



The Making of a Dom

THE NEARLY FORBIDDEN SERIES

BOOK TWO

Gemma Stone

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The Making of a Dom:
Nearly Forbidden Series, Book Two
by Gemma Stone

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Chapter One

Youthful Beginnings

Peter Porter became involved in BDSM in a serious way in college, but the seeds were sown much earlier.

Peter reached sexual maturity early, having his first erection at ten years old, well ahead of his friends. This blossoming gave him confidence, a kind of swagger, and he began to dominate his best friends, Terry and Bruce. It wasn't sexual, but he was the leader of their pack, as it were.

All this changed when all three of them turned sixteen, the age of consent in the state. Peter decided to veer the situation in an explicitly sexual direction. Bruce had told him that Terry had accidentally seen his parents having sex at a young age. He had, however, misunderstood what he witnessed. Apparently, Terry's father was taking his mother from behind. The boy described it as his father putting his penis between his mother's butt cheeks and pissing.

One Saturday not long after they turned sixteen, Peter's parents were playing golf, leaving him home alone. He called Bruce and invited him over. Peter asked him if he ever jacked off.

"Sure," his friend replied. "Who doesn't?"

After a little while, Peter said he had to go to the bathroom. He went to his bedroom and stripped, putting on his bathrobe. "Hey, Bruce, come in here. I want to show you something." As soon as his friend entered, Peter took off his robe and tossed it aside. He was erect.

Bruce had never seen a naked guy with an erection. Peter saw he looked nervous. "It's OK," he said. "We're both guys." He laid down on his bed on his back, his hard-on flat against his stomach.

"Touch it," Peter ordered. Bruce took his index finger and poked it. "No, not like that." Peter took his friend's hand and laid it flat on his rod. "Rub it up and down. I know how it

feels when I jack off. I want to feel when someone else does it."

Bruce did as he was told. "You can't tell anyone about this, or I'll tell everyone you jacked me off," Peter said, his voice firm. It was a hollow threat, though Bruce didn't catch on to the fact. Peter didn't want anyone to know any more than Bruce did. Bruce pulled his hand off. Peter took it and replaced it where it had been. "No, you're my bitch now. Unless you finish your job, I'll tell them anyway." Bruce continued his motion. "Press harder and rub faster," Peter ordered. Bruce quickened his action. "Mmmm, that feels good. It feels better than when I do it myself. Keep going—harder." Soon, the power he was exercising over Bruce and the manual stimulation caused him to ejaculate, shooting over his belly and chest.

"When you jerk off, do you ever eat your own spunk?" he asked.

"Never," Bruce replied.

Peter scooped up a drop and said, "Here, taste it. It's good. I eat it all the time."

Bruce licked the drop off his friend's finger. "That *is* good! It's salty. Can I have another taste?"

"I want you to have it all. Lick it off me," Peter ordered. Bruce obeyed and vacuumed Peter's stomach and torso. When he finished, Peter stood and dressed.

A week later, Peter ordered Bruce over for a reprise performance. After they finished, his friend offered, "Oh, Terry and I did what we've done when his parents were not at home."

Peter listened and got an idea, only part of which he shared with Bruce. "My parents are playing golf again tomorrow. Come here at eleven, and you and I can do more."

"OK," said Bruce. "It's fun."

After Bruce left, Peter called Terry. "Don't talk. Just listen," he said. "Bruce told me about the nasty stuff you

two did. Come to my house tomorrow at eleven o'clock. I want to do it, too. Do you understand?"

"Yes," Terry said.

"And do you agree?"

"Yes," he repeated.

"Then I will see you tomorrow at eleven. Do not be late." Without waiting for an answer, Peter hung up the telephone.

Sunday morning, the doorbell rang at 10:55. Peter found both Bruce and Terry on the front porch. They had come at the same time and were a little confused because he had not told either of them that the other would be there. Peter opened the door, wearing only his bathrobe. He told them to go to his bedroom. Once the three of them were there, Peter dropped his robe, revealing his erection. "Strip," he commanded. The two boys quickly undressed. Terry could not take his eyes off Peter's hard dick. "This is going to be more fun than when you stick your cocks in each other's butt cracks because, Terry, as you can see, I'm bigger than either of you," he said looking at their average-size hard-ons. "Both of you lie face-down on the bed." The pair climbed on his double bed next to each other. "Spread your legs. I'm going to see which one I like better." Starting with Bruce, Peter placed his hard-on between his nates and engaged in frottage, though he didn't know that was what he was doing. After a few strokes, he moved over to Terry.

Terry was a stocky boy. His fleshier ass felt better to Peter. "I like this better," he proclaimed. The friction quickly made him climax, spraying Terry's lower back. Standing, he said, "Bruce, I know how much you like semen. You know what to do. Terry, don't move." Bruce, eager to taste the ejaculate again, kissed and licked it off the boy's back. "It feels really good when I shoot. Did you like feeling my hard dick there?" His friends agreed that it was pleasurable. "Good," he said. "I want to make this a regular thing. My parents play golf every Saturday at least. Come at the same

time next Saturday. Next time, Terry, I'll let you have a taste. Bruce will tell you it's good."

The following Saturday, the trio repeated their actions. They continued on a regular basis. About a month later, Peter decided to up the ante. He instructed them, as usual, to come on Saturday morning. Instead of greeting them in his bathrobe, he opened the door completely naked. The friends were amazed at how brazen he was, not to even try to conceal himself.

Instead of telling them to go to his bedroom, Peter told them to strip in front of him in the living room. Once they had complied, he said, "I've been looking on the internet—my parents don't enough to block my access. I've seen some cool stuff. Get on your knees." The pair both got down on their hands and knees. "No!" he said harshly. "Just on your knees. Sit up!" Peter stood first in front of one and then the other, ordering them to fellate him. The youths complied without hesitation. After a few minutes, he announced, "I'm coming," as he shot into Terry's mouth. Sometimes, he ordered them to perform the act on each other while he watched.

The confidence Peter gained from his control over Bruce and Terry gave him the ability his junior year of high school to ask the prettiest girl in his class out. Jenny said yes, even though he was not a football player or any kind of athlete, the kind of boys that normally ruled the school. On their first date, Peter did not go any further than kissing her, though he did French her. On their second, he parked outside of town on a country road. He kissed her. Then without warning, he undid his pants and slid his pants and briefs down. "Have you ever sucked a cock," he asked.

Jenny had never heard the word "cock" before, but she sensed his meaning. She shook her head. "I need you to say it out loud," he directed. "Say, 'I've never sucked a cock before, Sir.'" Jenny complied. "There's a first time for everything. This is your time. Put your mouth on me and

blow me.” As she bent down and took him in her mouth, he said, “That feels good. I think it’s the best head I’ve ever had,” pretending this wasn’t the first time he had experienced this pleasure from a girl.

She liked the praise. She liked pleasing him. “When I come in your mouth, I want you to be a good girl and swallow. You’ll like it. It tastes good—or so girls tell me,” again lying to his date.

When he shot into Jenny’s mouth, she did as directed and swallowed. “Did I do it right?” she asked.

“You did it just right,” he said, compounding his deception. “My parents are out of town this weekend. Can you come over on Saturday?”

“Will you make me suck you again?” There was something about the way Jenny said “make me” that excited Peter, even though everything had been consensual.

“If you come, I’ll require much more than that,” Peter said. “Come at noon. If you do come over, it means you have agreed to do whatever I want you to do.”

Jenny arrived at the time Peter specified. It was very specific. Peter answered the door, as had become his custom, dressed only in his robe. She could see his erection causing it to tent out. He kissed her and stepped back. “Strip for me,” he ordered, his voice stern.

“Just like that?” she asked.

“Yes,” he replied. “I told you not to come here if you were not prepared to obey me. Strip to the skin—now!”

Peter’s tone scared Jenny but also charged her. She unbuttoned her blouse, “Faster!” Peter ordered. “Do I have to rip your clothes off?”

“No, Sir,” Jenny replied, quickening her pace. When she stood fully exposed before him, she asked, “Do I please you, Sir?”

“Jenny, you’re the most beautiful girl in the school,” Peter said, caressing her breasts. “Sure you please me. Seeing you naked pleases me even more.” He slid his right hand

down between her legs. "I know I'm the first guy you gave a blowjob to. Are you a virgin, too?"

"Yes, Sir."

"I like popping cherries," Peter said, continuing the pretense that he was experienced with women.

Jenny laughed and relaxed. "If you're talking about my hymen, I ride horses. It ruptured a long time ago."

"Good," he said. "It will just makes it easier for me. I like it when you call me 'Sir.' You are being very obedient. I require my partners to be submissive. I want to make you my slave. Do you want to be my sex slave? You will have to do anything I say."

"If that would please you," Jenny said. "I just want to please someone like you, who has so much experience."

"Good girl," Peter said. "From now on, you will call me 'Master,' when we are in private."

Jenny had never been with a boy who was so demanding. It thrilled her. "Yes, Master."

Peter opened his robe and dropped it. He was naked. Jenny had never seen a naked man before. "Get on your knees, slave. I'll show you the proper way to give a man head."

Jenny knelt before him. She was face-to-face with his erection. "You're so huge, Master. I don't know if I can take it in my vagina."

"You will, slave. And I'll make you do a lot more than that, too. Will you do anything I demand? You have to be sure."

"Yes, Master."

"Suck my dick, slave. This is the proper position for a slave in front of her Master."

Jenny took Peter's rigid member in her mouth. Peter grabbed her head between his hands and forced her down on him. She gagged. He pushed her away. "That will never do, slave. You have to be able to swallow all of me. Shall we try it again?"

“Yes, Master. I’m sorry. I’ll do better. I promise.”

Peter did not answer her. He just shoved his erection back in her mouth. “This is called deep throat. It’s the best. But I don’t want to come in your mouth today. I’m going to fuck you, and I’m going to fuck you hard.” He pushed her away again. “Do you want me to fuck you?”

“Yes, Master.”

“Then say it. Say, ‘I want you to fuck me, Master.’”

Jenny looked up at Peter. “I want you to fuck me, Master.”

Peter extended his hand to Jenny. “You are being a very good girl, slave. Stand up.” Jenny took his offered hand and got up. Peter fondled her breasts again. “I love your tits, slave. Turn around. I want to see your ass.” Jenny complied, and Peter rubbed his palms on her buttocks. He placed his erection between her nates and rubbed it, as he had with Terry and Bruce.

“That feels nasty,” Jenny said, smiling. “May I ask you a question, Master?”

“Certainly, slave,” Peter said continuing the motion that seemed to please them both.

“Just how experienced are you? Remember I’ve never done this before.”

Peter continued to dissemble, blending fact with fiction. “I got my first hard-on at ten. I started to masturbate then, and I’ve been sexually active ever since.”

Jenny giggled. “Really? Since you were ten?!”

Peter put his hands on Jenny’s shoulders and turned her to face him. He kissed her. “Is that so hard to believe, slave?”

“You’ve been having sex since you were eleven?”

“No, I only started about a year ago, when I turned sixteen. I’ll tell you all about it after I fuck you, slave,” Peter said firmly. “Do you masturbate, slave?”

“Yes, Master. Everybody does it, right?”

“And do you have orgasms?”

“Of course. What’s the point otherwise?”

"There are women who can't come when they fuck," Peter said, repeating something he had read. "I hope you aren't one of them. I don't think I could be with a woman who didn't enjoy it when I fucked her."

"Oh, please, Master," Jenny pled. "I'm sure I'll enjoy it. I want to give you pleasure."

"But you can't fake it. I hate women who fake orgasms," Peter said, continuing his bluff.

"I won't, Master. I don't want to lie to you." Peter felt bad for his fibs to her, but he reasoned they were mostly crimes of omission. He kissed her again. Then he took her hand and led her to his bedroom. "Have you ever been spanked, slave?"

"No, Master. I said I've never done this before."

"Slaves must be spanked regularly, so they learn their place," Peter said. "Most women enjoy it," again repeating something he had read.

"I understand, Master. I'll do anything to please you."

Peter sat on the edge of his bed and ordered Jenny across his knees. He gave her a good, hard spanking, alternating between her cheeks. "I love swatting asses," he said. He was being honest, though this was his first experience. He put his hand on her crotch, forcing her legs apart. "You're very wet, slave. Is this how you get when you masturbate?"

"Yes, Master."

"Show me. I love watching girls masturbate."

"But I thought you were going to fuck me."

"Obey me, slave. I want to make sure you are ready for me. You already said I'm huge."

Jenny got on Peter's bed and spread her legs, bending them at the knees and placing the soles of her feet flat on the bed. She clitted off as her boyfriend watched. "Does it feel good when you play with your cunt, slave?"

"Yes, Master, I told you that was the point."

"Don't talk back to me, slave. Are you ready for me?"