

The New Year's Switch

Novus Peregrine

Gwen tried not to squirm in anticipation as she stripped down to nothing but her chastity belt. As always, she'd done her best to look her best for their year-end special event. Her best makeup, making sure to put in the time at the gym to work off those Christmas cookies, and so on. Perhaps it was a bit silly, but she and Jennifer had slowly made a ritual out of their yearly challenge. She knew that Jen had put in just as much effort as she had...though she supposed both of them *did* have the additional incentive of distracting themselves from their chastity-belt enforced celibacy. Neither of them had been able to get any attention to their pussies since they'd locked each other up on November first...and tonight was New Year's Eve.

And all those two months of aching horniness were for was to set up the conditions for The Challenge.

The Challenge was their solution to the fact that both Gwen and her girlfriend were switches. They could have just exchanged who was in charge randomly...but both of them preferred more structure than that. *Some* spontaneity for special occasions were fine...but they wanted someone to be *in charge* at all times. Which is how they'd come up with The Challenge. On November the first of every year, they would lock each other up in chastity belts. No toys, just frustration. From November first to December thirty first, they could tease each other as much as they wanted within the limitations of their predicament...but that was it. No orgasms allowed.

Then The Challenge would take place on New Year's Eve. A bit shy of two hours before midnight, every year, one of their friends would take over and lock both Gwen and Jennifer into a set of identical pillories before removing their Chastity Belts. Fucking machines would be set up, in whatever configuration their friend decided upon that year. The only constant would be that the machines would give ample and equal attention to both Gwen and Jen's neglected honey pots. The Challenge? Whoever managed to cum the *fewest* times over two hours of constant machine-power fucking...would be in charge for the entirety of the next year. The defending 'dom' would be put at a slight disadvantage by having some minor extra accessory attached. But, other than that, all things would be as equal as possible.

Jennifer had won for the last two years, despite having been disadvantaged last year by a pair of weighted nipple clamps. But this year, *this year*, Gwen was determined! She was going to win...and the first thing she was going to do was make Jen do the naked-walkies-around-the-block-at-midnight thing that she'd been doing regularly to Gwen for the last two years!

But she couldn't focus on that right now. It would get her too worked up. That had been her downfall last year. She'd been so focused on all the things she'd do with and to Jen that she'd cum way too easily and Jen had taken the victory, subjecting Gwen to yet more of the embarrassing 'walkies.' This year, she'd actively practiced trying to think of other things. She'd even done some meditation! She totally had this!

With that last little pep-talk to herself, Gwen took a deep breath, held it for a three count, then expelled it slowly, as the aforementioned meditation had taught her as one of its most basic techniques. Properly centered, she stepped through the door to their Playroom. She tried not to look at all the fun

things they'd added to their little sex dungeon over the years since they'd gotten together...but she couldn't help looking at Jen and Andrea. Despite her best efforts, a spike of arousal shot through her at the sight of her lover in the same predicament as Gwen herself was in...naked save for her own chastity belt and blatantly aroused. Andrea's own getup made things even worse, the raven-haired woman being all super-dom looking in black leather that shaped her body well...and covered almost nothing.

Their long-time friend, who'd sold them both of their chastity belts and held the keys for them for the last two months, was a smoking hot mutual guilty pleasure for both her and Jen. They'd both fantasized about the owner of The Silver Key...and both had shared a few orgasms with the gorgeous woman. They'd agreed years ago that she was there only mutual 'allowed' outside fun. It was a pity the woman was involved elsewhere or they'd have tried to seduce her into joining them long ago. Maybe if Gwen held on long enough she could invite Andrea for some fun with her new subbie Jen? No! No arousing thoughts! Though she was *definitely* doing that if she somehow wasn't an incoherent mess this year!

Shaking herself out of her momentary hesitation in the doorway, Gwen tried to project confidence as she sauntered into the room, knowing Jen's eyes were on her.

"Well, are we ready?"

Andrea and Jen both smiled, though Jen spoke first.

"We were waiting for you, slowpoke."

Gwen stuck out her tongue, causing both the other women to laugh. Then Andrea took over, guiding both of them into their own near-identical pillories. One belonged to Jen and Gwen, the other was one Andrea let them borrow each year, but both were the same model and in pretty close to the same condition. The only differences were that one had green padding and the other purple. As always, Gwen took the purple one, that being her own favorite color. Jen let her...mostly because her rush to take it always let Jen go second, giving her a very slight psychological edge. Well, that was what Gwen assumed, anyway. I could also just be a nice gesture from her lover. The odds were maybe 50/50 either way, she figured.

Andrea was gentle but firm as she locked Gwen in then moved away to do the same thing to Jen. They couldn't see each other, but Gwen heard the lock on the second pillory click and braced herself for what came next. She tried to meditate...but it didn't work too well as Andrea's smooth hand caressed her ass. She whimpered as the woman teased her just a bit before reaching under her body to insert her chastity belt's key with smooth accuracy. There was a soft twist and a loud 'click' and...then the belt was being pulled away with a squelching noise. Gwen blushed, as she always did at the sound, but as horny as she was after two fucking months of nothing, there was no way she wasn't going to be dripping to the point that it was unavoidable.

The chastity belt had vanished completely...as had Andrea. Thirty seconds later, Gwen heard the same click and squelch noise coming from Jen's pillory, making her grin. After a moment of enjoying the thought of her lover's drooling pussy, all helplessly exposed, she tried to suppress the arousal the image caused. Given what she knew came next, she needed to focus! The next part was *always* exquisite torture. She whimpered as Andrea returned...and eased her legs apart. One leg after the other was lifted and placed on a kneeling bench, widely spaced. This had the advantage of being significantly more

comfortable for the duration...but it also meant that Andrea was about to start one of the most erotic things Gwen experienced all year. She braced for it...but the moment the cool brush touched her inner thigh she still squeaked. Blast it.

The squeak was followed by moans, whimpers, and giggles as the shaving brush turned into a weapon of erotic torture in Andrea's skilled hands. Jen and Gwen always got waxed before belting each other...but a waxing only lasted for about a month. So, after two months, their usually neatly trimmed or shaved bits were in need of a bit of attention. And Andrea was...a monster. An absolutely erotic monster. A monster they both loved the attention of too much to consider more permanent hair removal options. Her teasing, slow shave of each of them in turn was one of the things that always made their best efforts come unglued...even as it did now. Meditation? What was that? Gwen was adrift in a sea of teasing torment and pleasure as Andrea lathered her up, massaged in the lather, then shaved Gwen absolutely bare with the most glorious erotic slowness. Gwen whimpered as the woman finished up by working her special aftershave into every last inch of Gwen's genitals...and she knew this aftershave just so happening to also have a tiny bit of aphrodisiac mixed in. The whole thing had taken maybe twenty minutes...and was nevertheless one of the highlights of Gwen's Holidays. Every time.

Of course, it was Jen's turn after that...but hearing her lover moan, whimper and giggle in turn didn't exactly let Gwen cool off very well. Nor would it have mattered. They'd long since figured out exactly how to make this all as fair as possible. Which meant that Gwen wasn't at all surprised when, just over twenty minutes later, Andrea was back. This time the raven-haired beauty was standing in front of the pillory, giving Gwen a good look at her own pussy, which had only a nearly trimmed arrow pointing down. Then a blindfold was in place...followed by a gag. Those were possibly temporary, possibly not, depending on what Andrea had set up for them this year. But for now...Andrea left, having already added the same accessories to Jen. She wouldn't be back for another twenty minutes. This was supposed to give both of them an equal chance to 'cool down' before the fun. Not that it really *worked* that way. But it was the closest they could come to fair play. And...this year it let Gwen try to reestablish her meditation.

..

....

.....

....

..

Somehow, Gwen had *just* managed to achieve her meditative state again, bringing her insane arousal under at least a smidgen of control, by the time Andrea returned. After a brief caress of her ass by her ever-so-sadly-temporary mistress, there was a short period of building anticipation as there was no noise beyond the sounds of Andrea shifting whatever toys she'd chosen into place for both girls. Finally, after what seemed like forever but was probably less than ten minutes, Andrea spoke up.

"I've decided on something a little different for the two of you this year. An inventor friend of mine got a little creative and made something new for me. Of course, I know both of you are gagging for something long and hard inside you...so I'll let you have that much at least, first."

There was the sound of two motors in the quiet, then a toy nudged its way between her lower lips. Gwen moaned, eyes bugging out under the blindfold as a ribbed, knobby, monster was slowly inserted into her. It was easily 15% bigger than any toy she and Jen owned and stretched her thoroughly. Not unpleasantly, but very thoroughly. Though if she'd been gushing any less it might have been too much...

"The dildos are a new model...but the special bit is something a bit different."

Gwen's eyes had been wide already...but now they virtually popped out of their sockets as she squirmed. Andrea's fingers had begun spreading warm lube on her rear entrance! Sure, she usually did something with both holes...but Gwen was already REALLY full with that toy! She only barely managed not to tense up as Andrea slide a finger inside...then became very grateful when whatever she inserted after a few thrusts was barely thicker than that finger. It felt loose and rubbery, and Gwen puzzled over what it was even as Andrea moved over to repeat the process on Jen. She got her answer a couple of minutes later as Andrea spoke again.

"Don't worry, they get bigger!"

Andrea must have done something, as two muffled yelps sounded in parallel as each toy doubled in size.

"But not *too* big. After all, what they are really designed for is this..."

A moment later, Gwen understood. Whoever Andrea's inventor friend was, he or she must be a fucking terrifying genius, as the 'toy' in her ass suddenly felt almost *exactly* like a tongue as it began to move. An *8-inch, fully prehensile tongue*. Whimpers and muffled moans began spilling out past each of their gags...only for those gags to disappear after a few moments to let those sounds spill out more freely.

"Now, since Jen needs a disadvantage and I'm not *nearly* boring enough to repeat myself...I've come up with something extra special."

Something pressed against Gwen's lips and she opened them instinctively, only for a rather realistic dildo to be pressed about a half an inch into her mouth. Just enough that, if she stretched, she could give it a proper blowjob.

"The dildo I've just provide for Gwen to suck on is directly linked to the clitoral vibe I attached to Jen earlier. Don't worry Jen...it's not hopeless. The vibe will only barely work while Gwen blows her toy...until the sensors in that toy say she's managed to make the cock cum. Then it will give your clit vibe a solid fifteen second pulse. She'll have to work for her bonus...but it's much more potent than last year's...if she can keep focused. Of course, that won't be easy!"

Both bound women yelped as the monster dildos on the end of thrusting rods, impaling their gushing pussies, began to move. Neither of them lasted more than a few seconds before cumming the first time and thankfully Andrea paused the toys to give them roughly thirty seconds to recover. Of course...then they started up again.

"Don't mind me girls, I'm just going to masturbate for a while, since your entertainment is taken care of. Do you want to watch?"

There were simultaneous eager 'yeses,' causing Andrea to giggle. Nevertheless, she obliged, removing their blindfolds before grabbing a toy and chair for herself, happy enough to give them a little show...

Two hours later, it was time for the dazed and exhausted pair of girls to finally be released from their constant releases. Neither were coherent, Andrea gently lifting each of them out of their pillories, as she ended up doing every year. She cleaned them up a bit before laying them down in bed together, where they instantly rolled to cuddle, already asleep. She chuckled and rubbed each of their heads for a moment, before writing their scores on their stomachs with a non-toxic marker. It would fade easily in a few days, but until then neither would be able to get rid of it, proving who had won. She closed their bedroom door, cleaned up the playroom, and left them to their New Year. She had her own celebration to get to...and those two always helped her get in the mood for it! She sent Gwen a mental congratulations, thinking about the final score with a grin.

Gwen: 9

Jen: 12

She was sure they were both in for a fun new year...

<End Holiday Special>