

Sinful Domination

by Bea



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SINFUL DOMINATION

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CHAPTER 1

My training begins.

I know that my husband is not the most popular of men but, as he precedes me, there are smiles, soft oohs and aahs of appreciation from the assembled guests - even the occasional soft handclap. I know that I am not really the center of attraction -as I should be - but I am still delighted by the impression we have made on the people here.

My family name runs through the annals of the South - mostly respectable, but with its fair share of gamblers, rumrunners, generals, and suchlike. We do not tend to producing entrepreneurs or businessmen, the mental outlook of the distaff side being more - 'we'll catch the people with money when we need them' sort of thing.

Our particular branch of the family tree had money at one time, but daddy was one of those mentioned above - a gambler. "Died early, thank God!" mama would say. "If he hadn't, we would have been on welfare, with all that white trash!"

As you can gather from that warm, sympathetic statement, mama was not extremely liberal. She only had one child, namely me -but mama never brought up any fools, let me tell you.

When I was ten, she started 'educating' me in sex. Surprise you? You might be even more surprised to find out just how many girls of my age and good families, were getting 'mysterious' trips to distant relatives within a few years. Mama was very practical that way.

"Amanda?" she said. "You're going to be a young lady. Going to have a lot of smooth young studs about you. Now, I have the belief that you prefer girls to boys (I blushed at that, because it was true) but you *can't* marry a girl - and you'll need to get married to get a decent injection of money into this family again."

She took me by the arm at this point and seated me at our dining room table. Sat down directly opposite me. "Now listen up young lady.

I'm going to start teaching you how to handle men. Are you listening?" "Yes mama" I answered obediently, not really interested. "Well hear me - and hear me good! Men - and Boys will want to stick their thing in you. You must not let them do this. You must stop them any way you can. Your virginity on your wedding night is pure gold! You just can't throw it away!" I felt my eyes widen at the bluntness of what she'd just said. She'd never been shy about discussing sexual matters, but this was getting down to serious business. I started listening a little more intently.

She reached across and took a hold of my hand. "Starting tomorrow honey, you'll be attending a karate class. I've signed you up for it because I want you to be physically capable of defending yourself."

I loved my mama and wanted to do anything she expected of me, but I didn't want to get all tough, like some of the girls I know.

"That won't make me all muscles, will it mama?" I asked anxiously.

"No honey," she laughed "Maybe just the opposite. But tell you what? After three months? If you think it's doing anything you don't want? You can quit right away. Okay?" Reassured, I smiled. "Thanks mama."

"But there's something else," she went on. "You may not like it, but I'm going to have to show you what to do." And she proceeded to tell me how to control a man by using one hand - strategically placed in his groin area.. What to watch out for when dating a boy - or man. The 'danger' signals he'd probably emanate, and how to defuse the situation.

She'd been scared that I'd find the subject distasteful, but I didn't. To tell the truth, I thought it fascinating. I couldn't believe that some of the tough boys I knew (and was a little scared of, to tell the truth) could be tamed by such a simple thing. A few years later though, I was an expert. Had my own 'farm' of boys, and was well on the way to attaining my black belt in karate.

My expertise in defending myself was helped a great deal by a few things.

One: without boasting, I am very pretty and feminine and, as mother had predicted, drew boys to me like the proverbial honeypot. This provided me with lots of subjects to practice on. Two: the practical

outlook that mama had brought me up with allowed me to engage in this practice with a cool detachment that I might never have achieved at such an early age without her sage advice and encouragement.

Three: my liking for my own sex. This preference was understood by mama, though we didn't discuss it much. It was a big help for me not to get truly romantically inclined to the opposite sex - although I did become a true artiste in looking into my beau's eyes, sighing softly - and promising, promising, promising - but by inference only.

I learned to keep quite an inventory of large silk handkerchiefs on hand. It was truly amazing to me, how a randy young bull could be tamed with fingers that slightly touched his erection - then finally took it in hand with a soft grip. A silk square to aid in his sensory enjoyment and cut down on the mess - and he would be as meek as a lamb, and good as gold...

Guys who'd never had sex before were the easiest. Poor little pussies. So eager to please. So awkward - then so grateful when they found that they didn't have to 'do' anything. I even managed to get some of them to cry as they lay there, helpless, my soft hands bringing them to ejaculation. I kinda liked it when they did that. Gave me a rush of power, if you know what I mean. I really didn't understand that aspect of it then, was too young, I guess. It makes more sense now.

Occasionally though, I'd run into trouble with a guy who'd have had sex with a woman before. They were a lot more aggressive - at first, but after soft pleadings and tears from me - and more direct caresses on their vital areas, they usually came to heel as well. Only twice did I have to use my karate skills, and both times when I looked down at my fallen conquest, I thought to praise and bless mama for her forethought.

Practically destitute though we were, Mama still managed to scrape up enough money for me to get to a half decent college. I did help a little by getting some nice scholarships (which I was very proud of) but I know it was a financial strain on her all the same. She didn't grudge me a penny. Demanded that I avoid the college dorms - 'sinkholes of depravity' she'd snarl - though rather than me having the off-campus apartment she wanted me to have by myself, I had to share with Aimee and Annie Semple. Twins, who luckily had the same sexual proclivities as myself. They were from a good family (even had money) and had

learned discretion. This didn't stop the three of us from having some very interesting sessions in bed at times though. We just never carried it outside. In public we were models of feminine decorum.

Rayburn came on the scene halfway through our Senior year. One of those skinny little guys who compensate for his lack of physique by an arrogant manner and mean mouth. But his family had money - SERIOUS money, which made him extremely attractive to me. After all, I'd tamed a lot of guys who were bigger and meaner than he knew how to be! Not only that? Underneath all that sneering bad manners I thought I could see a cute little boy.

At first I never thought I'd stand much of a chance. After all, I'd seen him around a number of times with some really outstanding looking women - though most of them were bimbos -and he treated all of them like they deserved. He talked to me the same way the first time we met - it was at some minor faculty bash that me and the twins had crashed - but I just gave him the cold stare treatment - which must have been the first thing to attract him - he wasn't used to women treating him with such disdain.

As I was walking from the campus to the apartment one afternoon a few days later, he drove up alongside me in his flashy new convertible. Again, I think he was disconcerted by my cool aloofness, and turning down his offer of a ride home. Before he left, he asked me out on a date. I just gave him the cold stare again - though reducing the ice a little. He drove off in a temper - at least he left some rubber on the road - though he may have just been trying to impress me.

He called the apartment a couple of times and left messages for me to call. Naturally, I didn't reply. Finally, one rainy afternoon, he caught me at home. There was an old Jacques Tati film showing at one of the local movie houses, so I relented and let him come and pick me up, then take me to the show.

Like I thought he would, his hands came at me fast and furious at me within minutes of us sitting down. I know of a very painful spot on the back of a hand that can subdue just about anyone if they don't know how to break away. He didn't. Seconds later, he was sitting very quietly and peacefully as I held his hand in mine. Even in the darkness of the theatre, I could see the sweat that was now beading his brow.

"God almighty Amanda!" he finally whispered. "Would you please stop? That's very painful."

"Promise to behave yourself?" I replied.

"Yes. I promise," he said, docile as a little mouse.

I let his hand go. "Don't force me to do that again" I warned him. "Next time, I may hurt you a lot more."

He let out a 'whew' of relief when I released his hand. Pulled it into his chest, then started massaging the back of it with his other hand. I was afraid that I may have lost him, so laid my hand on his thigh. "Rayburn? I'm sorry if I hurt you. Forgive me?"

I could feel his immediate erection straining his pants material under my hand, so slid my hand further up his leg. He was squirming in delight now.

"Rayburn? I asked you a question! Are you mad at me?" "No Amanda. I'm not mad at you." He was beginning to pant now. Just a little, but I figured that I now had him in hand (in more ways than one, I may add).

"I'm sooo glad!" I breathed sexily in his ear, then undid the zipper of his pants. Seconds later, his penis was straining under the silk handkerchief in my hand.

I whispered a command to him that he wasn't to come until I gave him permission. He nodded, totally submissive and under my control now. I'd had other boys in similar situations who had sometimes been unable to control the desire to spasm, so was very slow, very deliberate with him for a while. I truly understood the male drive that forced them to disobey me, but I'd always try it on a new boy - a sort of test to find out how much of a hold (smile) I had on him. Rayburn actually surprised me. I'd have bet serious money that he'd ignore the order and come. He didn't strike me as having that kind of mental discipline. (At that time, of course, I didn't know how submissive he was - for all of his blustering and antics). As it was, I kept him sweating and writhing under my hand for the best part of an hour. When I finally gave him permission, he messed up my handkerchief very quickly.

I almost misread him totally. He seemed so abashed and ashamed

afterwards that I considered him a lost cause. Thought he'd never come back for more of the same. I made him leave after he saw me home late that afternoon and shrugged. He left me, truly hang dog, looking at the ground with hardly a word for himself. 'Plenty more fish like him in the sea' I thought to myself, with a small tinge of disappointment. But that evening a superb bunch of flowers were special delivered to me at the apartment - and his accompanying note read "Please forgive me"!

I giggled to myself. What was this fool doing? What could he possibly think he's done to ask my forgiveness? Naturally though, I wasn't about to forgive him despite three days of incessant calling and pleading from him. When I finally allowed him to come to the apartment for dinner - that I cooked, he arrived so awestruck by his luck in being finally 'forgiven' that I had to see how far I could go. Naturally, he had to be milked first. A man wanting sex is docile and obedient. Afterwards? It's usually a different story, and I needed to know how he'd be. Was his passive behavior of the time before a reflection of his true personality, or would he get all aggressive, as some boys did after being treated in such a manner?

The twins had been sent out for the evening. I poured the two of us some wine, then patted the sofa right beside where I went to sit. I could practically see his little puppy tail wag with happiness at my kindness.

Staring directly into his eyes, I produced a silk handkerchief and started folding it slowly to create a pad. My intent was clear. As if hypnotized, he couldn't take his eyes from it.

Once I had it configured to my satisfaction, I smiled seductively. "Come to mummy, Rayburn" I whispered, putting an arm around his shoulder and twisting him until I was pulling him into reclining against me. Then I started kissing him, lightly at first, but gradually forcing my tongue further and further into his mouth. Passively, he lay there accepting the female role I'd assigned him in the activity, even going so far as to sliding his arms weakly around my neck - leaving his whole body at the mercy of my ministrations. .

For fun, I started saying what *he* should have been saying. "Oh stop darling! Please stop! You're SO strong! Oh! Please don't take advantage of me. Please?" Naturally, I'm saying this between ardent

kisses, all the time forcing him further and further back into my embrace, my tongue now pumping in halfway down his throat, and my right hand first of all manipulating his breasts then unzipping his pants and, with the silk square in position, covering up his turgid erection. I wasn't in any mood to spend a lot of time pleasuring the little pussy, so let him come pretty quickly.

As I said, I was curious to see how he'd react after I'd treated him in such a manner. Decided to push it a little. "Darling? Take this handkerchief and wash it out, would you? Use the sink in the bathroom. Rinse it really well, then hang it up over the shower rail to dry."

He rearranged his clothing then, meekly, as if in a daze, he took the damp square from me and went and did what I had ordered.

To really confuse the poor dolt, I then went into my very best rendition of the empty-headed Southern Belle - full of verbal 'you-all's' and 'honey's' and fluttery behavior, all feminine and submissive. Served up dinner like the most loving, domesticated, housewife you ever saw and fussed over him like a submissive little wife - a sterling performance that was worth, at least in my mind, an Oscar nomination.

The poor little dear WAS confused at first, but then started to wake up from the lethargy that he'd fallen into after I milked him. He even started getting a little cocky and arrogant again. I smiled to myself as I let him get away with it for a while - then steered him back over to the sofa, and gave him another milking! The poor dear wasn't as keen this time, but was the picture of docility itself after I pulled out another silk handkerchief. When the twins came in just after ten o'clock, I was watching TV. Rayburn was in one of my frilliest aprons (and Southern belles have lots of these, trust me) doing the last of the dishes and tidying up the kitchen.

He showed his embarrassment by fiery blushes - but made no move to take that apron off. This astounded me - he had to be aware that there were now three girls who could make his life misery by talking around campus. He was shy with the twins, but friendly enough. I saw their mocking grins when he wasn't looking, but they pretended that seeing a young man doing house chores in a pretty apron was a commonplace sight for them. I finally let him leave about a half hour

after the girls got there. Gave him a big wet kiss as he left.

CHAPTER 2

I start to see things in a different light. Make amendments to my plans,

That night, lying awake in bed, a lifestyle-altering idea came to me.

Lazily, I wondered. I liked girls but needed a boy for marrying purposes. Would it be possible to make a boy into something more acceptable to me? Gentler? More feminine? Would it be possible to have him docile and well behaved, ALL the time, the way they all were before being 'handled'?

I thought of how Rayburn had to be milked twice. Certainly didn't want to get into the habit of multiple handlings. When I'd given him the apron, he'd protested - but weakly, as if he couldn't resist me. After he'd been tied into it, he was docile until the end of the evening. Slowly, I turned the idea over in my mind. Let's face it, Rayburn was no catch as a male - kinda small and scrawny. How would he be as a girl?

I wouldn't expect him to give up his male 'bits' of course - but with his hair arranged? Makeup? A nice dress with sexy undies? Perfume? With a start, I realized that I was playing with myself, and getting more than a little horny. Slipped out of bed and went through to my roomies bed. They were asleep when I got there, but I soon changed that!

The following morning, we all overslept and, in tearing around so that we could get to class in time, I practically forgot everything. Later on that afternoon though, I remembered what I'd been thinking the night before. I was awake now though, and something was puzzling me that had slipped my mind the night before. When I was in a girl-on-girl relationship? I was the sub. Yet, thinking about males, I was starting to think that I only got excited thinking about being the dominant partner with them. As the king of Siam was constantly saying in the musical, 'this is a *puzzlement*'!

Puzzlement or not, I could tell immediately that it had the power of absolute truth. I was getting little spasms down below, little creamy

twinges. I HAD to stop thinking about it, I thought -analyze it better when I had time, and wasn't in public.

That night, the twins were out on a double date (what else) and I had time to ruminate. I ran a lovely deep hot bath, and threw in scads of my favorite bath oil. Took a glass of wine and a small tray of chocolates in with me. Placed them where I could get to them easily. Settled in for a nice soak. I also wanted to conduct a small experiment.

First, I fantasized about a nice lithe, beautiful girl who knew just where to touch another girl. Soft kisses - slow touching. A little nibble here, a lick there? Quite soon, I was starting to lift myself up and down in the water and getting excited. Then, resisting temptation to caress my fun spots, I forced myself to cool down instead. Laid my head further back on the cool material of the bathtub. Took a leisurely sip of wine. Ate a chocolate. Got my mind off the subject.

Then, not wanting the next experiment benefit by any carryover excitement from the first phase, I thought about milking Rayburn. Got a nice tingle going at the thought of having him beg for permission to come - but not much else.

Calmed myself down again - not so difficult this time. Another few sips of wine, another chocolate or two. Now I'm kissing Rayburn, but his mouth is lipsticked - and he smells nice - A trace of White Diamonds, rather than that cologne he usually wears? Mmmm? Is that a tingle down there? Most definitely. Now let's up the ante a little? He's wearing a pretty party dress with petticoats and frilled panties? I'm slowly slipping my hand up his skirt? He's all clinging and grinding into me? The feel of silk panties under my hand? Wouldn't have to carry these damn handkerchiefs - would I? What's this? My tummy is undulating under the water - just like it was when I was thinking about that lovely girl before! Whooooe!

The experiment's over - I know what I wanted to find out. I'm still surprised by the results - but mama taught me, "Always look at the way things ARE - not at the way you think they SHOULD be!" As a small reward for having the sense to figure out this experiment, I heated up the bathwater some, then relaxed back into the layer of scented bubbles and slowly pleased myself into a nice long multiple orgasm.

Now I was eager for him to call me back. Had I maybe gone too

far? I cussed myself royally for maybe having pushed him too far the night before. Maybe I should have taken things a little slower? Could I possibly call him back? Oh grief! A girl, especially a Southern belle, couldn't call a boy!

Then the thought. 'Why not?' If I was going to be boss in our relationship, who was going to say what I could and couldn't do? Carpe diem! Isn't that what one is supposed to do?

It was only just after nine o'clock when I had finished drying and powdering myself. Thought seriously for a minute or two - but what did I have to lose? If I'd scared him off already-what the hell! I picked up the phone and called. He answered on the second ring.

"Hi, Rayburn here." He said. (Did he sound a little dejected?)

"Yes honey! I can tell you're there! Why haven't you called?" My best no-nonsense voice!

"Amanda! Is that you?" (Was his voice now a little scared?)

"Who *else* would it be? You running around on me? Or am I just ONE of the poor girls you have on a string?"

"No Amanda. I'm not running around..."

"Well? Why haven't you called me? I've been waiting and waiting! Wasted my whole evening! Dammit Rayburn! I'm upset with you!"

His voice was purely conciliatory now. "Been studying for a test Amanda. My folks have been coming down on me real hard. I promised I'd try and bring my grades up."

"Oh then sweetie, that's all right. I'm sorry for disturbing you. Goodnight."

"Amanda? Please don't hang up? Please?"

"Why Rayburn? What's so important that it can interfere with your studies?"

"I wanted to say that I'm sorry..."

"For what, sweetie?"

"For being such a wuss last night. I couldn't have looked very

manly..."

"In your little frilly apron? Honey, you looked cute as a button!" I giggled.

"Oh Amanda. You know what I mean. It wasn't just that. It's letting you jack me off. It's just not very manly. I don't want you to think badly of me."

I put on my most dulcet, understanding, tone. "Darling? You were fine. Honestly. SO different from all those other boys who are nothing but raging testosterone. It is SO nice to see a boy with some 'niceness' in him. I mean it! Why do you think I'm calling you back? Because I think badly of you? That's being silly!"

I could sense his amazement in the short pause that followed, so pushed.

"Rayburn? Can you cook?"

"I have to, living by myself. A little bit." He admitted.

"FINE!" Tomorrow night? I want you to come over here and cook dinner for me, Aimee and Annie - you as well of course?"

He laughed. "You gotta be kidding!"

Time for me to tighten the screws. "Rayburn? I cooked diner for you. You have something against returning the favor?" This, I said firmly.

Turned out that he had no qualms about coming and cooking for us - as long as it was something easy. "That's perfectly okay darlin'" I told him. Bring anything you want to cook. Just remember to bring a nice wine with it - and remember that all three of us girls can eat hearty."

He wanted to discuss what he was going to make, but I cut that off really quickly. "It's your show Rayburn" I told him - then, I don't know what got into me. "But keep in mind darling - if you don't do a good job? I may just put you over my knees!" I added a soft giggle to take the edge off what I'd just said - then waited for his response.

He said nothing! NOTHING at all! Just said he'd make sure to bring lots of food. Then I told him I had to go, and we hung up. I sat thinking for a while. For once in my life, I was unsure of how to handle a

male. For the life of me, couldn't figure why. The closest thing I could think of was that, for the first time, I was getting emotionally involved with a boy. As a *male* in the respect that he was marriageable was a major factor to begin with. But the fact that he was also as a mate who might actually be sexually acceptable to me was something totally unexpected. I discovered to my shock that I was somewhat nervous of losing him!



I shouldn't have been, of course. He arrived about four thirty. Us three girls welcomed him warmly, making all sorts of appreciative noises over the thick porterhouse steaks, huge potatoes for baking, and the salad - that the clever little boy had already prepared and brought in a large plastic bag. He apologized to the twins for bringing a "Man's Dinner" but excused himself by saying I'd bullied him into it. We all laughed, and accused him of trying to get us fat.

He did shrink back from the lovely apron that Annie provided, but once wearing it - with a large puffy bow tying him in -settled right down to being our servant. It was great! The three of us lolled around-and had him serve our drinks and munchies - a large tray of hors d'oeuvres that he'd had specially made at a great caterer's - and bossing him around in general.

The twins took his side when I wouldn't let him have steak or dessert, just a small salad with minimum dressing. I was adamant though, pointing out that I wanted him to lose some weight and, anyway? Hadn't he been boasting about this being a 'man's' meal? The little lamb, just nodded agreeably, and ate his salad like my very own pet rabbit.

After he'd cleaned up after dinner, I let him take his apron off - making sure that he'd take it home with him and wash and iron it before bringing it back. Then I let him sit between the twins on the couch, and we all watched TV for the rest of the evening. I think he was disappointed when his only reward from me, was a good night kiss. He was pleurably excited by my invite for him to come around and visit us the following night after dinner though, so left quite happily as far as I could tell. The three of us girls then had a good laugh about what an obedient little creature he'd become.

As we talked, I found that I had become a little titillated by the evening, so invited the girls to my bed. Aimee turned down the invitation saying she was feeling sleepy, but Annie came with me and we spent a very nice half hour before falling asleep in each other's arms.

Starting the following evening Rayburn effectively became our maid. I knew that I could have dressed him easily. Came very close to buying a couple of silky French outfits for him - but didn't, in spite of the twins laughing complaints that they wanted to play games like that

with him. I didn't though. Gauzy aprons were as far as I'd go. No curtsying, no feminine behavior - just obedience.

In that respect, he was a GREAT maid. Cleaned our apartment, did the washing, the ironing - our undies, *everything**. He washed floors, did dishes, dusted, and vacuumed. We kept the little fellow busy! Sometimes, if our place was a real mess, we'd leave him cleaning it - then go and mess up *his* place for an hour or two. But he didn't seem to mind.

By this time, of course, I'd explained to him that I was 'saving myself for marriage'. I blushed prettily when I admitted how much I wanted to be with him 'totally' - but allowed as how I satisfied my sexual wants by laying my hands on him. He accepted this explanation, saying how he completely understood my position. This gentlemanly understanding, I told him, so delighted me that I gave him one of the longest-lasting, rapturous milkings that he ever got!

Marriage was not even discussed - at least not by him and myself. He was surprised to discover that we were getting married, but happy about it I guess. His father was dead, but his mother and two older sisters were also VERY happy when they found out.

It turned out that, by his father's will, Rayburn took complete control over the family finances when he turned twenty years old. He had immediately won the enmity of his mother Bette, and two elder sisters Corinne and Donna, by drastically cutting their monthly allowance and, naturally, raising his own. I was a little dubious at first, thinking that their ill-disguised dislike of him was just a ploy to draw me out, but gradually came to trust them.

When I showed them the pre-nuptial agreement that I'd made up, giving ME the power to handle the finances, I also promised to give them a note in writing that I would put their old allowances back into being - and give them sensible cost of living raises each year.

They raised their eyebrows at the statement that Rayburn could only divorce me on the grounds of me performing adultery with another male. If that transpired, I would have no claim on his estate whatsoever. I could, however, divorce him for all sorts of things -and, if I ever did? I would receive an immediate lump sum payment of five million dollars. (This was only a drop in the bucket to that family, and I think it had the

effect of lowering me in my in-laws eyes - but as I had no intention of ever divorcing him, it was totally immaterial).

During the next few months, I started letting him recover some of his ego - and boy did he require some serious stroking - and I'm not talking about the sexual kind either! I'd praise up his macho behavior and act all concerned.

"Darling? This is important," I said once "You're not some kind of sissy, are you? I mean it's perfectly okay if you are, but I keep dreaming about our wedding night, and." Looking at the ground shyly"... fantasizing about all the things you're going to do to me." (I usually batted my eyelashes in a most becoming manner when I said things like this).

I asked this question of him a number of times, until he started getting aggravated, always assuring me that he wasn't a sissy -and would make our wedding night a memorable occasion! I had something identical in mind myself - but not quite in the fashion he intended, I think.

I also showed myself to be insanely jealous of any woman he even looked at, promising evil things if I ever discovered he'd been with another girl. I really harped and harped on about this. Scared the poor boy sometimes, I thought.

The wedding was held at his house immediately after graduation and, though small, was a lovely affair. I had the twins as bridesmaids, and he had a friend -I forget his name - act as best man. Mama was there as was his mother and sisters. Naturally, there were college friends, even a few faculty, but it was very private. The clergyman married us without a hitch, and then we all trooped into the dining room for the meal. As we were scheduled to catch our plane for the honeymoon immediately following the dinner, Rayburn went to change into his 'going away' suit. Once he returned I went and did the same.

Now was the time. As I left the table, I gave Aimee and Annie the secret signal. They smiled and nodded. By the time I got back, Rayburn was looking a little pale, but both the twins beamed happily at me.

They had been dying to lay hands on him from the very first, but

I'd refused to let them do anything at all. Now I had just turned them loose, to follow a little plan I'd made earlier. Both of them had asked Rayburn quietly and deferentially if he could have a private word with him? Naturally, everyone thought that they were going to impart some information about me. He must have thought the same, because he smiled and followed them to a small room off the main hall. I heard later what happened.

He was somewhat surprised to see Aimee lock the door, but smiled at them. "Wasn't that a nice ceremony girls? You both look lovely. Thanks to both of you for being such good friends of Amanda. Here! What are you *doing!*?"

He was no match for my friends. They both grabbed him and started telling him how they'd wanted and desired him while he was courting me, but this being their very last chance? As one was saying this, the other was pulling his pants down about his ankles, then both started caressing his erection through his Jockey shorts.

He pleaded weakly with them to stop - and they did - but not before his shorts were soaked with his ejaculation.

"Oh goodness!" Aimee said. "Look what you've done! You'll have to go and change!"

"He doesn't have time silly!" Annie laughed. "He'll just have to leave the way he is!"

"Silly yourself!" Aimee retorted. "He'll show for sure. Wearing fawn pants? Never hide a thing. They'll be all stained the minute he pulls them back up."

Rayburn was humiliated. Two girls had used him like a toy for their own amusement. He didn't know where to look. "I'll just take them off," he said. "Go without them for the rest of the day." With that, he started taking off his shoes.

After he had removed his pants, he took his undershorts off. Using the dry portion that was left, he dried himself off as well as he could. Was just about to put his pants back on, when Aimee said. "That's silly Rayburn! You have a long flight to take, then a drive to your hotel. You'll be most uncomfortable. Here!"

With that, she reached up under her dress and pulled her panties down. Stepped out of them and handed them to him. "Put these on. It'll save you a LOT of discomfort. Trust me, I know." He laughed nervously. "I'm not putting on these things. They're women's!"

"Don't be so damn silly!" Annie snapped. "Who's going to notice? GET THEM ON!"

By this time, my new husband had learned to do what a woman told him. Blushing furiously he put her panties on (Well, I say 'her' panties - but actually they were a pair that I'd bought just for him) then quickly got the rest of his clothes back on and followed the girls back to the dining room- a short moment before I arrived back from changing into my traveling attire.

I'm sure that Rayburn had every intention of effecting a change to his undies as quickly as he could - but I was just as intent on making sure that he couldn't. After some final remarks to the guests, I literally pulled him away and into the limo that was taking us to the airport. Under my express instructions, the driver got us there in just enough time to check in and get onto the plane. Naturally, we were flying first class.

I asked the female flight attendant for a blanket, saying I was feeling a little chilly. She brought one that was large enough for to be spread over our knees. After she had brought us drinks, he made the first toast. "To a long and happy marriage" he said, raising his glass.

"I'll second that!" I said, and we clinked the glasses together, then sipped from them.

"I'd like to make a toast too, darling, "I cooed. "May I?"

He smiled at me. "Of course, my darling wife."

"May we have the sex orgy of all time tonight, darling! I hope you have plans to ravish me!" I added quietly. "I've waited for SO long!"

He smiled happily, though I'm sure there was some nervousness there. But he clinked glasses with me again. "I'll drink to that" he said, and drank some more.

I placed my glass in the container ring, then slipped my hands under the cover of the blanket. "It's been so long darling" I whispered. "Just let me make sure that your giant thing is still there." Before he

knew what was happening, I had unzipped his pants and my hand had found his panties. "Mmmm" I hummed. "You feel so nice and smooth. That's.." I paused for effect and fingered the lace trim. "What? What's this lace? Is this SATIN? Are you wearing satin panties? Surely not? It certainly *feels* like you are!"

The poor dear squirmed under my hand, blushing furiously. "I can explain Amanda. Honest!"

"That's all right dear." I crooned before he could say any more. "I understand. You wanted to get married wearing panties. It's ALL right! If you had just *told* me, I could have loaned you nylon stockings and a camisole. You'd have felt much nicer!"

I was being so sweetly reasonable, that his mind had to be racing. What furies would he unleash if he admitted that he'd let one of my best friends milk him? As it was, he was embarrassed, sure. But what would happen if he opened his mouth and spoke the truth, remembering all the threats I'd made about what I'd do if I heard of him with another woman?

He opted instead to open his mouth and tell a lie, thereby letting himself in for more than he'd ever bargained for.

"I don't know what got into me darling. Just a crazy impulse.

I'm sorry." he said sheepishly.

"No need to be sorry darling," I cooed. "Mummy understands."