

## Four Corners

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Amity Harris

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Allen's voice betrayed his apprehension. It wasn't what he said; rather, it was how he said it. His voice was choked with passion and his words didn't flow smoothly. Of course, the gag he wore didn't make it any easier.

It's one thing to say that you want to be my slut. It's quite another when that prospect is thrust upon you. Allen was getting an up front and personal lesson in the difference between wanting and having.

Those little hints he dropped, probably subconsciously, during all those phone and text chats we had over all those previous months didn't elude me. Instead, I noted them mentally and promised him that he'd meet every one of them one day. Today was going to be that day.

He knelt fairly quietly, albeit with visually discernible discomfort, on the steel gray carpet in the suite's sitting room. Pretty in red, his freshly waxed legs fit delightfully into Cuban-heeled stockings, which, in turn, were almost delicately ensconced in strappy red sandals. Moving up, the stocking tops were hooked carefully into a red lace garter belt and the lower half of his outfit was topped off with a lovely pair of red silk bikini panties whose thong back split his cheeks tightly. He had promised me a cute ass and he hadn't lied.

The little red pushup bra circled his now-smooth chest and his makeup was artfully done.

As Allen knelt uncomfortably and shivered with apprehension and anticipation, I directed the last of my instructions to him.

"So you want to be my slut?" I asked rhetorically and he nodded emphatically in a wordless response. Smiling at his kneeling form, I dug a little deeper. "Can you be my whore?"

Again, his head bobbed up and down with determination mired in a discernible bit of anxiety, which I'm sure he deserved. His voice was a mixture of whimpering and groaning; in fact, it was rather guttural and deliciously hoarse. The sound of that agonized voice told me that it was time to begin. Allen had no earthly idea what was on my agenda or in my spreadsheet. It was time to share some of the evening's activities with him.

"From now on, you're my girl, Randi," I whispered into his ear and felt the heat from his skin touch my lips. "My whore." I paused and added, "My slut."

His head nodded with ecstatic ardor and I'm quite sure that his quivering back and shoulders evidenced the deep headspace he had found. I like my boys in that special place and that tension is good for my game.

Flipping open my cell phone, I made a quick call. "This would be a great time to join us," I laughed into the little device. "Randi is ready and she is the prettiest little red slut you've ever seen!"

Clicking the phone closed, I watched the kneeling slut's eyes dart toward mine and it wasn't difficult to determine that his look bespoke the myriad of questions that were suddenly overtaking him. This was the first he discovered that others would be joining us. After all, he had dropped enough hints, but reality can land rather heavily on a kneeling, fettered, lingerie-clad slut.

But shackled as his wrists and ankles were, even if he wanted to bolt, he wasn't going anywhere. I like my submissives under my control, especially if I believe they may lose some of their own ability to regulate themselves. After all, Randi was now in very new territory.

Mine.

A few "mmmphs" and a single resonant groan escaped from the sides of his gag but that was all I cared to listen to at the moment. Before the others arrived, I wanted great music in the background and a few glasses of sparkling cider ready. Busying myself with those hospitality chores, I chose to ignore Randi's plaintive whimpers for the moment. I had plans.

In just a few minutes, the sitting room was ready. Not only did the sensual strains of Enya grace the background, but also Randi's eagerness pervaded the air with what had to be gallons of pheromones of excitement, angst, and above all, agitated dread. I could feel my own emotions soar as I surveyed the scene as the juxtaposition of our conflicting emotions decorated the landscape. Whatever reverie I had permitted myself was interrupted by a firm knock on the door.

"Now, who could that be?" I asked in a singsong voice that dripped of sarcasm. With an eye on Randi's panic-stricken glare, I walked slowly toward the door and opened it as far as the chain would allow. His eyes were delightfully terrified and his ears were as red as his panties.

"Why, look, Randi," I exclaimed more for his benefit than mine, "Look who's here to visit with us!"

In a single motion, I slipped the chain out of the hasp and flung the door open to admit a bevy of friends, some of whom I hadn't yet met in person, but were close with online. It was fun trying to guess whose face belonged to which nick and we hugged and screamed and greeted each other like long-lost friends. In short order, we were sipping cider and munching cheese and gossiping about everyone we knew. Our giggling was interspersed with more cider and before long I felt like I had known these women all my life.

After what had to have been 20 minutes, one of them asked, "Is that Randi over there in the next room?"

All heads turned toward the archway in which he was kneeling silently and trembling slightly.

"Oh, he's pretty," someone commented.

"Is he a real redhead?" yet another asked to a torrent of giggles and calls for proof beyond a reasonable doubt. Out of the corner of my eye, I could see Randi's eyes close tightly when that question finally punctured his brain.

"What's behind those pretty red panties?" another queried. "How big is he?" yet another demanded. "Is he any good?" still another wanted to know.

"Can I have him?" a voice from the end of the circle half-asked and half-demanded.

By this point, I wasn't sure if Randi wanted us to return to ignoring her, as we had done earlier, or if she preferred to be the focal point of our preoccupation. That's the thing with subs; you give them what they ask for and sometimes they find out that it's not exactly - or more than exactly - what they wanted. Randi, however, was choiceless. She wasn't going anywhere.

"Shall we have a closer look at the merchandise?" I offered my guests. I enjoy being the hostess and having new toys to show my girlfriends.

The group rose and I watched their high heels saunter across the carpet to where Randi still knelt unsteadily in the archway between the two rooms. In a moment, her kneeling form was completely surrounded by a gaggle of giggling girls who sported some of the finest leather wardrobe available. San Francisco has a lot to recommend it, and the stores are simply to die for.

I saw that I was now not the only one in the group wearing black leather boots. And I knew what that realization would do to Randi.

His cock, already straining at the red silk that housed it, seemed ready to leap from the tiny panties that separated it from the long fingernails of every single woman that seemed to be reaching for him simultaneously. Randi was a slut and his body betrayed him.

So did his eyes. Filled with alarm that bordered on panic, Randi seemed to want to bolt, but I knew what he really needed. First things must always be first.

"Stand up, dear," I urged and watched him struggle against his 30 minutes of kneeling that was compounded by a bad knee from an old soccer mishap. It's always amusing to watch a sub do what you know he can't perform and then, after he tries so hard, to then make it just a little bit easier for him and watch the gratitude well up throughout his body. After Randi tried valiantly to rise, I walked a little closer toward him.

"Perhaps it would be easier if your wrists weren't locked to your ankles," I stated matter-of-factly and allowed the girls to break into gales of laughter. By now, Randi's face was as beet red as his ears and I knew that before long, his ass would match that hue. Unlocking his extremities, I helped him stand up and face the women who would become the stuff of his evening and his memories.

Obviously, he was stiff from kneeling so long so I let him walk in a small circle to find his sea legs. Watching him step with trepidation in those absurdly high sandals was simply enjoyable. The girls tittered in amusement as he plodded around the tiny spot I designated as his exercise area. The women's comments bespoke their enjoyment.

"Oh, can't he move any faster than that?" one asked.

"I'd rather see him strut," another offered, "you know, like a whore on the prowl."

"Hey, is he going to be our slut tonight?" yet another wanted to know with a voice dripping with expectation.

Randi's eyes darted toward me as if for assurance, yet my face offered no consolation. After all, these were my friends and as the hostess, I was obliged to share.

"He's ours for the evening," I replied and added for effect, "and his ass is virgin."

I thought the girls were going to swoon as one. Virgins are very special and we all enjoy having them, but a group deflowering was too tantalizing for them not to react affirmatively. Each girl broke into a huge smile and eyed Randi's naked backside adorningly. No matter which way he turned, a woman's eyes gauged his ass and fantasized as to how she might take the wonderful cherry he offered. As he struggled in those high heels, his ass jiggled delightfully and the girls' excitement grew with each precarious step he took.

"Oh my," one whispered with emotion that lingered in her voice, "isn't he pretty?"

"I want him," another cooed with deep-seated desire.

"First things first," I took control of the situation because it is, after all, my style. "Why don't you sit over there," I pointed to one woman who wore a rather short leather skirt and then to a nearby swivel rocker. "Who brought a strap-on?" I asked pointedly to the remainder of the group.

Five hands went up almost simultaneously and I smiled broadly. These were Dommies; I should have known better.

We started chattering about strap-ons and dildos and harnesses and which was better for what body type and who made reliable ones and they all ooh'ed and aah'ed over my custom made set and before long, we had totally ignored Randi and his prancing about on those red heels. Figuring he needed the practice to get the walk just right, I left him to his own devices for a few minutes. After all, where was he going to go dressed like that?

After agreeing that a dildo that can go into the dishwasher may just be the best choice, we turned our attention again to Randi. By this time, he was walking almost dejectedly in a tight circle and whether he knew it or not, his gait was much improved. Practice does make perfect. And he needed some very pointed attention.

Pointing at the seated Domme, I slapped Randi's cute ass and pushed him toward her chair. When he sashayed into position, I removed his gag as I pressed his shoulders and watched him sink rather gracefully to his knees, albeit with a little kerplonk when he landed. Once I was sure he was settled, I pressed the back of his head down and wondered how long it would take him to get the idea.

The other women seemed to understand a good deal sooner than did Randi, but as I kept the pressure on his red hair, the little light bulb inside his brain must have brightened. He looked up at me, as if for reassurance, but I was busy talking with my friends and didn't offer any to him. Of course, I was perfectly aware of his dilemma and his confusion but chose to ignore his unspoken question. It's good for a sub to come to know by himself and without specific Domme directives.

The girls and I chatted while I continued to push Randi's head toward her spread knees, and I stepped behind him when I figured he had enough time to figure out what I wanted. Pressing my black boot into his pristine cheeks, I propelled him forward. That's when his personal light bulb finally clicked.

Every woman had her eyes peeled on Randi's crawling form but in his position, he couldn't see anything except between the legs of Domme wearing the short black leather skirt that was now a mere few inches from his face. I knew he could smell the skirt's leather as well as her boots fine sheen and I understood just how badly he wanted to be pushed a few millimeters forward.

So I obliged.

My swift boot into his ass forced him the short distance that separated his pouting red lips from the seated woman's thighs and as my boot squashed harder against his backside, his face wedged deeper toward her. By now, all we could see of him was from his shoulders down. And what we could see was lunging forward, eager both to please the woman at his lips and also to please me by performing well for my friends.

Judging from her reactions, he seemed to know his way around that special area so the rest of us busied ourselves with plans that would make his virgin ass, well, ours. Randi was a special sort of submissive and his ass deserved a special sort of deflowering. This was, without a doubt, the group to do just that.

"Who would like the honors?" I invited the group to evaluate the medium sized dildo I held in my hand. It wasn't like I was going to allow them to use a huge rubber plug in his virgin ass. After all, I don't like damaged merchandise, and besides, after they left, Randi would be all mine. They could use him, but he always knew where he was going when he was done.

A chorus of "Me! Me!" echoed throughout the suite and I had no idea how to choose which of them would be given the initial honors. Dommess know that taking a virgin ass is special and you really can't just pound away on a spanking-new backside without risking damage and you never, ever damage someone else's merchandise. There's both responsibility and enjoying in taking a virgin's ass and because Randi was so special to me, it made the job even more daunting for the selected friend.

Actually, the most fun isn't really being first. I've learned that after the initial intrusion is completed, then the fun begins because by then, the boy is over his initial panic and shock and is totally immersed in his sensual reaction to the adventure.

And I knew that when they were done, Randi's ass would again be all mine.

Selecting one Domme with little more of a criterion than liking the quality of her harness, I slipped on a glove and did the honors of the initial lubrication of Randi's pretty pucker. With his head deeply immersed under a leather skirt, I would have to judge his reactions mostly from the quavering that his ass would soon perform. A good Domme can tell even without hearing his voice when a sub is enjoying it and wants more as well as the other extreme of when he is in real or imagined distress. After all, a Domme's most important trait is empathy.

Dipping one well-lubricated finger into Randi's tight hole, I knew he was in danger of being emotionally overwhelmed with the reality of receiving what I had promised him for so long. I also knew how much he wanted it. Every reaction his body made was carefully observed.

I rolled my finger in small circles, pressing in a tiny bit more with each revolution. In a few minutes, his ass became merely an extension of my finger and his hips, even though

I'm sure he didn't know it, were gyrating in rhythm to my touch. As I moved my finger in, he pressed forward. When I pulled it out, he reached back toward me for more and grunted.

He would make a fine slut! His body reacted and I was certain that his brain didn't even realize it. Yet.

Two of my fingers now pressed into him and I could hear a brutal grunt escape his lips. From the Domme's reaction, I believe that she enjoyed the vibration his lips forced against her sweetest spot. Always the hostess, I prepared to offer her yet one more delight.

Three well-lubed fingers slipped into his juicy hole and twirled in tempo to Enya's voice on the CD player. In and out, up and down, apart and together, my fingers investigated every corner inside Randi and sought to lubricate every millimeter of that special region. As my hand danced, Randi's voice rumbled with a combination of delight and excitement while mired in abject humiliation of being explored and exposed in this manner to so many eagerly watching women. My thighs began to ache from the excitement that was climbing up my legs. The Domme enjoying Randi's lips began to moan in bliss.

"My turn," a voice resonated in my ears and I knew that it was time to extract my fingers and offer her access to the slut's ready ass. The only consolation I had for myself was that I knew, when they left, Randi's sweet ass would again be mine.

As I removed my fingers and held Randi's hips steady as they lunged once again for my missing hand, we switched places artfully. Leaving my palm on his asscheek as if to steady either him or me, she stepped into place and pressed the tip of the medium-sized dildo against his ass as Randi, probably expecting my fingers, pushed his entire being into it.

Whether or not he realized that the intruder was no longer my hand didn't matter. He wanted it, whatever it was. His hips grabbed for the dildo. He was a fine slut and was making me very proud of him.

She wasted very little time.

In a few short moments, she was pounding the plug into him and his body was fully involved in diving for it over and over. Grabbing his hips with both hands, she pulled him toward her and pushed him away as she hammered the cock into his accepting ass. I could barely imagine what was going on with his lips under the leather skirt, but judging from the seated woman's reaction, she was also quite satisfied with Randi's performance. Her voice uttered a single loud, "Yes!" and then deteriorated into a cacophony of pleasure.

"My turn! My turn!" a voice demanded and as the women switched places, I petted Randi's hip with my hand, as if to reassure him that I was there, and in total control of his experience.

The new dildo she brought was purple, slightly larger and gel filled. As she sank it into him, a formidable growl emerged from under the leather skirt and the Domme in the chair reacted with a full body orgasm that satisfied me because it meant that my boy was pleasing her artfully. Randi's ass was a willing recipient to the trespasser that he seemed to welcome as evidenced by his intense humping against the new cock. I reached between his legs and felt what I knew would be there.

I like my boys to be hard. And Randi was bursting.

One after another, the remaining girls took a piece of his ass and for his part, Randi seemed to enjoy both the attention as well as his oral duties. The women were delighted with their afternoon and I felt like the Martha Graham of kink. Soon everyone, especially Randi, was simply exhausted and ecstatically happy.

The girls retired to the sitting room to dress, clean and pack up their toys and I had to surmise from their knowing smiles that they realized as well as I did, that I wanted Randi for myself for a while. We agreed to meet for dinner later that weekend and in short order I was alone with Randi who was curled up on the gray carpet under a blanket I placed on top of him. Even in his utter fatigue, his lips smiled. After all, he had just received what I had promised him and what he had yearned for so long.

He was wrong. I had more plans.

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When they left with hugs and kisses all around and the door was double locked, I turned to my recovering submissive.

"Get on the bed," I directed without any buildup because by now I was in quite a state myself. I knew that even though Randi had one unfinished need, I had several of my own and he would simply have to satisfy mine before I would grant him what he so desperately craved.

He crawled toward the bedroom and I trembled with delight at the depth of his passion. If a sub can offer nothing else but passion, it's enough for me.

I turned him on his back and attached his wrist and ankle cuffs securely to the rope I had laid out prior to the entire evening's escapade. Within seconds, he was bound tightly to the four corners of the bed and I was glad that I had specified a four-poster bed in my instructions to him. His eyes were clear but full of questions and his legs twitched almost imperceptibly in his bonds. Almost.

"You're a slut," I reminded him and added, "my slut. My whore. Don't forget that."

He shook his head vehemently up and down in agreement and it was apparent that his voice had failed him. Without the comfort of his familiar words, Randi was truly absolutely helpless. His cock strained mercilessly behind the thin red silk that hid it from my view.

When I took out the knife, I thought he was going to cry out in fear, but his voice simply would not oblige.

As the sharp blade artfully freed him from the red silk thong, I watched his cock fill to overflowing and I could see his contorted face trying in vain to cope with the extreme fear and joy that ran throughout his shuddering body. His hands began to twitch a bit and his shoulders shuddered in cadence to my fingers that were exploring his hot, smooth skin. I wanted to own every inch of him and investigated him as if he were a toy with which I could now have all to myself after having to share it with friends.

His smooth chest invited my touch and I pulled his nipples from behind the red bra. Pinching and twisting, I felt the energy of his agony flow into me. Securing them in clover clips them and then pulling the chain as they tightened against his nipples, I drank in the power that his suffering offered. As his lips twisted and his eyes closed in aching, I sucked the energy that he could still manage from him.

His soul was next.

One after another, I tortured his willing body with a level of torment that began cautiously and became gradually more intense as his strength flowed into me. My toys, so carefully selected, each saw perfect action.

The metal teeth of the wheel were drawn up the soles of his feet and between his toes before climbing up his shins and stopping mere millimeters from his clean-shaven balls. As his body slammed against the bed in apprehension of those teeth on his testicles, I paused for the longest moment before I moved the evil wheel down the second leg and ended on the sole of his other foot. His eyes closed when I put down that toy but sprang open when he felt the next. The intensity of the stimulation was overpowering him and I was dripping wet with excitement.

My Kentucky-made crop persecuted the stinging skin around his nipples and when I removed the clips and tortured their extraordinary soreness some more, his lips spat out indecipherable sounds that filled me with what had to be the last remnants of his strength.

A piece of me spun totally out of control. And then I looked at his eyes and saw a single tear. And with that, I was undone.

He had suffered for me gallantly and with a sense of class that was indescribable. No submissive has ever given me a greater gift.

It was now his turn.

I rubbed every inch of his skin with warm oil and massaged his aching muscles intensely. Only I knew what was coming next, and I needed him to be as relaxed as the tight bonds and his sensual state would grant. To finish off the massage, I plugged in my special vibrator and allowed the whirring sound to penetrate his ears.

Every section of his body enjoyed the vibrator's strong touch. His neck and shoulders, chest and stomach, hips and legs, and finally the tops and bottom of his feet were greeted by the machine's eager ministrations. I could tell from his soft eyes and occasional warm moan that Randi had evolved back into Allen and he was ready. And so was I.

There was a reason I used the jasmine oil.

Turning off the vibrator, I lowered my lips to Allen's neck and kissed it softly before pressing my tongue onto his torrid skin. Tasting every inch of him, I moved down to his chest and sucked his nipples, one after the other. Grazing down, I used my lips and tongue against his stomach and hips, and circled his legs with warm wet lips. After reaching his toes, I tasted each one and watched with delight as he strained in ecstasy against the bonds. As I sucked each toe, I watched his head beat against the bed in uncontrollable and rising excitement. Then I traveled up his legs and stopped briefly before sucking each smooth testicle into my mouth and tasted them with my own increasing passion.

And then I stopped.

Allen's body began to tremble with the overpowering sensation that coursed through him. I had taken him so close to his personal precipice, but refused at that moment to take him over the edge. His head flailed from side to side as if to urge me to continue, but it wasn't enough.

I wanted more. I craved it all. I demanded his soul.

And I had one more promise that I had made to him that I intended to fulfill.

Flicking my tongue against his vertical and oozing cock, I watched eagerly as he thrashed against the bed. After waiting several agonizing seconds, I did it again. By now, his entire being was whipping against the bonds and struggling in its silent scream.

It still wasn't enough for me.

I turned on the vibrator again and touched it to the oozing tip of his cock. With that single touch, Allen released a primal sound that reached into my core. He gave me the ultimate gift: a full-throated scream of desperate want and frantic need that began in his gut and exited his lips without being edited by his brain.

I had promised to make him scream and now he had done just that. His soul - that piece of it that was mine for this moment - was now in my hands.

Allowing the vibrator to dance along his cock, I watched the spasms overwhelm him and listened as he shrieked every time I allowed it to tap his organ. When I pressed it into him, his exhausted voice found enough power to emit yet another shout of excitement. When I removed it, he moaned for it again and when I reapplied it, he screeched with pure delight and pain of need.

As I moved it on and off his now-massive organ, his entire body quivered and trembled to the physical stimulation with which I tortured him. His screams drowned out the soft music and his shuddering tore at the ropes that bound him to the four corners of the bed.

I watched it all and smiled.

The vibrator danced on and off his aching organ until I sensed the change in his breathing and knew his time was at hand - my hand.

Kissing his cheek, I pressed my palms around his cock and massaged it firmly until he exploded with an almost inhuman cry of pleasure and pain that forced my own impending flood toward my thighs and beyond. When he burst into my hands, I felt my own gust of energy pour out and I allowed it to overtake me as I held onto his pulsating cock, even as he thrashed about within the tiny confines the bonds allowed.

Time stood still for those magical moments and we took that giant leap on our journey together.

It was a few minutes later that his soft whimpers broke the magical spell and propelled us both back into reality. I covered him with a blanket and held his hand as he fell into well-deserved sleep. Wandering back into the sitting room, I sipped cider and allowed my thoughts to explore the time we had just shared.

Damn, I was hungry, I thought as I flipped through the room service menu and wondered if they allowed you to eat rare steak in California without calling out the nutrition police.

Other stories by Amity Harris can be found at <http://www.amityworld.com>