

© Copyright, Emanon_Pen, 2003. All Rights Reserved.

The stories on this website are works of fiction. Any characters resemblance to persons living or dead is purely and entirely coincidental. Any actions taken by the characters or the portrait of such actions never occurred and if they mimic any form of reality, it is purely and entirely coincidental.

These stories contain explicit descriptions of sexual activity between consenting and non-consenting adults and may be perceived by some as being pornographic. If you feel that literary erotica is pornographic, then do not continue surfing this website or begin reading any of the stories posted here. If you inadvertently or with willful intent download a story to your computer or receive it as an e-mail attachment, then you should DELETE IT NOW AND LEAVE THE WEBSITE. The author assumes no responsibility if a minor downloads this story, is caught, and prosecuted by his parents or the federal, state, and/or local government.

This copyrighted material may not be freely distributed onto any website or newsgroup without the express written consent of the author.

Commercial websites that post this copyrighted material without the express written consent of the author and payment of royalties to the author will be prosecuted to the full intent of the law.

You may download this story for personal use. You may make no changes to the story and the copyright statement must not be removed. The author grants no other permissions to you or your successors.

Chapter 7 – Jason and Rachel

Rachel moved into Jason's bedroom the day after he performed as she wanted and he accepted his submissive position in their relationship. She took three days to move all her clothing and personal items into the apartment. She let him sleep in his bed with her on the first night; after which she relegated him to the floor at the end of the bed so she could be comfortable in the single bed. He had to go out and purchase a sleeping bag and pillow so he had something to rest his head on and cover himself while he slept. The continuing training of Jason as a cuckold sissy was going beyond Rachel's expectations. The best part for her was his undying devotion to her, because that gave her the leverage to keep him subservient. Jason accepted the role of cuckold and wanted to learn as much as possible so he could keep Rachel as his lover. Rachel had introduced him to his new lifestyle and she was ecstatic over his acceptance.

Rachel began his training by removing all the hair below his neck and that included his pubic and anal hairs. She taught Jason how to use a depilatory on his legs, arms, chest, and genitalia. The only hair she allowed was his tweezed eyebrows and the hair on his head. His hair was getting long enough to begin to frame his face in a pageboy style. If you looked at him in the right light, you would swear he was a girl. The first time he removed all his body hair, Rachel took baby lotion and rubbed it all over his body being sure to tell him how soft he felt. When he stood in front of her, his skin was as smooth as a baby's bottom.

"Jason, I want to see something," Rachel stated.

"What my sweet?" he replied.

"Take your balls and your *'penisette'* and tuck them between your legs. I want to see what you look like." Jason reached behind himself with his right hand, took hold of his *'penisette'* and balls, and pulled them back. He then closed his legs. "Is this what you wanted?" he asked.

"Yes, Jason. I can now see what you look like if you were a woman instead of a pussy boy."

"Rachel, please..." Jason whined, "You know I do not like it when you say things like that, especially when you say it in front of my friends or in mixed company." With that, he opened his legs letting his *'penisette'* and balls fall free.

Rachel stood up from their bed and crossed the room to where he was standing. Without any provocation or sign of anger, she took her left hand, grabbed his testicles, and squeezed. Jason's face became contorted in pain, but he did not scream. "Listen to me good sissy. You are with me for only one reason and that reason is in your mouth, not between your legs. I want you to learn, be attentive, and most of all continue to love me by cleaning my well-used fuck holes. I want you to understand that I will never treat you like a testosterone filled man. The reason is right above my hand. What I call a *'penisette'* belongs to a boy or a sissy not a man."

"I know Rachel, but I do not understand why you are asking me to hide my *'penisette'* and balls. There is nothing I can do about the size of my *'penisette'*."

"Jason, if you want to grow, enhance our relationship, and someday be married to me then you have to do as I say. Without question."

"Please Rachel," Jason moaned as her hand held tightly around his balls. "Please, tell me what you want me to do."

"When I release your balls I want you to tuck your *'penisette'* and balls behind you, I want you to stand so I can see what you would be like if you had a pussy between you legs."

"A pussy?"

"Yes, a pussy. You are not man enough to have a cock, so I wonder what you would look like with a pussy. I do not want you to worry. I am not going to ask you to do anything that you would not agree to, but later I may ask you to do something that will be very close to having a pussy," replied Rachel.

Jason frowned as he thought about what she had just said. He then did what she asked. He stood there with his genitalia pushed back between his legs. He looked down to see what he could and he was not impressed. He thought that he made a pretty ugly girl.

Rachel stood in front of him and liked what she saw. A smile crossed her lips and she turned and went to the dresser that contained her clothing. She rummaged through her top drawer looking for something special. After about two minutes of searching, she found them. The bag had fallen to the bottom of her drawer. She pulled it out, turned, and said to Jason, "Look what I have for you, sissy."

Jason noticed that the bag was from a major lingerie store. He wondered to himself what could be in that bag for him. "What is it Rachel?"

"Why don't you take the bag from me and look inside."

"Is it ok for me to open my legs?"

"No, it is not. Walk to me with your *'penisette'* and balls where they are."

"Yes, ma'am." Jason kept his thighs touching so he could do what she asked. Walking with his genitalia the way they were made him wiggle in a very feminine way.

"Why Jason, don't you look nice. Here. Open the bag." Rachel held the bag out to him.

Jason took bag, opened it, and looked inside. His eyes buggered out of his head at what he saw. Inside was a pair of white lace bikini panties and white thigh high stockings. "Do you want me to wear women's lingerie?"

Her one word answer was, "Yes."

Jason looked into her eyes to see if she was serious. Since that day one week ago when he complied to her wishes by jerking off on Lacey's pussy, then licking it clean, watching her get sexed by Alexander, and cleaning both her and him, he could tell if she was serious by her eyes. And right now, he could see she was serious. He reached into the bag and removed the contents. It did not matter to him that he had to open his legs to put the panties and stockings on, but he still wanted to tell her no.

"Rachel, please let me continue to wear briefs or boxer shorts. At least let me be a man when I am not with you. I cannot be seen wearing panties around campus. It is bad enough that you are making me grow my hair long so I will look more feminine when I am alone with you. What will people think?"

"Jason, do not worry about what other people think. Just worry about what I think. First of all, you are going to be wearing pants and no one is going to see anything. Secondly, what you will end of doing is sitting to pee instead of standing. Because of what you are wearing, you will have to use a stall and again no one will be the wiser. Also, when you are here and have to use the bathroom, you will sit. Do not let me catch you standing to urinate. And in the end, when you come home you will remove your clothing and just wear what is underneath."

"But, Rachel, what if someone comes to the apartment. You expect me to open the door in panties and stockings?"

"Of course I do. What in God's name do you think you are going to do around here? Do not answer that question. I will tell you. When you are not in class or the library; what you are going to do is clean this apartment, do the laundry, buy the groceries, cook dinner, and clean me when I need it. Naturally, if there are other duties that you need to perform, you will without question or hesitation. Remember, you committed to me when you completed the first day of training by sucking Alexander's cock to completion. I told you it was not necessary, but you did it anyway. And, I know you did it out of your deep commitment and love for me. Isn't that right?"

Jason hated the fact that she was correct in what she just said. He also hated when she said to him that he was being 'trained'. He hated that almost as much as 'penisette', 'sissy', and 'pussy boy'. He could not understand what pleasure she got out of verbally humiliating him. Damn, didn't she see that he was doing everything she asked? He was about to start wearing women's undergarments for her. What else did she have in mind for him? He really did not want to think about the answer to that question. Jason sat down on their bed, which was really her bed now so he could put on the panties and stockings. Rachel looked at him with a smirk on her face knowing that he would do anything to keep this relationship alive.

Jason looked at Rachel and asked, "Please help me with the stockings. I fell like a klutz."

"Jason, put your thumbs into the opening and use your fingers to bunch up the stocking. The place the stocking over your foot and gently pull the stocking up your leg. It is not hard, silly," replied Rachel.

Jason followed her directions and in a couple of minutes was wearing the items she had bought for him. The nylons felt very nice against the skin of his now hairless legs. The panties were actually a string bikini and the small patch of fabric felt good against his 'penisette' and balls. He bent over, rubbed his hands up his legs, and sighed. He looked at Rachel and asked, "Do you want me to stand up?"

"Does a cuckold eat cum from a slut wife's pussy?" was her answer.

"If you say so," he replied. As he stood up, he could feel the single string that went between the cheeks of his ass rub against his anus. He took a few steps away from the bed and turned around to face Rachel. "How do I look?" he asked.

"You look fine but I think it would be better if you tucked you *'penisette'* and balls behind you."

Jason reached behind him and did what she asked.

"My, my... I cannot believe how pretty you look. The only thing you are missing is a pair of beautiful breasts. If I were a man, I would chase you around the room. Mistress Pussy is getting very wet from seeing you like this."

"Would Mistress Pussy like me to make love to her?"

"No, because Mistress Pussy has a date this afternoon and she wants to be fresh. All you have to do is wait for me to get home. What time is it?"

"Eleven-thirty. What time do you have to leave?"

"Actually in forty-five minutes. Why don't you go into the kitchen and make me a turkey sandwich while I get dressed."

Jason just smiled at her and did not even complain about his attire. He turned and exited the room for the kitchen. She proceeded to put on a pair of black silk thigh high stockings and a garter belt, which served no purpose but to look sexy, no bra, and a short clingy strapless little black dress. Rachel looked at herself in the mirror and smiled. She knew that if she sat correctly the person she was going to be with would see what she had to offer. Rachel looked like she just stepped out of a fashion magazine. She looked nothing like the slut she acted like when alone with her lovers.

"Jason," Rachel cried, "Where is my sandwich?" There was no answer from Jason, she deemed it unusual, and against the laws of Cuckold Dom. She walked across the room, opened the door, and was surprised at what she saw. Jason was on his knees in front of Alexander with a mouthful of Alexander's cock.

"Alexander, he was work to do. I know I said he could practice on your cock, but I am running late, so he will have to service you later. And his servicing you is dependent upon my letting him."

"Come on Rachel. I need it bad." Alexander replied as he continued to hold Jason's head and fuck his mouth. Jason seemed at ease letting Alexander use his mouth for his pleasure.

Rachel smiled, walked over to them, and without showing any hint of emotion or giving away what she was up to, took her right hand and grabbed Alexander's balls. She twisted and squeezed them so hard that he had to let go of Jason's head, lost his erection, and just stood there in mortal fear of what she would do next.

"Listen you Russian piece-of-shit, I do not have time for you and your I need to cum bullshit. I know Lacey supplies you with women and they pay you nicely. But, to me, you are nothing more than a Russian lowlife scumbag and luckily, for you, having ten inches that my girlfriend loves makes me tolerate you. If you want to continue to make

the seven thousand or so dollars each week then you had better understand how, when, where, and why you can use Jason for your sexual pleasure. From this moment on, if I catch you using him without my permission I will contact a very close friend who would at my behest make you very dead. I do believe that you would rather listen to me and continue to make more money in a week than your parents make in three months."

"Damn, Rachel. I thought we were friends. I was hoping that one evening the cleaning he would be performing between your legs would be the result of my fucking you." Alexander replied with a sense of bravado and fear. He knew she had the guts to rip his balls from his body. It turned out that Rachel was one strong bitch and she had no problem getting her way through the infliction of pain.

"Ok, Alexander. You got to masturbate in my cunt the other day, but I would not call that fucking or lovemaking. You are here now because I am letting you stay here. Lacey loves you and that ten-inch cock that hangs between your legs. I really think you should keep a low profile and just be the gigolo she wants." Rachel turned to Jason, "Get up off your fucking knees and make me my sandwich, NOW!"

Alexander just looked at Rachel with daggers in his eyes. He was enjoying fucking Jason's mouth. He also knew that she still had his family jewels in her hand and the person she was speaking of was no other than the doorman Leroy at Mr. Jonas's apartment building. Lacy had told him all about Mr. Jonas, but has yet to get him invited to the parties that took place there. Jason stood up and without looking at either of them walked to the kitchen to make the sandwich. Rachel continued to squeeze Alexander's balls gaining a great deal of pleasure from the pain and fear in his eyes.

"Do you understand me, Alexander? Because if you do not, I can and will make you into a eunuch." Rachel growled in a low voice.

"Yes, I do. Now, let go of my fucking balls!"

Wrong way to answer she thought to herself. "Better say it in a nicer tone or I'll be wearing them around my neck. Naturally, I will have them preserved first."

"Please, please, Rachel, let go of my balls. You are hurting me."

"That is much better," Rachel said as she released his balls from her hand. She then yelled to Jason, "Bring the sandwich and something to drink to my room. I do not care to eat and look at this Russian slime bag named Alexander at the same time." She turned and walked back to their room. Alexander sighed, grabbed his testicles, and slowly walked to the couch where he sat down to await the arrival of his next Lacey found cunt. He was increasingly using the apartment for his trysts because it was convenient and free. He also could see that he would have to walk a fine line with Rachel living with Jason and him.

When Jason returned from the kitchen he stopped by Alexander and mouthed, "I am sorry, Alexander. I did not mean for Rachel to hurt you. When she leaves I will finish if you like."

"That is not necessary as I have someone coming over and she will be happy to relieve my pent up ball pressure. Go to Rachel and be careful dude."

"Thanks Alexander." Jason replied as he turned and walked towards the door to his room. When he opened it, he saw Rachel sitting on the only chair in the room with her legs wide open showing him Mistress Pussy. He started

towards her with the turkey sandwich and an iced tea with lemon. He was getting quite adept at walking with his 'penisette' and balls tucked back by his ass.

"Here is your sandwich, Rachel. I made it just the way you like it. Four pieces of sliced white meat turkey, romaine lettuce, beefsteak tomato sliced very thin, onions, and no mayo."

"Thank you, Jason. Would you do me a favor while I eat it?"

"You know I will do anything you ask within reason."

"Believe me when your training is done you will do everything I ask or...." Rachel did not finish because she could see the fear well up in his eyes. She believed Jason was totally broken and at her disposal. "Mistress Pussy has decided that she would like to be kissed while I eat my lunch."

Jason did not even answer. He walked over to where she was sitting, handed her the plate and glass, fell to his knees, placed his mouth around Mistress Pussy, and sucked her into his mouth. He gently sucked in and began stimulating her clitoris without even spreading the lips of Mistress Pussy. When he released them, he took the tip of his tongue and ran it between her lips. He did this about ten times before Rachel moaned from the pleasure she was receiving via Mistress Pussy. Jason pulled away and put his hands under her legs just behind her knees. He raised her legs and by doing so revealed the small rosebud of her anus. He leaned forward, placed his tongue on the now exposed pucker, and began to swirl all around it. He could feel Rachel pushing her anus in and out in response to his tongue.

"Jason, I never taught you about reaming my rosebud. Where did you learn about sucking ass?"

Jason pulled back from his oral ministrations and said, "From watching the pornographic movies you brought home. There was one where a guy sucked this girl's asshole before he plunged his eight inch cock into her."

"I do not remember that one, but please go back to what you were doing. I am almost done with my lunch."

Jason returned to sucking her asshole. He became adept at finding the right time to stick a bit of his tongue into her and she loved every minute of his anilingus technique.

"Jason, I have finished my sandwich and I have to leave. So, stop what you are doing and stand up."

When Jason arose and stood in front of her she could see that the ten minutes he spent, sucking her asshole had given him an erection. The lace panties were tented in the front and had a small patch of wetness. She pointed to his crotch and began to laugh. "Damn Jason, how am I going to get you to control yourself. Look what you have done to those panties. You have stained them and you have not even worn them for more than an hour. What am I going to do with you?"

"I am sorry Rachel, but I get very excited when you allow me to pleasure Mistress Pussy."

"But you were not pleasuring Mistress Pussy the whole time."

"I know, but you never told me... Ah, how do I say or ask this?" Jason wondered aloud.

Rachel smiled and looked him in the eyes. She told him, "You were making love to Aunt Anus. She is related to Mistress Pussy and sometimes they like to be pleased together. Now you know both their names."

"Thank you Rachel. I am very happy to make her acquaintance and I hope she will allow me to pleasure her again."

Rachel smiled and a gleam came into her steel blue eyes. "Yes, Jason my sweet Kansas cunt lapper, asshole licker, and best of all my sissy cock sucker; they are very happy to have made your acquaintance too." With that, she stood up, walked over to Jason, and placed a kiss on his cheek. She placed her right hand on his lace covered '*penisette*' and whispered in his ear, "I know Alexander is having company today. You are to stay away from them. I do not want to find out you did something you should not have. Understand, sissy?"

"Yes Rachel, I understand. I will stay in my room until you get home. May I ask where you are going?"

"Of course you may. I am going to meet a very special suitor. He is very kind, wealthy, and is endowed with a very, very large cock."

"Will he fuck you?"

"Yes he will. Probably two or three times and I will most likely suck his cock in between our fucking sessions."

"Do you love him?"

"No, Jason. I love you. He is just a man with a large cock that likes to use my three inputs for masturbation. There is no real love there. When you eat Mistress Pussy, I know you are making love to me. I especially like it when I am sore and full of cum from an afternoon of having sex and you gently clean me and bring me to an orgasm. That Jason is love."

"I think I understand. You had better leave because it is getting late. I will be in our room when you get home."

Rachel smiled, got her things together, and walked out knowing that Jason would do what he said. She was headed for Mr. Jonas' penthouse and another afternoon to play with his eighteen inches of pure pleasure.

Jason stood in the middle of the room and looked at himself in the full-length mirror that hung on the back of the closet door. He was presently surprised at how good he looked in the panties and stockings. Inside he knew that what Rachel was asking and doing to him was something that would have happened eventually. He remembered the nights he would listen to his father fucking his mother or telling her how good her lips felt around his cock. His sister learned at a young age that she could say and/or do things to him without any retribution from their dad or mom because Jason would never complain to them. Just like he would not complain about Rachel going out and fucking strangers all because they had larger cocks. He knew it would be a long day and night until Rachel returned home.

The slamming of the bedroom door at 2:00 AM awakened Jason. He opened his eyes and saw Rachel leaning against the door. She looked like she had just come from a fight. Her hair was a mess, her little black dress was torn, and her stockings had runs in them. He jumped out of bed and rushed towards her. "Rachel, are you ok? Who did this to you? I will not accept this type of behavior from your lovers."

"Shush, Jason. I am fine. Just get on your knees and see what Mistress Pussy and Aunt Anus have for you. While you clean me, I will tell you all about it. It was a very exciting afternoon, evening, and night."

"I understand sweetheart, but let me put you to bed. I will make Mistress Pussy and Aunt Anus happy. I promise you, but let me put you to bed so I can lay there and you can tell me everything."

"Ok," she answered.

Jason put his arms around her waist, lifted her off the floor, and carried her to the bed. He put her down and used his body to support her. Rachel just leaned against him amazed at his strength. He found the zipper to the little

black dress and opened it. He reached down for the hem and pulled the dress up and over her head. Rachel was for all intent and purposes naked because all she had on was the garter belt and the thigh high stockings. Jason lifted her again and placed her gently on the bed. He leaned over her and placed a kiss on each of her cheeks. He slowly moved down her body placing kisses on each breast, her bellybutton, and her mons.

"Yes, Jason. Tell me what you see."

"I see Mistress Pussy is all red, spread very wide, and filled with a large amount of cum. I do not know about Aunt Anus because she has not opened up for me to see." Jason lowered his mouth to Mistress Pussy and began his cleaning duties gently but in earnest.

Rachel began tell Jason what had happened that day. Mr. Jonas had a special party, she and Lacey were some of the invited guests. Lacey and the other girls had to sex anyone when asked, but I was bound to Mr. Jonas. I was there for his pleasure only. No other slut there was allowed near him except to say thank you for allowing her to be part of an all black masturbation scene. It was incredible to see all these huge black cocks sliding in and out of various pussies, assholes, and mouths. And to think that the only reason the white women were there was to give these black studs a place to shoot their black cum instead of masturbating and shooting it on themselves. Mr. Jonas picked me up, wrapped my legs around him so he could gain access to Mistress Pussy, held me up by placing his hands under my ass, Francine put his cock at the entrance to Mistress Pussy, he moved his hand to my hips, and pushed his cock into me. It took a good four to five minutes for him to get all of his '*Magnificent Mandingo Manhood*' into me. He is a very thoughtful and gentle user of my white masturbation pussy hole. He kept me impaled on his big black cock the whole afternoon. People would come to visit him and would just smile as they saw my stretched masturbation cunt sliding up and down his hard black pole.

Jason looked up and said, "Tell me more, please. Tell me how it feels to have an eighteen inch cock in Mistress Pussy." Jason returned to sucking what he now knew to be Mr. Jonas' sweet tasting cum from Mistress Pussy. He knew that the story would make him hot and he would ejaculate all over the inside of the panties he was wearing. He wondered how open Aunt Anus was because Mistress Pussy was as wide open as the entrance to the Holland Tunnel.

"Yes, you sweet cum sucking pussy boy!!! Suck Mr. Jonas cum from Mistress Pussy and when you are done there, Aunt Anus has some for you also. He just could not resist giving me a load of his sweet black cum up my white masturbation asshole."

Jason slipped his hands under Rachel's thighs and lifted them off the bed so he could gain access to Aunt Anus. Rachel helped him by pulling up her legs. "Oh, Rachel, Aunt Anus is stretched wide open and it looks like she is bleeding. I think we need to go to the hospital."

"No, Jason. I know there is blood, but I am fine. Please just sooth her with you wonderful tongue."

He did just that. He placed his mouth over the spread open Aunt Anus and gently rubbed his tongue around her opening. He could taste some of the blood that was intermingled with the ejaculate that was beginning to run into his mouth. He took his tongue and gently probed the opening to see how much he would be able to get out by using his tongue like a shovel. He did not want to hurt Rachel, but he could see that every time his tongue caressed her anus she flinched. As it turns out, she was very sore there.

"Did he force himself on you when he masturbated in your ass?" Jason asked with concern in his voice.

"No, sweet lips. He got tired of masturbating in Mistress Pussy and decided to use Aunt Anus. That is what I am there for. To have all openings available for his use."

"I understand. Just like my tongue is always available for you. I love you to death Mistress Rachel."

"Oh, Jason! Thank you! I was wondering how long it would take you to call me Mistress. Are you finished cleaning?"

"Only if you do not want to have an orgasm, Mistress," he replied.

"Actually, I am quite fine because I had a small one while your sissy tongue was up Mistress Pussy. Come lay next to me and I will let you sleep here instead of on the floor."

Jason crawled up the bed to a position behind Rachel. He closed his body next to hers so they were in the typical husband and wife spoon position. "Mistress, may I ask you a question?" Jason whispered.

"Yes, but be quick about it. I am tired."

"Who is Francine?"

"Francine is a she-male cuckold that is bound to Mr. Jonas. His wife gave him/her to him when Mr. Jonas sold her to a Master Rufus in Atlanta. She performs the same services you do for me, except she lives with Mr. Jonas. She cleans, cooks, shops, and performs any clean up that Mr. Jonas requires. You will get your chance to meet her. Now please let me sleep."

"I love you Mistress Rachel."

It was in this position they fell asleep.

The next morning saw Rachel dress Jason for school. She was careful to impress upon him the need to wear panties and stockings. Rachel did not broach the bra topic because he had nothing to be supported and she was not going to make him look foolish while he attended class.

"Jason, I bought some more panties and stockings for you. You will wear them under your pants. I want you to begin to like wearing them. What will you do when you get home?" Rachel asked.

"I will take off my shirt, pants, and shoes. I will wear only the panties and stocking I had on underneath," he answered.

"What if Alexander has someone here with him?"

"I will stay in my room."

"No, Jason. You must not hide in your room. You have to be proud of what you are becoming and what you are wearing. You are a very special person. I want you to do what you have to do in this apartment. Clean, prepare dinner, sit and watch television, listen to the stereo, or read a book, but do not hide in your room. Understood?"

"But, what if he wants me to...." Jason hinted.

"You are not to do anything with Alexander or his dates. I will tell you who, what, when, and where. The how will be decided by me and whomever I designate as needing to be cleaned. If I have to, I will tell Lacey to cut him off. I know he is giving a great portion of the money he makes to his parents. He understands who the Master is around here. The only thing he will not accept is the fact that I have bigger balls than he does."

"I understand Mistress Rachel," he replied.

"Oh, another thing, Jason."

"What now?" he replied a little testy.

Rachel was close enough, so she reached out and grabbed Jason's testicles and literally ripped them from underneath his body. She twisted and squeezed them so hard tears flooded Jason's eyes, ran down his face, and he involuntarily pissed on the floor of the room. "Look at you, you fucking pussy. You pissed all over the floor and my arm. What am I supposed to do with you, tie your '*penisette*' in a knot?"

"Please, Mistress... You are hurting me. You are making me afraid. I do not want to be treated like this. All I did was ask what you wanted. Please let go of my balls!!!"

"They are not YOUR balls, sissy. They are MY balls. They may not be attached to my body, but I own them. The only thing that saddens me about MY balls is they are coupled with such a small, useless '*penisette*'. And I did not like the way you addressed me. You sounded like you were sassing me. You sounded bored with my teaching. Are you bored? Were you sassing me?"

"No, No, Mistress Rachel. I am sorry if I offended you with the tone of my voice. I did not mean to sass you. I am indebted to you for making me see what a useless young man I am. Making me see what I look forward to if and when we eventually get married. I love to clean other men's ejaculate from Mistress Pussy and Aunt Anus. I am so sorry. Please let go of my balls," Jason asked between gasps of pain.

Rachel squeezed harder when he said my balls instead of what she was expecting him to say. "Whose balls are they? You mean you do not know whose balls they are yet!" Rachel growled at Jason.

"They are attached to my body!!! They can not be yours because they are attached to my body!!!" he replied through his pain.

"Listen you Kansas limp-dick, cock sucking pussy, either you tell me whose balls they are or I will castrate you by ripping them off here and now!!!"

"Ouch, Oh, please stop. I cannot take it anymore. Go if you want to. LEAVE! I do not need to be treated like this, you BITCH. You are nothing by a WHORE, a slut, and a cum bucket. You may be beautiful and I do love you, but I am not going to let you treat me the way you are now. LET GO OF MY BALLS, NOW, YOU CUNT!!!" As he finished, he took his right hand, made a fist, and slammed it into the side of Rachel's head. Rachel was knocked back, lost her balance, and fell causing her to release Jason's balls. It did not take long for Jason to cup his throbbing balls to try to relieve the pain that was coursing through his body.

Rachel's left hand went to her face as she lay on the floor. She could not believe that he hit her. Jason MacDonald, the pussy boy just hit his Mistress in the face with a closed fist. Rachel could feel the blood running from the corner of her mouth. She was not going to take this lying down. She regained her composure, stood up, and in a move that could only be classified as black belt level karate; kicked Jason between his legs lifting him off the floor. Jason landed on his back crying out in extreme pain. Rachel moved like a trained killer and kicked him several times all directed to his genitalia.

Jason continued to protect his balls with his hands, but to no avail. The pounding Rachel was giving him finally caused him to pass out.

Rachel stood over him breathing very hard and it took a minute or two for her to regain a semblance of order in her world. No person, except for the time Mr. Jonas slapped her, had ever hit her with a closed fist. Who the fuck did he think he was, she thought to herself. That Kansas farm boy just may end up kissing his balls as they hang around her neck or they may become useless appendages hanging between his legs. Either way his balls would become deader than a doornail. She was flabbergasted that he took the chance to hit her knowing that it would be the reason for her to pack her bags and leave. There are more sissified fish in the sea. She could find someone who understood the nature of a Dominant/Submissive relationship. Sure, it was sadistic to squeeze his balls the way she did, but she had to let him know who is the Dominant one in their relationship. As she looked down at Jason, she could see that she had actually burst some blood vessels on his scrotum. She also realized that each of his balls would probably swell up to the size of an orange and he would have to stay at home because of his inability to walk due to their size and the pain he would feel.

Rachel knelt down next to Jason's head and whispered. "Jason, can you hear me? Jason, open your eyes. Jason!" She took her hand and lifted his head. She kissed his forehead to try to arouse him. With her other hand, she massaged his neck and face. "Jason, wake up. Jason, please wake up."

After about five minutes, Jason began to stir. His breathing was returning to somewhat of a normal intake of oxygen. He moaned and continued to use both hands to protect and sooth his aching balls. The pain that arose from his crotch was nothing like he ever felt before. Even the two times he accidentally got hit in the balls by a throw from another baseball player was nothing like what he felt now. He opened his eyes to barely see that it was Rachel who was holding his head and speaking to him. "Oh, I hurt so bad. I, I cannot see. I am in so much pain. It feels like my balls are getting bigger, swelling up. Why did you do that to me?" he said through the tears falling from his eyes.

"Jason, do not ever think you can hit me and not suffer the consequences. The only person who ever got away with slapping me was Mr. Jonas and that was because he has something you do not. I am sorry I went off on you like that. I am sorry if I hurt you, but I will not ever take any sort of corporal punishment from you or anyone else. If you want to be a man, then tell me, and I will leave right now. I will pack my bags and leave before you can say 'Jackie Robinson'. But, I will tell you that no woman is going to be satisfied with what you have between your legs. Yes, you have a wonderful tongue, but I am telling you the truth now; no woman wants to think about fucking a man with such a small cock. And, more importantly, the quantity of your sperm is nowhere near the amount needed to impregnate a woman. It is your decision, farm boy."

"Sure, not enough to impregnate a woman, only because you beat them to a pulp just now. Why don't we make a deal. I will think about what you just said. You go to class or wherever you go to be fucked. When you return, if I am still dressed as you wish, then I accept totally everything that you wish for me to be and do. If I am dressed in the clothes I used to wear or I am not here, then you can pack and go live with Mr. Jonas or Lacey." Jason said as the pain began to subside and he regained a level of consciousness.

"I will not accept your offer. But, I will show how much I want you to stay with me and be my sissy cuckold." Rachel gently lowered his head to the floor. She slid down to where her face was above his panty-covered crotch and gently pulled them down to his knees. Her right hand sought out his '*penisette*' and she lifted it away from between his legs. She began to gently stroke his '*penisette*' and coax it to an erection. She looked at Jason, smiled, lowered her

head, opened her mouth, and sucked his *'penisette'* into her mouth. What Lacey said was true. One could put his entire *'penisette'* into their mouth and not gag. She swirled her tongue over its head and around the ridge that separated the shaft from the head. Rachel moved her lips up and down to caress his *'penisette'*. She knew better than to play with his now black and blue balls. It did not take long for her to feel his *'penisette'* begin to twitch in anticipation of shooting what she knew would be a small load.

"Rachel, why are you doing this to me? I cannot believe you are giving me a blowjob after you just kicked the shit out of my balls. You are sucking my *'penisette'*. Oh, Oh, I am going to shoot, Rachel. Take your mouth off my *'penisette'*", he moaned. Jason could not believe that the sensation of having his *'penisette'* sucked had washed away most of the pain from the beating Rachel had put on his testicles.

Rachel continued to provide the sensation and suction he needed. She was willing to accept his cum this one time. Rachel also knew it would be a long time before he would feel her mouth on his boy pecker again. She knew what to expect when he came. It happened very quickly and in an amount that was pitifully small. Rachel felt his *'penisette'* twitch and spew forth three small ropes of cum. It filled her mouth and she did not swallow it. Instead, she moved up to Jason's head and placed her lips on his. Jason opened his mouth and accepted the fact that she would deposit the results of her sucking into his mouth. Rachel felt his mouth open and she released his ejaculate to flow into his mouth. Jason sucked on her tongue and swallowed everything she gave him.

"Thank you, Mistress. Thank you for showing me how much you want me to stay and service Mistress Pussy and Aunt Anus. I would never have thought that you would perform fellatio on me after you throttled my balls the way you did. There is no need for you to worry. Go and do whatever you want because I will be here waiting to perform whatever chores you ask of me."

"I want you to know that what occurred here today is not going to happen again for a long, long time, Jason. I really did not mean to hurt you. I needed to show you that I do love you."

"I know you do, Rachel. I love you too."

"You need to get some ice on your testicles to try to reduce the swelling. It looks like they are going to grow to the size of two navel oranges."

"I will," he replied.

Rachel was satisfied that Jason would never question her authority. She got up, went to the bathroom, and started to get ready for class and hopefully another fucking by Mr. Jonas. If she does get to be with her *'Magnificent Mandingo Manhood'*, she will ask him to meet Jason and hopefully give his consent for her to marry him. She wondered what his parents would say. She does not speak to her parents anymore, because her mom is dead and her father tried to fuck her after she died and failed. After the attempted rape incident with her father, she began to learn self-defense and took to it like a duck takes to water. She worked hard to be ordained as a tenth degree black belt in Ti Kwan Do and she put her training to good use. The only thing her father does now, is deposit her blackmail money every month into her checking account. She is just waiting for him to die so she can inherit the twenty million dollars he has invested in the stock market and the cash he has squirreled away in a closet in the attic of his house. She laughed at the thought of what he would do if he found out she knew about the cash. All Rachel wanted was to be sure he died

a natural death and the lawyers execute the will in a timely manner so she could have what was rightfully hers. Her mother would sit up in her grave and cheer because they both knew he was the cause of her premature death.

Rachel thought what a wonderful life she would have after her father died. Inherit twenty or so million dollars; allow Mr. Jonas to sex her whenever he wants, have the love of her life Jason to suck her clean, and if she decides to have any, Jason would raise the children. That would be living.