

Lewdness and Late Nights

For the sake of clarity, here's how the main characters' names are pronounced:

F: Garna (GAR-na) Lascth (LA-sh)
f: Bowyna (Bo-EE-na) Reyes (Ray-YES)
m: Scimion (Sih-MEE-on) Clatch (Cla-CH)

Disclaimer: Any resemblance to persons or organizations real or fictional is entirely coincidental.
This is fiction.

[Content Warning: This work contains depictions of blackmail, BDSM, and eating dirt.]

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~Prologue: Yet Another Late Night~

Every job had its perks.

As a kid, I was always more about hitting the gym than hitting the books. So for me, a good job was one where I got to move around and use my body. After high school, I bounced around a bunch of gigs that never turned into steady work. Construction, mail delivery, warehousing, et cetera. And a job as a clubhouse manager for a minor-league baseball team, the training for which included a massage certification that had been pretty useless until all of three years ago. Anyways. I now worked as a night watchman at the head office of Reyes Heavy Industries, a job which I had actually held down for three years. It was a decent job. Solid pay, hours a little on the high side but not unreasonable. The job description itself was fairly simple, but things always got more complicated when I was in the building.

I scratched my chest in the locker room as I got changed into my guard's uniform, a form-fitting, silver-buttoned navy blue jacket and pants over a white shirt and black tie, and pointedly avoided touching the golden ring on my right nipple. That still hurt from the other day, and I didn't want to aggravate it any more than it had to be. I had learned how to recover from pain from my middle school ball coach - the trick was not thinking about it, and not touching the affected area. As much as possible, anyway. Knowing that part helped when you lived a life that came with a lot of physical punishment.

I tried to keep my body in good shape, so I could actually show up for all my shifts. This was a good job, with a successful company. Reyes HI was a company that had been around for over half a century, playing a big part in the country's mid-century manufacturing boom. While the new-money conglomerate had fallen on hard times after over-expanding, it had managed to flip some negative assets and remain relevant in the modern economy. This renewed success was in no small part due to the second-generation owner, CEO Bowyna Reyes. Ms. Reyes had taken the old-fashioned parts of the business and revamped them to appeal to a modern clientele, earning her a number of accolades within the industry.

Ms. Reyes herself was a skilled and ruthless negotiator, quick with numbers and even quicker to cut staff who weren't performing up to spec. She also had an eye for designer brands and other trappings of luxury. The way she carried off the impression of a perfect rich businesswoman earned her the loyalty of her employees. Mostly.

Some in the press openly, if unfairly, wondered why such a successful woman hadn't yet sought out a compliment to her personal life. It was often said that she was too married to her job to have time for that sort of thing.

I knew better.

I dressed for the beginning of my shift when the sun already well below the horizon. As I got ready to patrol the office building, a familiar buzzing on my chest told me that this shift would involve some overtime.

~Chapter 1: And Garna's Golden Look~

As I pushed my cart of cleaning supplies down the hall, I stifled a rare yawn.

I always was more of a night person. So it made sense that, in the end, I wound up working evening and night shifts as a custodian. Another night mopping up grime and enduring the smell of sanitizer.

It wasn't a bad job, exactly. The company paid decent wages, and a little more for the late shifts. They encouraged employees to study in their spare time, so I had the chance to take some classes and further my hobby, photography and camera equipment. On the side, I learned about miniaturization, and about cameras one could make that were too small for anyone but the most expert observers to notice. And how these cameras could be placed just about anywhere, and record for weeks at a time. Technology is amazing. And that kind of knowledge comes with its perks.

It was after 10 PM when I finished mopping the floors in the last set of bathrooms. I pushed the cleaning cart into the storage closet, and then returned to my locker. As expected, I found a long black bag hanging on the clothes hook. I excitedly pulled it down and opened it up to find a belted, double-breasted pantsuit made out of knitted, gold-colored fabric. *Aw, hell. Bowyna, you've done it again.* I knew before my arms passed through the sleeves that it would fit perfectly. Bowyna knew my measurements, and that woman was a stickler for details. My hand fished into my satchel and came out with a lash wand and an eye pencil. I used the pencil to add a layer of deep purple to my natural colors, and spent a few quick minutes brushing out my eyelashes. I took a step back and put my hands on my hips, staring at the beauty queen on the other side of the mirror. "Babe, I look *amazing!*"

Once I was done admiring my work, I pressed two buttons on my trusty remote control, then stuck it into one of the suit's front pockets and put on a fresh, baggy custodian's uniform over the outfit. Didn't want to be seen looking like this by any bozo stuck working late. For the same reasons, plus one more besides, I kept on the loafers I had been wearing while cleaning. I then fast-walked to the elevator and pressed the button to the twentieth floor. My slaves were waiting.

I did not knock on the door to Bowyna's office, instead using my own personal key. The door swung open, and I saw the CEO of the company looking over some paperwork on her desk. The tan-skinned woman normally wore contacts during the day, but she switched to reading glasses when she really needed to go through paperwork. I personally liked the glasses look better. Her hair was done up in a tight bun on the back of her head, and she wore a silver skirt suit with a knit jacket much like mine. Probably the maker was the same. Normally, I would consider punishing her for matching her outfit with her Master's, but since she paid for mine, and she looked plenty cute in this, I would let it slide by. There would always be more chances to punish her, anyways.

Bowyna stiffened for just a moment when she heard the door open, then she shot to her feet and stood at attention. "Welcome, Master Garna, my majestic Queen. This pathetic slave felt your signal, and was eagerly awaiting your arrival. Your Bowyna will be at your disposal this night, as she must and always will be. Please, Master, use me to your heart's content."

A shiver raced up my back as I watched this woman, ostensibly the most powerful person in the building, stare at me with watery, vulnerable eyes. Damn, this never got old. I put my hands on my hips and let my golden suit radiate power. My stare drilled into her, and I spoke with a mocking tone, "Were you actually working while you waited? Sure you weren't just touching that naughty little clit while pretending to work?"

"While it is understandable you would doubt the sincerity of such a base, naughty slave, your Bowyna has been taught better than to seek pleasure without her Master's permission, or outside your presence." Her expression was serious, and she did not deny me directly. She knew better than to tell me 'no', that much was true.

I walked over to her desk and plopped my butt down in her chair. Then I lifted my pant leg up, swiveled around, and placed one dirty shoe on the expensive mahogany desk. "Then you can have an early reward while my other plaything takes his sweet time getting here. Master's shoes got dirty while she was wiping your floors. You have a responsibility to clean them up. Lick my shoes, worm."

"Yes, Master Garna. Of course." Bowyna did not waste time, immediately leaning over and planting a tender kiss on the dirt caked over my shoes. Her pink tongue stretched out and began the task of removing the dirt and grime that had accumulated over one of my typical custodial shifts. I had wiped and washed off the soles before coming - those got chemicals on them that I didn't want her swallowing - but the dirt was fair game for my Bowyna.

I let her continue licking, shifting my foot occasionally as an indication that she should move on to a different area. Watching a woman years older than me debase herself like this, hungrily licking dust and dirt off my foot, was one of the perks that made this job truly worthwhile. It must've been minutes before she was done. I put a hand on her cheek and turned her face towards mine. There was drool running down her chin. "Good job, Slave~."

Before I could remove my now-glistening shoe from the desk, we heard three timid knocks on the door. I kept my gaze on Bowyna, flashing a carnivore's smile. "Enter. Remove your guard uniform. Then come to the desk and kneel, Slave." When we were alone, I addressed both of my two personal playthings as 'Slave'. They've learned, the hard way, how to tell which of them I mean. It's fun to see them paying desperate attention to my every word, trying not to miss the subtle cues I give. Their attention, their fear gets me so fucking wet.

I changed my posture and put my other leg up on the desk. "Continue cleaning, Slave." Scimion closed and locked the door behind him. I could hear his distinctive footsteps on the carpet, but I didn't turn up to look at him. Normally, I would have liked to see that tailored navy-blue guard uniform, one of Bowyna had changed policy to mandate, being removed to show the sinewy muscles underneath. But I knew he got scared and anxious when I didn't make eye contact, and I wanted him on edge tonight.

"Yes, my Queen. *mmh*...*lick*...*lick*." At my urging, the executive eagerly dived back down and began licking the layer of dirt off my other foot. Her breath grew hotter and misted up the lenses of her rimless, oval glasses. "Thank you, Master Garna. *lihck*, *lichcck*..." Damn, this woman really knew how to use her tongue. I'd have to give her some more work later.

"Hmm." I looked down and saw my other shoe had been licked as clean as the first, then gently smacked the older woman in the back of the head. "That's all you get for now. Remove your suit and everything else. Then kneel, Slave. Oh, but keep your glasses on."

"Yes, my Queen." Bowyna gave a small nod of acknowledgement, then knelt down on the floor opposite Scimion. It made me happy to see my slaves had arranged themselves in the proper pattern. The mature, ripened Bowyna sat on my right, with her left breast within easy reach. My sculpted, sturdy Scimion on the left, so I could get at the right side of his chest with similar ease. I leaned back in the expensive ergonomic design chair the CEO normally sat in, and regarded each of them in turn. Alright.

I kicked off my shoes and let them tumble underneath the desk. After that, I dangled a sock-clad foot where each of my slaves could see. "Master's socks are a little bit tight today. Each of you is to remove one, no hands. There's probably gonna be a little sock mark under, so when that's done, I want y'all scratching the edema using your fingernails. Don't damage the goods this time, Slave."

Scimion's expression showed a momentary flash of terror. Hell yeah I was still mad about the time he didn't file his nails and drew blood during a foot rub, and I didn't want him to forget about it. Better not fucking happen again, or he'll be *lucky* if he can't sit down again 'til sometime next week!

Said security guard gingerly placed his teeth on my sock and began to carefully prise it off. He kept his head down, all of his attention on my foot. Now I watched him. The former athlete had defined abs and a near-perfect physique that begged to be marred. I gazed longingly at the whip marks still criss-crossing his back from the other night. Mmm, he really screamed like a baby when I gave him those. The nice thing about owning a man was that they had high pain tolerance, and pushing past that threshold always produced fun-as-hell results.

The two had both gotten pretty good with their mouths, and my socks were discarded on the floor within several seconds. I closed my eyes as he and Bowyna began scratching around my ankles, getting their smooth nails into the dents the tight socks had left on my skin. I let the feelings of the moment take me in. There, on my left foot, were Scimion's carefully filed nails. They were soft, flat, warm edges smoothing out my skin. Bowyna's fancy lacquered nails, colored purple this week, did much the same, but with a colder, soothing touch. Here I was, being pampered by my two slaves. Wearing a nice, luxury suit bought by the CEO, with her own paycheck. I was literally sitting in her chair, and dominating not only her, but a lithe, muscular bull of a man who was a foot and a half taller than me. I let myself release one sigh of contentment. Just me alone on top of the world, spending quality time with my pets.

I opened my eyes and turned to Bowyna on my right. Unlike Scimion, whose body had been honed by a life's worth of physical effort, the CEO had not spent her hard work at the gym. While she kept to a healthy diet that kept her from falling too far out of shape, decades of desk work and meetings had shaped the curves of her body in soft, homely ways. Hard bodies built to take pain were nice on high-stress days, but there was something special about being able to get a scream out of a little light bullying. Like so. "AHH! <3 Mm, Master Garna!" I tugged on Bowyna's piercing, and was rewarded by a sweet squeal of pain.

I reached down to my right and gave Scimion's ring a harder tug. "I let Slave kiss my shoes earlier, so now Slave can have first crack at my beautiful bare foot. Kiss me like you mean it, you brute."

"Nngh! Yes, my Queen." He at least partially gritted his teeth to hold in the pain. Oh, I like that. I wonder how much I can push him tonight?

His lips pressed against my foot, somewhat clumsily. He was hungry, rushing things a little bit. Good. *SMACK*! "You treat your queen's foot like the mouth of some nothin' girl at a bar?! Take proper care of my damn sexy feet!"

He looked up at me, again pining for eye contact. I kept my gaze on the wall behind him, not meeting his eyes. He had to apologize for that, but it's not like I had to pay any attention to him while he was doing it. "I'm sorry, my Queen. I should have taken more proper care of your exquisite and irreplaceable foot. May I have permission to continue, reflecting on my foolish mistakes?"

I continued giving him the cold shoulder. All I did to reply was a quick twirl of my finger. But he knew what that meant. *One more time, but carefully.* His lips touched my left ankle, softly, tenderly. My man was so damn *tame*, and I loved it. I could feel the taut fear in his every gesture, in each motion. His tongue slowly stretched out, reaching under the hem of my shiny golden knit pants and running along the bones in my ankle and across my Achilles tendon, smoothing over a few small pockets of stress, the kind that tended to form when I spent the evening on my feet. "Ahh. Yeah, keep it up." I leaned back and closed my eyes again, savoring the feeling. "Sure would be nice if I

could get some of this shit going on my right foot, too."

Without opening my eyes, I tapped Bowyna on the crown of her forehead. Didn't need to look to know she had been rubbing her naughty thick thighs together, thirsty to wash down that dirt with the taste of the sweat on my ankles. Her lips, pillowy soft, pressed against my right ankle, an expression of devout worship. Her tongue stretched out, running across the top of my foot in horizontal strokes. She worked her way down, down to my perfectly pedicured toes. Yeah, this slut loved to put the little tinies in her mouth. And I wasn't going to stop her today. She had a way of going between them with her tongue while they were stuck inside her that was just as divine to me as I was to her and him.

Unable to stop myself, I took my arm and reached underneath the jacket of my new suit, gripping my breast through my silk bra and giving myself a squeeze. I rubbed a few times, rolling my nipple for a little rush. Then I ran the three cold, metal sleeve buttons back and forth across it a few times, just to give it that chill and get it nice and pokey hard. Then I pinched it and rubbed a little harder. Pleasure hummed up into my brain and down into my snatch, where it became wetness in my red lace panties. I could feel the fatigue leaving me as my two slaves worked their damndest, dutifully and devoutly expressing their submissive devotion.

Bet your ass I was gonna reward 'em for it.

"Mouths off, slaves." Those few words from their Master was enough to stop them both cold. Scimion withdrew, but not far, and Bowyna seemed to do the same. My body was so close, but they no longer had permission to touch. My eyes snapped open, and I regarded both of them. I counted my heart beat four, five times in quick succession. Then I stretched out both legs and put my slobber-covered feet where they were most wanted. The left foot went down on Scimion's cock, and my right shoved unceremoniously into Bowyna's cunt. He flinched, grunting. She doubled over and screamed.

"Slave, and Slave, take note. This is a competition. You both have permission to come, whenever. But. Whichever of you lasts longer, well, they'll get *Special Treatment* tonight." I felt the jolt rock both of them as their spines stiffened up at the mention of *Special Treatment*. It was my code word for a lot of things, always something they enjoyed. I'm not *just* a cruel lil' tigress, I know what my slaves want well enough to give it to 'em. They would always jump on command for me, but *Special Treatment* would get them jumping just a little extra high.

Scimion, who had maintained some self-control, lost it and started hugging my pant leg, grasping at my calves through the lined knit fabric. "Oh, Master! Ohhh!" His grip pressed the inner lining of the garment into my smooth skin, creating a lush sensory feel. This man wanted me, so bad.

I threw back my head and cackled. "Hahah! Big man's really just a naughty dog in heat, who knew? You'd probably be humping me with that shaft if I wasn't keeping it pinned down." But pinned down it was, scissored between my index toe and the big one. I could feel it pounding, fighting to get free. But its owner would never dare try. Not after the last whooping I gave him and Bowyna.

My head snapped to the right as I realized I had been too caught up in my man to take care of my girl. Or at least, I had worried about that, but it didn't turn out to be a big deal. My toes had worked on her off of muscle memory, sending a rhythmic wave of steady pleasure down the walls of her sticky cunny. "Ahhn, oh, yes Master! Yes, Master, yes!!" For all that I had been running on autopilot, she hadn't seemed to notice. Well. I'll never complain about her being high-maintenance.

Just high-spec. It was time my sugar mom got a real meal in her hungrier mouth. Using the

flexibility years of practice had given me, I leaned over towards her face and stared at her from inches away, all while keeping one foot on his cock. I licked my lips and let the moment hang in the air. I prodded at her clit with my right foot, and whispered a question that was more of an order. "What do you want, Slave?"

"NgOH! Ohhh, Master, I want, I want to be kissed by you! I Hrng want, your tongue fucking my slutty lips!! <3 I...MMpH!!" I didn't even give her time to finish, lifting her chin and plugging that leaky top hole with a healthy helping of tongue. I forced my own under hers, shoving it up and asserting my right to be aggressive inside of her. It was a lesson my toes, now lightly rolling her clitty between them, were likewise working on re-teaching her.

My other hand had gone towards Scimion's chin. Without looking his way, I knew where his face would be. He was still rubbing himself all over my pants. To make sure my power suit stayed clean, I was running my fingers around his chin, wiping off globs of sloppy man drool as they escaped his mouth. "Mmh, oh Master. Ahhn, my Queen! *pant*, *pant*..." Regardless of my intentions, the touch seemed to energize him, and he gripped even more intently, pinning my leg into place. His cock throbbed harder beneath my foot, then finally broke free of my toes. It scattered a few stray drops of fluid on my foot and ankle as it bounced, stiff in the air.

"*gasp*. Whoa, there, Slave." I came up from Bowyna's soft lips for air, and to hit Scimion with a word of warning. "Don't you fucking dare get your cheap pre on these pants! Slave paid a lot of money for these, I'm sure. Didn't you, love?"

"Ahhh... Oh, yes Master Garna! They cost fifteen percent of this month's pay. ...The pants, I mean." There was a dazed look in her eye that was just barely visible through her fogged-up lenses. Her mind was here, but halfway stuck in a swamp of submissive joy. Just where I wanted it. "It's gratifying to know you like the suit. The outfit seemed like a fitting vessel for your glory when I saw it on display." I had never ordered her to call me 'Goddess', or heard her do so. But there were days, still, when I suspected she worshipped me like one.

I gave her another kiss, this time on the forehead. "And you got my measurements perfect. Which is impressive, considering they're not quite the same as last time. Perceptive little cashslut, aren't you?" Then I turned back to him and fixed him with a stare. "And what is it you want, Slave?"

"I want..." He gulped as he looked me in the eye, still pressing his body against my leg as he stared up with watery eyes. His cock was tucked snugly under the arch of my foot, and I would be keeping it there as long as I wanted. "I want you to be mean to me, Master. This slave wants to be an outlet for your violent side."

"Sure thing, Slave." *SLAP!* His face careened sideways as my forehand hit him with a full-force open-palm swing. "That's for humping me like a god-damn bitch." *SLAP!* The backhand carried equal force, but my knuckles made a sharper impact on his right cheek. I had learned to avoid going directly for the jawbone. "That's for being late to the party tonight." *SLAP!* "And that's for your fucking cock, slipping out of my toes like an itty-bitty sardine." *SLAP!* *SLAP!* "And those, *pant* were because I wanted to see tears in your eyes." And see them I did. My pet bull had a high pain tolerance, so much so that his body often broke before his spirit did.

"Ohhn, oh, Master." Bowyna mewled over on the other side, a gentle plea for attention. Oh, I put her side on autopilot back there. Whoops. Time for another clit pinch. "You're so powerful, so nasty to your slaves. It's... AHn! It's so hot~. <3"

"Damn right I am~!" *SLAP!* And one for her. Partly to remind her what her place was, but mostly

because my hands were on a roll. "No, don't get up, Slave. Keep your ass on the floor where it belongs, woman." Keeping her down, I reached out with my right hand and grabbed her unpierced breast from above, fondling and giving a hard squeeze. The exposed, shapely lump of meat was pleasantly soft against my palm. And my nails dug into it, for fun.

SLAP! *SLAP!* "Ngh! *grunt*." He was taking these like a champ. *SLAP!* *SLAP!* *SLAP!* * "RRgh! *snort*." And a good thing too, because I was just getting warmed up. *SLAP!* *SLAP!* * *SLAP!* *SLAP!* "Agh, ow!" I could usually pummel my man in the face a good twenty-five times before my arm started getting tired. *SLAP!* *SLAP!* *SLAP!* *SLAP!* I felt my heart pounding, racing as I showered him with an avalanche of as much pain as one of my open palms could provide.

"AHAHAHAHAH! Yeah, Slave, that's right! I own your ass and I'll be as nasty to you as I damn well want. By the time I'm done with you tonight, you'll be putting ointment on those cheeks for weeks!" I was thankful my blushing was less visible, because the blood had definitely gone to my head. I was losing myself in my favorite kind of way, putting my tough guy slave on a one-way pain train. "HAHAHAHAHA, O~ HO HO~!!"

My loss of restraint carried over to my treatment of Bowyna, as well. My two front toes rolled in parallel circles, closing the gap and pressing in on her pretty little bean. "Ohh, OhhhhHHhh!! Master, my QueenENN~!" She spread her arms wide and embraced my right leg, hugging with a desperate strength. My woman had real determination. I could tell she was close, and this was her way of looking to cling to something steady, to last through the final precious moments of this competition.

I wasn't going to make it easy for her, though. My toes pinched in hard, almost crushing the tiny bud of flesh. My slaves just can't keep their hands off me, huh? "You two are pathetic. You've never been anything more than dirty, horny animals. Good thing you've got a real woman to tell you what to do." My limbs were moving all over the place. The three of us were a nexus of wild sex energy, and I held control over all of it. I was pulling those levers, fiddling and stomping and slapping and groping. But I bit my lip, because I didn't have a hand left free to play with myself. ...Time to fix that.

SLAP! "Ah, ah, I'm cuMMiNNGGGG!!" The twenty-third strike of my hand against his reddened cheek was what finally set Scimion off. My slave had the good sense to jump back and cap his manhood with his palm. Sure, maybe doing that dampened his orgasm a little bit. But what's more important? Slave's happiness, or Master's good clothes? His ejaculation sprayed against his closed fist and scattered onto the carpet below. Not a single drop on me, either. He knew what he was doing.

"OH, ah, AHaaaHHHHhhh!!!" Bowyna held out for maybe another minute before collapsing in her own orgasmic heap on the floor. I put my foot, freshly wet with love juices, on top of her luxurious head of hair. "You're one tough cookie, Slave. You've earned yourself some Special Treatment." I watched her shiver again at the words. Scimion, meanwhile, moaned pathetically, knowing what he himself had missed out on. Not that he wouldn't be a part of it.

I groped my breast one more time while listening to them. "Ahn, aw yeahhhh~!" It was his pathetic little whines as much as anything that did it. I had hit my climax, just a little after these two had. Hot damn, I'm on top of the world!

~Chapter 2: And Bowyna's Fall From Grace~

I lay there, paralyzed by the aftermath of a strong climax. Master Garna rested Her bare foot atop my head, still wet with love juice freshly harvested from my slutty pussy. For the thousandth time, I thanked fate for bringing Her to me.

...I was under a lot of stress in the first few years of learning to run the company. Everyone is greedy, and to stand on top, you have to manage that greed. I learned, gradually, how to do so, but it was always so draining to handle. I think I'm a passive, submissive person by nature. Certainly, She seemed to know that.

Before Her, I had found a different way of handling stress on the late nights when I just couldn't take it. I would lock the door to my office, take off my suit and underwear, and pace around in the nude. Sometimes, on particularly tough nights, I would do stretches, stretches that even when fully clothed would have made my board of directors' eyes pop out of their sockets. I imagined them watching me. And it felt good. I knew I couldn't, that it would destroy me and everything the past and present generations had worked to build this company into. But I wanted it. And so I touched myself. Grasping my breasts, clawing at my nipples, delving into my slit. I did it on the expensive carpet only after spreading out a disposable plastic sheet. And the orgasms I hit at the end of those nights were peerless.

After one such orgasm, I lay panting on the floor when I was startled by the sound of jangling metal. My head shot up, and I saw an inconspicuous-looking woman with a pierced lip, wearing a dark grey janitor's uniform. This relatively short woman was holding a ring of keys in one hand, and a video camera in the other. My blood ran cold, and I was frozen on the spot. I must have had a look of sheer terror on my face, but She was smiling. I still remember Her first words to me, "You know, you really ought to have put more than one lock on that door."

My mouth popped open and shut several times, but I failed to get even a single word out. *How the hell did she get in here? How much did she see? Could I keep her quiet if I paid her?* All questions died on the way from my mind to my lips.

She walked closer, then took the video camera and turned the back end towards me. It was the type with a fold-out screen attached, so you could watch the videos you just took. My own voice could be heard from the camera's small built-in speaker, and it wasn't the usual calm, collected me. I saw myself on that small screen, lost in depraved bliss as one hand furiously groped my breast and scratched my nipple, while the other hand reached in and out of my crevasse. I stared, frozen, for what must have been less than ten seconds before my higher instincts urged me to reach out and try to snatch it out of the young janitor's hands.

She jerked it right out of my reach. Driven by the momentum of my thrust, I lost balance, slipped on the plastic sheet, and fell face-first onto the carpet. Crying tears of pain, I turned my head to look at the short woman who was now threatening me. She was wagging a finger and smirking. "Oh no, honey, this camera cost me a lot. Wouldn't want you to break it, which you might, if you tried to hold it in those slick palms." She spoke sarcastically, eyeing my hands. ...They were still wet from my earlier round of pleasure-seeking. "You gonna clean that up? I can wait. And by the way, I have more videos. From other nights. Anyways," Her gaze sharpened, and her voice went cool, "once you wipe your hands, get on your knees on the floor. We have a few things to discuss."

Trembling, I went to my desk and took a tissue, then another, to wipe my hands. Anything to buy time, to avoid confronting the loss of everything I held dear that I had stupidly, *STUPIDLY* put in jeopardy for a little fucking orgasm! "What... What do you want from me?"

The woman stepped over me, straddling my downed, exposed body. Her face was a cruel mask.

"I'm a reasonable woman, and I like having a job. I know you wouldn't want anyone else to see this, so I'll be nice and keep this whole thing a secret. With a few conditions, of course."

She held up one finger. "First off. As of this moment, honey, I'm your master and you're my slave. Say 'This slave understands, Master Garna.'"

I looked up at her, responding hesitantly. "...This slave understands, Master Garna."

Two fingers. "Your money is my money. I can make withdrawals from you directly whenever I please. No embezzling, that's more risky to land us both in jail. Make sure you've got cash *from your personal account* ready at all times." She made a gesture rubbing her thumb and forefinger together. "I was born to be rich. Just got a little unlucky with my parents, is all. Got that?"

I blinked before replying. "This slave understands, Master Garna." *Did she have some hang-ups about money?* Maybe I could use that...

Three fingers. "When we're together in this office, I'm going to call you Slave. And that's the *only* name you answer to. What do you think of that, Slave?"

Maybe my mind was still caught up on the money issues, and maybe that was why I repeated, somewhat thoughtlessly, "This slave understands, Master Garna." Or maybe this was just going to be easier for me than I thought.

She lifted her foot, kicked off a shoe, and stepped on my naked breast with it, grinding it in. "Trick question, Slave. You're not supposed to have opinions, and even if you do, I don't care." Four fingers. "You follow all my orders. That's gonna mean a lot of hard sex. Satisfying for me, and *mayyybe* you too. If you're as much of a masochist as I think you are."

"This slave understands, Master Garna." Such was the effect of the situation on my mind that it took me a full second after the words were out of my mouth for me to actually process what they meant. She's, she's going to fuck me? But she's so mean, I couldn't possibly enjoy... *I have to draw a line!*

Just as my lips parted to form a reply, Master Garna continued on, "You will never, ever let me hear you say the word 'No', understand?" My lips froze. Her sock stopped moving, and she repeated that last part. Loudly. "UNDERSTAND?!"

My throat felt incredibly dry all of a sudden. "This, *sob*, this slave understands, Master Garna."

"That should do it. I can and will add more if I feel like doing so, or if you don't play nice." She leaned down and put one hand behind my head, under my chin and lifted it up so I was staring directly into her glimmering, dark eyes. "*PTOO*." A wad of hot spit splashed onto my face. The me I am now would have welcomed such a reward, but the me back then could only numbly process the saliva as it mixed with tears of humiliation.

I vaguely processed a clicking sound as Master Garna unbuckled the belt on her dark grey uniform's pants. The pants fell to her feet. She was wearing a cheap-looking, worn pair of dark purple panties. I stared, slow to process what was happening as she slid down the undergarment to her knees and exposed her slit. I had only ever seen my own, and while hers was similar, it was thinner, and had more hair. Hair which was wet with a small trickle of sticky substance *exactly* like the one now staining my thighs. "Watching you submit got me hot. Your first order from Master Garna? Eat me out, Slave."

"Y, yes, Master." Despite my response, I spent another few moments staring, admiring the raw beauty of her slit, petit lumps of dark skin framing pinker folds within. It took me a moment to actually start moving towards her pussy, and I didn't go directly inside. Instead, I kissed around the lips of it, teasing slightly and feeling her pubic hair brush push back against my face. I got one curly hair on my tongue as I ran it across the entrance to her slit. It tasted faintly of love nectar.
"*lick*...*lick*..."

She held steady, hands on her hips, before a gentle laugh shook her abdomen. "Hehehe. Starting soft, huh? I don't hate it. Just don't take too long."

"Mmmh, *kiss*... *Lick*, yes, mmh, Master." I gave her coarse skin a few more kisses before placing my mouth squarely around her lips and tentatively sticking my tongue inside. I knew what I enjoyed - a hard pinch with two fingers - but I was less sure what another woman would want. So I lapped up the small trickle of love nectar running through her, feeling out the folds of her flesh.

"...Is that all?" It was a flat question, which was more unnerving than an angry one would have been. There was still so much I didn't know about this janitor. Her physical appearance, words, and voice were all I had to judge. And while I had learned to read many a face at the negotiating table, there something implacable, and deeply dangerous, buried inside that question. She was not going to be satisfied by this. And I *must* satisfy her. That much was undeniable.

"Mmh. *Licklick*, *slurp*. *Slurp*." That made it hard to tell what the right response was. I extended my tongue further inside and probed a little harder, tilting up to look for her bean, but I still wasn't sure if any of this was working. The salty sweet taste from before seemed to be running thin, too. I found a protrusion that had to be the clitoris and pressed down on it with my tongue.

"..." I knew without looking that Her searing iron gaze was burning into my head. I couldn't hear moaning or any kind of pleasure, and it was definitely dry down below. Master Garna was going to be upset.

Unless. "Umm, M, Master Garna?" I took a moment's pause, love juice still on my lips, to come up for a question. I got the feeling from my own experience that there were lots of ways to do this wrong. And my every instinct told me to defer to this woman, whose anger was as terrifying as Her joy was electrifying. "How do you like your clit played?"

"Hah." There was a moment's pause, but the slightest bit of tension did seem to leave the air. Then Her hand came down on my head, and gently rubbed through my hair. "Good question, Slave~. Don't assume you're so smart that you can always know what I want. So I'll tell you. I like it when girls and guys spread it out with their hands, put it between their teeth, and nibble. Be *REAL* gentle, though, or I'll kick your ass." Her hand did not leave my head, instead offering a soft squeeze.

Her touch brought a kind of warmth, and I suddenly realized the air inside the office was rather cold against my bare skin. "Erm, understood, Master Garna. I'll be careful. Hnngh, mmh. Ahn, *lick*, *lick*." I spread her open wide using my fingers from both hands, a surprisingly intensive task, then licked it twice to confirm its position. Then I got my incisors around the lump of sensitive flesh, and bit down with the least force I could possibly manage. I paused, waiting for any sort of response.

After a moment, the woman standing above me shivered. "Ahn, oh, that's somethin'. Keep going." As my teeth rocked up and down, gently swaying her clitoris in a loose but evidentially potent grip, she leaned forward into me. Her one hand, still situated atop my head, sprung into action, gripping me by my hair and pulling. The bun I had always tied it into fell loose, and she used the handhold to

pull me closer into her. "That's fuckin' right, Slave. "

"Mmh, hnnf. *Chew*, ah, *chew*, hnnHF!" My face was buried in her pussy, snorts and breaths muffled by the matted mass of hair populating those beautiful, dainty hips. I was mentally engrossed in the act, encouraged by the renewed flow of salty nectar and the strong, powerful moans of a woman who had declared herself my superior.

"NHH! Ah, OHhH! Oh yeAH! Keep it up!" I could feel more rapturous pain as Master Garna strained to keep my face pressed like a collapsed pancake between Her slim, powerful thighs. Intense moans of pleasure came from the domineering custodian as my tongue and teeth worked in tandem on that small, oh-so-critical point. She did not let go of my hair, but smacked my cheek with one hand to get my attention. "My big blow-up's comin', Slave. Keep chewin', and get ready to swallow!"

"Mmh! Yegf, *chew*, mafuffF." *Yes, Master.* I managed to get the words, muffled as they were with my mouth otherwise occupied. I was prepared, no, eager to let Her spray my face with what was to come. I didn't understand what was happening to me. But Her Slave didn't need to understand to be happy.

"NhhHH! AHHH! Coming, you filthy sLUUUTTTTT~!!" Such was the lack of distance between us that the spray of love nectar from her climax skipped my taste buds and jetted directly down into my throat. My neck seemed to burn with molten fire for a time, and I almost gagged, but didn't. Despite the newness of the feeling, there was something *natural* about it.

While I continued licking and worshipping Master Garna's crotch until she had experienced two more orgasms, I didn't actually climax with my new Queen that night. Instead, I found myself falling into a peaceful, trance-like state, the eye of a hurricane of pleasure. Despite the dignity I had been raised with, the pride I held in my accomplishments at work, something inside me told me I had always been meant to be kneeling beneath this divine incarnation of womanhood, stuck between her slim, short legs.

...There wasn't a night after that day when I didn't work overtime. In the daylight hours, I did mentally resist the idea of being Master Garna's slave for about 3 weeks, but the custodian was relentless. She hurt me, physically tortured me, humiliated me in every way that didn't expose my shame to the rest of the company. Before the first month had passed, I accepted that She was my Master in every sense of the word.

She always wanted money, and I was only too happy to give. I regularly cashed half of my personal paycheck and kept it in a drawer in my office, careful to withdraw more if the reserve was running low. I saw those payments manifest in sweeter, spicier perfumes, better skin care, more vibrant makeup, and designer suits that She would wear twice or thrice before ruining them in a round of intense sex or getting bored with the pattern. My heart beat differently in that moment I was holding those bills, just before She snatched them away. It was an act of worship, of paying tribute to the majestic, the divine.

Once a month, I was permitted to present Her with an outfit of my choosing. If it matched Her tastes, and Her measurements, She would wear it that night, and maybe after. She never shared, so I had to get good at guessing. If it failed either of those tests, She would beat me with a cane She had bought specifically for 'stupid slaves who give bad gifts'. I learned Her tastes - luxurious, gaudy suits and formal dresses - through trial and error. But the reward the first time I saw Master Garna in a purple gown I had spent hours picking out for Her, when She had taken me over Her knee and slapped my ass with Her bare palm, made all the suffering worth it.

Given my age and social position, I had been approached at parties by men interested in dating, or marriage, multiple times. Before meeting my Queen, I had politely turned them down to focus on running the business, but I was getting up in my age and some silly part of me thought I might try a serious relationship. The first time I made plans with another man, when I didn't yet truly know my place and was drunk on the charm one young potential suitor carried at a party, Master Garna found out. She was furious, yelling and slapping me in the face until I couldn't think straight, and told me in no uncertain terms that my body was no longer mine to give. I don't go to social events without Master Garna's permission, and I would never consider a relationship, let alone marriage, if She didn't approve of it.

Garna's other slave, Scimion, was introduced to me after four months spent under Her thumb. I was on a one-week orgasm ban at the time, and She had tied me to my office chair. I had been expecting a chance to cum, and was truly crestfallen when She dragged him into the office and made me watch as She stripped him down and fucked him on top of my desk. It would be another two weeks before I was allowed to remove the chastity belt She had locked around my waist and finally granted release. I don't know how She acquired Scimion, but I heard Her refer to 'naughty boys who can't leave the women's room alone', and assumed that he had done something worthy of blackmail. Much like me.

The two of us were each given a single nipple piercing to mark the passing of one year after Master Garna first came into our lives. I gave Her the cash from my paycheck, and She had a pair of small, golden nipple rings custom made so they would vibrate slightly when she wanted us to come find her. "Just want an extra spot where I can grab my slaves when I want to," She had said. My piercing was on my left breast, so it could be easily reached by Her right hand when I sat beside Her in our usual formation. His was given four months later on his right breast, to accommodate our Queen's left hand.

...My hand went to the ring on my left nipple, and tugged softly. I gave thanks to Her once again.

~Chapter 3: And Scimion's Steamy Massage~

It was, of course, my duty to actually help a flagging Bowyna up off the floor, drape her arm over my shoulder, and help her over to the couch where she would get her Special Treatment. Master Garna made it very clear from the start that she considered performing aftercare beneath her personal role in our triangular relationship. That didn't stop her from having standards as to how things were done, or from finding ways to punish me or Bowyna when we failed to properly help the other. I suppose that was her way of showing compassion. Or another way of putting us in our place.

So, when my glorious Goddess said, "I think Slave just about earned herself a full body massage. Get her to the couch and treat her right, Slave. I'm gonna get the camera ready," I knew what to do. After placing her rimless oval reading glasses on a side table, I carefully laid the naked and exhausted CEO down on the couch, face first. A massage could be started from the front or back side, but there was one particular way our Master always liked to end things. I walked to a corner of the room, to an inconspicuous dresser with a fern on top. I opened the top drawer and found the aromatic oil, towels, and massage timer I expected. Bowyna always kept it stocked, since my certification had come up in conversation. And a good thing, too. We had gone through a lot of supplies over the years.

By the time I had set the massage timer and returned with oil on my hands and a towel around my neck, Master Garna had set herself up in the fancy plush chair nearby, and pushed it so that it was

roughly seven feet away from the couch. She still wore that stunning golden double-breasted suit jacket, but she had removed her pants and was wearing only those red, lacy silk panties below her waist. I wanted to touch all of it, every inch of that beautiful fabric and her divine, laboriously crafted skin. Even though I knew even trying would earn me a brutally stern reprimand. Master's left hand rested on top of those chic, sheer panties, and the right held a compact camcorder that had already begun recording our boss' prone figure. "Be good to her, you hear me, Slave? And remember, no cumming for you until I say so."

"Yes, Master Garna. Bowyna," It was a less-familiar form of address, though not unused. In our world, slaves were to be called by their name only when receiving Special Treatment, and only then by her other slave, "is there anywhere you'd like me to focus on, before we start?" The lucky slave had gotten very comfortable on the sturdy divan couch, which was large and plush, easily big enough for two and a half people to sleep on.

"...mhh." She stirred slightly, and more drool spilled out of her mouth as she managed a response. "I've been at my desk a lot...did lots'of paperwork. Can you get my neck...and shoulders especially? ...And maybe my calves, too. Those always get sore in heels."

"Understood, Ma'am." I acknowledged and leaned forward to begin Bowyna's massage. My palms pressed against her shoulders, lightly sliding across the skin to cover her in a layer of the warm oil. Her flesh was soft here, as elsewhere. I ran my hands down to her rib cage before rising back up, this time kneading with my thumbs as I went. There were indeed knots of tense muscle to be found all over the woman's upper back, and I started doing what I could to relieve them. She had earned that much. "You've been working hard."

"Haa, *sigh*. I try..." She offered a weak statement in return. The massage had barely begun, but the touch itself seemed to be therapeutic for her. Her figure rose and fell with each subtle, slow breath she took. The CEO might not have been sleeping, but she was on that blissful borderline.

My thumbs loosened half a dozen knots before I reached her left shoulder blade. Feeling carefully, it seemed clear that some of the threads of structure underneath her skin here were out of whack. It was a common enough sight in office workers who overused their dominant hand. "I'm going to try pushing the muscles around your left shoulder back into place. Please let me know if it hurts." I took one of the strands of tension and gave it a gentle push inwards.

"I...will...Mmm!" The last part came out as a soft exclamation. Not loud, but clearly it was hitting some sensitive areas. She didn't tell me to stop, so I moved over and kept pushing. "Nnmmm! That's good..."

"O ho ho, looks like my Slave likes to have her buttons pushed." My eyes stayed focused on Bowyna, but it was impossible for my body to not react to Master's booming voice ringing in my ears. "This is, hn, solid footage right here. Ohyea, keep it, ah, up." By the sound of things, her hand was no longer touching the outside of her panties.

There was only one more muscle out of place at her shoulder, and after giving that a hard nudge upwards, I moved towards her neck. This was the area that required the most care. Lots of nerves could get pinched with a little too much force, but too soft a grip and I'll just be playing with her. I opted to go with two hands on one side at a time, rolling my knuckles back and forth across her in a sound but subdued rocking motion. "NNnh, oh, that, that's wonderful..."

I blushed in spite of my own envy. She had a sultry voice that only sounded sexier when she was close to falling asleep. "I'm glad you like it, Bowyna." I was pretty weak to compliments. I

continued for a time, then rotated around and repeated the same gesture on the far side of her neck.



"Woo woo, my Slave is flirting~! Ohh, mm mm, you ladykiller." Master Garna clicked her tongue at me, faux-mocking my response. She *loved* to catch our moments of emotional weakness on tape.

After counting to 100, I paused the kneading motion and took my knuckles off off her neck. My fingertips ran across her skin, feeling for the tension that had been obvious before I started. "The muscles seem a bit softer back here. Can you feel any difference?"

"Mmm, feels better..." Bowyna mumbled a reply. "Yes, it's a bit less stiff. Thank you, Slave."

My cock twitched at that last word, and I winced as I heard Master Garna chuckle. Nothing escaped her watchful eyes. "Okay, Bowyna. Let's get started on your calves." I took two short steps towards Bowyna's undercarriage and wrapped both hands around her right calf. Lifting the leg so the foot hung off the back of the couch, I rolled her foot around in the open air, positioning it so that the muscles in her calves would not be strained. "Now let it just hang loose, right there. Relax..."

"Hah!" Our Queen's laugh broke the gentle moment like a brick on an eggshell. "Look who's talking about hanging loose! You may be hanging something Slave, but that don't look loose to me. What's with that raging erection? Don't tell me you've got morning wood at night?" Master Garna wanted an answer, and I would ignore that at my own peril.

Without taking my hands off Bowyna's calf, I turned to face her and the camera, already blushing beet red. One of her eyes was on the mini camera screen, her other eye glimmered with cruel excitement as it watched the two of us. One of her hands was indeed buried deep within her red panties. I knew she would replay this for me later, choosing a moment when it would most embarrass me. I took a deep breath, and answered honestly. "She, Bowyna is a very attractive woman, Master Garna. While she is the one receiving Special Treatment, the mere privilege of touching her is a treat. Hers is a body more than this lowly Slave would have ever had the opportunity to caress without your generous guidance, and for that I extend my humblest gratitude."

"Oh, er, thank you." Bowyna stirred beneath me and she turned her head sideways to face the camera, and the woman behind it. "Slave's hands do feel nice, Master. This Slave extends her gratitude for this Special Treatment, as well." I continued to massage the tension out of her right calf, throwing myself into the motion to avoid losing my self-discipline and avoid putting my hands somewhere that would earn me a scolding. "Mmm, yes. That's so nice..."

"A ha ha! So formal, hng, the two of you. You both look sooo~ adorable when you're blushing. But are you sure?" Her smirk took on an extra twist. "If this massage alone has the both of you this thankful, then maybe you don't need the other stuff I had planned. Heheh." The quick laugh was rude, crass with a touch of petulance. "Should we clock out tonight after the massage, then?"

I gave one final press to the knot of muscle in the thickest part of her right calf, then switched my grip to her left and lifted the left foot off of the couch. "Please, Master Garna. This Slave's pathetic cock craves his Master's attention, and I could never reach the levels of mind-crushing pleasure your sublime touch could provide. Please, Master, have mercy on this poor, pathetic wretch." The massage began much like before, with me alternating pressing inward and twisting my wrists to gradually ease out the tension.

Bowyna chimed in, more awake now. "I beg of you, Master Garna. You would be well within your rights to leave this Slave behind and enjoy yourself elsewhere, but Your Bowyna needs you. You're an irreplaceable treasure in my heart, and my raw, beastly lust cannot be satisfied by any glory save your own." I wasn't as observant as our Master was, but even I noticed the trickle of fluid down the CEO's thigh. I didn't say anything more, just continued my work on her plump left calf.

"Well..." Master Garna tilted her head and pretended to think for a few long, agonizing seconds. "If you sluts are just that hungry for more, then I guess I can mix myself in." Still recording, she jumped down off the chair and flexed her toes on the carpet, then slipped her panties off of one leg with her free hand. A few seconds later, she had them through the other leg, and swung them around her extended pointer finger. "Which of you wants a free ski mask? I only got one."

I thanked the years of massage practice I had had, as they were probably the main thing that prevented me from freezing solid. I kept one half of my brain on massaging out those last few knots of tension in Bowyna's left calf. "This Slave would be overjoyed to be blessed with such a gift, Master Garna."

"... Ah. I..." Bowyna's mouth popped open several times as the woman tried and failed to form words. A combination of the pleasure from the massage and the surprise of a chance at touching Master's *used* panties, which came along maybe once a month. If that. "This Slave-

And in the time it took her to get her words together, Master was done waiting. "First come, first served! Slave gets it." She skipped over to us, jumped up onto the broad plush divan couch, and grabbed me by the ears. She took those sheer red panties and pulled them over my face, such that my eyes could see through the leg holes. This meant the wet crotch area was *directly* over my nostrils.

"*snort*, HHMMMMMMFfFFFFFF!!! <3 <3" The effect was immediate. My hands froze in place as a scent intense enough to burn the everything right out of my brain assaulted my nasal cavity. This was Master, Master's pure, undiluted scent! I sniffed and snorted the temptation, the enchanting delight of her raw lusty liquids.

"Heheh, looks the pig likes it. His cock certainly seems happy." *SMACK!* She slapped me once in the face to get my attention. "But don't get too lost in the underwear, Slave. Master wants to put that erection to work. Get on the couch, on your knees, facing me. And Slave," she turned down to Bowyna, "roll over, face up."

Both of us hurried to comply. Master Garna turned her camera off and placed it on the table next to Bowyna's glasses. I was on my knees, situated a few feet above the older woman's face. Our Master bounced up onto the couch with her pussy fully exposed, and the forest of matted, wet fur around it. We were about to work up a sweat, but her insistence on continuing to wear the suit jacket did not surprise me. She loved wearing expensive outfits on naughty occasions, and this new golden-colored piece suited her style so well. Only she, out of all the women I'd ever known, could have pulled off that hands-on-hips power pose. Even with the two of us at eye level, I would never feel like anything but her inferior.

"Slave," she began, "you can start by holding steady in that position. I'm gonna ride that cock at exactly my own pace. Keep it hard like that," a quick finger flick barely budged my member, and it bounced all of a centimeter before sticking straight out at her again, "or else."

"Yes, Master Garna." I met her eyes with my most serious expression, and nodded slightly. It was impossible not to feel a thrill as she put her hands on my shoulders and gave me the touch I so deeply desired. It reassured me, knowing she was there for me in real life. To guide, to lead, to dominate. Her wet slit touched against my cockhead, and she only had to pull me slightly forward for it to plop inside. "Nrng!"

"Heh, you really wanted this. Didn't you, Slave?" Her arms reached out further and came together

behind my back as she pushed forward, taking me deeper with considerable effort. I felt her muscles strain against my girth. "Ohhh yes. You turn into such a damn slut the instant I let you in. Like that strength don't mean nothin'. Well, it never did. Not to me."

"Ngh, yes, Master Garna. This slave was driven by a strong desire for your touch tonight." I felt the tight walls of her pussy constrict around me. My arms reached out to return her embrace, offering a loose hug that would not stop her from pounding me, but would keep the both of us from tumbling off the couch after an errant thrust. "Ohhh, thank you for this mercy. Mhnnn."

"Ah, you devils! And Master, you're so mean." Bowyna had been licking her fingers beneath us, and now those spit-soaked fingers extended south, towards the older woman's own empty slit. "It's so, you're just, hn, showing off in front of me like that. If only..."

"O ho ho, Slave sounds pretty jealous down there." The coarse peals of our Queen's laughter could be felt as small shocks in my body as she pushed me the rest of the way inside, all the way to the base of her womb. "Hn, yep. Let's make her jealouser, Slave. Show Master what her lil' meat dildo is worth."

"Yes, Master Garna. With pleasure." I squeezed her shoulders a little bit tighter, then loosened the grip in my forearms and focused on stiffening my penis as much as possible. It was about to get a workout, and I didn't want her anything less than fully satisfied.

"Yup, pleasure...for ME!" She slid her hips back until my cock was about halfway out, then quickly slammed them forward again. "Hah, *pant*. Master gets to have fun with you, Slave. Mngh, mmnh. YeAH!" Another slow slide back, another quick thrust forward. Our Master's colorful hair flew through the air as she began to pick up speed.

"Ah, ohn, yES! Yes, use me AGH!! <3 <3" A switch flipped inside me. My position held, but my mind didn't have the same kind of safeguards for pleasure as it did for pain. She could hurt me for a long time, but once she started fucking me like this, my brain went to soft jelly. "Ahn, ohh, OH! OH, Master, MasterRrrh! <3"

"HN, oh, Ah, AH! AH, not fairrr! Your Slave deserves her fair share, MasterRRgh!!" In spite of her complaints, she sounded plenty aroused. One thing the nearsighted woman and I shared in common was our erm, tendency towards jealousy. There was a part of both of us that wanted Master to ourselves. And another part that got very horny when things went any other way.

"Heheh, aw, oh, OH!" Master's hips were hammering me, over and over. Her face was too close to mine to look me in the eye. When I felt a slimy sensation on my right ear, I knew what she was doing. "Mmmh, *lick*, *lick*!" She had stretched out her dexterous tongue and was licking my ear.

"Ngh, ah, ah! Oh, oh, ngh, OHH! <3" This was what I had wanted. It was *more* of her, touching me and pushing my boundaries in more ways than my mind was ready for. But my heart loved this, and my body was riding a wave of fire. I kept my knees bent and kept my cock stiff for her. And I moaned, holding still. "Ohh, nnnh, ah, Master, ah, so strong, so lewd, OH! Mmnhn."

"Ohh, you're so *pant* sweet, Slave! But Master's finally warmed up, which means no more taking it easy for you." Master Garna drew back halfway and cradled my face in her hands, gazing at the drooling mess that was entirely her fault. Then she reached around down south and smacked my rear. "Now get movin'!"

That was, in her own coarse way, permission for me to move. "Yes Master, hngh, with pleasureEE!"

OHHH!! <3" My own hips surged forward and up just as her open slit dived towards my waist. I felt the folds of her flesh and screamed with joy.

"AHHH! OH, oh, OH fuck YEAH!!!" She screamed as well, and there were few things that made me happier than her shouts of joy. She stared at me, a wild glint in her eyes, and pinched my unpierced nipple with two fingers. Her lips set to attacking my own. "Mmmh, *muhkiss*, *kasuck*." She vacuumed the spit right out of my mouth and gave me a wet kiss that tasted like greasy meat. My penis was straining to lift her higher as she came up for air. "*gasp*! Gotta say, you're a damn fine AH meat dildo, Slave!!!"

"There's other, ahn, dildos in this office, Master Garna. And he isn't the only slave here who can bang their, ohh hips..." The CEO bucked her hips and continued to whine beneath us, half from pleasure and half from frustration that she wasn't directly involved. She did everything short of invoking the words 'Special Treatment', which would have ended our game and earned her a punishment instead. Bowyna was always careful with her words, even when her desire was screaming her into the depths of an abyss. I still hadn't heard her say the word 'No' where Master could hear, not even after all three years of us three being together.

"Hrngh, hn, uh..." Bowyna's jibes hit a sensitive spot, but I was definitively the least powerful person in this room. After years of Master Garna putting me in my place, I had learned better than to talk back, or say anything other than, "Thank you, Master Garna. Oh, thank you for using this miserable Slave, giving him glorious purpose in pleasuring a real top-class woman."

"Damn you, Slave! It should be meeeeEEeaahhh!!! <3 <3" I heard the telltale signs of our CEO climaxing beneath us, a complex blend of jealousy and affection fueling her baser desires. Special Treatment also meant a slave could climax without permission, and she was taking full advantage.

Master Garna, though, was not done. Her nails dug into my right cheek as her hips continued to piston back and forth. "Hah, she sure broke down in a hurry. I, *pant*, I wonder if you should be allowed to break down as well, Slave?" It wasn't enough to draw blood, but it hurt. "AH, OH, RhngH! Get me to the top first, though!" No, she was not done, but she was ready to shut the cover on this particular book of forbidden pleasure.

"Oh, MASTER! OH OHHH!! <3" That meant I had to answer her. It meant pushing, driving into her groin with all the force I could muster without hurting her. As her slave, I had to hold her steady if she fell off balance, and keep her feelings first and foremost in my mind. "RRngh, ugh, RR, AAGH! <3 <3" It took all the mental balance I had to keep my sperm from jumping out inside her. I thought about dumb sports news to hold it off for a few extra seconds, and thrust my cockhead directly into her womb.

"AH, THAT's! OH YES YESSSSSSsssSS!!!" Her screams shifted into a hiss, a signal of a line crossed inside her. Thankfully, this was the good kind. "You can AHhh cum now, Slave! Blow that fuckin' nympho stack!!!"

"AH OHHH, thank YOUUUUU~ MASTERRRRRrrGGHH!!!" I let the fire at my waist fly free, spraying out a payload of thick, burning cum inside her. It was my second climax of the night, but that didn't mean there was less of it. Being able to share a moment with Master in this way was a special honor, and I didn't let myself forget to feel sheer joy.

Our Queen's body sagged forward, and I held her in an embrace. "*pant*, *pant*, *pant*." When her slim frame was like this, limp and heaving for breath in my arms, it was possible to forget, for a moment, the aura of undeniable royalty she exuded, night after night. But, as I nestled my chin

against the rainbow of colors in her braided hair, I felt a deep sense of belonging. Even when she's not trying to be, she's just as lovely as always.

My own afterglow was slightly muted, since I had to focus on keeping her standing. Figuring it would be a little easier if I could pick her up in a bridal carry, I reached down around her thighs and prodded them forward, but she put a hand on my wrist to stop me, shaking her head.

"Nnnh, are you done with Slave now, Master Garna?" Bowyna, who had peaked first and had a little more time to recover, stirred beneath us and began to speak. "May Your Bowyna please have the rest of her massage?"

Our Queen looked down and met the older woman's gaze. "Not so fast, Slave. Master has a mess for you to clean up, first." She took a half-step back and aligned her hips with Bowyna's face. Then she bent her knees and brought her pussy, still covered with a frothy splash of milky white cum, down on Bowyna's mouth. "Lick me clean, sugar."

I watched, dimly aware in my own euphorious haze as the CEO set about performing cunnilingus on our Master. All the frustration, of not being allowed to touch her earlier, was being put to work now. Her tongue moved furiously, lapping up the outside in three clean strokes before plunging inside to dig out as much as possible. It didn't *matter* in the strictest sense - we both knew Master Garna had an IUD - but it sure as hell mattered to her. This was how we slaves competed, were allowed to compete. It was always about who could please her more. About who would go the extra mile. About who could show more unconditional loyalty. About which pet could give more of their love.

SLAP! A hit on my thigh put me back in the land of reality, reminding me my role in this dance had yet to be fully performed. Master Garna was still sitting on Bowyna's face. "Wakey wakey. You still gotta massage Slave's front side, remember?" The white remnants of cum were still being licked clean from her pussy. She seemed content to let the older woman lick freely, without direction. Well, it was one of the boss' specialties, and Bowyna was hardly going to stop doing *that* while she had any say in the matter.

I wiped off my hands with a towel, applied a fresh coating of oil, and got to work on the front of Bowyna's body. I squeezed the front of her calves, got down to her feet and applied pressure to the knots of tension in her left foot's arch. I worked up to her gut, which was soft and not at all tense, and gave that a gentle, ten-fingered rub. I resisted the temptation to squeeze her ample bosom and instead went up to her shoulders and neck, getting at the rest of the ennui hours upon hours of desk work had put upon her. This last section took me close to Master Garna's divine body, but I avoided touching her. That chance had passed when the sex ended earlier.

And she just watched while sitting on the woman's face, still and silent save for an occasional snort of pleasure. Her chin rested on both hands, her eyes enthusiastically curious. Her golden suit jacket, somehow still pristinely clean, seemed to radiate a glow of supreme power. I knew Master could and would look like that in just about anything. She just was that strong of a person. Born royalty, our Queen.

~Chapter 4: And Garna's Pleasant Morning~

When we were all finally too tired to continue, I changed into a set of pajamas I had Bowyna keep in her office, grabbed a spare bedsheet, and joined the two of them on our couch bed. We slept there for a couple hours, until her 4:30 AM alarm went off. I shook the two of them awake, got changed into a fresh outfit, T-shirt and slacks. I left the two of them to handle themselves and took my bag,

camera and all, to the bus stop for an early morning ride home.

Once I got home to my cramped studio apartment, I popped out the mini tape from the camcorder and watched the video of Scimion massaging Bowyna on my TV. Thankfully, the built-in mic was powerful enough to capture the full range of her moaning and his embarrassment. Too bad I didn't get *our* sex on tape tonight, but I had other recordings of that. Both of them had been pressed into camera duty at times, and I ended up picking two other tapes for my sunrise masturbation playlist before finishing and collapsing onto my old springy mattress. I liked to be exhausted before I fell asleep, since my apartment was close to the street, and the sound of cars passing by below always kept me awake. Someday, I would like to own a loft...

I woke up at around 2 PM, and got myself a cold breakfast from the fridge, mainly fruit and deli meat. I chowed down quick, then got dressed in a plain blouse and pair of loose-fitting work pants. I took one look at the new golden knit pantsuit, now encased in a clear plastic cover in my closet, and shook my head, instead folding an older one with a red and black houndstooth pattern into my bag.

The trip to work was uneventful, as was most of my evening shift. Just the normal hallway sweeping, bathroom cleaning, trash duty and so on. I made sure to check in with my network of miniature cameras I kept running throughout the building, copying the day's data and making sure all the batteries had enough charge to last the week. I didn't have every corner of the building covered, but my slaves didn't need to know that. It was enough for them to understand that Master *might* be watching at any time. I spent my days off watching the film from the cameras on split screens at triple speed. Thankfully, there was usually some *interesting* stuff going on after hours at this office.

Aside from Bowyna's nudist habits and Scimion's tendency to try and sniff used toilet seats, there was a couple in finance who had a favorite janitor's closet to bang in after hours, and a general affairs employee who had been trying to get past security and access the blueprints for our prototype silent piston engine for the past two months, not realizing I was adding new obstacles to the locks daily. I had been planning on having Bowyna tip off the head of security about that guy, but it was kinda just fun to watch him fail over and over. Anyways, there was a lot you could catch, if you knew where to look and had a few extra sets of eyes.

I didn't just keep cameras at the office. After a certain point owning Bowyna Reyes, I had installed a set of cameras in her apartment, cameras I occasionally collected footage from whenever I stopped by. That was how I had seen that man take her home, and the way he got all shy when she invited him in for coffee. Seeing that made me so furious that I damn near broke my old TV. That was the moment I knew that that this wasn't just an after hours thing. She, and Scimion, were gonna be mine around the clock, whether I saw them or not. The first time, I slapped her in the face until she could barely breathe, and told her in no uncertain terms that her body was no longer hers to give. After that, I started making plans to fit them both for nipple rings that could be tracked and signaled from a distance, at least within the city. Never know when a lusty dog might get into trouble, even if the two of them are pretty much domesticated by now.

Towards the tail end of my actual shift, when the sun was well below the horizon, I actually ran into Scimion as he walked in to get changed into his guard uniform. He stiffened when he saw me. I let myself enjoy the effect I had on him for a moment. Then I kept walking. As I passed by him, I whispered so only he could hear. "In Madam President's office, one hour."

That was all it took to give him a hefty bulge in his pants. My slaves would *both* be in for more overtime tonight.

~Chapter 5: And Scimion's Dinner Date~

Reyes family tradition dictated Bowyna would spend Christmas at home.

Master Garna had commanded her two slaves would be eating dinner with her on New Year's Eve.

So Bowyna had some tight scheduling to deal with. But she would sooner quit her job than miss the chance to spend time with our owner (and, by extension, myself). I wasn't aware of the full extent of her family obligations, but it still wasn't a surprise when I half-noticed her dashing into the lobby of the building two minutes before our reservation. The executive was out of breath and bent over. She spent a lot of time at her desk and in meetings, and had never been physically fit.

I say half-noticed her because, while I was keeping one eye on the transparent glass doors of the lobby, Master Garna was rubbing the underside of my thighs through the pants of the grey formal suit she had bought me for the occasion. I had gotten used to tighter, form-fitting uniforms, but the cloth of this suit was a special kind of comfortable. Even in spite of the nerves I had when it came to formalwear. The fancy black dress shoes felt heavy on my feet. But, even in the year-end cold, I felt warm wearing them, just knowing they were a gift from her.

Today had been my first time wearing the suit, and Master had let out a little 'ohh~' when she arrived in the lobby a few minutes after me. Once inside, she held out her arms and I gently removed her black fur coat, folding it over one arm. I barely had time to appreciate her outfit, a burnt orange skirt suit worn over a black blouse and a cream-colored tie, before she sidled up to me and began feeling up my outfit. She leaned up and whispered into my ear as she groped the flesh around my waist. "You're wearing this suit well, Slave. I can't wait to see it peeled off of you." I had no chance of keeping my erection down.

I was slightly fortunate that Master Garna stood between me and Bowyna, who would likely be even more jealous if she saw how aroused I was. The heiress and CEO had chosen to wear a more reserved outfit, a grey pinstriped pant suit with silver buttons, an understated fur stole for warmth, and a silver necklace with a familiar locket. Whenever Bowyna had to spend days at a time apart from Master Garna, she always carried around that locket, which held a small photograph of her inside.

Master took a few more moments feeling around my upper thigh before turning to greet the other member of our party of three. She embraced the breathless Bowyna with a wide hug, whispering something to her, too softly for me to hear. I didn't need to know the exact words, but the blush on Bowyna's face was a fairly obvious indication that it was more than a simple hello. Maybe a promise to step on her later with those jet-black stiletto heels. They held each other for a few minutes, and I could see an air of fatigue leaving the taller woman. It must've been a difficult family holiday for her.

Once their embrace ended, Master Garna adjusted the bag over her shoulder and held out her hands. We took our positions, me holding her left hand and Bowyna holding her right, and walked over to the elevator. I pressed the button for the restaurant on the top floor.

We arrived just in time for our reservation. A waiter gave us a quick nod and showed us to our seats at a table decorated by a golden vase with colorful flowers. On request, the three of us had arranged to be seated at a table that would normally only fit two. This allowed Master Garna to comfortably hold our hands the entire time.

Bowyna and I opened up the menu placed in front of Master Garna before turning to our own.

"Mmm, yes. Good behavior." She squeezed my hand, a gesture that felt extremely comforting. I opened my own menu with my free hand and began scrolling down the list. There was some seafood on the list, but thankfully also just a regular steak. These menus did not have prices printed, and I resolved not to think about it. Money was Bowyna and Master's territory.

Bowyna, who seemed to have been here before and figured out her order quickly, was the first to open her mouth. "It's really such a relief to be back with you, Master. My family is precious, but they can be exhausting at times. Especially so, lately."

"Oh?" Master Garna raised an eyebrow. "You say that as if I'm not planning on doing things that exhaust you. I have a pretty detailed plan on how I'm going to hurt you tonight. And I'm not changing it, *Slave*." There was music playing, and sound didn't carry far here. She was clearly not concerned with addressing us as her slaves.

"Oh no! I, of course you can do whatever you want with me, Master Garna." Bowyna blushed, flustered. "It's just, whenever I'm with you, I feel a deep, spiritual peace. With you, I can do and endure just about anything, I think."

"Hehehe, you're downright charmingly devoted sometimes." Master smiled and laughed, a raspy, musical noise. "I always look forward to testing those limits."

I found myself squeezing Master's hand a little, a tiny feeling that wasn't exactly jealousy beating in my chest. She glanced at me, smiled without a word, then kicked me hard in the shin as the waiter arrived to take our orders.

"Ng." I grit my teeth and held in a shout that might have been loud enough to have drawn eyes if not for the ambient music. Better to keep my mouth shut unless spoken to. Even though Bowyna had gotten to speak first. That tiny feeling got a little louder, persistently itching at me.

After the waiter stepped back, Master turned to Bowyna again. "So how was the weather down south? Is the desert still hot?" She asked a serious question. Reyes Heavy Industries was a massive corporation, but it was also a family-run business. The headquarters had only come to our city in the north in the past 15 years, as Bowyna had pushed to expand the company's client base. I was just a peon in our corporate structure, and didn't know all the details, but it seemed she had rescued it from impending bankruptcy in the process.

"It was warm. Still the same hemisphere, so this is the cooler season, and it gets fairly cold at night because of the lack of humidity." But that had meant she spent time away from the Reyes family, who were mostly still based in the desert city where RHI had been founded. I had obviously never met any of them aside from Bowyna herself, but I could tell from the way she looked that the family gathering had been very extremely tiring. "I'd been up here so long it was a bit of a shock to my system."

"Mmm, can't imagine what that's like." As far as I knew, this city was one of two Master Garna had ever lived in. And she never went back to the city where she'd grown up. "I guess I'll have to feel it on my own skin someday."

"I'd be happy to take you anywhere, Master, but I'd say you'd deserve a better vacation destination." She smiled softly in return. I could tell her mind was turning to fantasies of traveling, being findommed abroad and giving our Master a chance to wear summer clothes on a beach. "Like somewhere we could see the ocean, take a cruise at night. That city is big, but there's not much there to really enjoy. If anything, I have a harder time dealing with the heat." She glanced at me for a

moment, then turned away in a hurry once she saw I was looking. I wonder if I fit into those fantasies.

"Haha, imagine that. You two both have such warm, toasty bodies." She squeezed both of our hands. "I have poor circulation, so I'll do whatever I can to warm up."

"I-" Bowyna winced and abruptly cut off.

For a short moment, I was confused. And then I felt a feeling around my groin that it was impossible not to recognize. "What's wrong, Slaves?" Master Garna stared at us with a twinkling of amusement in her eyes. Underneath the table, her heel was prodding at my crotch. I assumed Bowyna was dealing with something similar.

"Ngh!" The toe of her heel came down onto me as well, and she twisted her shoe from side to side. The way her foot seemed to perfectly fit my erection was exquisite. This time, I couldn't help but moan. I saw Bowyna biting her lower lip hard across the table.

"So the holidays were hard for you, missing me? Think you're going to have a hard time getting back into the way I do things?" That heel slid gently around the bulge in my pants. It was touching a little, but not enough to stimulate me. This certainly wasn't as hard as she could go. "Well, guess what? By the end of tonight, your Master's going to see all those doubts put to rest."

"Master, I-" She flushed and looked down. "Thank you. For reminding me." I could see the way Master's eyes followed hers. Even I had to admit, Bowyna was cute when she got flustered like this. And when it was just us three, she got that way a lot. That tiny itch kept prodding me as her heel came to rest on the lower end of my crotch.

Master Garna's head tilted to one side, and she laughed playfully. "Reminding you of what, exactly, Slave?" Her heel lifted up, and was now tapping rhythmically against the same point at the base of my shaft.

"*Sigh*~." She looked back up at our Master Garna with watery eyes. "You reminded me that this slave belongs beneath your feet. And that you bring the real me to life, Master Garna." Even now, frustrated as I was, I was reassured by the familiar grip of Master Garna's familiar, petite palm.

The two were so engrossed in each other that I was the first to notice them bringing our food. I gave Master Garna's hand a quick, timid squeeze. "Oh, food's here!" As the waiter walked over to us, my owner shot me a quick smirk. I could almost hear her mocking tone, *Couldn't wait for that to end, huh? You're a jealous one, Slave*. It made me want to eat my own stomach. She was right, I was jealous.

Master Garna's mouth watered as she took a sniff of the dish on her plate. Butter-poached turbot, I think it was? She turned to me, then to Bowyna with a glitter in her eyes. "Slaves," she said, "feed me."

Thankfully, the table was small enough and my arms were long enough that I could reach her fork with my free hand. It cut into the fish, taking out a melty, rich bite. I carried it to her mouth, and she opened wide. "Ahhh, *gulp*."

Bowyna was just behind me. The CEO had a shorter wingspan than me, so it took her a few seconds to scootch her chair over and reach out for Master's salad fork. But she did get a few leaves of the salad speared and had her own fork ready just in time for our Master to swallow the fish. "Mmm,

munch." Both of us knew she liked to balance her meat and veggies from bite to bite, and our timing followed her body language.

It was a natural process, somehow. Bowyna and I would figure it out as we went along. Master Garna would correct us if she found anything about our service lacking, probably with another hard kick under the table. We had never done this before, but we were very used to keeping a close eye on her, attending to her every need at the slightest sign.

When I saw the way her face melted with each bite, the adorable way those lips pursed at the slight sour taste of the lemon slice, I knew this was worth working for. I would tell her, tonight.

~Chapter 6: And Bowyna's Roiling Feelings~

The three of us were still holding hands when Scimion managed to hail a taxi.

We all rushed to pile into the back, a process made more tricky by the fact that I had to get in first. The car was stopped on the right side of the road, with the left-hand door open. Master Garna, still tipsy from the after-dinner wine, gave an adorable giggle when I nearly lifted Her up off Her feet in the process. We managed to cram ourselves into the back of that cab, all three of us and Her massive bag, but there wasn't a lot of elbow room.

Master's black fur coat was wet from the snow. She leaned Her hair, tied up in one magnificent braid, up against my shoulder. I returned the gesture, leaning into Her. She squeezed my left hand, firmly nestled in Her right, as Scimion gave the driver my address. "Damn, I wish I was as warm as you. Your apartment better be nice and toasty when we get there, Slave. Or else." She said it half-seriously.

"Yes, Master Garna. I made sure to program the heater for tonight before I left, just in case you decided to come over." I replied, taking a handkerchief out of my own bag to wipe the melting snow off my glasses. "Do you mean to spend the night?"

"You bet I do, Slave." Master Garna bounced up and down in the middle seat, squeezing my hand tightly. "I hope you're not that tired, because I'm not gonna be letting you sleep for a while."

She lifted Her lips up closer to my ear, and whispered a little too loudly, "What do you think I have in my bag? I packed a lot of stuff, and it was a *really* tight fit. And some of this stuff will be a tight fit somewhere else, I think." She gave my ear a little bite, causing me to gasp.

I could sense Scimion's gaze as She continued. I really was a little tired, but I wasn't about to pass out and let him be Her only plaything. Not when I had waited so long, wanted for Her for so long.

I turned to Her and whispered back, using my watery eyes and most simpering voice, "This naughty slave would love to be a test subject for the toys you've prepared, Master. My love snatch is dripping wet just imagining you plugging it with something rough and nasty." It wasn't a lie.



She blinked, then pressed Her lips up right to my ear. "You always start out begging for more. It's adorable, Slave, but you're not that strong. You're weak, and it'll hardly take work to get you to a place where you're begging for mercy, instead." I could feel the wetness as Her lipstick clung to my

ear, smell the buttery taste of fish on Her breath from our meal.

I felt the heat exploding in my cheeks, free hand fighting off the hard-to-kick instinct of reaching into my panties right now. I tried to keep discipline, but Master Garna had a way of taking Her words, Her gestures, and stripping my sophisticated facade to the bone so easily. I couldn't find the words. Instead, I gripped Her hand more tightly, clinging to that familiar, divine palm like a needy child.

She squeezed back. We sat there, for a while, in silence. I closed my own eyes, letting myself have a rest against the back seat as She leaned on my shoulder. It was still fifteen minutes to my apartment, and I was sure She would put us through our paces once we arrived...

"Wake up, Slave. We're here."

I jolted awake. Had I fallen asleep? I glanced quickly left and right, trying to take in the situation. Scimion was already halfway out of the cab. Master Garna wasn't angry. If anything, She seemed to be stifling a giggle. But She was lightly tugging my hand in Her way that meant I shouldn't keep Her waiting long.

I gave the driver some bills out of my purse to cover the fee, and we all piled out of the cab into the lobby of my apartment building. I punched in the key code with my free hand while Master Garna hugged Scimion's arm for warmth. It was only after we reached my condominium on the 31st floor that She let go of our hands. Scimion handed over Her bag, and She gestured at the center of the living room carpet. "I'm going to prepare. Both of you slaves, get on your knees and wait. I'll be quick."

She seemed less interested in hearing whether either of us needed to go to the bathroom. Of course. We would wait as long as Master wanted, and relieve ourselves in whatever way She saw fit. I tightened my thighs as I got on my knees, very much doubting I would get to use a porcelain toilet tonight.

Scimion, taking a little longer to find a place in the closet for his steel-grey overcoat, was soon beside me. His posture was a mirror of my own - knees on the floor, feet under his buttocks, hands clasped above his knees. Holding still, and patiently waiting. At the least, I felt a kinship with him in these moments, when we weren't competing for the prize of Her attention. Sharing a subservient pose, a moment of proving to the world that we were Hers and would show proper discipline. Validation that Master Garna deserved to be obeyed and worshipped whether Her eyes were on us or not.

A flushing sound alerted us moments before Master Garna returned to the living room. A loud *CLAP* was our signal that She had arrived. My eyes snapped to where She stood, still wearing that magnificent, powerful orange suit. Her hands adjusted her cream colored tie, and she began. "Now, Slaves. Tonight, I'm going to strip you of your dignity, reduce you to objects that exist for my amusement. The new year will be full of possibilities for me, but you'll still be doing exactly as I say. Now, strip. And you better entertain me on your way to getting naked." She hopped over to the kitchen and grabbed a chair to sit on and watch.

We didn't need to be told twice. I could hear a rustle of Scimion's jacket as he stood, undoing his buttons and doing that watery-eyed pity-me look at Master he was so good at. I didn't recognize the suit, but I could tell it was one of the custom ones Master Garna had had made for him. His bulky frame didn't fit well in suits off the rack, but this one fit him snugly and even showed a good outline of his chiseled pectorals.

But I didn't have time to be eyeing at my rival! I turned back to Her and formed a vulnerable, sultry expression. I kept my glasses on. Instead, my hands fumbled to the side, to the zipper of my pinstriped grey pants. I put my left foot forward and slowly slid the zipper down, trying to show leg and tempt Her eyes.

Turning back to him, I made an unfortunate discovery. *Oh, Her darling Scimion wore suspenders. Damn, even I have to admit that man looks good!* Master couldn't resist, hopping off Her chair and leaning against him, pressing Her lovely shoulder against his chest. "Keep going, Slave." She let him try to wind his hands around Her divine body and undo his remaining buttons as She felt the warmth of his torso. And the bulge down beneath! He really had to be going *insane* after the way She teased us at dinner.

My pants fell to the floor to reveal the thong I had chosen for tonight, but Her attention was not on me. At most, She sneaked a peek at me out of the corner of Her eye. I was not bothering to hide my disgust, and Master Garna was nothing if not perceptive anyway. Her stare was a silent admonition. *Play your part, Slave. I'll play favorites exactly as much as I want to.* Her voice, dripping with cold venom as it did whenever one of us got too possessive, echoed in my ear without Her even needing to speak. My hands undid the silver buttons on my jacket, still cool from the winter's chill. My fingers trembled as I felt myself falling behind, and I tossed the jacket down in a heap on top of the pants.

While my hands were working on my blouse, Scimion had peeled himself down to his underwear. And *of course* that was the bottom half of a pink bikini that was straining to hold in his erection. I could tell Master Garna was into it from the fact She was fondling through the cloth, slowly stroking him with Her beautiful, slim fingers and actively interfering with his efforts to get naked. Still, he gazed at Her shyly and tried to slide the last piece off between strokes. My own purple lace bra didn't even get a look until after it was on the floor.

I was naked first, as if that even mattered. I got back on my knees on the carpet and watched, chewing the inside of my cheeks with frustration, as Master Garna continued to toy with him. He finally managed to wiggle the damn pink cock hammock off and onto his own pile of clothes, which was somehow folded neatly. She let him go, and he joined me in kneeling naked on the floor, waiting on Her next words.

They came only after Master Garna planted Her feet on the floor and hands on Her hips. She cut a dashing figure in that bright orange suit with hints of black. "Listen up, Slaves! I've had a good night, and I've decided one of you is going to get Special Treatment. *One* of you." She paused and eyed us both for a moment, smirking. "I might be leaning one way, but I haven't decided yet. So we're going to have a little competition. Both of you are going to give me your best cute nude poses down there on the floor. Slave," She gestured to me with Her jaw, "you start."

"Yes, Master." I leaned forward quickly and let my breasts hang out. With both hands on the floor, I arched my back and put my ass high in the air. I then began to crawl towards Her.

As I moved, I tried to do a good job of letting the motion emphasize the curves of my body. I lifted myself high into the air and pulled myself low to the ground, letting my boobs bounce in a way that I normally would have felt obnoxious. Somehow, it was easier to debase myself under Her eyes.

I stopped in front of Master Garna, who was staring with a neutral expression. I leaned back to show off the front of me, spread my legs wide, and held up one hand in an imitation of a cat's paw. I

bared my teeth, trying not to seem threatening, attempting to give the impression of a docile kitten who knew what sex was and was eager to get some. Striking a pose that left my erect nipples and pussy exposed, I waited.

"Hmm." Master Garna regarded me with a thin smile. I could hear Her feet on the carpet as she paced around, regarding my revealing, lewd pose from all angles. "That's all, Slave. Back to your kneeling position."

I nodded to Her and returned to my position on the floor next to Scimion. "Slave," this was addressed to him, "your turn. Entertain me."

Scimion didn't react at first. He took one deep breath, in and out. Then he leaned forward onto the floor. He stretched his arms and his body out, and rolled sideways in a way that made that massive frame seem graceful. He stopped just shy of Master Garna's feet.

Once he came to a halt, lying on his back, he did something I don't know if I'll ever forget. He lifted both legs up the floor and spread them out at right angles. His arms came up in front of his chest, but not before one hand gave a quick tug on his unpierced left nipple. This left his dick twitching, as if begging for more as his hands came up like little curled paws. His big, watery eyes completed the impression of an affectionate, helpless kitten begging for his owner's attention. I could have sworn I saw him mouthing the word "Meow".

He lay there for a few moments before Master Garna responded. "Awwwww." She crouched down, bending Her knees to get a closer look at him. He twisted his lips into another kitty-pose, mouthing quiet words. "You're just a cute little cat today. Aren't you, Slave?" She reached out to ruffle his hair, and I knew I'd lost. Even though it took a few more moments of affectionate cuddling before She actually said. "Yeah, that was the cute I needed tonight. You've earned Special Treatment, Slave."

My heart sunk as I watched him nod eagerly. "Thank you so much, Master Garna." He got off his back and turned to Her heeled shoe, which he kissed twice in an additional gesture of submission.

When Master Garna did turn to me, it was with a cruel grin. "You, Slave, are going to watch. But I don't trust a lewd woman like you not to touch herself while we're getting into the act. Slave, my bag!" Scimion jumped to comply. "Arms behind your back." That was spoken coldly, a matter-of-fact order.

I meekly placed my arms behind my back and watched as She pulled out what looked like a sheet of leather with strings attached to each side. I didn't ask what it was, and it became clear soon enough as She began to wrap the leather implement around my arms. I felt the soft flesh of each forearm being pressed together, hemmed in by the binder.

"Yes, Slave, your Queen knows you feel the urge to touch yourself without permission. That's why I came prepared." She pushed down on my back to tighten the binder, and began tying the strings. I heard the soft, black leather creak as she worked.

My arms stayed still, tense as Her fingers worked to secure me in place. There was a raw fear to having my own body taken away from me like this. They were still my arms, but they would not move like I wanted. Like Master Garna was placing a beautiful, terrible curse on me. I shivered.

Master Garna continued lacing up the strings, humming softly in a tune I didn't know. She seemed to finish securing the binder and leaned back. "Try moving your arms apart."

I tried to do so, and found my range of motion was extremely limited. My elbows could bend, just a little, and I could twist my shoulders maybe five degrees in either direction. It was tight, just short of being uncomfortable. "I, I can barely move, Master."

Master Garna nodded. "Good. Then you won't thrash *too* much for this next part." She motioned for the bag, and he held it out. She reached in without looking and came out with a pair of cylindrical objects. One was a thick, pink dildo clearly made for vaginal use, while the other was a thinner, white T-shaped instrument.

"Master..." I let the word hang in the air, feeling the steam on my own breath as what She was about to do became apparent. Even without getting any special treatment, I was going to get to play with the toys. "Thank you. For letting this unworthy slave indulge her base lusts with a big, fat dildo." I would have bent down to kiss Her feet if I were in any position to move.

"Don't thank me yet, you naughty cash slut." Master Garna approached me with the white T and slid behind my back. She leaned forward against my back, pressing Her breasts against my shoulder blades. Below, I could hear as She squirted lotion onto Her fingers. A drop of it splashed on my spine, a chill that I was about to feel much more acutely.

And then She touched me, Her fingers shoving up my anus almost instantly. "Yaaelp!" I let out a garbled sound as the warmth of my insides was penetrated by cold beauty. She spent some time pushing, spreading the folds of my flesh in a way that almost tickled.

All too soon, the softness of her touch was replaced by the steady hardness that I knew was that T-shaped anal plug. "And now for the front." She held up the dildo right in front of my eyes, taking Her time to smear globs of wet lotion on it. I must have been drooling, because She laughed. "Spread your legs, Slave."

"Yes, Master. <3 Hnng..." I did what I could without freedom of movement for my arms, shifting each knee outwards. In the end, there was enough space for Master Garna to roughly plunge the dildo up my pussy and into my womb. "AAHhhhh~. <3" I moaned with pleasure as the tingle, the raw wave of pleasure washed over me.

"Heh, look at how pathetic you're willing to be. I know you'll be riding that thing against the floor whether master tells you to or not." She flicked my forehead. "It's your name on this lease, which means this apartment is my property. You make a mess on the floor, I'm gonna see you clean it up."

"Now, open wide." She held out a ball gag. I was already too focused on squeezing Her dildo to spend much time considering that I wasn't going to be allowed to speak after this. That I would truly become an outsider. I gulped one last time as the hard plastic pushed past my lips. The latch clicked into place, and there I was, a piece of furniture in my own apartment.

Master Garna turned away from me and tackled Scimion down to the floor. The two tumbled away a few feet, landing safely in large part thanks to his balance. When they came to a stop, She was straddling him on the floor, panting heavily. "You waited quietly, my obedient Slave. Mmph! *Smooch*! *Lick*!" She kissed him on the mouth, and I saw his eyes roll back as Her tongue began orally fucking him. She came up for air, the two connected by short, thin line of drool.

Scimion reached up to embrace Her, wrapping both of those long, muscular arms around the back of her suit jacket. I noticed his neck was elevated slightly, an attempt to push closer to Her. "...ah, Master. You're so fierce, I, mmMPH!" His doe-eyed praise was interrupted as She covered his mouth

with Hers once more.

The kissing continued, a one-sided assault. It was as if our Master was hungry, and She was eating him alive. "*Kiss*, *kiss*! Ohh, ho he he! *Nibble*, *bite*!" I squeezed my pussy around Her dildo, imagining myself in his place, and got another jolt up my spine.

His response was meek by comparison, but one could see the lust in the way his tongue clung to Hers with each breath. It was his own brand of selfishness, a little greed for touch. "Unh, ah, *kiss*, *slurp*!" Maybe that was why he eventually pulled back, sprawled on the floor panting for breath and sanity.

"Aw, out already, Slave?" Master sneered at him as he lay there, then spat in his face to drive the mockery home. "You're not, I hope?"

"...*huff* ...*huff*...*huff*..."

She shrugged Her shoulders and sighed. "Thirty seconds, then get on all fours." She swung one leg over him, nicking his nipple ring with Her heel, then quick-stepped over to Her bag to pull out a strap-on harness and a dildo that was a little less thick than the one inside me right now. Oh. The obvious next step.

That could have been me. I could've taken that mouth-fucking from Her.

Scimion recovered quick enough with the prospect of a pegging dangled in front of him. I counted no less than twenty heartbeats before he was up on all fours with his asscheeks prominently exposed. And that was with my own heart was beating fast as I struggled to adapt to the shape of the anal plug inside me. Looking more closely, I could see him trembling with what was surely a mix of nerves and desire.

Master Garna, meanwhile, had unzipped Her skirt and let it fall to the floor. My eyes strained as I saw the scarlet-red panties and garters She was wearing. She fitted herself with the harness, kicked off Her heels and walked one deliberate step at a time towards his ass, now ready for the taking. Still wearing that burnt-orange jacket, She put one hand on Her hips and said, "I see you're ready for this, Slave. But I want to see you *beg* for it. Speak."

Scimion reached behind him and spread his asscheeks apart with ten fingers. "Oh, Master Garna, your pitiful slave is tingling, dying for your touch. I beg of you, ~*please*~ pierce my dirty ass with your magnificent rod. <3 <3" The way his voice seemed to crack and sing at the same time on that *please* was a frustrating charm point. He turned his head back to Her with those same watery eyes.

She kicked off Her heels and came in wearing a wide grin. "Oh, I'm gonna spear your housecat hole like a crossbow!" I saw Her hips slide forward, then swing in a wide arc, a mesmerizing mass of sexual energy. She had wasted no time getting into hard-core ass-hammering rhythm.

Scimion groaned like a speared mammoth. "UNGH! AGHH!! <3" As much as he sounded distressed, it was hard to miss how his hips swung back to meet Hers. I squeezed my hips around the dildo, trying to avoid the thought,

That could have been me.

Master Garna put Her own hands around his ass to steady herself. "Ohoho, you really were thirsty for ah, for a bruising! Hrg, weren't you, Slave?" She slammed forwards into him, letting the shock

of each blow rebound and drive that punishing loop.

I looked down at my own knees and saw a small pool of wetness forming on the floor beneath me. Great, at least Master Garna would pay attention to me while She made me lick it up. "Nggh, URgh!! <3" Meanwhile, Scimion continued to groan under the weight of Her strap. Lucky.

She reached for the tuft of hair on top of his head with Her right hand, and gave a hard tug. His head jerked up, and She leaned over, whispering to him softly enough that only he could hear. ".....hetic sl..." I saw the way Her lips twisted up into a divine smirk, imagined Her calling me a *damn filthy slut* instead.

There was a puddle of pre forming at the floor underneath Scimion's crotch. "Nnugh! <3 AhuRGH!! <3 <3" At least I wouldn't be alone in having to lick off the floor later.

That should have been me.

"AHAHAHAHA! Yeah, Slave, SCREAM FOR ME! <3" Her laughter was a sweet song, backed by the sticky wet sounds of the lubed-up strap-on plunging into Scimion's intestine. Her left hand let go of his butt and reached up to tug Her tie loose. Must've been feeling hot.

"UrGK, gROAkK!! <3 <3" The noises from Scimion were guttural, like something I remember hearing from a horned frog once. His muscles were tensed as he fought to hold that all-fours position. I silently rooted for him to collapse on the floor, so I wouldn't have to watch any more. Tears welled up in my eyes, but I couldn't look away.

I want it to be me. Dammit!

And then Her free hand reached down and grabbed his dick by the base. "Don't think I didn't catch you twitchin' down there. No, Slave, you cum when I say so tonight. Take! My! Hips!" Her relentless assault continued as She jerked his shaft sideways to keep it under control, to hold off the oncoming orgasm.

"AgHKK! <3 BRooGgKK!! <3 Mas, MASTER!! <3 <3" He couldn't turn to face Her. I was the only one who could see the tears of pleasure and pain and lust in his eyes as he held back the urge to beg for release. My own heartbeat quickened, and my anus clenched around the other toy She had left in me.

Master Garna gleefully laughed at his plight. "I am the rules, Slave! Gotta beg for it!" She raised Her other hand up and slapped his ass hard while keeping an iron grip on the base. "Better be quick!"

Scimion arched his back, tensed what seemed like every muscle in his body. "*Gasp*, aGH! <3 Please, let, let your mis, misERable slave CUMmm!! <3" I could tell he was close to his limit.

Her reply was another couple of hard slaps on his ass. "Permission granted. *Huff*. Just remember, you dirty slut, you're gonna have to clean it up. Ah!" I saw Her expression change, in an instant, and I realized she had just had a light orgasm of her own.

"Ah, AH! <3 AH!! <3 <3" Scimion's hips slipped back, burying the dildo deep inside him, and his arms buckled. "I'm CUMMINGGGGGGG!! <3 <3" A jet of white, frothy semen shot out of his dick as he collapsed to the floor.

"AHAHAHAHA!!! Look at my cum blaster go." She slapped his ass several more times, swinging Her hips around to shove the strap in harder and pound him into the floor. Master Garna took such delight in adding insult to injury, and seeing that, I, I...

I came. I heard the familiar squirt, felt the jolt of pleasure shoot up my spine. My body shook as I strained against the binder through the throes of an orgasm. It held me down like a mass of vines, the only thing not unstable in my constricted, hollow, masterless world.

I only became aware of my surroundings when a familiar palm reached down to lift up my chin. Suddenly, my ball gag was gone. I turned my eyes up to see it was Master, my beautiful, kind Master Garna. She had removed her jacket and tie, and I could see Her tailored black shirt was soaked with sweat. I stuck out my tongue, lovingly caressing Her fingertips as She held me there. There was a tender look in Her eyes that I saw for a few fleeting seconds.

Then Her expression took on a gleeful air of sadism. "Did you enjoy watching on the sidelines, Slave?" Her thumb brushed across my cheek, feeling out the snot and drool caked on it.

Her touch was a comfort. "I, I..." Part of me wanted to hide the ugly truth, to bury it inside me. But Her speech, Her eyes drew honesty out of me as nothing else could. "I was jealous, so jealous of the Special Treatment you gave Scimion. It was like there was this fire burning inside me. But..."

She stared silently, still stroking my cheek. Waiting for me to break the silence I had created. "But it was... thrilling, yes, thrilling. It was a different kind of ecstasy from when I'm blessed to be the object of your attention. I, I wanted to thank you. It was an amazing gift."

Master Garna turned away slightly, Her face out of view. Then She burst out laughing. "Only you, Slave. Is what I'd like to say, but I've heard Slave say much the same at times." She brushed the elaborately braided hair back behind Her head. "You two are more alike than you give each other credit for."

My jaw hung open. "Scimion? But I thought..." I tried to find words, talking before I could think, "I'd always assumed, I don't know, that he was too much of a pervert to be worried about me. That he never had to worry about losing Master Garna's love."

"Was I worried about losing your love?" Realizing what I had said, I looked up at Her in a panic and shook my head. "I don't, I didn't mean to imply that you would ever love an ugly pig slut like me. Master, please understand..."

"Shhh..." She put a finger over my lips, silencing me. "You're a very confused animal. Let me make something perfectly clear." I waited for Her next words, but She didn't speak. She regarded me, sighed deeply, then reached Her arms around my back and pulled me close. It was a hug, a simple hug that fed me with Her warmth, Her touch, Her feelings. And in that moment, I realized what I had. I knew I didn't need to be worried about losing anything. I cried, sobbing loudly, as the full weight of that realization hit me.

Master Garna continued to hold me until my throat started to feel raw. She released me only after giving me an affectionate pat on the back, letting go with a soft sigh. "For my beautiful pig, then, a treat." It was only then that I realized She was still wearing the strap-on. "Here's some slop for you to lick up."

I stared up at Her with tears in my eyes, and nodded. "With pleasure, Master Garna."

My face drew closer to the long, heavy rod, and I was immediately hit by a cloud of foul air. Some part in the back of my head knew this thing had been *used*, but this was a different, physical level of knowing. "*Kiss*, *smack*. *Slurp*!" Still, my dedication to Her pushed me forward, and I tenderly kissed that artificial, silicone glans with reverence.

"Yeah, that's right, dirty sow. Suck my strap, know that it's a few steps above you on the sex object pecking order." Master Garna grabbed me by the hair. Despite Her short figure, those arms were strong. Especially with me sexually and physically exhausted from the time spent in bondage. She pulled my hair and yanked me forward, pushing this extension of Her further into me.

And, gagging, I took Her. "Ack! *Cough*, *cough*!" This was not a clean dildo. Even with Scimion's neat-freak habits, even with pre-cleaning, even then this still smelled like ass. And I had no choice but to lick it clean. "*Lap*, *lap*. *Lick*, *lick*." I ran my tongue over the ridged silicone surface, picking up globs of stuff I didn't want to think about it.

She smiled and leaned forward, pushing the thing down my throat. I struggled through the pressure to lift my jaw and make eye contact. Fellatio is to be given while meeting Her eyes. This was drilled into me in my first month under Her thumb. And tonight, I saw a deep, cruel kindness in Her eyes. She would force me to clean the whole thing. And that was Her love.

"*Mmph*, *lick*! *Slurp*!" Oh, fuck! The *smell*! It was repulsive, and almost made me retch as it speared into my nostrils. But there was something strangely alluring about it, and it wasn't just me getting used to it.

"Oh, Slave. You're so adorable when you suck. Like a little piglet sucking its mother's milk." This was the taste of the sex they had shared. Sex I had been forced to watch. As I stared up into Her eyes, I realized. This was Her way. A way of letting me participate, of not leaving me out. I felt myself grow warm, and sucked harder to show my gratitude.

"*Mmph*, *kaschlorp*! *Succckk*!! <3" Master's dildo was starting to taste less like rectal sweat. I found myself wanting more, and my cheeks going concave as I sucked to get more of that putrid, enrapturing flavor. My desire saw that dildo reaching the back of my throat, like a sign that my bottomless lust still had physical limits.

"That's enough." She gave the command, and I stopped moving. "I'm sure you'd like to keep sucking off anal waste from your fellow pet. But what if..." She trailed off and pushed my face back, and I reluctantly let my mouth come off of Her artificial cock. She began to unbuckle the strap and lay it aside. Then Her hands reached under the waistband of Her scarlet red panties. Up close, I could see the black roses embroidered on the luxurious, thin fabric. And then they were off, and I could see Her sex, dripping wet.

My heart fluttered. *Does she mean...?* I opened my mouth and stuck out my tongue, ready for whatever might come my way.

Master Garna put Her hands on Her now-naked hips and grinned. "Get on your back, honey." She gave me a firm shove backwards, knocking me over. I fell, and not gracefully.

My eyes remained glued to the glory between Her thighs. I couldn't wait, but training kicked in and I asked politely anyway. "Master Garna, may this lowly slave help you clean yourself?" I didn't try to hide my desire. With my arms bound, there was no wiping the drool off my lips, or touching anywhere else. My only way out of this maddening prison of unfulfilled lust was through Her.

She swung one leg over me, straddling me like a log. "Haha, you do know what I want, Slave. But," There was a sadistic twinkle in Her eye as She stared down at me, "You're not up for Special Treatment tonight. Yes, you can help master clean. My *back* end." When those slim hips came down on me, it was the ass that met my lips.

It was a blessing, even so. "MFF! Ahff! *Lick*, *lick*! <3" The taste was as strong, if not stronger, than what I had just been licking. And this was Master's ass. I could kiss it for hours. Would that I had that much time, but I would worship while I could. My Goddess deserved no less than the best my humble tongue could give.

"Heh. Yeah, that's nice." She let Her rear sink down a little bit at a time, gradually putting more and more of Her body weight behind those soft mounds of muscle. "Gets real sweaty down there, like a swamp. Gotta have my very own finslut cleaning crew go to work or I'll feel weird in bed. You can enjoy this, and I know you will, Slave, but you'd better not miss anything."

"Hffff!! <3" I let Her rich, musky scent be the air in my lungs, inhaling deeply. "**sniff*, Uhffff!! <3 <3" As I breathed more and more of the rectal stench, I felt her scent passing through to my bloodstream, filling my very veins with the proof of Master Garna's power over me. "*Lick*, *sluRRRPP*!" And I didn't let myself forget to lick.

"Hn, hehehe! Yeah, honey, lick it nice and clean!" She squeezed Her cheeks tight, pressing against my face. It wasn't painful, but the pressure deprived me of any chance of breathing fresh air. "And this is coming from inside me, so you better swallow. Oh," *Ptoot*! "here's a little bonus for ya."

White sparks danced down my spine after that short burst as powerful, pungent odor of Her fart filled my nostrils. "OHHHHFFFF!! <3 <3" My legs kicked against the floor furiously, and my tongue dived deeper into her, grabbing at the folds of flesh in her anus for some semblance of balance.

"OhhHHHhh. That's good, Slave. OooYeah!" She swung those hips back and forth in a minute cycle, just tame enough that my tongue wasn't yanked out of my mouth. "Don't stop! Keep eating my ass out, you pig!"

"*Snort*! <3 *Succkk*, hffff!! <3 *Licklick*, *wiggle*!! <3" I redoubled my efforts, going for every bit of refuse that might be making my Queen uncomfortable. I was Her maid, and this lowly tongue was my broom. I found myself diving deeper, and was honestly surprised at the lack of truly bitter taste. Of course, Master's body was never, could never be dirty, but it was clear to me She had cleaned up in my bathroom earlier tonight. I felt a warmth spreading in my chest to compliment the white heat. My tongue stretched as far as it could go, then bent upwards.

The result spread her asshole wide open. Too wide. *BRAPPPpp*!! "OOooHHHh, that's a big one!" She wiggled her ass around on my face to force the smell, and Her weight, into me. "Damn, that breakfast came back for revenge. And OH that tongue is DEEP! Mhhmmm, ahhh!" Her own body bucked in what I dimly recognized as a light orgasm. "You alright down there, Slave?!"

"HOoooFFFF!! <3 *SCHLORRPP*, RhhhhFFFF!! <3 <3" I was far too lost for a coherent reply. I was coming, experiencing an electrifying orgasm. The raw scent of Her gas had my back arching to the extent it could with my head pinned to the floor and my arms restricted in that tight binder. "Ohhhffff!! <3 Hfffff..." As the wave of high-burning pleasure died down, I felt my mind grow faint. It had been an active night, and I was tired...

"Hah, guess that was a haymaker." She shifted Her legs and I was hit with the first gust of clean air

in an eternity. She looked down on me, regarding me with an amused look. "Better let ya breathe, honey. Don't want you conking out before I..."

I didn't hear Master's next words, as the afterglow took over and my mind and body slipped into a pleasant, dreamy unconsciousness. I gave a silent, instinctive thanks that the last thing I saw was Her face, smiling wistfully at me.

~Chapter 7: And Garna's Quiet Victory~

Getting Bowyna into bed after that took some work. Well, kicking Scimion awake and getting him to carry her did. Before getting into bed myself, I got on a chair in the corner of the bedroom and stuck out my left leg in my man's direction. I was exhausted after the sex, and my muscles were aching. Fortunately, he got the message.

There was something special about getting a prime quality massage when those post-orgasm chemicals were still kicking around in my skull. For the hundredth time, I thanked my lucky stars that the guy I had recorded licking a used toilet seat on the job was a juicy slab of muscle who knew how to take care of the human body. His sturdy thumbs dug into my tired calves and I felt that familiar, soothing pressure as he coaxed them back into shape.

The fact that he was staring at my feet didn't hurt. I *loved* the attention. I had gone to professional massage places since getting a nice in to Bowyna's paychecks, but there was something about the way those people treated me. To them, I was a customer to be taken care of and satisfied. To him, I was the Queen, to be revered and pampered. And that attitude made all the difference.

It showed in the little things, like the way he gently rubbed out the lint between my toes. The way he kept staring me in the eye, gauging my expression to make sure I was enjoying it. The way he took an extra split second to lovingly caress my legs, savoring their form. And the way his hard cock twitched despite him having come three times already tonight. I wasn't giving him a fourth, but he was certainly on my good side right now.

He let go of my left leg and shifted to my right. I grew a little layer of peach-fuzz hair on my legs that I used to be a little finicky about, but he seemed to love even that. At least, the way he brushed his fingertips across the hair sometimes, before touching the skin, always seemed to trigger a change in his expression. Like a skydiver, entering dangerous airspace, there was this little blip of getting serious.

He hit a particularly sore spot and began applying heavy, precise force. I let myself moan a little with pleasure and nodded approvingly down at him. He continued for a few more seconds, then released. That fucking hit the spot. I was feeling myself get pretty tired as the relaxation really set in.

But first, one little reward. I grabbed Scimion's head and gently pushed it down so his left cheek was on the top of my foot. I whispered just loud enough for him to hear. "Take a few moments and savor my foot, Slave. Rub your face against it, sniff it, whatever you want. It's my reward to you."

His cheek was warm, and my feet were usually cold on account of poor circulation. So the fact that he was now rubbing himself against me was soothing, like using a hand warmer. He cupped my heel and arch with both hands, feeling out every inch with a touch that was less medical and more lusty. So much of his behavior seemed driven by a desire for more touch, more affection. In this moment, I saw his true and truly lovable nature. My big beast of a puppy dog.

My thoughts went back to Bowyna as I gazed down at him. She wasn't like him. And that was fine. She had her own cuteness, she was more willing to debase herself than he was, and she had a better eye for fashion. Also, she carried a jealousy that was more firey than his. Which had been amusing at first, but it was something I'd had to keep in mind as I balanced the two of them.

Tonight, though, had felt different. When I went back to her and had her clean the strap I used on him, there was barely any resistance to the order. It wasn't like the jealousy was gone, more like she was able to focus it now, use it as energy. If my read was right, that was a really good sign things were tilting in the right direction. It meant my slaves were learning to coexist.

It led my thoughts forward, to the thing I had been thinking about for a long time. The paper in the side pocket of my bag. Maybe tomorrow morning, or later today, I guess, was the time to spring it on them. I nibbled my lower lip, possibilities of a fun future together with my two human pets flashing pleasantly through my head.

I gave Scimion a gentle kick to let him know his little reward was over, and pointed over at the bed. He nodded, likely tired himself. He crawled over to the bed and tucked himself under the covers. I tossed the black twill shirt, the remains of my outfit from tonight's dinner date, onto a the back of the chair and unhooked my bra before diving into bed with the two of them.

Rather than fall right asleep, I found myself rolling from one side to another, tweaking Bowyna's nipple ring, massaging Scimion's muscles. My slaves were *worn out*. And I was pretty tired myself, but there was something so comforting to me about being between them, taking in the beauty of the two people whose hearts and bodies I truly owned. It made me feel a little greedy. Not that I needed anyone else, but just that I felt the desire to keep both of them forever as I watched their sleeping faces in the dim moonlight.

Amid all that art appreciation, I eventually did drift off. It must've been around 5 AM when I felt the need to pee and had to slide myself out of bed. Bowyna slept like a log, but Scimion was a fairly light sleeper, so I was careful not to disturb him when I lifted his arm off me to get up. I did my business and slipped back into bed, wrapping myself in their arms. I could've woken them up, but it wasn't often we all got to sleep together out of the office. I wasn't going to take these moments for granted.

I pretended to be asleep even an hour or so later, when the rising sun began to stream through the curtains and Bowyna began to stir. Normally, I would've expected her to wake me first, or do the wakeup licking routine I liked so much. But, to my mild surprise, she went over me to give him a shake. "I think Master Garna's asleep." Oh, Bowyna, there you go, falling for the fake sleep routine. Then again, doing the same thing to siblings for years had given me a lot of practice.

"...Yeah." Scimion paused a minute before responding. He might've been less certain that I was, in fact, asleep. "Got something you need to get off your chest?"

"I'm a, a very competitive woman. Especially when I have something I want." She sighed, wistful. "And I want Her love so, so much."

"I know." He nodded, acknowledging her. "You *are* my romantic rival. I want Master Garna's attention just as much as you do. And I do get jealous of the two of you, sometimes. I can't do everything for her, provide everything that you can."

"I know. I agree with you there, funnily enough. But I realized tonight that the fact that I see you as a rival doesn't matter all that much."

"No," he sighed, "it really doesn't. Because we both love her and..."

"...and She loves both of us. So can we make this work?" With my eyelids not quite shut, I could see that Bowyna had extended a hand to Scimion.

"We're going to make this work." And he gripped it, shaking firmly.

I loved both my slaves a lot, and I was really excited to have them pampering me around the clock. My one worry was that they would end up at each others' throats. But they, at the very least, were going to try and bury the hatchet. For me, because they loved me.

I was glad my blushes weren't all that visible, because this one would've been a moment-ruining dead giveaway. They decided to hold me, Scimion gripping my left hand and Bowyna clinging firmly to my right. Basking in the warmth, I waited another ten minutes before stirring and embracing the both of them in as big a hug as I could give.

"Morning, Slaves." I reached up to ruffle Bowyna's hair. "Master's pretty hungry. You want to head over to the kitchen and cook me something?"

"Good morning, Master." Scimion squeezed my hand and looked over at me with loving, watery eyes. "I'll go and make you your favorite, if that's alright with you? I checked the kitchen last night before bed, and we have all the ingredients."

"Attaboy, Slave." I nodded. "Let's go with that. Slave and I can cuddle for a little bit." I shook Bowyna's hand off and gave her unpierced breast a squeeze.

Scimion got up to cook breakfast while Bowyna went to the closet and helped me get changed into one of my spare bathrobes she kept in her closet. I was perfectly capable of getting my feet into the pair of slippers over one side of the bed, and of putting on the fluffy black bathrobe myself, but there was just something *better* about dangling my feet, holding my arms out in front of the mirror and having my slave with the eight-figure salary do it for me.

We walked our way into the kitchen. I hadn't given Bowyna permission to dress yet, so she was nude except for her own pair of slippers. Scimion was at the stove, wearing a frilly baby blue apron, originally Bowyna's suggestion, which did very little to hide his rear end. "Looks like good bacon this morning, Slave." I hopped over and gave him a casual slap on the ass, and he yelped in the cutest way.

Soon enough, breakfast was served. I quickly dug into my chocolate strawberry waffles - last night had made me hungry! Scimion took his waffles plain with syrup and Bowyna had hers with extra chocolate. When we all finished, Bowyna was the one who cleared the dishes. She swayed her ass as she walked, a practiced gesture I knew was meant to entice me.

And it would normally work, except I had bigger plans this morning. "Sit down, Slave. I've got something to talk about."

"Yes, Master Garna." Bowyna took her seat at the table. Scimion, still wearing his apron, perked up, waiting on my next words

"So," I began, heart thumping a little too fast, "we've spent a lot of time playing around here lately. Slave's place is bigger than mine, so that part's understandable, but it does feel a little small when

we're all sharing a bed, and getting here is a bit of a drive from the office. Master's been thinking about whether there's a better way. And I think I figured one out."

I dug into the bag he had helpfully placed by my seat and came out with a stack of paper. Yup. "This is a purchase agreement for a penthouse apartment, about 10 minutes' walk from the office. I've decided I'm going to move in there." I looked first to Scimion, then to Bowyna. He was excited, she seemed confused. "And I'm going to keep two live-in servants."

Now she got it. "Oh, Master! I'd happily serve you as a live-in maid or footstool or whatever suits your whims." She looked me directly in the eyes with so much submissive joy. It was a delight to see.

"As would I, Master Garna." Scimion was calm, almost serene, like he had expected this. He had an almost irritating tendency of figuring out what I was going to do next. This was supposed to be a surprise. Guess I'll have to work harder to throw him off next time.

"Great, that's settled. You both have three weeks to get your current living situations taken care of, and then I'll expect you at my doorstep ready to change into your full-time servants' uniforms. Also," I smirked and gave Bowyna one of my more sadistic grins, "I've got a handshake agreement for the new condo, but I haven't paid yet."

I coughed quietly, and shifted my tone of voice to a more domineering one. "Master's going to make the down payment with the cash she's about to withdraw from you, Slave." Bless this honey's heart, her eyes popped wide open. "I know you keep a wad of bills at home. Get 'em and meet me over by the couch. Now."

The CEO stood up so fast her chair teetered on the floor and would've fallen over if Scimion hadn't reached out to grab it. She dashed into her bedroom and was out to the spacious parlor in less than a minute with ten thick wads of bills. Hoo boy. Yeah, this was going to take a while.

Not that I minded.

She broke the ring of paper holding the first wad together and held that first stack out like a folding fan. I could see her breathing heavily, anticipating the financial tribute she was about to make to her Queen. I leaned back on the couch and let her speak. "Master Garna, this humble Slave has more money than she was ever due. Please allow me to make a tribute to you, so that my heart may be cleansed and you may enjoy the luxuries you so deserve."

"Hahah! If you insist, Slave." My hands reached out for the first bill. And the second. "One. Two. Three..." I took each bill from her individually, one at a time. "Neither of your names will be on the deed. I'll be the sole owner of the apartment. Four, five..." After counting, I placed them on the end table to one side of the couch.

"Twelve. Thirteen..." Bowyna's thighs were rubbing together. I had gotten Scimion to kneel on the floor, still in his sexy nude apron look. I was toying with his meat through the thin layer of cloth with one foot. "You know, I've seen this place, and it has room for two servants' quarters. One man and one woman. Eighteen, nineteen..."

"Forty-nine, fifty..." I used the fiftieth bill to fan her face, adding a little extra mockery to the act of taking her money. "I'm thinking you can each sleep on a little double bed." She opened up a second wad and folded it out before me. "Fifty-one, fifty-two..."

"Seventy-six, Seventy-seven..." I pushed Scimion's cockhead down with my big toe, flicking it several times as it popped back up. "Of course, I'll be staying in the master bedroom, king-size mattress. Being that I'm, you know. Seventy-eight, seventy-nine..."

I continued to count the bills, pinching Scimion's cock with my toes, pulling those bills from Bowyna's eager cash-slut hands. I took delight telling them in very explicit terms how I would treat them, sexually exploiting them around the clock, forcing them to humiliate themselves for my amusement. How this penthouse would have a room very specifically designed for inflicting harsh punishments. How Bowyna's holes would be filled with progressively bigger and bigger dildos. How Scimion's skin and muscles would be constantly red from the spanking, the whipping. And about how I would keep them by my side, treasuring them forever.

And when it was finally done, when I had collected all the money from Bowyna and stroked Scimion to an orgasm and they lay side-by-side on the carpet, I took off my bathrobe and joined them, embracing them in one more massive hug.

~Chapter 8: And Scimion's New Jobs~

[Preview ends here. Story continues in full version.]