are going to push aside her panties, and you are going to play with the toys inside her till she squirts on your legs. How does that sound?" I asked.

Both looked at me, shocked and embarrassed, and Violet was trembling. She looked at me, shocked, as I moved my duties onto someone else. Both of them looked surprised. "How does that sound?" I asked with a smile on my face. I looked at the young woman; she seemed very interested in this. Are you two married?" I asked.

"Just married; this is our honeymoon," The young man admitted.

"How about doing this together before enjoying yourselves back in the room? Make a memory of fucking a Milf's cunt hard. You need not know her name, need not feel guilty, and just have fun toying with her body. Feel free to reject my offer too," I said and looked at Violet, "After all, she is just a worthless whore; I can always find some homeless man later."

Violet shivered, and I saw her body jerk a little. I smiled as I knew she just experienced a humiliating orgasm and looked at the two. They were probably older than me, and suddenly both smiled. "I would love to," The young woman said, "How about you? No need to know the whore's name. Just both of us playing with her. It can be a bonding experience," The young woman said, and the young man nodded.

"Okay, where do you want to do this," He said nervously.

I got back on my stomach, and I pointed right in front of me, "Right in front of me."

My voice sounded bored but absolute, and I snapped my fingers, "Whore stand where I pointed," I ordered lazily and crossed my arms and rested my chin on my arms, "Go ahead and give this Mistress a show of you both fucking my whore in public."

Both shivered, and Violet followed my orders, but I could see she was full of trepidation. The young couple looked at me in shock, and I smiled as I watched them. They were taking their time, but eventually, the young woman who was more into it moved and took Violet's front, and their breasts pressed together. However, she was a bit shorter than Violet, and the young man who was also a bit shorter than Violet pressed against her back. Their hands glided down her hips and toward her bikini bottoms, and then between their bodies pressed with Violet, and both realized they had to give a bit of space. I saw them as they pushed her bikini aside to access her pussy, and both of their eyes widened as they found the vibrators inside of her.

The young woman instantly got excited and began pulling the bumpy vibrator out almost completely before shoving it back in hard. I grinned as I watched the young man be a bit more hesitant to pull on the string of anal beads as his wife pulled out the vibrator again and shoved it back in, and Violet shivered. I loved watching this as my eyes roamed a bit, but I returned to the show as I saw no one watching, at least for the start.

"You are a little whore, aren't you," The young woman said, "I could never take this bumpy fat vibrator inside me," She said, shoving it back in and slapping her cunt a little as she did so just as her husband pulled out the first bead from her ass and I chuckled as Violet shuddered harder and I watched. "You like that, don't you Whore. Tell me, Whore," She said, looking Violet in the eyes as she barely talked loud enough for me to hear. "Tell me how much you love it."

"I love it," Violet moaned and shivered, "I- It so weird, Mmm," Violet moaned more, and her arms wrapped around the young woman. She reciprocated by shoving that vibrator in and out of her even faster, and Violet shivered and tightened, and the young woman looked up with a sadistic smile.

"You know," I said, turning to the young man playing with a solidary bead, pushing it in and out. "There are like twenty more before you even start getting to the end. Try pulling out some more," I told him, and he looked at me surprised, and in that surprise, he pulled out a half dozen at once just as his wife took Violet's lips.

He did not notice, but his new wife was in full sadist mode and making out with Violet, enjoying herself as he pulled out those beads. Just in time, too, as I watched Violet tremble and almost orgasm, but she was close, and he started to stuff those beads in quickly, looking scared that someone would see them, and Violet shivered hard.

The young wife was shoving that beady vibrator with gusto, and she was rubbing her cunt against Violet's thigh, now full out in her own zone as I watched. I realized I was going to break

up this couple at that moment. He was clearly flustered, and she was a full-out sadist right now as she shoved that vibrator deep, then her hand moved back and started to slap her clit.

Violet could not take it, and her body jerked, and her pussy squirted all over the young woman's leg as they kissed. I looked around and saw an older man watching, and we met eyes. I smiled, and he started to walk over, and I held up a hand. I put up the universal one-second sign and pointed toward his chair before smiling. He looked at me, confused, and I held up a finger again before turning around. If he was smart, he would go back to sit down, and the young man would finish stuffing the last bead into her again as the wife broke the kiss.

"I enjoyed the show," I said with a grin, "I hope you liked playing with my whore. Now, put those toys back in place along with her bikini bottom. She is not done with her tasks today."

The young woman looked in a trance as she backed up and looked at her husband with need, whereas he was just looking lost. "Thank you," the young woman said. “We might talk again later." She followed up before moving forward, grabbing her husband's arm, pulling him away, and heading toward the hotel.

"Those two are either about to have a lot of fun or a massive argument," I said with a grin. "How did you enjoy that, Violet?" I asked with a smile.

Violet looked at me and nodded slowly, her eyes unfocused. "Good, I have your next assignment then," I told her with a smile. Violet looked at me, and I could see the desire on her face. I turned and pointed at the older man, probably in his mid to late forties, "You are going to go over and bring that man over here. Just invite him and say that your mistress told you to do so for him to talk to you. If he doesn't follow you, that does not matter. You will be rewarded if you do as I say."

Violet looked at me confused but departed, and I rested with a smile. It was barely a minute before Violet came back with the older man. "Hello, Mistress," he said with clear amusement. Are you the one I get to thank for showing me such a nice show?"

"You enjoyed my whore being taken by two young people in public?" I asked with a grin but not looking up.

"Very much so; I was wondering if I could do the same thing with her, only without the toy," He said.

"No, that whore's hole is for me only this week. But," I grinned and turned to him, "She will give you a hand job like a proper whore if you pay her. Also, when I say pay her properly, I mean you pay me properly for her hand on your cock."

Both looked at me, shocked, and Violet blushed hard as she realized I was literally pimping her out. The man chuckled, pulled out some cash, and handed it to me. I picked it up and counted loudly, "Twenty, forty, sixty, eighty, ninety, ninety-five, ninety-six, ninety-seven dollars," I said with

a grin. I looked at Violet, "Well, go ahead Whore, give the boy a quick tug," I said, "He paid for your services after all, I would hate to return his money."

Violet looked at me, gobsmacked, and I raised an eyebrow, "Well, get on with it Whore, don't make me punish you."

The words left my mouth, and I smiled. This was the time that hit Violet hard. I was literally pimping her out like a whore. She would be punished if she did not follow my orders, and she promised to follow my orders. She wanted to follow my orders, but if she did, then she would be touching this man's cock for the only reason that he paid her Mistress cash.

I could see the shame on her face, and the indecision, and I turned to the man, "Get close to her and pull out your cock," I ordered him and went back to my watching. I wasn't going to lie to myself; the entire reason I was enjoying this was because of Violet's shame. I could see how this was affecting her, and they got close. The man smiled and pulled down his shorts, and I almost laughed at the size of his cock. It was at most half an inch flaccid, and Violet touched it.

I watched it react, and she started to push into him and started to rub it, and the man closed his eyes. I could hear slight moans and watched as Violet got his cock hard in public for just under a hundred dollars with shame all over her face. This might be the new lowest point in her life, and I loved that I made her reach this point. I watched as she finally got the man's three-inch cock hard and started to rub it harder and harder, and the moan moaned low and hard. His cock was throbbing in her hand, and she did nothing more than the most basic of hand jobs. I could see the disgust growing on Violet's face, and my cock started to throb, and I was getting harder as I thought of something fun to do. I wondered if I could, and I decided that I would right after this piece of shit got what he paid for.

I did not have to wait that long as he shot his load a moment later onto her bikini bottoms, and I sneered. "Well, you are done," I told the man who did not even last five minutes in Violet's hand. "You got what you paid for, don't talk to us again."

The man looked offended, pulled up his shorts, and walked away. I grinned, looking at Violet, who looked down with a disgusted look. "Go get five towels, Whore. But dunk in the water a bit and wash his cum off you first. You attract enough attention without walking around with cum all over your bikini bottoms. If I am going to make you do that, it will be my cum, not some cuck fuck."

My words were laced with contempt, and Violet moved with a look of shame on her face, and I smiled, knowing what I would do next. This was a fun trip so far. I was learning to enjoy myself with a new slave, and my idea was going to be the ultimate relaxation. I pulled my bikini top back on, and I watched as Violet came back a couple of minutes later without cum on her bikini bottoms. Still, that look of humiliation and shame was on her face, and I grinned.

I stood and walked up to her. I took the blankets, put one on the ground flat, moved the chair atop of it, looked down through the slats of the lounge chair, and smiled. This was going to work,

so I put a towel over the top, middle, and bottom, making sure to cover everything, as Violet looked at me confused.

"You did well, whore; now it is time to enjoy yourself. Your new task is to pleasure your Mistress." I pointed at the chair, "Get under it whore."

Violet looked confused but still moved to get under it, and I had an extra towel, I realized, and I left it on the edge of the chair. I moved to get back on it with my back pointed to the sky, and I took my top off letting my breasts lay on the towel-covered chair then I got to work and pulled my cock out of my bikini bottoms, and I opened up a spot between two towels and stuck my cock through and I grinned, "Suck me off whore. You can stop whenever I tell you," I said as I finished positioning myself and felt the sun bake my back.

Not a moment later, I felt Violet's lips touch my flaccid cock and start to suck on it.

Now, this is how you relax in the sun. I grinned and let myself relax completely.

I wondered if anyone realized what was happening, but then I didn't care if they did. I felt my cock get hard as I heard Violet moan under me as she got to work on my cock, laying on the ground pleasuring it. God, it must be tight under me and a pain to do. But that was not my problem. The master doesn't need to know the plight of a slave. My body relaxed further, and my cock throbbed as she took the head of my cock into her mouth.

Violet was all over my cock as I bathed in the sun, my eyes half-lidded as I took more and more spine-tingling pleasure from her mouth, and before I knew it, I released a load without thought. Violet paused for a couple of moments before I said, "Who said you can stop, whore?"

The question made her start again, and I lay there relaxed.

What a wonderful game.

Chapter 39: Something New

"Mmm," I moaned as I released another load into or on Violet under my chair.

I had no idea how many loads I released, but with the sun on my back and my cock inside a whore, I had no complaints at all. "Waiter, a glass of water and orange juice, por favor," and the

employee nodded and left. I barely moved and relaxed, letting my slave toil away underneath me.

Now, this - this is how you enjoy life. I felt the sun on my back. Some black guy brought me a couple of drinks, and I smiled as he put them on the ground beside me. I reached down and leaned up, and took a massive drink before the guy left, "Another glass of water," I said with a smile, "Please," and I took out a five-dollar bill that I got for whoring out Violet.

The man showed me a bright smile and walked away as I started to finish the water, and I had a wicked idea. I continued to drink and felt Violet all over my cock. She was not relaxing in the least. She knew this was going to be the last time that she could play with my cock for a while after today or tomorrow, and she needed more of it. This cock was her master, and she was ensuring that It felt good. I almost moaned and reached over and drank all the orange juice, and when the man came back, I ordered more and gave him a small tip with the pimp cash.

It was fun thinking about wasting this cash that Violet whored herself out for as she sucked and licked my cock. My cock was throbbing, and I felt and heard her slurp on the head of my cock just as I shivered and started to pump a fresh load of cum straight into her mouth. I released another load into her, and I asked the man to keep the drinks coming as I finished them and handed him a twenty. Now, he was starting to feel a bit guilty, and I smiled and waved him away as he handed me ice water, which I drank. I felt Violet licking the base of my cock, and she reached up and pulled my balls through the slates so she could suck on them while giving my cock a hand job. It was an interesting change, and I liked it, although I was not looking forward to pulling my balls out of the chair.

Drink after drink as I baked in the sun, releasing one load after another underneath the chair. I honestly lost count of the amount of loads I released. I moaned a little as she was sucking on the head, as I felt yet another round of semen release. I sighed in pleasure as I shot another load before taking another drink of water and felt pressure on my bladder and needed to piss as she was teasing my urethra and sucking out the last drops of cum from my cock. I smiled lazily, and I did not care how Violet reacted, and I did not hold back and released my bladder and started to piss all over Violet underneath the chair.

"Mmmm," I moaned and almost orgasmed from pissing all over the woman under me as she yelped a bit. Then I felt her start to cover it with her mouth, after I pissed all over her face, and

then suck my piss out of me and swallow it like a proper urinal outside, and I wondered if it would start to stink.

I must have had a really full bladder because I shivered as she sucked more and more out of me, and I reached down and grabbed a glass of water, chugging it. I was still pissing as the waiter returned and left an orange juice for me, and. I smiled a pleasure-filled one and laid back on the chair, and shivered as I finished pissing into the whore below me. She gasped for breath in what must be piss breath, and I whispered, "Have I told you to stop pleasuring my cock Whore?" I asked, and a moment later, she was right back onto my cock, licking the head. My balls throbbed, and she massaged them, and my cock throbbed with my balls a moment later as she was licking up and down the shaft, and I released my cum once more.

My body could not be any more relaxed at this moment, and I moaned as she continued. This was a fantastic idea, I thought in my head as I lay in the sun. I looked to the side as the man brought another cup of water, taking the old one away, and he smiled. "Would you like more, ma'am?" He asked as Violet was deepthroating my cock at this moment, making my spine tingle. I turned my body in an exhibitionist thrill of showing him my breasts and smiled, "Sure, please some more, and do you mind telling me how much time till lunch or till it ends?"

The man was looking at my tanned breasts, clearly interested, before looking at my face. "It will be open for another three hours, then closed for two hours while dinner is getting ready. Then it will be dinner time, Ma'am," He said with a grin. I looked down and saw the meat the man was packing as it started to get hard in his dress pants.

I looked up to his face and wondered if I should do something with a black man. I remembered how good it felt with Crystal sucking my pussy off while I fucked my cumdump. I wondered if I should, because I was on vacation, do something with this bitch and enjoy myself and try something new.

"Tell me," I looked at his name tag as I felt Violet swallow my cock down to the balls, "Juan, and please feel free to reject me if you're not interested," I said, licking my lips and looking down at his cock which was at least eight inches packing which was smaller than mine but who wasn't. "Do you do," I looked up at him and raised an eyebrow.

The man looked at me and my breasts, and he smiled, "Sorry, ma'am, although I would love to enjoy some time with you, I am working at the moment." Juan said in reply.

"Juan," I said, reaching out a bit while looking around. My eyes rolled up a little as I came a little into Violet's mouth. "When do you get off work? Are you allowed on the property for a bit afterward?" I asked, "I never had someone do me in the pussy before, and I want to rail a whore with a fat black cock in me."

My bluntness surprised Juan, and he looked around and then back at me. "You are very attractive, I—" He cut himself off and handed me the water, which I sipped. "I am off at the end of lunch, as I work the early morning to the end of lunch. I would enjoy some time with you," he said with a bright white smile, and I grinned.

I had a flip in my heart as I was both excited and dreading this. I did not like how much pleasure I felt with Crystal when I came with both my cock and pussy at the same time. But maybe that was because it was my first time having that happen. I kind of wanted to try it now, and the man smiled, "Then, please, bring me another drink, and we will meet here, and I will bring you back to our room then. We can delay dinner for a bit."

The man smiled and nodded, heading off, and I felt that thrill and a bit of guilt, too. I did not really understand the guilt part. My mind suddenly refocused on my cock as Violet started to rock her head hard and sent shivers up and down my spine. She was rapidly working my cock and using her hands to massage my balls and stroke my cock. I trembled, and I released my seed into her once more.

"I wonder if you are even hungry with the amount of cum I released into your whore stomach," I questioned, and I heard a soft moan from below me, and I had serious thoughts of skipping lunch. I was just so relaxed and enjoying myself right now, and I grinned, "Whore," I said slowly, "You will pull out the vibrator and shove my cock into your cunt and make me release at least three loads into your cumdump womb."

Violet paused on my cock, and it was like telling a machine that you had no idea how it worked to do something. You don't know how it works, but somehow it just works, and I felt her dripping wet cunt start to sheath my cock into it. Her pussy spasmed around my cock, and Violet moaned

a little as she backed her ass onto my cock. I heard the vibrator on the towel for a moment before it turned off and stopped making noise.

I felt her folds tighten, and she started to gyrate and bounce on my cock, and I felt it gliding in and out of her cunt and hitting all those wet hot walls inside her. I could feel her bump up against the chair, pull back, and moan quietly. Violet was really trying hard, and my cock felt amazing as she pushed her cunt up till it hit her cervix, kissing it before pulling out. Violet then got into a rhythm, and I quickly released a torrent of cum into her.

This was amazing, and I relaxed for a bit, just enjoying the whore's work even more. My eyes went half-lidded, and I let her work her cunt on my cock. I felt each time that Violet came all over my cock, and I wondered how it smelled in that little towel chamber of hers after hours of me releasing load after load onto her and in her. It must stink, and she must reek, and I could not wait to reveal her.

My cock throbbed as I thought about it, and I shivered as she worked her cunt on the length of my cock more. I slowly closed my eyes and released another load into the dumpster under me. I almost felt sleepy as I felt her folds tighten and spasm on my cock as I loaded up her womb. She spasmed on my cock again as she came all over my cock for something else. I heard her under me.

"Oh, god, M- more, I can't believe next week. I can't do this more," She whispered under me. Violet was now talking to herself, and I felt her squeeze. "M- maybe, just maybe, I can find her in her bedroom at night? Mmmm, I could wake her up for breakfast early and take her dick. She likes waking up with her cock in a pussy; I could make it my pussy, But her girlfriend. Mmmm, God, it's so thick and hard; I- I just need more of it." She moaned under me as she talked to herself, barely audible to me, but I felt that she had not even realized that she was talking. Her pussy twitched as she talked to herself and hyped herself up to attack me back at home.

It was odd to think that Violet would now want to attack me when I got back home, and I quickly came to one decision. The first night back, I was going to see if she tried.

A thrill tingled up my spine as she pushed her cunt back onto my cock and rode it harder. I could hear her moans get a little louder. I moaned a little with her as I baked in the sun, feeling

amazing as the sweat from the heat dripped off my body a little into the towel. My body was in bliss of a type no one around me knew, and I released another load into her. My toes curled as I dumped that load into her, and I turned and grabbed my drink. I looked at the man, and I smiled.

My mind settled on the next task for the whore under me, but it was going to be hours away. I whispered, "Now, whore, take my cock out of your pussy, and put the vibrator back in; you've had enough of my cock in your cunt for now."

I felt her freeze, and I heard a groan, but her cunt slowly slipped off my cock. "Good slut, now Cock Sleeve, lick off all the juices you left on my cock."

It took the whore a bit, but soon, I felt her licking my cock again in little licks. I liked the teasing feeling, and I let myself rest with that; it took her some time as I felt her all over my cock slowly licking it, making sure to take all her juices off with her tongue. "When done, Whore, you are going to suck on my balls and slowly stroke my cock for a bit."

I rested, and it took her some time to get there. I turned to the side as the waiter came up, and I could see him looking at me. My breasts came into view for him and a couple of others behind him. I smiled, finished the juice he had given me earlier, and took more water. I felt my bladder filling up once again, and I smiled at him.

"I have something to show you when we are about to go," I said in a sultry voice, and he grinned.

"I look forward to it, ma'am; you do know your breasts are showing to others." He notified me, and I smiled, looking at a man whom I had his undivided attention right now. "Oh, yes, I do know, Juan," I smiled, "So what, they are just breasts; only baser men and women allow themselves to be distracted by it. They are something I can use to control those around me and attract what I want. My body is my temple; if it is not viewed, how can it be art?"

Juan looked at me and shook his head. " I'm sorry, but I don't understand what you are getting at," he replied.

I smiled, and I let my arm hold up my hand as I twisted my body to ensure my cock stayed under the chair. Violet sucked heavily on my balls while slowly stroking the length of it, sending pulse after pulse of pleasure through me. "Juan, if you cannot see the beauty, then what is the point of it?" I said slowly and smiled at the man staring at me beside his wife, "And if I can have fun with people just by showing a part of my body that I am in no way ashamed of, then why not?"

"You are a peculiar woman," Juan replied, handing me water. I drank half of it at once and smiled again.

"Juan, you will learn much more about me later."

Juan left after that, and he was struggling a little with a hard-on as I turned back and laid on my towel. I sighed and let my eyes close, and my mind drifted as the slut sucked on my balls. Today was relaxing so far; I was glad I thought of this, and my balls were throbbing with cum as she sucked on them. I let myself drift in that feeling, and I grunted as Violet, seemingly by accident, stroked the head of my cock. I released a shot of cum suddenly in a mini orgasm, and she moaned. Then I felt her pick up the speed, and suddenly, I was shooting out more cum as she sucked on my balls.

It was such a slow day that I enjoyed the hell out of it. I drank more and continued to make Violet serve me under my chair in the cramped area. It was amazing, and I felt amazing, too. Then I saw Juan walk up and look around, and I realized there were a lot fewer people around. "Ma'am, I am about to finish in ten minutes. I will be right back if you're still interested."

"Oh, I am; see you soon, Juan," I replied with a smile and watched him go. Then I said as he was gone, "You have thirty seconds for me to bust a nut all over you, Whore."

I heard a moan in reply, and suddenly, her hands and mouth went to work on my balls and cock. I was already close, and my toes curled, and I shivered as I released a fresh load about twenty seconds after she started. "Good Whore. Now, I have minutes before I am going to show you off; lick as much of the cum as you can off your body," I said with a chuckle.

"B-But so much of it is dried on," I heard Violet complain.

"And I don't care; that is the time you have Whore."

Honestly, I was astonished we got away with this and that it did not stink of urine here after I blasted her with my cock juice. Maybe it did, and I was just nose blind, or maybe the towels contained it. I did not know, but I heard Violet slurping a lot under the chair, and I closed my eyes, trying to will my cock to soften. I was only half hard when I pulled my cock out of the slates of the chair, and I tucked my cock back into my bikini bottoms and laid down on it a bit, making me frown as it was a bit sensitive after just free offloading so much cum.

Then I saw Juan come back, and I stretched on the chair a bit as he approached, looking around. "It is a bit frowned upon to do this, but as long as you are interested," Juan said, and I grinned.

"Juan, give me a second," I said, getting off the chair. I stood almost three inches taller than him, making him around five foot nine inches. My breasts came into full view, but my cock was hidden in my bikini, and I turned, "Whore, come on out, and we can go have some fun." I said as I put back on my bikini top.

What came next was the smell of fish and urine as the towel moved aside, and Violet came out from under the chair. She looked sweaty and gross, and you could see my splurge all over her. She looked like a used-up whore with dried cum in her hair and all over her body with other stains it looked like on her bikini, and I smiled.

"Now we can go," I said to Juan, who looked surprised at Violet.

"What is this?" he asked.

"Shut up, Juan," I said, "If you want a piece of this virgin pussy then join me and stop asking questions."

The man opened and closed his mouth, and Violet followed me, looking like a mess. I saw a woman point her out to her husband, and I grinned. Violet looked utterly humiliated, and Juan followed with a bit of a distance before we entered our back garden, and he hurried in after us. I opened the door and looked around as the air conditioning hit us. Violet shivered and moaned, and I smiled as the room had been cleaned up. Poor maids deserved a tip for that mess, and I was not sure if we had done so.

"I hope you do not mind asking, but what happened to her," Juan asked, pointing at Violet, who was blushing hard from embarrassment.

"That is my whore, my cock slut. The one who will take care of my cock while you take care of my pussy," I said with a grin and took off my bikini bottoms, and my half-hard cock came out. He looked surprised and betrayed, and I shook my head and pulled my cock and balls up, and although I could not see it, I knew he could, "I have a pussy, a real one that can get pregnant too, Juan, I want you to fuck it while I fuck this whores ass again and again."

The man opened and closed his mouth, and I followed up, "The door is there if you want to go," I said, turning, "Look at the mess. You are whore; you need to wash up. I can't believe you sucked my dick looking like that." My hand slapped her face, "Get in the fucking shower and clean yourself up. You have five minutes to present yourself perfectly clean," I snapped, and Violet ran off into the shower.

"I- I am lost," Juan said, looking at me confused. I smiled, taking off my top, and I reached him and put my hands on his chest. "Juan, I am not here to seduce you; I could care less if you leave right now. I am not going to even ask you to stay if you want to leave. Go ahead. There are two doors, and you can walk out at any time. You are here because I have a whim of trying a big black cock in my tight virgin pussy while I fuck my whore in the ass. Maybe I might take you without using my cock at the same time to get a feel for it. But honestly, I can do without it, so decide." I said, pushing him back, reaching into the suitcase, and pulling out some condoms. "Although I am fertile right now, so you will be using condoms." My voice snapped like a whip, and I turned around, thinking about what I should wear to dinner and if I should set it out.

The shower was going, and I looked at Juan, who was in his white polo and black dress pants, looking put together, and I smiled as he looked at me naked. "I will stay," Juan said, and I grinned and turned to him.

My fingers snapped, "Take off your shirt," I ordered, and he looked at me surprised. "I care little for repeating myself, Juan. I am in charge here, strip," My voice came out like the voice of a god, and he started to pull off his shirt, and I grinned, seeing his soft features and the slight outline of muscles. This man was not as muscular as I would like. I would love it if he was strong, like a bodybuilder or a more lithe fighter look. But this was all a whim, and I looked at him with a smile.

"Come here," I motioned with a finger, and he stepped toward me. I closed the last step, unwilling to let him finish with the lead. I reached down and undid the cusp of his pants and pushed them down a little, and my hand reached in, finding his cock hard and throbbing. "You like a forward woman?" I asked.

"Yes," Juan said, looking all over my body. His hands reached out, and I let them find my breasts and caress them gently. "You are amazingly beautiful and strong," He said as his hand carried my abs softly, stroking them with one hand as the other fondled my breast and started to caress my nipple with his thumb. It was a soft pleasure, so different from what I had gotten from Violet while resting today. Now, I was going to explore my femininity a bit.

A pang of guilt hit me, but I pressed on and pulled down his boxers, and his cock was throbbing in my hand. It was long and no more than an inch wide, maybe an inch and a quarter, but the top mushroomed out at least a quarter inch. I pulled the foreskin down, and his head was revealed, and he moaned, and his hand moved past my cock, and toward my womanhood. "You do not mind that I do not play with your dick?" Juan asked.

"You are here for my pussy; I will not make you touch my cock this time. Although," I licked my lips, "I can always initiate you into a world that you never have been in before. I can take you to the world of masochistic pleasure with my sadistic hands."

"I do not understand some of your words, but I think I am okay," he said. A moment later, Juan suddenly added, "I would like to eat you out."

"Permission granted," I told him, and he got down before me, and I turned around for him and leaned forward just in time for Violet to come out of the bathroom still in her bikini but no longer looking like a cum whore. She looked good again, and she looked at me wide-eyed. I pointed at the bed, "get up there and wait slut," I ordered, "When I am ready, I will plow your pussy. For now, watch, watch, and do not masturbate." I ordered, and that was the moment I felt Juan's lips press against my pussy lips, and he spread my slit and started to lick my insides.

Electric pleasure sent shivers up my spine in the fresh and different pleasure. I felt his tongue moving around, licking my insides and diving deep, hitting the spot inside me that made me moan, and I reached back and grabbed his head with a very small amount of hair, shoving him deeper into my cunt. I moaned as electricity sparked in my mind, and his lips flicked my clit by accident. I moaned louder, and he moved down.

Tingling pleasure went up and down my spine, and my toes curled as he started to suck on my clit. His tongue teased it, and it was very active. I moaned loudly, and I shivered as I let him go at my pussy hard, making me moan louder; I suddenly felt fingers probing my cunt, and I grinned as I felt them dive in as Juan sucked on my clit.

The sudden thick fingers pushed into my tight cunt, and I loudly moaned; he pushed deep and hooked his fingers, sending an explosive electrical pleasure through my spine as she pushed them back in before hooking them and pulling them out, scraping them with his fingers. I shivered and moaned, and I was on the edge quickly, and his fingers did not stop.

"That is it," I moaned loudly, "Make your Mistress cum all over your face," I cooed and shivered as he sent me over the edge in a reality-rending pleasure that made my head blank in a way that ejaculating never did for me. I released a squirt hard all over Juan's face as he sucked my clit, and I stepped away as I shivered in post-orgasm bliss and turned to Juan with a smile. "What a good boy, making your Mistress cum like that," I said with a smile, and he smiled back at me, and I pointed at the bed.

"Lay down," I ordered, and Juan smiled. I walked over and grabbed one of the condoms, ripping open the condom, and smiled at him as he lay on the other side of my bed from Violet. Violet was relegated to a side of the bed and looked jealously at him for being able to make me cum

with my cunt which she only got to do once too. "For being such a good boy, Juan, you may pick between the cowgirl position or the reverse cowgirl."

Juan smiled before replying, "Oh, Mistress," Juan began, and I put thoughts of him up a notch for that. "I love watching asses bounce on my cock. Please, Mistress, ride me reverse cowgirl."

I smiled and leaned forward over the bed, and I took the condom to his cock. It felt weird putting a condom on someone else that was actually going to penetrate me, and my heart was pounding in my chest as I had no idea how this would feel. My heart was picking up pace, and I was a little worried as I finished bringing the condom down to the base.

Getting up on the bed a moment later, I over his cock and smiled down at him, "I better enjoy this, Juan," I warned him before turning around and going to my knees, thinking that the best position to do this was on my knees, riding him.

Both excitement and dread were in my heart, and I felt a little guilt that I did not want to think about. I felt below me and felt his condom-covered cock, and I lined it up to my wet pussy.

This was the moment.

This was a huge moment in my life, and I felt odd.

This was the time I was going to explore my pussy all on a whim, and I brought my cunt down.

My mind blanked, and I realized why I felt guilty as I pictured Crystal in my head, anticipating this moment.

I frowned, but I was also not going to waste this moment, and I heard Juan groan, "You are tight, Mistress~!"

My pussy plunged down, and I felt my insides stretching around him and my cock throbbing in a weird pleasure as my insides were invaded with an electric shock of pleasure with no pain. I was worried about my facial expression, but now I knew it was something I should not have cared about as I tightened up on his large cock and made sure my ass pressed against his hips. My cock throbbed, and I brought my pussy up, sending my spine-tingling.

Honestly, I liked it, and I brought my tight pussy up and down on his cock with an amazing rhythm that sent my mind to the skies. The pleasure was so different and new as I felt Juan's hands on my ass. He grabbed it tightly and helped it up and down, matching my rhythm, and I lost myself in it. My mind was light, and my pussy felt amazing, and I felt this foundation being built inside my body. Like a concert building up to a crescendo, and as it reached its peak, I cried out without a care, and my pussy spasmed all over his cock as I felt him start to shoot his cum inside me with a condom stopping it against my cervix.

My mind tingled, and I wondered if this was how it felt each time for my lovers and Violet. It was good, and I shuddered a bit. Maybe I was overthinking my dislike of pleasure through my pussy.

I turned and decided that I needed to experiment.

Luckily, there were two people here to work with.

I could not contain my smile as I turned toward them and saw Violet shudder and Juan smile.

Chapter 40: Toilet Slut

Juan looked excited that I came on his cock, and I smiled, wondering about the logistics of what I wanted to do. "Juan, get up; I am going to let you take me from behind while I plow this cunt over there," I said, pointing out Violet. She blushed in return, making me smile, and I tossed a

condom to Juan, "Put it on; you're not getting my fertile pussy preggo like this slut," I said, feeling a pang at the back of my mind that I ignored like everything else I had these last couple of days.

Juan got up, and Violet moved, and I joined in and watched Juan put on the condom before I stepped forward with Violet's legs spread open, inviting me in. I lined my cock up a moment later as I got on the bed and lay atop Violet. My lips met hers as I pushed her legs behind her ears and spread my legs behind me. I felt Juan probe my pussy for a moment as I felt Violet tightening around me, and I moaned into Violet's lips when he pushed in as her pussy gripped me tightly. I pushed hard into the back of her full cunt, sliding on the amount of cum that I released inside of her.

We moaned together, and my body shook as Juan backed out with his cock and pushed in, pushing me into Violet. I shuddered as electricity sparked in my head, and my balls throbbed. I felt it in my balls as he pushed in, and I realized what it had to be. He pulled out and pushed in and started to pick up speed, and I allowed him to set the speed as Violet took his thrusts through my cock and moaned into my lips as our tongues danced together. I was finding it hard to concentrate on anything as he fucked my tight pussy, and I heard him moaning behind me and felt weird.

I finally found out what was making this so hard on me. Juan thrust in hard, and the head of his cock scraped against the front of my vaginal canal, and it sent a spike of pleasure that made my head blank and my balls throb. My prostate was pressed up against my vaginal canal instead of my ass like it would be in a man's.

The realization was short-lived as he grunted and fucked my cunt hard and making me moan louder and louder, bringing me to ecstasy. That pleasure I felt weeks ago with Becky made my head blank, and I cried out and came all over his cock with just my pussy, and things sparked off. My hips started to thrust into Violet, and she moaned into my mouth as I mindlessly started to hump her.

Instinct started to take over, and I was in the bliss of pleasure that was too much. Juan was a large man by other people's standards, and he was filling up my tight pussy as he thrust in and out of me hard; sparks flew out of my head as he picked up speed, and my hips matched. Honestly, I started to lose it, and I barely registered that I began to fill up my cumdump of the week. She cried out, and my cock and balls sent rope after rope into the baby tank she called a womb.

I cried out, and I felt him thrust faster, and I pushed back onto his cock as he thrusted back into me. I cried out more and more into Violet's lips, and I filled her once more in a rapid-fire orgasm before Juan suddenly and loudly moaned. I felt heat pump into me, and I shuddered as I felt the condom stopping the cum from impregnating my womb.

I lost it and released another load into Violet, and my toes curled as I did so. I pushed back Juan and felt him pop free with a groan, and I pulled out myself with a squirt of cum coming out with

my cock. As Violet trembled, I turned to Juan and smiled, unwilling to show weakness. "Thanks, Juan; I am glad I got to try some things with you. Did you enjoy yourself?" I asked, my stomach rumbling.

"Y- yes, I did; you have a very, very tight pussy. I have never been with a; I am sorry, I believe the term is," Juan paused for a moment, thinking, "Intersex? Woman?"

"Yes, that is the proper term," I said, my legs shaking from the orgasms I experienced. I was feeling lightheaded and was not a fan of the experience that just happened to me. At least now I know why I wouldn't say I liked it. It wasn't the fact that I was having sex with my pussy. It was both at the same time. The pleasure was too much, and it sent my head out of this world, and I lost control of my body. The fact that my prostate was being pushed as they did so was okay as long as a bitch wasn't hopping on my cock.

"Look, I enjoyed your company. Why don't you get dressed and go home, Juan? We will go get dinner soon," I told him, and he nodded.

Honestly, my mind was in shambles. I felt like the world around me was weird, and I wouldn't say I liked the feeling. This was what got me to swear it off the first time, and I frowned as I watched Juan go. I could see him smiling, and I felt the need to make him kneel before me. I didn't and controlled the urge as Violet lay on the bed and twitched after being filled up. I walked to the mini fridge and pulled out a drink to chug it down. I felt very off and odd at the moment and shook my head.

I watched Juan leave, and I looked at the two condoms he left, and it was just a small amount in them. I picked them up, and I tested them, and I smiled as I ensured there was no way he shot cum into me. I tossed them in the trash, and I looked at the MILF with her breasts heaving, and I wondered why she was so worn out. "What do you want, Bitch?" I asked, my voice full of contempt that I barely registered. "I can fill you up in ways that you never felt before, like a fucking toilet, and go eat, or we can go eat first."

My cock throbbed, and I reached into the fridge once again and took a drink, only to realize with a wince that it was a pop. A massive burp escaped as I finished the drink. I hated the fizz and the damn processed sugar in the pop, and I winced, and I opened up the fridge, and I grabbed the bottle of water. I was so off my game right now from that fuck that I drank a fucking pop. I was pissed off, and I started to chug the water, which was an entire two-litre bottle this time. I just downed it without restraint, and I looked at Violet.

She might have said something, but I did not hear a thing. I looked at the plug in her ass, and I smiled. "You know what?" I said sinisterly, walking forward, and I grabbed her anal plug. "You are going to hate this~!"

What happened next made me shiver, and that odd feeling and wrong feeling disappeared as I pulled those anal beads. Violet's breasts rose, and she screamed with a guttural cry as I watched bead after sinister bead pop out of her asshole, watching it twitch as she squirted and her legs trembled. She screamed, and my ears were in heaven as her hips thrust up into the air

as if I was pulling her rip cord, and she cried out, and all those beads flew in the air in seconds. Then I pounced as my cum squirted out, and I grabbed her legs, pinning them behind her ears, and I smiled down at her as she shivered and trembled.

My cock pressed just inside her asshole, and I grinned, "You are going to be full of my brew for dinner bitch. I need to vent for some reason, and you are my reciprocal for my feelings at this moment. I don't care what you think, you're here to take my cock, love it or hate it; I don't give a fuck," I told her as I felt her asshole twitching on my cock with a load of my cum pressing against the head of my cock. "You are only here for the ride now, slut. You're taking my cock, NOW~!" I pile drove my cock into the waiting slut under me and pushed my cum down deep into her bowels till my balls pressed against her MILF ass.

"SCREAM FOR ME~!" I snapped, and I started to fuck her hard. Her asshole was twitching, and I felt it spasm a second later as I pulled back a couple of inches before pressing the bitch back into the bed. This was a meat toilet at this moment, and the pleasure was spiking in my head. I loved this pleasure, I could control this pleasure, and I fucked her hard, hearing the slap of my balls against her ass, and I grunted with each thrust using my muscles to ensure that it was fast and hard.

Violet was creating a solo scream for me that was magical to hear. I was sure others could hear it, but I did not care. Her cries echoed in my ears, and it was a symphony that I loved to hear. I pressed into her again and again, diving into her depths, feeling her twitch and cum on me, spraying her fluids all over my stomach and crying out as I reached my peak and, without care, released my heavy thick Futanari cum into her bitch ass.

I moaned loudly as she screamed as I finished my ejaculation, then I pulled out. I saw her asshole twitch, but I pulled her toward me and let her one leg fall before I turned her onto her side so I could properly abuse the bitch. I lined my cock up to her asshole and pulled her back to me, skewering her asshole again, and shuddered with pleasure.

I drove the last inch into her asshole, and I started only to pull out an inch or two when I did pull out, but I was rapid as hell. My hand came down on her breast, and I started to abuse her breasts as I started to slam my hips into her ass rapidly. My cock was in and out of her so fast, and my hand came down on her nipple hard, making her scream as she looked up at me. My fingers pinched her nipple and pulled it out before I came back down with my hand, slapping it hard with a resounding noise in the room.

I started to beat that breast hard all around, watching it ripple around and enjoyed her breast bouncing around her breast in my hands with abuse. I grabbed her breast and listened to her take my cock, crying, screaming, and moaning for me with each small thrust pushing the cum I deposited deep in her ass. I shoved the cum in deep, and I moaned and released another load in her spasming ass pussy as she came all over the bed and my cock.

I moaned, rolled my eyes, and shuddered as my ejaculation came to an end. My mind was misty, and I moaned, and my leg started to shake, and a new pleasure started to hit my head as

I felt something flow through me and I sighed deeply as my head was full of this, releasing pleasure, and my leg shook hard as I was sixteen inches deep inside Violet.

"W- what is that?" I heard her say as my head was full of pleasure, "What is so hot inside me, t-that," I heard her pause, "Are you pissing inside me!?" Violet exclaimed in disbelief.

Violet's sudden exclamation brought me back to myself, and I realized that I was pissing straight into her ass, and it was amazing. Her ass started to squeeze my cock as a torrent of golden liquid poured into her, and I shuddered anew with sadistic pleasure this time. I never even thought about it, but it was amazing. I moaned, eyes twitched, and looked down at Violet.

"So what if I am?" I replied, my voice neutral, "You're my meat toilet to do with as I wish. Nothing is out of bounds for me to do to you."

My words left her stunned, and I did not realize just how full my bladder must have been before that releasing pleasure finished. I smiled and reached down. "Now, cum Whore with my golden liquid inside you!" My hand slapped her clit hard, and I slapped it hard again and again rapidly with my cock over a foot deep inside her; her head threw back in pain and pleasure before she cried out, and her pussy erupted with fresh fluids.

I was done for now, and my stomach rumbled with hunger, and I pulled back and out, grabbing her anal beads. As soon as my cock popped out, I shoved four of them in right away, making her cry out, and I continued to shove bead after bead inside her. Those spiked beads scraped her insides, and the overflowing amount of liquid inside her was soon blocked as I put the plug back in place and got off the bed.

"Fuck, now," I stretched with a moan, "I feel better; I am hungry, Slave; you will shower as you fucking stink after I do, then we are eating dinner. Oh, and you better not even think about relieving yourself in the toilet before we go. You are going to dinner with that cocktail inside you. Now, hurry the fuck up," I snapped, seeing her twice on the bed. I could see her legs shaking from the treatment, and I knew that she came a little just from the horrendous treatment I gave her.

Honestly, I was surprised at what I did as I did not think things through. But I already made her drink it; why not deposit it directly? I shuddered as I walked into the bathroom and headed for the shower, thinking those last thoughts. It was so sinister, and I loved it. Whatever I did this week was going to stay here. Violet would never speak of it, and now I could not either, or at least not admit who it was done to.

I got into the shower and started to clean myself up. I heard a groan, and the door opened. I continued to shower, and Violet looked at me before she shivered, "D- Do you mind Mistress if-" She cut herself off for a moment, "If I pee? I really need to go," She groaned.

I looked at her and pointed at the toilet, "Go ahead, Slut."

That was about the most exciting thing to happen for the next ten minutes inside our bedroom. I was satisfied for the moment. I spent all day having my cock catered, too, with immense enjoyment. It was amazing and wonderful to feel. I wondered if I could talk Crystal into doing that to me for a couple of hours when I got back. I am sure that she would enjoy that.

But like all things, this week was ending, and I decided, satisfied or not, that tonight would be one to remember. So I left the bathroom for Violet to wash up, dug into the clothing Samantha sent, and found a fabulous purple dress I had not seen before. It was like a gift that kept giving. I grabbed the dress, and it was a low-cut top with two-inch thick straps over my shoulders; it was solid till my stomach, which then went straight down both the front and the back. Although the back was open, it was almost like a loin cloth that went down to my ankles. Then there were cross strings for my hips completing the look.

It was a beautiful dress, and I put it on and loved the look. There was even a built-in bra that allowed people to see into the canyon that was my cleavage. I looked at myself in the mirror and knew my temple of a body was something women would literally kill for. After a decade of building it, I had the right to be very proud of it.

I stretched and loved looking at myself in the mirror. I was a dominant, sadistic woman with a body that I loved. My muscles in my arms were not showing, but I loved them nonetheless, and I brought my biceps up to lick them and kiss them. It had been a long time since I had shown them a bit of love, and now I was making some time.

I lost myself for a moment before Violet came out and dressed under my eyes. She was in the perfect cute little white summer dress and panties to ensure things stayed in their place. It was time to go have dinner, and I grabbed the key, "Time to go Slut; we will eat, then we will start the party inside this room." I turned and walked to the door, putting on my shoes quickly before Violet followed me.

We both headed straight to the buffet without talking, and I could see her legs trembling. She was walking weirdly from the treatment that she received, and I loved it. I was going to continue torturing her tonight. But for now, I let her take my arm, and we walked toward dinner together.

Chapter 41: Dinner and a Shower

I watched Violet squirm at the table. Her face blushed as I slowly ate, ensuring that dinner was long. I handed her cup after cup of liquids: "I am worried; you were under that chair in the heat for so long; you need more fluids." I told her with a smile that said to her that I knew she had

more than enough liquids. "You need to go to the bathroom?" I asked her teasingly, and Violet nodded.

"Too bad you don't have permission, huh? Maybe if you kneel before me and beg to go to the bathroom like a whore kissing my feet, I will deign to grace you with the privilege of going to the bathroom here. Otherwise, you wait till we get back to the room, slut." I said, my voice in a slow-tempered tone as I watched her squirm. She was not all that hungry as her stomach was full from earlier, and I did not care. I made her eat something properly, and I made her continue to drink, and I saw her shuffling in her seat even more. I could see her in her dress as she squirmed like a child looking to run to the bathroom that a teacher told her they were not allowed to. It was cruel, and I loved it as I watched her dance in her seat.

Her thighs were tightly pressed together, and I continued to eat. The fun thing about tonight was that there were tablecloths on the tables today. I watched in silence, and I pulled my foot out of my shoe and grinned. I slowly took in a roll as I looked at Violet, and my foot hit her knees. "Spread your legs and hike up your dress."

My words slowly came out, but they were like thunder to the whore in front of me. She looked at me sharply, and her eyes widened as the words registered in her ears, and she felt my foot against her knees. I felt her legs spread almost instantly as the words registered, and my training from the short time that felt so long was already kicking in. She brought up her dress, and the waiter came over and topped up our cups of water.

"Thank you. Please come back in a couple of minutes. Violet here did not drink enough water, and I want to rehydrate her," I told him with a smile that made him nod.

Violet, on the other hand, looked like a kicked puppy, and I pushed the water toward her, and at the same time, my foot reached her core. She was drenched, and my big toe pushed aside her panties with ease. I was enjoying her reaction as she shivered, and I found her clit, my big toe pushed into it, and started to move around her bean with ease.

Violet moaned a little, and I looked at her sharply, "You are not allowed to make a noise, or I will make you relieve yourself in public." I told her while picking up my drink, and I looked at her cup, "Drink up slut." Violet shivered, and my toe pushed into her slit; she bit her lip, and I reached forward, pushing her food toward her and picking up my fork again. I started to play with her moist slit as I ate slowly. Dinner was slow, and I could see her growing more and more desperate. She shivered, and my toe pushed into her pussy, and I started to fuck her with my toe.

It was amazing to watch, and my cock was starting to get hard as she closed her eyes and her body started to jerk. But I could see her red face holding back the liquids from spraying out. She knew that if she let loose that she was going to piss herself, and the public humiliation of being just on edge brought her over the edge from the light penetration. Her pussy gushed on my toe, and I ate, watching her distress. The lovely display of pure need as I slowly toyed with her body.

She was in a zone where the world around her existed in theory as I made her cum again, and she somehow held back her squirt.

I gave her a break by letting my wet toe trail along her thigh slowly back and forth toward her core as I was reaching the end. The waiter looked at Violet with a questioning look, but I said nothing and pushed more water onto her. Seven large glasses of water and a meal into her, and I stopped pushing more onto her. I knew that her bladder was probably reaching the bursting point, and I was close to finishing my meal. "You know," I said as I reached the final bites of my meal. "This will be the last time we do this. Eat dinner with you as my complete whore. Where your body and soul belong to me whore. What do you think about that?" I asked rhetorically.

"I don't want that," Violet said almost instantly. I looked at her with a raised eyebrow. “I want to visit you in the bedroom. I want you to mess me up whenever you are home from now on." Violet replied darkly, and I raised an eyebrow.

"I have other whores, Violet," I leaned back, finishing, "But we may talk about this later. Consider this a rejection for now."

Violet looked sad but shivered as I finished my last words, saying things might change. The hope on her face grew, and I felt odd. It was like something in me that looked at this woman like a person was dead. All I saw was a whore that desperately wanted my cock. Willing to do anything for it, and that was it. She was just my possession.

That last thought made me shiver, but I realized that I started to think of Violet as such at some point. She was mine to do with as I pleased. In fact, I might play with her once we got back, only to tease her for a long time. I wonder if a month in a chastity belt would do her good.

I licked my lips and smiled. That sounded like a lot of fun!

Without realizing it, I was smiling in a way that made Violet shiver, and I tilted my head. "Hmmm, I think it is time to go back to the room, Plaything. I believe I have something to do with you." My fingers snapped, and Violet stood quickly, her dress falling back into place and her thighs coming back together, and I could still see that desperation as I started to walk. "Come, we are leaving," I said, leaving with the whore following right behind me.

"Excuse me," I suddenly heard and turned my head as we were about to leave the buffet.

"Yes?" I said, turning slowly. Two young men were there. Both were wearing polo shirts and looked to be in their late twenties or early thirties. Both were smiling.

"I just so happened to have noticed you both this week, and well, my friend and I were wondering if you would like to fool around. You seem like an open-swinging lesbian couple, and well, we are both single American men." The man said.

I looked at them both and turned to Violet, who grabbed my arm and looked up at me. She shivered against my arm, and I felt her thighs rubbing together as I looked down at her. "Do you

think there is something about me that just attracts this type of attention?" I asked before looking at my bust, "Never mind, massive tits with proportions like mine always attract attention." Both men blushed as I looked back at them and let my eyes travel up and down. "Are you both willing to kneel for this Mistress and suck on my toes for the graciousness of sucking my massive Futanari cock?" I asked them right in the open, no longer caring, and saw both their surprise.

"W- what?" They both asked in unison.

"I am a top; this is my whore slave that I treat as alike. If she debases herself and humiliates herself, it is simply because I wish it so. Whore, Tell them what you are," I said, my voice even letting her get into a bit of humiliation play before we left.

Violet was blushing hard. It was down to her neck, and her thighs were rubbing together harder than ever with my hand now firmly between them. "I am Violet, Mistress's whore and plaything. I will do whatever she wants me to do regardless because I am a depraved whore." The shy, blushing delivery made my cock harden a little, and the men were stunned as she admitted her place in this relationship.

"Now, I am only taking little sub boys that want my fat Intersex cock, which I guarantee is larger than yours in the bedroom. But I will propose a challenge; you may have a turn with this whore if you think your cock is larger than mine. If not, then I will ream your asshole till it is the proper shape of my cock."

Both men were stunned and locked, and I felt the struggle and hate that Violet was feeling while being humiliated. She was feeling so many mixed emotions at this time that it was definitely frying her brain as she glared at them. The men looked almost like fish before one chuckled. "You know what, that is not my cup of tea. You are a cute couple. I personally am not into BDSM, though. I will have to back out."

That seemed to wake up the other guy, and he nodded. "I am the same way; I was just looking for some consensual playtime with a couple that looked open for enjoyment."

"Wrong time, unfortunately, maybe earlier in the week, but not tonight. I have plans with this whore. She is about to gush all over this floor." I told them without shame, "It will be a lot of fun putting her in her place once we get back to our room. Good luck hunting for pussy with your dry dicks."

I turned and pulled Violet away, leaving two stunned men watching us leave the buffet. I hated how I attracted stupid attention like that. Sure, I was a hot, attractive woman who brought attention to myself merely by existing, but it was just that. I did not have a sign that asked for men and women to come to have sex with me or bother me. It was one or the other, and as we reached the hotel room, maybe for the final time, I could see and feel Violet shivering harder and harder in my arms.

Scanning the door and opening it, I could feel the restraint that Violet was showing. I allowed her inside, and I snapped my fingers suddenly. "Strip," I snapped out, and Violet stripped as the

door closed behind us. I quickly pulled the bindings and pulled off the dress. My cock was hard, and I was naked a second later, with my cock growing in girth and strength as it hardened.

Violet was a moment after me; her legs were soaked, and her panties were dropped to the floor, and I could see her desperation. "Shower now," My hand suddenly then appeared and slapped her, and I brought it back with a backhand with carefully controlled strength, and she cried out as the pain interrupted her thoughts. "Now," I snapped again, and she moved with her ass shaking as it passed; my hand slapped her ass hard, and she moaned this time. I followed her into the shower.

My cock was hard already with just the thoughts of what I was about to do. I pushed her into the shower stall, and my lips mashed against hers, and Violet struggled a little. Her legs were rubbing together, and our tongues intertwined. I broke the kiss a moment later and grinned, "You are my cum dump. Now, tell me what you are, Whore," I told her.

"I'm your cum dump," Violet moaned. My legs pushed up against her pussy, and I felt her dripping on my leg.

"Repeat."

"I'm your Cum dump," Violet cried out.

"What are you?" I asked my forehead against hers, my hand grabbing her breast.

"I'M YOUR CUM DUMP~!" She cried out.

I stepped back to the side, and my hand slapped her pussy with a wet squishing sound. My hand came down again and again, rapidly slapping her pussy. "SAY IT AGAIN TILL I TELL YOU TO STOP!"

The order came out, and her legs were spread, and she shuddered as I slapped her pussy again and again. I could only wonder how she held onto things for this long, and she squealed.

"I'M YOUR CUM DUMP~!"

"I'M YOUR CUM DUMP~!"

"I'M YOUR CUM DUMP, MISTRESS~!"

"MISTRESS, I'M YOUR CUM DUMP~!"

"I'M YOUR CUM DUMP~!"

"I'M YOUR CUM DUMP~!"

"I'M YOUR CUM DUMP~!"

"Oh God~! I'M YOUR CUM DUMP~!"

My hand slapped her pussy more and more, and I whispered in her ear, "Don't you dare fucking cum, Whore. You better not cum, or I will punish you, Whore. I will punish you and drag you outside and make old men watch you piss yourself. Do you want that, Whore?"

Her body shuddered, and she held on, and my cock was throbbing harder and harder, and I squatted down, and Violet continued to scream, "I'M YOUR CUM DUMP WHORE~!" She screamed and I stopped slapping her cunt and stepped forward and pressed the head of my cock against her pussy and I stood skewering her cunt hard and felt her womb shudder with my insertion.

Violet shuddered, and her screaming stopped, and I grinned, "Cum, Whore, Cum for your Mistress," I paused for a moment as she spasmed on my cock just before she fully orgasmed. "CUM NOW!" I snapped out the order, and her mind let loose; her pussy erupted on my cock just as I pulled out, and I felt it squirt all over my cock as I grabbed her ass and shoved my cock deep into her.

"I'M YOUR CUM DUMP~!" Violet cried out as her pussy erupted, her visceral scream echoing in our ears, and I started to fuck her cunt with force. Her body shuddered, and the moment her cunt stopped squirting, she started to cry tears, "I'M PISSING! IT FEELS SO GOOD. I AM ORGASMING TO PISSING ON YOU, MISTRESS, PLEASE. IM SORRY~! IT FEELS SO GOOooooOOOOooooOOOOD~!" She moaned hard as the golden liquid sprayed out her bladder that could no longer be held, and her pussy sprayed more and more piss all over my cock as I shoved my cock in and out of her.

Piss sprayed all over my cock battered her cervix and womb as my cock pushed into her and pulled out. Her cunt sprayed and sprayed as she cried out more and more, "I'M YOUR CUM DUMP~! IM YOUR CUM DUMP, MISTRESS FILL ME UP~! GOD PISSING FEELS SO GOOD~!" She cried out as her pussy spasmed all over my cock as her pissing cunt orgasmed endlessly.

I loved watching her crying, orgasming face as she cried out that she was pissing and how good she felt as she called herself my cum dump. I pressed in, and my cock shuddered and throbbed as I reached my peak and moaned. I released my cum into her as she pissed all over my cock, and she shuddered harder as I released my seed into her.

But I did not stop. I continued to fuck her cunt harder. The slap of my balls hit her cunt harder and harder as she sprayed her urine and cum all over the place even after I came inside her dumpster of a pussy. Violet stopped screaming, and her pussy was spasming as her mouth hung open as I used her like a living doll. I grabbed her ass, and her legs wrapped around my back. My hands grabbed her ass tight, and I made that tight spasming pussy, as she pissed and orgasmed all over the place, glide on my cock without restraint. Her hands clawed at my back as she could no longer control her body.

Her body shuddered under the assault, and I reached my peak once again. My cum flooded her insides, and I grabbed the plug inside her, and I pulled as her body shuddered and her hands clawed at my back. The plug was ripped out, and bead after sinister bead sent her almost into shock, and she screamed, "I AM YOUR CUM DUMP MISTRESS~!" As she had not a single other thought in her head as those beads ripped out of her making her ass cum again and again as the beads scraped and were pulled out of her.

With freshly flooded insides and her pussy orgasming all over my cock as the last of her bladder emptied on my cock the beads were finally out. Then there was a loud gurgle, and she screamed, and her head pushed forward, and her arms wrapped tightly around me as the beads no longer blocked all that cum and piss deep inside her.

Violet bit into my shoulder as I finished my ejaculation inside her. Her bowels emptied all that cum and piss from the asshole that had been inside her all day. I could feel it moving with my cock as her pussy spasmed harder and her womb seemingly shuddered, and I was happy to make it even worse for her. I grabbed her ass, spread those cheeks allowing it to escape even faster, and pulled her ass up and off my cock and slammed her home after bringing her up six inches.

Violet's pussy was never tighter. Never better as my cock throbbed, ready for another round her arms and legs pressed her breasts against me, and my hands were sadistically certain about what to do. I brought her up six inches and slammed her home back down on my cock balls deep.

I could not even explain the situation of her body as she pissed and emptied her bowels all over the place as she orgasmed again and again all over my cock. Her body shivered, her toes curled, her muscles spasmed, her mouth bit down on my shoulder, and her entire body must have been experiencing a religious moment as I slammed her cunt down on my cock faster and faster as the sound of fluids hitting the floor and going down the drain filled the shower. The smell of my piss stank as it emptied onto the shower tile, and I slammed my cock home again and again.

It was the best. My cock was in heaven, and I spasmed a bit myself as I fucked her harder. I didn't even know if I could go harder as her pussy was now erupting with clear fluids instead of piss, and she spasmed in my arms, and I slammed her home again and again.

Violet was speechless as I reached my peak, and I could hear the sound of the fluids finally stopped leaving her. Her body shuddered once more as I released my seed into her. I barely even registered it as it was the feeling that I had been feeling for tens of minutes as she rode orgasm after orgasm, and her death grip did not lighten at all as I topped up her womb with my baby batter.

But much to her dismay, I wasn't done.

Her body was twitching, but I pulled her up and off my cock spraying the last of my ejaculation onto her open ass and back before lining my cock up to her freshly emptied ass.

That was when Violet understood what was about to happen even in her blissed-out, excretion-orgasmed mind. "Mistress," She begged without even realizing it, "I don't think I can-" Her words ended, and her arms tightened once again as my cock made itself home inside her tight, spasming asshole. Her body shuddered, and she screamed.

"Kiss me whore," I snapped, and her head moved without her thought, and we started to kiss, although she was barely responsive. My tongue invaded hers, and she moaned with each thrust. The little of her brain that was left was gone as I brought her down on my cock again and again.

The sound of slaps began to fill the shower, and she was deep in the sub-zone with no hope of escape. I brought her there with brutal efficiency and without remorse. Her ass was spasming now, her cunt as a water fountain as she squirted constantly. Violet's body was tight, and I brought her ass down again and again. The slaps happening every half second as I brutally took my pleasure and released my cum deep inside her freshly drained ass.

Rope after rope pushed deep into her spasming ass, and she shuddered inside and all over her body. She couldn't take it, and as the last rope left my cock and entered her asshole, I pulled out and lifted her ass away, she screamed as her body instantly began to expel the fresh semen that just entered it, not able to take it for the moment. Cum sprayed out from her asshole, and she cried while kissing me. I took her mouth, and she shuddered, and her body went loose.

I reached out, turned on the water, and grinned. Tonight would be a lot of fun if this is how it started.

I kissed her more, pushing her against the cum stained wall as the water started to push the evidence of our excretion-rich sex from the world. I knew Violet would never be the same after this. Her mind would always be thinking about me when it came to sex, and she was now a deviant. And to make it better, I broke the kiss and grinned. "Now it's time to clean your mess up, whore," and I pulled back and shoved my cock into her gaping mouth.

Chapter 42: Walking Around a Table

Violet was trembling, and her body was already worn from the shower and blowjob, where I made her gag on my dirty cock while the shower rinsed us off. I washed her body and made her squirt all over my hand a couple of times as I fingered her cunt till she came inside the shower. Her body was a twitching mess, and I was not done with her. This was supposed to be the last hurrah before leaving, and I would make it a memorable one to the point she woke up and passed out, only for that to repeat again and again.

Tonight would be remembered as her heaven. But it was actually hell for her.

I grinned, grabbed her by her hair, and pulled her out of the shower; I grabbed a towel and very roughly started to dry her body with a firm hand. I felt her breast through the rough fabric, and I was not nice about it. My fingers dug into her skin with the towel, and she groaned as I rubbed her all over and worked her body hard.

"Mistress," Violet groaned as I roughly rubbed her down and pushed her against the counter. "Ah~!"

"Shut up Whore, drying you is a privilege you should shut up and take." My hand then slapped her ass hard. Her ass rippled, and my hand enjoyed every wave on her plump MILF cheeks. It did not matter who; I loved that ripple, and I grabbed her hard through the cloth, "You are mostly dry now," I told her, "You will get over to the couches and wait to kneel by my suitcase. You will have that suitcase open for me when I exit, and you will have picked one toy that is for your ass. You will have one choice, and that is all. You will hold it up to me for my inspection, and I will choose if it joins us in tonight's activities."

My hand came down on her ass again, and she shivered and took a couple of shaky steps forward. I smiled, and Violet shuddered before leaving the bathroom. I looked at myself in the mirror, and I saw my reflection—a tall blonde woman with straight hair that went down to my ass. I barely paid attention as I looked into my blue eyes and sighed. I knew how things came to this point and found that I no longer cared. It was like something in me had broken this trip.

When was it?

My mind spun, thinking of the exact moment that it broke. Was it Thursday? Friday? It was not Wednesday, but did it matter? I fucking loved doing this to older women. No matter who, it seems that there was no limit to it either. When an older woman begs underneath me, it is intoxicating to hear them cry out and lose all that authority. They were hot and amazing to be with, and I loved it. I loved older women, and I could not lie to myself; there were no boundaries.

I stretched a little and sighed before turning and walking out of the bathroom. Did it matter when it happened? No, it did not; therefore, I was about to go out into that room and enjoy Violet's body. Tomorrow, it would be over with for now, and this free reign. This was going to be the night that she most remembered. The one that would keep her awake on those lonely nights. This was the time when she would get what she wanted most of all.

I looked at the kneeling woman by the suitcase, and I walked over and took my seat on the couch. "Present," I said, snapping my fingers. The smile on my face grew as she held up a large twelve-inch vibrating dildo with bumps all over it. The thing was something I barely noticed because I did not think about using it. My cock was massive enough, and I turned to her, reaching out and taking it from Violet's hand.

"A fat fake cock for your slut ass while I fill your cunt. Or the other way around? Hmmm," I pondered, then I snapped my fingers, and Violet looked at me. "Ass up in the air and body over my lap. Breasts on the other side. I will be spanking your fat MILF ass till you cry out in delight."

Violet only needed a second to follow orders. I soon had my eyes focus on her plump, perfect ass in my vision. I could see that she was still wet, and her legs were trembling. My hand was perfect and swift, and my hand came down upon her ass with ruthless ease. Her cry of painful pleasure sounded in the room. The delight to my ears was terrific, and I did not care to slow down as my hand started to pick up speed. I leaned forward, pressing my breasts against her back, and both hands began to spank and slap her ass hard.

Fiery red hot marks started to show all over that ass, and the ripples waved out as her cries filled the room. Violet, by instinct, tried to push away and escape, only for my breasts and legs to have her pinned in place. My hands were merciless, and I felt my cock harden against her stomach as my hand felt ripple after ripple from the collision of my flat palm against her ass.

The color of her ass cheeks turned from pink to a hot red, only to change into a fiery scorching red from my hands. Violet shivered, and her legs kicked out, trying to push herself out of my grip, but I was stronger. I loved it, and her body shook against my cock, sending tingles of pleasure up my cock as I spanked her and spanked her as my hand started to hurt a little from pounding that ass hard.

"MISTRESS~! PLEASE~! IT HURTS~!" She cried out, and I smiled.

"Cum, Whore," I spoke, and both my hands came down on her ass, and by my order, I watched as her pussy erupted with fluids onto the floor. So I grabbed the toy that she wanted, and I pressed it against her twitching asshole, and it accepted the sizable fake cock. It slid in with ease, much to my delight, and I turned it on for her, and Violet cried out.

"OooooOOOOOOOooooOOOOOH~! Mistress~! Please, I want your cock~!" Violet cried out, sounding in love.

I snapped my fingers, and her body shivered before I ordered, "Stand, Whore. Legs bowed out with knees facing out and bent." Violet stood and followed the orders. She started to look stupid, with her legs out and bent like a bow, and I grinned. "New game, Whore, drop that cock in your ass, and I punish you worse than dinner. Maybe an entire flight with no plug, but it is full of my cum. Or maybe a cute little metal butt plug for you to have to explain to the US customs agents?" I saw her shiver, and I grinned as I stood.

My hand came out hard and harsh against her breasts, and I watched them ripple against each other. Violet cried out, and the fun games began. I grinned at the new game I had thought of. My hand came down against her breast, slapping it down instead, and she shivered but held in the cry of pain and delight. "Now, each time I slap your breast, you are to take a step forward. If you drop that fake cock inside your ass, then you lose, and I punish you. If you pass and no one comes to bother us, then you win, and I fill your cunt for the rest of the night. Just to make sure that you remember the shape of your Mistress's cock for the rest of your life."

Then I moved to the sliding door and pulled it open. Violet's eyes widened, and I grinned, "We are going for a walk around the table and back in. You may only take a step when I slap your breast. But don't be too loud; you might lose if someone comes to check in on us."

Each word was calculated to trigger her, and her pussy was dripping on the floor as the vibrator shivered her insides. I took a step back, and for fun, my hand came up and slapped the sensitive underside of her breast while the other hand came down on the other breast. Both moved and collided enticingly, and she shivered but stepped forward with her teeth gritted, and she changed to biting her lip.

I stepped back with her, and my hand collided from side to side. Her breasts started to dance for me as I made her take step after step. Violet cried out with her teeth gritted or biting her lip. She was doing all she could with each step to keep herself from screaming out and informing everyone how much fun she was having with me as we finally stepped outside.

The cock was firmly vibrating her asshole as I made her take a step forward, but she could not make large steps as her legs were bowed outward, and it was like a frog ready to leap. I loved this, and my cock was throbbing now. It was standing tall, and Violet was concentrating on the prize before her eyes.

I loved her plight, and I made her take another step after another till the garden couch got in her way, but I made her go through, and it took even more steps with her looking like an idiot to make it between the couch and the table. Her eyes were watering and full of tears from my attention, making her step forward according to the game. Her breasts were hot red, and there was not a place missed as my hand roughly taught her my mercilessness. She was in a painful heaven that she begged for, and by the time she made it around the table, my erection was almost painful, and the light of the sun was dipping behind the horizon.

The scene did not mean anything to me as I watched her shiver and pause after I greeted her breasts once again with my hand, and she failed to take a step. Then I found out why as her body trembled and her body jerked as her cunt erupted and her pussy started to release a gold liquid onto the ground before the door. My hand came down on her breast as she pissed all over the ground, but her mind was blissed out as she came from urinating all over the ground like a stupid bitch dog.

I looked at the trembling bitch as she orgasmed from urinating on the ground, her eyes rolled up into the back of her head. I woke her up with the hand of improvement, and her breasts rippled and clashed in a deep red that matched her ass. Her eyes widened, and her irises came back as she opened her mouth to cry out but stopped herself at the last moment of the surprise left her speechless, but she stepped forward into her cum and piss. I made her start to move again, and my hands brought her to the sliding door once again as she shivered and trembled. Her body was reaching a new peak, and I wondered how deep in the sub-zone this bitch was.

That did not matter as I finally brought her back inside and around the table. Her body was trembling all over, and she was barely standing before I walked over and shut the door. "Good

Bitch, you deserve exactly what is about to happen to you." I grinned, and her body shivered at the implied intent.

I was no longer willing to hold back my own intent, and I stepped forward, grabbed her by the hair, and pulled Violet toward the bed. "No reason to wait any longer. You can cry your bitch heart out. But you may only cum when this Mistress tells you that you are allowed to cum. When I allow you to cum you will count down from three slowly, then beg this Mistress to grant you the right to cum. If I tell you no, you know what I expect whore." I said as I tossed her face first into the bed. Her body trembled, and I watched as her ass started to expel the large vibrating cock inside her ass.

Then she pushed it out without meaning to, but I caught it before the head was out. I could feel the vibrations, and I grinned, "You almost dropped something whore." I snapped, and I shoved the bumpy cock right back in before lining my own cock up to her pussy. Her legs wrapped around my legs as I shoved my cock home into her womb, and she screamed the pleasure that she felt in the neighboring rooms.

I pulled back and pulled out the fake bumpy cock with it, and I pressed down and felt it pressing harshly against my cock as I shoved it deep and ground against my cock. Her body shivered, and Violet cried, "MISTRESS~! I NEED TO CUM~!"

"No," My words snapped out, and I shoved my cock in and out, making her body tremble. I could feel her pussy tremble and her ass tremble, but she did not cum.

"PLEASE~!" She screamed.

"No."

My cock moved in and out of her, and her body shivered with each thrust from the fake cock and my real fat futanari cock pushing in deep, and she screamed her need to cum. Then I allowed her with a simple sentence, "You may count down, Bitch."

The shiver of her body and my cock thrusting in the home past her cervix made her scream. "Three~!" My cock pulled out and back in twice before she cried out, "Two~!" Then I pulled the fake cock out as I was shoving my cock in so something was pulling in and out of her at every moment. "One~!" her voice shook, and I grinned.

"PLEASE LET THIS DESPERATE WHORE FOR YOUR COCK CUM~! PLEASE MISTRESS~!" She screamed, begging to cum, and I smiled.

"You may cum."

My voice was flat, but my hips and hands were moving against her abused body, and the scream filled the room, and my body felt her cumming all over my cock. This bitch was mine, and she knew it, and I felt her cumming onto the bed and the floor, and I pulled out all at once

and tossed the fake cock away. My lust and need were at their peak. She was ready for the night ahead, and I did not need helpers. I snapped my fingers.

"Your time to climb atop and make this Mistress fill your womb."

I got onto the bed and laid down, and Violet was shivering and trembling, but her body moved. With my back on the bed, she crawled over, drenched in tears and her own fluids, before getting up and positioning my cock with her cunt. Then she dropped her pussy down on my cock. She fell forward, her breasts pressed against mine, her head just above mine, and I saw her lips.

I could see her biting her lips up close, and my words came out like a merciless god. "You think that your pussy is allowed to stay still while you recover?"

My words drove her body to action without her conscious thought, and her legs moved under her trembling the entire way as I felt them against my skin. Then they picked her body up and pulled her cunt up my cock before slamming back down. She cried with pleasure as she grabbed her swollen breasts only to realize they hurt. Her entire body was in pain and pleasure. There was no respite. Her entire body was marked with my actions, and the body followed orders without input from the brain. Her body moved up and down the length of my cock before I grabbed her ass.

"Too slow!" I snapped, and her body fell forward as I pulled her ass up six inches before slamming her balls deep again and again. My cock throbbed inside her, slowly reaching my peak, and my eyes rolled a little as the pleasure assaulted my head.

"Mistressh," she slurred as she reached yet another peak. "Pleasehs Letsh thish whore-sha cum-sha," Her words were barely understandable, and I grinned.

"No. You may only cum when I am ready too. You may cum with me when cum floods your cum dump womb."

The shiver and look of desperation on her face was something I would cherish, and I slammed my cock home again and again. Her body cried for release, but her short training held. I brought my cock up into her and out of her with brutal efficiency. Reaching my peak, I shivered a little, and my toes curled as Violet drooled and cried onto my face. I shoved my cock up into her, and without warning her, I came.

Semen flooded into her baby room, and she cried as the mental trigger hit her head, and she followed the order. Her body spasmed and jerked in my hands as her pussy spasmed, and her back arched even as her head dove down into my breasts, shoving herself into my cleavage as I felt her orgasm hard all over my cock. I could feel her body short out as she orgasmed harder than I think she ever had.

My cum flooded the inside of her womb, and she shivered and came hard, and I smiled as I pulled her head up and our lips mashed. Her body shivered, and her tongue was loose as she could not freely move on her own strength.

None of that mattered, though, as her Mistress. I broke the kiss and showed her my sadistic smile. "The last night of this vacation has only just started, and you will never forget it. This is your slave cunt and ass fulfilling its new purpose in life. Pleasing this Mistress's cock. Now tremble, Whore, I am going to get my use out of it."

My words soaked into her for a moment before the recognition hit her. Then, just as it entered her mind, I flipped her onto her back, moving with her, and began anew. I felt her legs wrap around my back, pulling me tight as I began to pound her cunt into the shape of my cock permanently.

I could only wonder what the neighbors thought as she screamed her lungs out in delight as I filled her all night long. There was not a hole that did not find some cum inside it.

I made sure of that.

Chapter 43: Departing

Pleasure shivered up and down my spine as my eyes fluttered open, and I groaned, tired from a long night of putting a bitch in her place. My lower body felt great, and I felt moist all over my lower body. I groaned as I woke up. My cock was in a moist tight place, and I looked down as I woke up to see Violet's hair dropping down and covering my vision of my cock. Her head was moving up and down the length of my cock, and I laid back and let her continue.

I did not remember what time we had to be leaving, but the pleasure was a welcome surprise, and I moaned as she continued to work up and down the length of my Futanari cock. She moaned on my cock, vibrating the length of it, and I was already reaching my peak as I released a load into her waiting mouth. Rope after rope flooded her mouth as she backed up and licked only the head of my cock.

I could feel her throat desperately trying to keep up with the tidal wave of cum filling her mouth as she swallowed rope after rope of cum without stopping. I shivered as her tongue played with the tip of my cock, teasing the urethra, sending pleasurable shivers down to the base of my cock. I thrust up into her throat and sent the last blast of cum deep into her throat before hitting the bed again, and I moaned as I grabbed my breasts on instinct and smiled.

"What a good Whore. Waking this Mistress up with a blowjob. Now, get on top Bitch. Your pussy will be speared by my fat Futanari cock without complaint," I said, my voice filled with lust of my own, and Violet pulled back her hair, showing her lustful expression before crawling forward. She squatted above my cock and lined her cunt up with my cock, with cum leaking out her ass from our activities last night.

Neither of us cared as she dropped her dripping wet cunt down on my thick girthy Futanari cock. Violet moaned and grabbed her breasts, which were a raw pink color from the activities last night. She cried out but only caught her nipples tighter and fell to her knees, sending my cock deeper before she pulled up and, with a straight spine, started to bounce on my cock. "Mistress~! Mistress~! I Love you~! I am your Whore~! Your Slave~! Don't abandon this bitch~!" Violet cried out as she started to pleasure my cock. "I can't live without this~!" She screamed as she shivered, and her pussy squirted a little onto my lap as she bounced up and then dropped back down onto my cock without restraint setting the pace as she cried out.

"Please~! Make me your Bitch~! I will divorce my husband for this~!" Violet continued as she shivered, and I felt her cunt spasm on my cock as she pulled my cock out of her cunt, and she cried out. "Mistress~! Please~! Please~! Please~!" She repeated over and over, begging for me to answer as I lay watching the older woman bounce on my cock cumming again as she squirted once more and her cunt spasmed on my cock without restraint. Her confession rang in my ears, but I watched without a word and decided not to answer.

She bounced on my cock without restraint, and she cried out louder and louder as she came on my cock, and I reached my peak with her setting a steady pace as she rocked her cunt up and down the length of my cock. I shivered as I felt my balls tighten, and I moaned loudly, letting her know I was at my peak, and she cried out, "FILL ME MISTRESS~! I LOVE FEELING YOUR CUM FLOOD MY WHORE WOMB~! THIS SLAVE LIVES TO BE YOUR DUMPSTER~!"

Semen flooded her baby room without restraint, and I shivered as she continued even as she came all over my cock. Her pussy was spasming as I finished feeling her womb with my cock pressed up against her cervix, filling the tank. She moaned and then did something extraordinary. She stood on the bed, then took the head of my cock, lining it up with her twitching asshole.

The feeling hit my loins to the core, and I moaned as I let her ride my cock, my hands tightening with hers. Each movement sent a cry of pleasure out into the world, and I felt my balls filling up to release a fresh tide into the bitch serving me. My moans joined with Violet's as she worked herself up into a fervor as she brought her ass up and down on my cock with an increasing need for my cum, and I moaned just before I felt my balls pump semen up into her waiting asshole.

Rope after rope of cum painted her insides, joining the leftover cum inside her asshole, and she shivered. Her ass spasmed, and she came on my breasts again as she continued to ride my cock as I filled her insides. Just because I was cumming did not mean that she wasn't supposed to be moving, her cry finished as I loomed up her ass, and she fell to her knees, taking my cock even deeper up her ass.

She twitched, and I let her fall beside my head, breathing heavily. "Good Whore, I enjoyed the wake-up call. What time do we need to leave for the airport?"

"W- we need to leave for eleven," Violet stuttered as she breathed harshly.

"Then we should go eat and pack. Get off my cock and enjoy a last shower with me where you will be allowed to suck off your ass juices before we shower."

Violet shuddered in my arms, and I flipped her onto her back and pulled out of her asspussy before getting up and walking over to the bathroom. "Two seconds," I said casually, but Violet was moving the next moment. Her legs were trembling, but she was behind me. As I walked into the bathroom, I stepped into the shower stall and looked at her as I leaned my back against the tile wall.

A moment later, my new cumdump was on her knees before me, worshiping her new goddess. Her lips wrapped around the head of my cock, and she sucked off every inch of her juices from my cock and even the leftover cum from my cock she leaked.

Then she dropped down on my cock, and I felt her asshole welcome its guest with delight tightening up and accepting the intruder. I moaned as I felt her asshole twitch on my cock, but this whore was not done, and she reached out. Helping a slave out, I grabbed her hands, and she used that as a place to hold her as she glided her asshole up and down the length of my girthy cock. "I LOVE THIS~! HOW COULD I NEVER HAVE KNOWN THIS PLEASURE~! Submission. Sub-MISSION~! SUBMISSION IS AMAZING~! I WILL FOREVER BE YOUR WHORE~! MY ASS IS YOURS FOR YOU TO DOMINATE~! I WILL DO WHATEVER YOU WISH MISTRESS~!" Her screams echoed in the room as she squatted on my massive Futanari cock while we held hands. She leaned forward, and her breasts bounced in front of my face as I lay back, soaking in the pleasure of morning sex before I even fully woke up.

I moaned with her as she cried out more and more about being my slave and whore. I knew that she would never forget the cock that she was riding now, and she screamed as she reached her peak and squirted all over my breasts but still did not stop. She was trained already to ignore her pleasure and continue pleasuring my cock even as she orgasmed. She was my Slut, and Violet loved it. Her mouth glided back and forth as she bobbed her head back and forth, her throat easily accepting my cock after the week of training. I moaned and closed my eyes to enjoy her attention for a moment before I brought my foot up to her cunt and started to tease her clit with my big toe. It was not much, but I took my time and enjoyed every moment as I slowly reached the peak.

My moan filled the bathroom as I released a fresh tide of cum into her throat. A second later, I felt a fresh warm liquid hitting my foot as I teased her clit. I stopped, and she shivered, and I reached out and turned on the water as she continued to suck up my cum. Cold water turned to hot a moment later, and I sighed as my breasts acted almost like an umbrella for my whore. Then she pulled her head back with a smack of her lips and looked up, and water started to join the cum filling her mouth and started to leak out before she closed her mouth.

Then the good whore opened her mouth, showing me an empty mouth. Then her tongue dashed out and licked up the leaked cum from the water that she could and smiled. "Thank you for using this dumpster, Mistress. I am honored you used me."

A thrill tingled up my spine, and I reached down, "Maybe if you're a good girl, I will allow you to suck my cock on the ride to the airport. For now, wash my body." My orders came out, and things started to speed up.

I allowed Violet to touch my body all over as my erection slowly died down as she washed my body all over. When she was done with me, I stepped out, used the last clean towel, and left it for her. After I was done walking back out to the room, I started to pack. It was all over, and we were heading back to the United States. It felt so weird to be thinking about that, but it had only been a week, and I never knew a week could change me so much until I reflected that just three weeks, almost four weeks ago, one day changed my life even more.

I signed up and was working, so I left out a cute, comfortable teal crop top and teal yoga pants for working out. I will not be going for a run today, but I may as well be comfortable. I set it out along with a teal sports bra and panties. It would be a day of teal, a color I liked. Then, I started to pack everything up. I took time to clean up the toys, and a couple of minutes later, Violet joined me. She went around collecting her things and stuff around the room.

"Did you get your things in the dresser?" Violet asked, and I nodded. The conversation was all about getting things packed up and ready to leave. Cleaning up the toys was something I took my time to do, and I started to put them away into the suitcase. Honestly, this suitcase had been a treat from Samantha, and I loved it. I would have to ask her where she got all of these toys, and it took a lot longer than I expected for us to clean up the room with our stuff.

But packing up from vacation takes both more time than you thought and less time as you realize you were only here for a week. I finished up and sighed as I zipped my bag close before getting dressed and putting on my shoes as I walked around. The room was still a mess, and Violet was still working on her stuff naked, but she was almost done, and she started to get dressed as I started to check everything out.

Violet chose a classy, lacey black bra with a red topper for her breasts and black panties that matched her bra. She smiled as she looked at me, clearly wanting a compliment, which I ignored. I continued my search, finding a toy that somehow got behind the couch. I yawned and turned to see her wearing a red low-cut t-shirt and blue jeans. She was looking good but not very comfortable, but something told me she was looking more to seduce me into attacking her again.

She looked great, though, and I probably would have her giving me her attention again later. I smiled, and we finished packing our stuff before getting ready. With one final look, we took our hotel key cards and all of our things to leave the room where Violet was trained in goodbye. We walked away without looking back and got to the buffet, and nothing happened while Violet drank coffee to wake up.

Honestly, I was a bit tired, but overall I was okay and relaxed. My skin was now a little brown from the tan that I had accumulated, and I sighed as I finished a large breakfast to fuel my body.

It was a slow breakfast, but it was an enjoyable one. Violet enjoyed it as well, and we talked about the flight plans.

It was like slavery was over, and Violet regained her humanity again. All it would take was a simple snap of my fingers for her to lose it again, but I was not looking to do that at this point. I also learned that we were cutting things a bit short and had to leave the buffet because of this morning's activities, and we slept in. Or I slept in because Violet seemed to wake up to my alarm and chose to wake me up herself.

Honestly, waking up to a blow job or sex was not something I hated. It was something I gave my women implied consent to as I enjoyed the experience. I wondered if, in the future, I could have a slave wake me up every day in the same way. It would be nice, but I wondered if it would lose meaning if I had it every day.

We hurried to the front desk with our suitcases and found our ride was ten minutes away from leaving without us. So Violet checked us out while I put our things on the large bus. There were people already on the bus, and I claimed the back as Violet came back with a huge smile on her face, heading to the back to join me.

The feeling of loss was strong inside me as this vacation was over. I did not know how to feel about what happened here, but talking about it would never be allowed. I sighed as we were alone in the back of the bus, and I grinned.

I pushed down my yoga pants and panties, and I turned to Violet. "Well, we have a bit of a ride ahead of us. Get to work Whore. Maybe we can join the Mile High club on the plane if you do a good job and don't get caught.” I put my back to the window, and Violet looked excited and got to work. I noticed her breasts were still red from the abuse yesterday, but I leaned back and took a look out as the bus started to move. Violet took my flaccid cock into her throat.

That was her natural location, it felt like, and she was sucking my cock hard as it started to grow rapidly hard, and I sighed with pleasure as the bus started to head out. I could not wait to bust a couple of nuts into my slave's mouth, and she leaned down, working her head hard as I shoved her down a couple of times.

At least the ride back to the airport would be comfortable with a whore between my legs.

Chapter 44: Bus Ride

Her tongue glided up and down my cock joining more and more slobber all over my massive Futanari cock. My back was up against the window as I watched the brown-haired MILF lick the

base of my cock. I let my hand go into her hair, and I pulled her up, and her tongue glided up my thick dick to the head, where she gratefully teased the tip of my cock with her tongue.

A moment later, I shoved my cock forward, hitting the back of her mouth as it redirected to her throat, hitting everything along the way, making her moan. I was deep in her throat, and my hips thrust forward into her throat without restraint. I felt her throat tremble, and I pulled back only to thrust deep inside once more. A full face-fuck from a thick hard cock. I was destroying her mind as I thrust my cock deeper into her throat. I could feel her tighten and lick the underside of my cock.

My cock throbbed with my balls, and I felt the wonderful familiar tide of cum released from my balls, moving through my urethra straight into her throat. I could feel her shiver as I thrust into her again and again till the base of my cock hit her lips and my balls pressed against her chin. This was my fuck doll. My bitch that I created over the last few days.

It had only been Wednesday since I had started on her, and now she was mine in body and soul. There was no way that would change, and as I pulled out of her, she looked up at me with lust in her eyes. I could tell what she wanted, but I shook my head and pushed her head down to my balls. "You may play but nothing more, Slut. We are in public."

The reminder made her shiver, and she got back to licking my balls and sucking on them. Her entire attention to pleasuring her Mistress to the best of her ability. Like a good slut she had learned many of the places that I was a little more sensitive in that I enjoyed. I lay back as we reached another hotel to pick up more people leaving the country. It was odd, and the air-conditioned bus continued to travel as we sat in the back with her sucking on my balls. Then I heard a low cough, and I saw a woman blushing. I never noticed that another couple chose the seat just before us.

"Hello," I said to their cough as they had gotten my attention. Violet started to move, but my hand grabbed her head and shoved it back down to my balls. "You wished to speak to me?" I asked, my voice even.

"Ah, um, Yeah," The woman was thrown off by my indifference as Violet was busy sucking me off. "You know you're on a bus with other people, right?"

I rolled my eyes, looked at the woman in her mid to late thirties, and smiled, "No, I did not know that, thank you. But you know you don't have to watch this stupid bitch sucking my massive dick, you know," I told her as I saw her looking at Violet moving around my balls in her mouth. "Or I guess I should say sucking on my balls at this moment. But I do have to say that you can stop looking. You can not pay attention to what we are doing. We are not trying to bother you."

My words made her blush, and I could see a man suddenly poking his head around Violet's ass as she blushed while sucking on my balls. So, to make them happier, I pulled her head up and Violet's face to the woman. Then I made her take my cock into her mouth again and let go. That was all the permission Violet needed before she started to earnestly fuck her throat with my cock, and I looked at the woman while my legs twitched from the pleasure.

It hit my mind hard, and I stared at the woman, "It doesn't look like your partner cares too much. Enjoying the show. So why not just do that? I am enjoying myself; she is enjoying herself, and he can stop paying attention to us just like you can stop watching. Now, either enjoy the show or leave us alone. However, if you do decide to make an issue of this, I can stop. Now decide," I finished and looked at her as Violet was bobbing her head violently.

The silence was filled with a bitch moaning and slobbering all over my cock, and I shivered as my leg twitched in pleasure. I was getting closer and closer, and the woman was blushing, as was the man. "I- I will mind my business if she can take that fat cock entirely inside her," The woman said, blushing, and the man turned to look at the woman with surprise.

"Seriously?" He asked, his voice filled with incredulity.

"I barely believe that she can suck on that fat fucking dick, Trevor. Let alone take it in her pussy; the thing is fucking massive." The woman said to the man.

"Yeah, but if she can unhinge her jaw to take it that deep, it makes more sense for her pussy to be able to take it." Trevor said back to the woman, "Think about it."

"I can't think. There is a massive fucking cock getting a throat fuck in front of me, and my pussy is dripping."

"I know you had a thing for big dicks, but seriously?"

"I don't think she can take it."

I chuckled as I heard their conversation, and I grinned, "What do we get if she gets fucked doggy style right now in front of you? We don't have to prove anything to you."

"If you need a third, I will join; I would love to feel that inside me."

"You are such a fucking slut. I love it," Trevor said, and I looked at the two.

"I have to ask, relationship?" I said, curiosity took me.

"We are each other, beard; we are both bisexuals who are married. We live together, but we love being in relationships with others a lot. So, at the end of the day, we have boyfriends and girlfriends outside, but when it comes to our hyper-religious parents," Trevor smiled wryly to end his explanation just as I was reaching my peak.

"One second," I moaned a little and grabbed Violet by her ears and started to throat fuck her. A moment later, I released my cum straight down her throat with my cock deep inside her, and I shivered hard. "Fuck that was a good one. Good job, Slut. Now it's time to perform; remember to keep your mouth shut. I don't want anyone else to notice. Let's make this fun. Get up and sit on my cock and show them every inch as it goes into your cunt."

Violet shivered and got out of her seat with saliva dripping down her face. She then started to take off her pants, and the two watchers were now watching, mesmerized by what was happening before them. Her panties were wet, but she pushed them to the side, and I continued to remain seated. She got up on the seats and backed up before grabbing my cock and bringing it to her cunt, and pushing back. The low gasp of pleasure from Violet seemed louder than it was, and the woman's eyes widened. "Fuck, she really can take something that fat. Take it balls deep, you whore."

I felt Violet's pussy tighten, being called a whore by someone other than me, and I grinned. "Yeah, she is taking that fat cock deeper and deeper, Beth; I can't believe it. If this trans woman doesn't mind, you can take that deep into you too." Trevor said as Violet pushed my futa cock deep into herself.

"Oh, I am not trans," I said with a slight moan as Violet's pussy gripped me tighter, "I am intersex, a rare form of it, but I have both a fully functional womb and balls."

They both looked at me surprised, and I could see the excitement in their expression as I suddenly felt Violet’s ass press against my lap. "Mmm, balls deep; I guess I have a second whore after this one," I said, looking at her, and Beth shivered.

"Oh, fuck, I think I am about to be stretched, Trevor."

"Bring it onto yourself, bae; you asked for it, although I would not mind taking a ride too," Trevor admitted, "Do you do men too?"

"What a pair of sluts you both are," I replied honestly, "A Mistress like me putting two new whores in their place. Sure, why not? Hurry up, Slave, and fill your cunt. I want you to have an even fuller pussy for the body scanners. Let them catch you with a womb full of my cum." I ordered, and I felt Violet's pussy instantly spasm, and her cunt squirted a little. "Keep your squirts to yourself, Whore. We can't be making a mess."

Then I grabbed her ass as Violet leaned forward, and I started to guide her ass up and down the length of my cock. Grabbing her ass hard, I began to work up a rhythm with two witnesses, and Violet was covering her mouth as she looked down the bus aisle. She barely was not slapping her ass against my lap, and my sensitive cock was throbbing. The thrill of everything made me reach my peak quickly, and I moaned, "Fuuuck," Slowly and released a fresh tide of cum into her, and Violet came on my cock once more.

The moment my ejaculation came to an end, I barely stopped myself from spanking Violet hard just as the bus was pulling up to another resort. "Put your pants on and hang out with Trevor while Beth has her turn," I told Violet, who shivered and nodded.

I could tell that Violet was blissed out at the moment and blindly followed orders, struggling to put on her pants after moving her panties back into place. I watched her move, and I got to see Beth now. She was a short woman no taller than five feet with a petite ass and breasts that were

barely B cups if anything. She had a cute face, and she did not look like a slut at all. She had the whole innocent vibe that people equate to people who look like her.

She was a little brown-haired woman wearing a solid white sundress that teased the eyes, with her yellow bra underneath partially visible. She pulled up her dress and gulped, "D—Do you mind if I take this raw?" Beth asked. "I am on my last safe day," Beth blushed, and I grinned.

"Your risk, Whore. Now shut the fuck up and get on. I want to see you penetrate yourself on my massive cock. Oh, and remember, no crying out or screaming. You have to stretch yourself without screaming."

Those words made her nod, and she got up on the seats and looked down at the bus as it started to head out again. Then she positioned herself over my cock, and I felt her small hand grab the head of my cock. Then, her wet hole greeted me. She was wet enough, and I was not worried about what would happen next. She started to slowly bring herself down onto my cock, and she was fucking tight. I felt her pussy expand for me, and her hands were on the seat when a sadistic thought hit me, and I reached up and grabbed her by the neck and covered her mouth with mine before shoving her down on my cock. I felt her scream into my mouth for only a moment which I muffled as I cut the scream off by choking her as I felt my cock stretching her insides all the way up to her cervix.

The head of my cock was now kissing her cervix, and she was cumming on my cock as I felt her spasm. I did not wait; I thrust my hips up into her, and I heard Trevor giggle. "Oh my, she got you hard. You are loving this, you little slut. Take that massive dick, Bitch. Enjoy every inch of that fat cock Whore. You look like you're in heaven, Bitch." Trevor continued to comment as I shoved my cock up against her cervix, kissing it as her pussy spasmed again and again. I continued to choke her and cut off her cries as I thrust into her again and again. Each kiss sent her into the depths of pleasure without escape.

"You can breathe in three," I told her. "Three, two, one, breathe," I counted down and stopped as I let go of her throat and mouth, making her gasp air a little louder than I liked before I cut her off from air again and violently shoved my cock up against her womb. "You like that, Skank? My cock is kissing your cervix again and again. Hitting your womb so hard you feel both pleasure and pain? Cum, Whore. Cum again and again to a stranger filling your whole pussy at once. Now, what I am going to do is fill your cunt with sperm. You are going to love it and cum all over my cock. Then you are going to lie there and watch with a front-row seat as I fuck your husband."

My words made her shiver as I felt her start to struggle for breath just as I reached my peak, and her hands grabbed my wrists. Then I released a fresh load into the woman without restraint, and she shivered and came on my cock. She did not squirt, but she did tighten up to an insane degree, and I moaned a little as I released rope after rope into her. Then I released her, and she collapsed against me with my cock deep inside her. She shivered and lay there for a moment in the afterglow.

"Oh my god," She moaned, "Trevor, you will love it."

"I bet," Trevor said.

"Now, Trevor, you are going to get on this seat. Beth, you will be on the seat visible to those in the aisle, laying back with your dress down just enough to let Trevor put his head in so no one can see. Trevor, you are going to eat the cum out of your wife while I fill your intestines with it. I am not taking no for an answer".

Trevor looked at me and nodded with a significant smile. He got up, and Beth got off my cock pushing, and I saw a large dollop of my cum land on my cock as she got off. She was holding her dress, and it took a minute for them to move around, and I got a look at Trevor.

He was a man who was white but had slightly curly hair, and I wondered what his ethnicity was because I could not pinpoint it. He was wearing a pink button-up open with a nice brown shirt under it and pink shorts. It took him only a moment to take them off, and soon he was face down in his wife's pussy, making her moan as he pulled his ass up. I stood in the seat, and I could see over the bus. I lined my cock up to his little asshole, and I grinned as I spat on it and used my cock to push it up against his asshole before I grabbed his ass and shoved my cock into him.

I shivered as it sucked me in, and I moaned. His ass easily accepted me, much to my surprise, and his wife's legs wrapped around his head. "Mmm, yes, there you little sissy bitch. Taking a massive cock that isn't black for one, you Jewish bitch. Imagine your rabbi watching you, you little gay slut," Beth moaned lowly, talking dirty, and I realized why I could not notice his ethnicity.

He moaned, and I felt his ass tighten as his wife lashed at him verbally. I pulled back, and I shoved my cock deeper and deeper. Thrust after thrust, I went deeper into his asshole, and I felt him start to stretch once I was halfway in. He moaned into his wife's cunt, and I looked down the bus and locked eyes with one of the people part of the company. He was smiling brightly, and I grinned as I thrust into the bitch below me. I fucked him harder and harder till my balls slapped against the bitch's ass, and I felt his asspussy spasm, and he moaned, "Oh, fuck I just came," He moaned in his wife's dress, and I pulled back till my cock almost was out then shoved my cock right back in till my balls slapped his ass. I shivered and moaned but did not stop as I got closer and closer, and I moaned deeply. I looked over the seat, and I saw Violet looking at me.

Her expression was one of pure desire, and I knew that she wished that she was the sissy bitch in the back seat. Then I looked up and noticed that we just got into the airport. We were just about to stop, so I looked down and sped up. Faster and faster as I realized this was the last time I got to cum in this bus, and the bitch under me moaned into his wife's cunt louder.

Then I watched her cum to her husband's tongue, eating the cum out of her cunt, and I made him cum as I released a tide of semen suddenly into his waiting asshole. I thrust balls deep into him and leaned down, "Enjoy my cum, Sluts. If you get pregnant, Whore, then I will tell you now that I want the boy's name to be Angelo, and if it is a girl, then name them Angela. Just so you remember every day that I cucked you."

I shivered in sadistic glee as Beth smiled and shook her head, and I got myself straightened out. I slapped his ass, "Clean yourself up Bitch; we are at the airport," I told them, and both looked shocked, and Trevor trembled.

"Fuck, I got hard thinking about what you just said. You must be a Dominatrix," Trevor said, his voice wistful.

"Yup, now move, Sluts. I think your slut will get pregnant with my child, though. I wonder if it will happen," I told him, poking at him, "I have hyper-fertile sperm, my doctor told me."

Both looked at me, shocked, and I smiled while Violet shivered in my sight, and I pushed both the sluts aside as I grabbed my stuff and Violet. The bus suddenly came to a stop at the bay, and they told us that we were at the airport and to enjoy our day. I was grinning as I walked away from that couple.

I was just teasing them, but for the next couple of weeks, they would enjoy whatever thoughts my words would bring to them. I could not help but enjoy leaving that thought in their heads.

Chapter 45: Heading 'Home'

It took a couple of minutes to gather all of our things, but we were soon heading into the airport with large smiles on our faces. We took very little time to get into the line for the airplane company. The line was moving fast, much to my relief, and we soon had our passports out and checked in our luggage after I paid a fee for my second set of luggage. I felt sad seeing my suitcase full of toys go to the bottom of the plane, but I knew it was better than trying to bring it through the security checks.

"You seem to be a bit behind." Suddenly, the woman said, "Our plane is departing in an hour and thirty minutes if on schedule." The agent informed us, and we got moving quickly.

There was a large set of stairs before the security check, and I picked up our stuff for both Violet and I. "Come on. We need to move," I told her, which made Violet nod, and she was not in horrible shape as I moved just below a jog moving through the airport with my long legs. On the other hand, Violet had to jog to keep up. I started to take the stairs by two, and I was at the top with Violet trailing behind me. Then, I was in the line for the security checks a couple of moments later with a long line ahead of us.

Violet joined me a moment later, and a couple of dozen people quickly made the line longer behind us a moment later. Now, it was time to wait and follow the line. So I filled my time by grabbing Violet's ass and just molesting it. Just a slow massage and tease with my finger

digging into the crack with her jeans refusing entry. Violet shivered but was loving the attention when I grabbed her breast, and she moaned a little loudly.

"You know there are others in line with children, right?" A woman suddenly said.

"Okay, and?" I said, not even bothering to turn, and grabbed her breast harder and started to jiggle it.

"You are being very inappropriate." The woman snapped.

"Okay, and?"

"Excuse me, but there are decency standards here," The woman sneered, not that I could see, but I could hear it in her voice.

"There is also something called minding your own business, but that doesn't seem to be in your vocabulary," I sighed, letting go of Violet's breast.

"Bitch, why do you have to ruin shit?" Violet suddenly snapped, "We were enjoying ourselves, and you don't even have a child with you. Go fuck off."

The woman was put off, and I finally turned to see a white woman clearly just about to go back to somewhere from a vacation. It seems she did not relax during that vacation. "Violet, she is clearly alone and has no one to touch her. You should feel pity, not anger," I said instead. The woman's face turned beet red, and I could see her getting angrier by the second as the security moved more people along.

"Are you going to let that bitch say whatever she wants?" The woman said as she turned to an older black man, much to my surprise.

"Holy shit, I did not know that Karen's dated black men," I said honestly, surprised, "Names Angela and I am sorry about this woman here," I continued with a grin.

The black man was seriously surprised at my sudden change in attitude and looked more at the white woman than at me. "Well, we are married," he said, "I paid for the holiday."

"Honestly, you have me gobsmacked," I told him truthfully, "I did not know Karen bitches could have such cool black husbands. Fuck is what I am saying now racist?"

I was looking over the guy, and he was older, probably in his late forties, but he was wearing a black tank top with a Metallica band on it. He was jacked, and I could see it all on his arms that he worked out often. He had to be cool.

"You know you're talking about my wife, right?" The man said.

"And that does not change anything that I said. I am a white woman, and I am calling her a bitch because she is acting like that. You clearly saw we were enjoying ourselves with some light

teasing in the airport and nothing overt. I had nothing more planned," I turned to the woman, looking more and more angry by the second, "BECAUSE WE ARE IN AN AIRPORT," before turning back to her husband, "And she decided to get into my business. Since you seem to be interested, I have to ask how you are with her?" I asked, utterly uncaring of the angry woman inches away.

Violet giggled as she watched, and the man looked exasperated. "To be honest, I think you were being a little more handsy with your older counterpart than you think. You are in an airport, and it was mildly inappropriate."

"And we are almost at the front of the line where I would have stopped in a couple more minutes, and she would not have had to talk. Therefore, she had no reason to get involved with my business. But seriously, I am more interested in you. She is clearly a Karen who is getting involved with other people's businesses. So why are you with her?

"Bitch, don't think I am racist just because I called you out."

It was at this moment that a security guard came up. "You two this way, line four; You two that way, line one." Making us separate, and I moved with Violet over to our line.

"You know you were the one in the wrong there, right?" Violet said as we started putting things away and taking off our shoes. It was that stupid TSA shit, and we were going through all the steps to get back home.

"Yeah, of course I know," I said with a chuckle, "But it would be boring to concede to her. She should mind her own business."

“Yeah, that doesn't change the fact you were deliberately trying to piss her off."

"Of course I was. But I am still surprised that she had a black man for her husband. Like seriously, I could not believe that. I’ve never heard of a Karen with an interracial husband, but it seems I might be a little racist myself." I said, and the security guard moved me through the metal detector. I got through with ease and started to get dressed again.

Violet joined me a moment later, "I will not lie; that surprised me too. I thought she was alone. He was a handsome black man who was clearly fit. I wonder what he sees in her?"

"Well, maybe he is into busybodies?"

I chuckled as Violet snorted, and I picked up my things before putting on my shoes and getting out of the way for other people. Going through security for once was a quick thing, and we started to speed-walk to the terminal. I walked and checked the time on my phone, pulling it out, and a minute later, we were at the terminal that was calling for us to move forward. It was not even that long before we were at the front of the line and heading down the terminal toward the plane. It was amazing how smooth things were going; this time, we got seats near each other. When we got onto the plane, she was two rows away.

I somehow got a window seat, and Violet was in an aisle seat. When a taller man sat next to me, Violet came up and asked to swap seats, pointing hers out to be an aisle seat, which he happily accepted. So now we were sitting beside each other. But there was not much to do, so I leaned back and waited for the plane to take off. We just looked at each other, and I felt Violet slowly creep her hand into mine. She gripped it hard and then rested her head on my shoulder. She sighed deeply and snuggled up, and we waited for the plane to take off, which it did thirty minutes later. I decided to text Crystal before we took off and typed up a text.

The plane was going toward the runway when I finished the text.

Angela: Hey, sorry I have been out of contact for so long. I have so much to talk about with you, as this week was such an insane one. I cannot wait to see you but must catch up with school. I want you to know that I am on the plane back to the States right now and will be on American soil soon. I look forward to seeing you soon.

With that, I put my phone on airplane mode as the plane headed down the runway. I nestled my head on Violets, and my eyes started getting heavy. It had been a long week, and I had no idea how my life would change when I got back home. Then I felt the plane going up into the air, and I closed my eyes and fell asleep.

Suddenly, Jarringly, the world jolted, and my eyes snapped open. I looked around and out the window as Violet was looking around, too. Looking out the window, I saw we were on the ground again. "Did we turn around?" I asked, but I looked out, and it did not look the same as the place we had just left.

"Nah, you both passed out looking cute for the entire trip. I hope you had a good sleep," the person in the aisle seat said, and I yawned and looked at them surprised.

"Thanks; I am slightly disoriented from waking up so suddenly."

"No worries; I am glad you both had a good sleep. I was busy writing Erotica," the person said, and I wiped my eyes and looked at the person talking. It was a woman in her mid-thirties with red hair.

"What?"

"Oh, I love everyone's reaction when I say that. I write Erotica books, and I got a lot of writing done because you did not bother me. My readers will be happy." The woman chuckled, "Although my Bitch is a couple of aisles back, and I would have rather spent my time with her. I did enjoy getting some work done."

"Oh, well, that is good. I am a Dominatrix so I can respect that." I chuckled, "But I don't really care if I am being honest. I don't really read anything other than textbooks at this time. When I have free time, it is more time for me to work out or spend with my lover or girlfriend. I am glad that you got some work done."

"Nah, Angela can be quiet on this. What is the Subgenre? We have a bit of time before we make it to the terminal."

"Mostly Sci-fi, but I have some Contemporary and Fantasy. I enjoy it; it helps pay the bills and a little vacation with my lover once in a while. But to be fair, I couldn't have my current lifestyle without them."

"That is so interesting. You must be putting a lot of work into it."

"Absolutely, but I can only thank my small fanbase. I hope to build it up more, but it all takes time. They are more than generous to me. So here I am, coming back from vacation, putting my fingers to work."

"Well, I am glad it is working out for you."

"You can say that. Anyway, we are pulling up to the terminal, so we are all done," the woman finished and packed up her laptop, putting it into a black backpack. The woman sighed, leaned back, and closed her eyes as the plane started to come to a stop. Silence came over us, and we all waited. Then, the stewardess started to dismiss us, and people started to leave the plane.

I yawned, waiting, and the woman in front of us suddenly got up and helped another woman grab a suitcase, and the woman thanked her before leaving. We followed them out and followed them off the plane. We did not take long to get into the airport from the plane. Things had gone so smoothly, and nothing happened. Violet put her hand in mine, and we went to the baggage claim. Frankly, everything felt so mundane. It should have been more explosive. Something big happened, or some damn fireworks.

Instead, it was boring, and we grabbed our bags after another thirty minutes since it seemed my bag was on the bottom. I grabbed it along with Violet's stuff and headed toward the taxis. It was so mundane. It was so boring that everything felt weird, and I hated it. It felt like something should be different, but we got a cab and put our things in the back of the cab. It was boring, and the only change was that Violet kept her hand in mine. I just waited and watched the cab move through the city towards our hometown.

This odd feeling started to get more and more solid in me. I hated this, seeing the familiar sights of the city slowly turn into our town, and I felt Violet grip my hand tighter as the cab slowly brought us home. Before I even knew it, I was at the house of my childhood, and it felt ever so odd. We were grabbing our stuff, and I was just on autopilot. I was just lost, I felt like, and I just continued to do things. It was almost like things were blinking past, and I did not know how to feel. My heart was beating in my chest as I found myself in front of the door, and Violet put her key into the door's lock and turned it. Then she let go of my hand, and I found myself smiling as the door opened, but my mind was telling me to scream.

I walked over to my room past Violet, and my father suddenly came down the stairs. "Welcome home!" He called out, and all I could think was, 'She's now mine, you stupid Cuck. And there is

nothing you can do about it. What a stupid cuck,' The contempt in my thoughts was scathing and dripped with pure sadism. It was a struggle not to sneer at him.

Instead, I smiled, "We are back~!"

Epilogue

I reached my room, and I sighed. My father and Elana were a pain in my ass and insisted that we eat with them. They grilled us a little for what we had done at the resort, and I could only smile and say sun tan. What else could I say? That I put Violet in her place and turned her into a slave to my massive Futanari cock?

That she, in fact, begged for it.

Now, I found myself in my room, and I sat down on my bench. I sighed, picked up my weights, and started to pump iron. I started to go through the familiar motions and work out. I had nothing else, and I needed to exert myself. My mind and body did not feel as one as I continued to pump that iron. My mind was its own personal hell right now as everything just felt so wrong. It was only now that things started to feel that way, and I had no idea what to do about it.

Was the vacation a dream?

A part of me now wished it was with all my heart. As I was pumping iron, my heartbeat started to increase, and I just went harder. Instead of resting, I would just pick another muscle to attack, and I cycled through my muscles, letting others rest while I went and attacked another. I lost track of time in my basement, and I just continued to go harder and harder. My clothes started to feel hot, and I stripped. I looked at myself and grabbed some workout clothes, brought over my suitcase, and started the washing machine.

I took this time to rest all my muscles and made sure to sort out all my clothes before tossing them into the washing machine. Then I went back to the weights till the buzzer went off, and I started another load and put the other in the dryer. I was basically on autopilot, going through all the motions and ignoring the world around me.

Suddenly, I heard a noise at the top of the stairs and saw someone coming down barefoot. They came down one step at a time, slowly and reluctantly, and I almost expected Elana to be the one I saw. My eyes widened a little as I saw it was Violet with her body on display in a black lingerie bodysuit and garter belt. Her feet were bare, but I was not looking at the time. I looked up, and there was nothing covering her slightly swollen pussy, and she looked shy.

"I- Um, you know, I-" Violet blushed hard as I looked at her. She finished coming down the stairs and looked at me. Her blush only deepened as I stared at her, not saying a thing, I stared at her, and the nice breasts that Violet had and her hot MILF body, and my cock started to harden in my pants.

"You know you're not supposed to be here," I said, my voice cold.

"I—I—I d—I don't think I can stop myself from seeking more," Violet stuttered.

"You know that vent leads to the room you just left."

Violet looked away but nodded, and I continued to stare at her, looking through her. I walked over to the suitcase full of toys and had a sudden thought, and I grinned sadistically. "You want to be my bitch? My slave? My whore?" I asked.

The sudden derogatory question made her blush, and I went to my drawers and pulled out a pair of special panties and put them aside. Then I returned to the suitcase and pulled out the gag as Violet stumbled over her words, "I—you know, I just, I do, I really do." She finally got out as I got everything that I wanted for what I was going to do.

"Then I will play with you tonight, but you must learn that you are my slave properly. Coming to me all the time is off-limits. You will learn patience and only show up when this Mistress demands it without fail. Now, lay on my bed, legs spread for this Mistress to take you so that you will have fond memories for what is to come."

My voice was steady, and I was trying to make this feel official somehow. Like some sort of ritual, I walked toward her and stripped myself of my workout pants and my sports bra. Violet was already on my bed with her legs spread, and I shoved the gag in her mouth, leaning down to do so, and secured it. "Now it is time," I told her, and I brought my cock to her dripping wet cunt. This was my slave's cunt, and it was mine to do with as I please.

Violet's pussy easily accepted my cock without issue, and I drove my cock right up to her cervix and started to fuck her slutty cunt. Her moans were gagged, and I grabbed her by the throat and started to pick up my speed. I wanted her to feel every inch and lost myself to it. Her cervix kissed the head of my cock, then opened up to suck the head of my cock as if to give me a blow job. Pleasure started to blast my head as I thrust in and out of her, making her lose her mind more and more. I watched as her body started to shake, and her cunt started to spasm all over my cock before squirting onto my waist. I let go of her throat and grabbed her legs. I pulled her hips up into the air, and I showed not a single inch of mercy as I pushed balls deep.

I watched her start to shake her head as I started to fuck the cunt through her entire orgasm, and she tore at the sheets of my bed. Her head shook back and forth, trying to deny the pleasure. It was like she could not take it, and my cock was throbbing inside of her cum dumpster of a pussy. My mind was focused on railing her cum sucking womb for all it was worth, and she cried out into the gag. I got closer and closer, and she came all over my cock again, and I pulled out and pushed her legs to her ears.

A moment later, I was pile driving her cunt into submission as I squatted on my bed, driving my massive Futa cock into her. I felt my balls fill up just before I released a tide of semen into her womb and felt it hit the back of her womb before filling everything else. I shivered, and my leg shook at the immoral sex, and I shivered as my ejaculation continued inside her.

The moment it was over, though, and I came back to myself, I stood and walked over to those special panties, and I took off her sexy ones. She was shivering with her legs spread, and I took my time to put on these special panties while she was blissed out. When I was done, I smiled. "You know how I am going to teach you patience, slave?" I asked.

Violet shivered and opened her eyes, and I grabbed her by the hair and forced her to look down over her breasts. "See that," I said, pointing at her crotch. "This is a chastity belt, slave. Now," I paused, and I grabbed the lock and locked the panties in position. "This Mistress says, no masturbating for a month. No sex with the man upstairs or me. You are going to suffer in silence, and when you are so desperate and plead for me to fill you, I will tell you again, You will be unlocked on Halloween with the sluttiest costume for me. That is your order; now, Go to bed with your cuck. I have school in the morning." I took off the gag harshly, and Violet was stunned.

"Go," I told her again, forcing her off the bed, she was looking at me flabbergasted, and my hand loudly slapped her ass and pointed up the stairs with a sneer, "I will not repeat myself again."

Violet shivered and left my basement room, and I sighed.

Maybe that was stupid, but it at least gave me time to think. I walked over to the shower, turned it on, and started to wash myself. My head was buzzing now, and I just wanted to sleep. I just let the water fall on me a bit after I finished, and then I stepped out and turned off the water. I grabbed a towel and went to bed, noticing the huge wet spot from Violet just minutes before. Grabbing my phone, I checked the alarm and got into bed, tossing a partially wet blanket over my body. I sighed and tried to relax.

Nothing felt the same anymore, and I did not know how to feel. But one thing is for sure.

I was going to temper that bitch into having patience for me.