



**Lance
Edwards**

COERCED CONVERSIONS

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by Lance Edwards

The Perfect Fit

Big Linda Skrue's black Ferrari screeched to a stop at the curb.

Her coldly beautiful face was set in a scowl that would have discouraged anyone from challenging that portentous rather than pretentious name.

It was a name she'd borne for years, in one fashion or another, and whatever its origin it was a name that fit. To those fortunate (or unfortunate) enough to know her, she was notorious for her voracious sexual appetites.

A bull-dyke dynamo with an additional sadistic taste for men, Big Linda scowled because she was worried. Little Keri Colts was alone at the house tonight, working by herself on a naked man. And although she'd left him chained up and ball-gagged, drugged and helpless, and Little Keri wearing the cock, carrying the whip and otherwise in total command, it was still a matter for concern.

Best friend, roommate, lesbian lover extraordinaire, Little Keri Colts was many things, including madly extravagant and recklessly impulsive in her own sexual affairs. She remained obediently submissive in relation to Big Linda — who the hell didn't? But when she got with a man these days she had a bad habit of going overboard the other way. Sometimes things got a little messy and extreme, and Big Linda was afraid she'd get herself into trouble some day.

Oh, well. It was her own fault, really. Big Linda sighed, keying off the car and listening to the powerful motor die. She almost felt like a master craftsman abandoning a particularly promising apprentice, or a mother hen, watching her downy little chick strut out arrogantly on its own for the very first time. It was a weird, antsy feeling, and when

you started to get antsy there was only one thing to do about it — go shopping.

It was almost eleven o'clock at night, and her favorite leather goods store was closed. But Big Linda Skrue wasn't thwarted that easily. She needed a new pair of boots, and she was going to get them. And maybe something for Little Keri too...something to surprise her with after her little escapade tonight... Something to remind her who the real mistress was around here!

A quick glance through the directory and few phone calls had located a small private boot shop across the city. The voice at the other end of the line had assured Big Linda that they carried women's boots and leatherwear of an extreme variety, as well as other shall we say interesting goods of rather esoteric use. Always in the mood for a drive — and perhaps for sporting her new purchases in an unfamiliar hangout on the way home — she'd made the cross-town trip.

Across the street from this little boutique, Big Linda Skrue climbed out of the car: six feet-one inches tall and a hundred and sixty-five pounds of stunningly statuesque womanhood. Gleaming as though burnished, her reddish-golden hair fell richly about her powerful shoulders. Her muscular arms bulged through the scanty sleeveless blouse she wore, but that intimidating detail was overshadowed by her gigantic breasts. Immensely full and deliciously ripe, as large and firm as honeydews, these bounced and jiggled beautifully without the confinement of a bra.

The fact that she could carry such weight without artificial support alone testified to the remarkable tone and uplift of that magnificent chest, and people inevitably regarded it with awe. 'Big' Linda Skrue drew stares wherever she went, stares that confirmed her supreme power and beauty for her. But tonight the street was deserted, and with her mind still locked on her unsupervised lover there was nothing to distract her from that gnawing preoccupation as she strode purposefully across to enter the store.

Hardly noticing the whips and harnesses hanging in the windows, and the elegant boots racked gleaming black in ascending order, she pulled open the narrow door and shouldered her way

inside. It closed behind her with a bang and a jingle of bells, and before she was halfway through the show room a rather timid-looking salesman, the only person in the place, approached her.

“Can I help you?”

“Boots,” Big Linda replied brusquely. “Black leather.”

“Size?” he inquired, not daring to meet her glance.

“I’m not sure,” she trailed off, distracted. “Some of my old ones feel tight.”

“Let’s just measure then,” he suggested, pointing her to a chair and picking up a graduated little gadget shaped like a foot.

Big Linda sat down, allowing him to help her remove the boot she already wore. His touch seemed to linger on the bare flesh of her heel but she hardly noticed it as he directed her foot to his little scale. But then his clumsy fumbling finally penetrated her, and she saw him gulping with chagrin as he fought to accomplish a task he clearly did dozens of times a day.

Finally she noticed this salesman, really noticed him. She’d seen him, of course, even exchanged a few sentences. But she’d only done so absent-mindedly, her brain running on autopilot. And she rarely paid men more than perfunctory attention anyway. Yet there was something about this slight-looking young specimen before her that stirred her occasionally capricious nature.

Big Linda Skrue didn’t consider her feet to be one of her better features, being a little too large and strongly boned for that — a curse of being statuesque and voluptuous. But this little geek measuring her for size was practically wetting his pants handling them.

His groping fingers shook, and he kept swallowing and licking his lips with an obviously dry tongue. What a chump. She wiggled her toes at him, smirking down, and he blushed an immediate bright red.

Just to have a little fun with him, Big Linda tried on boot after boot, each one blacker, shinier, more stiletto-heeled than the last. Each time she slowly modeled it there before him, hiking up her already short leather skirt, pointing her toe and rotating that long, matchless leg seductively back and forth. And of course each time

she feigned dissatisfaction, requiring him to kneel before her and humbly strip it off. Soon he was sporting an all-too obvious erection, which his thin dress slacks were incapable of concealing.

Eyeing it with an open smirk of contempt, Big Linda sent him back to the stock room yet again, demanding a different style even though she'd already decided on the patent leather pair she was currently wearing. But this time once he was gone she gave him only fifteen seconds and then followed, pausing first to lock the shop's door, flip the sign to closed and open her blouse to the waist, exposing those incredible breasts. Big Linda Skrue had made her decision.

Shopping wasn't all you could do when you got a little antsy. You could also step out and get the better of some worthless male. And shop-boy was sporting some serious meat beneath his slacks. It never hurt to have a taste. Maybe she'd even bring him home to Little Keri for them to defile together. First she'd have to see what he was like.

She pressed past a tower of crowded shelves and into the cramped stock room, where her little salesman was crouched digging through the pile of boxes strewn about. She slammed the door with an authoritative bang, and her intended prey jumped as though stuck with a needle, leaping up and wheeling around in shock. His mouth making a perfect circle of surprise, he gaped at her comically as she strode forward, towering over him in those five-inch heels.

Big as life and twice as imposing, Big Linda Skrue seemed to fill the tiny room, the close quarters emphasizing the dominating difference in her size. To the poor guy in front of her, each approaching naked breast seemed at least the size of his goggling head, and her much greater stature and muscular physique put his shallow-chested weakness to shame. Immediately she pushed him back against the shelves, knocking him halfway over the lone chair that was used to access goods on the higher reaches. Grinning wickedly down she loomed over him, intimidating with her size and closeness, and although his face was flushed and bug-eyed with shock and unease, his hidden cock strained against his slacks, a

surprisingly substantial bulge for such a slight, unimpressive little guy.

Immediately Big Linda's iron grip seized it through the thin material, and a small, trapped sound escaped him.

"We're not going to have any trouble here, are we?" she demanded.

"N-no!" he managed to squeak out, and she gripped him tighter.

"Name?"

"John!"

"You just closed up shop for tonight, John. I'm gonna have you, right here, and then I'm just going walk out of here with whatever I want. Get it?" She gave him another squeeze for emphasis. "And I just might want you. I've got uses for a weak little man!"

With that Big Linda began clawing at his belt, ripping open John's pants and raking them — along with his ridiculous boxers — immediately to his ankles. His urgent prick caught painfully in the waistband, bending sharply down and then snapping back upright as it finally escaped. Then Big Linda ripped open his shirt, sending buttons flying, and shoved him. Hobbled by his pants and underwear, John toppled into the chair. Then before he knew it Big Linda Skrue was upon him.

She straddled him, those high leather boots holding her well above his waist; that glorious naked bosom only inches away and yet a good foot higher than his up-gazing face. John goggled up at it in disbelief, frantically studying every luscious line and curve, storing the memory for a lifetime of wet dreams. But then a fist was twined in his hair, and Big Linda yanked his head even further back, smirking down into his gaping face. Her cold eyes mocked him for a moment, and then she bent down and clamped her lips over his in a voraciously insistent soul kiss.

Her strong tongue pried open John's lips, invading his mouth and searching out every corner of it. Hot, wet muscle slithered over and around his teeth and gums, wrestling with his tongue and easily winning every battle. Even up under his lips it traveled, hungrily tracing the shape of his mouth with its probing tip. But at last Big

Linda broke the kiss with a loud wet smack and dropped herself atop him.

Her heavy weight squashed his straining prick, pressing it flat against his body, and the jungle heat of her hungry sex burned him through the black silk panties she wore.

Full, giant tits bracketed John's face, and he nuzzled his way unbelievably into them, burying himself in the taut press of that firm, resilient flesh. Trapped in the canyon of her cleavage, he raised his hands timidly and hefted their generous weight, lifting and pressing them tighter to his face and wonderingly tracing the turgid pink nipples with his thumbs. Unfortunately Big Linda Skrue didn't give him much time to explore her bounty.

She shook herself loose, battering him about with those bountiful breasts. Then she rose up just enough to free his throbbing cock. Immediately it leaped right up, jutting eagerly into the air, and its vein-wrapped length and pretty pink head testified to the rightness of Linda's decision.

She wondered briefly how many other world-class cocks were hidden in the trousers of unassuming geeks like this one, and then dismissed it as irrelevant. Wrenching up her skirt, she pulled aside her sopping-wet panties to expose her heavenly hole and then dropped straight down, impaling herself expertly.

John cried aloud in obviously unprecedented pleasure, burying himself once again between her tits, and Big Linda was forced to grab him by the hair, yanking back his head once more and hissing "Don't you come, don't you dare come!" into his crazed-looking face. Only when he gulped and nodded did she settle into her rhythm, riding the perch of his elevated hips like a rocking horse.

And what a horse! That hard wooden chair held John's squashed and sandwiched ass firmly in place, providing the perfect fulcrum for Linda's considerable weight to balance on. Without any pubic hair of her own to cushion it that long, slender cock was socketed so deeply in her cunt that there was no in-out, in-out possible or necessary. Just a relentlessly escalating rocking rhythm, pushing that hard, soft-headed spike back and forth inside her body and driving her g-spot crazy.

With her hands clamped to the back of the chair and her steel-pointed toes lightly riding the concrete floor, Big Linda Skrue soon lost all sense of herself. Panting and screaming and bucking deliriously away, she started rocking the small wooden chair alarmingly, bumping and bashing the shelves and sending all kinds of erotic leather goods crashing to the floor around them in a rain of kinky accessories.

Poor little John looked like he was having an infarction, enduring this womanly onslaught with his eyes closed, convinced that the sight of those incredibly bouncing breasts only inches from his face would immediately bring on the forbidden orgasm. Gasping, groaning with pleasure and the unbearable strain of withholding his explosive climax, he began to fear it was a lost cause. But just as it seemed the inevitable was about to occur, he was saved by fate and the failure of shoddy manufacturing.

Big Linda was approaching her pneumatically pumping, wildly screaming peak when suddenly the chair beneath them gave way beneath her onslaught, sending them crashing to the floor atop its pieces.

The shock was enough to stave off John's eruption, but Big Linda didn't miss a beat. She'd obviously seen much greater havoc than that in the heat of passion. Growling like a bitch in heat she only increased her rhythm, planting her hands on the floor at either side of John's shocked face and dangling her spectacularly animated tits just above him. Then she drove on toward her orgasm, grinding the broken chair to shards and splinters beneath them.

At last she reached her searing climax, wave after wave of synaptic activity shuddering through her loins. Her slick cunt convulsed on John's cock, squeezing its pretty length and finally wringing his seed from him in a series of hot, squirting spasms. Whimpering pathetically, he could then only lie there helplessly and await her wrath.

Big Linda leaned back, smirking to herself as she regained her breath.

Disobedient, that, but understandable under the circumstances. Well, she had all the rest of the night to teach him better. And she'd

have help. Once again Big Linda Skrue had made her decision.

She checked her watch. Somehow it had gotten to be one a.m. Little Keri would probably be finishing off her own captive man in a few hours, an entertaining first course. Well, Big Linda was bringing home desert. Without leaving her seat atop John's panting, blushing body, she began rooting through the kinky cornucopia scattered around them, searching for a few useful presents.

She found a beautiful black body harness, all oiled-leather strips and gleaming silver rings. It even came with an armored pubis built to support a wide variety of dildoes — of which she already had a surfeit of course. Big Linda draped this over her shoulder. Then she located stainless steel handcuffs and a wide, spiked black dog collar.

Still smirking down at John's obvious unease, she cuffed his hands tightly together and buckled the collar about his neck, snapping the attached ring to a short leather leash. Then she rose, using the leash to drag her chosen diversion to his feet.

"Come on John. We're going to get a few of my specialized drinks. Then I'm going take you to meet someone." Thinking of the incredibly zealous Little Keri Colts, Big Linda Skrue gave a hard, mirthless smile. "I don't think you'll ever be the same again!" Then she began dragging him, stumbling in his lowered pants and shorts, through the empty store to her Ferrari waiting just outside.

Zoë's Therapy

My wife Zoë suffered a miscarriage about six weeks ago, and has been quite understandably devastated ever since.

Exacerbating her distress is the fact that we'd already set up a baby room adjacent to our bedroom, complete with appropriately cheerful wallpaper, posters and other decorations like hanging mobiles. We also installed a stereo, a crib and a six foot-square by five foot-high wooden playpen. Without even a door between these two connecting rooms Zoë now has to pass by its heartbreaking emptiness every morning, noon and night, and she can't stop tearing

up when she does. Making this all so much worse is the additional tragedy that the nature of the miscarriage has left her unable to conceive again. She's so upset by all this that I'm becoming seriously worried about her. However when I timidly suggested we remodel the place again, she absolutely screamed at me.

Well that was the end of that. I don't dare cross my wife in anything. Zoë is considerably bigger than me for one thing. At six foot-four and two hundred pounds she overtops me by nine inches and outweighs me by a third. While not actually fat she has a very hefty build, and could slap me silly if she ever so chose. Of course that's never been the least bit necessary. Being short and slight, prematurely bald and terribly reticent by nature, I consider myself damn lucky to have found a wife at all, to say nothing of such an imposing beauty as Zoë. Despite her great size there is nothing masculine about her — unless unlike me you consider her aggressively domineering personality to be somehow unfeminine. She has whopping big breasts the size of small watermelons for one thing, an undeniably attractive face sparsely speckled with freckles and an amazing mane of thick, naturally wavy light brown hair raddled with streaks of purest honey that reaches halfway down her broad strong back. Combined with her size and that overbearing arrogance this beauty makes her so intimidating that there's simply no question whatsoever who rules this roost. Thus when she calls me on Friday afternoon and orders me to leave work early and come straight home I do just that. Given a choice between angering my wife or my boss this is no contest at all. Making up some lame excuse on the spot I hurry out the door, a hopeful curiosity eagerly stirring me.

Zoë sounded strangely excited on the phone. In fact her voice had that particular timbre it gets on those infrequent occasions when she wants to have sex with me — occasions that have been particularly infrequent (indeed non-existent) over the past seven months of first her pregnancy and then her bereavement. What could have possibly happened to shake her out of her doldrums?

How amazingly dismayed I would be upon finding out!

Zoë meets me at the front door, truly more excited than I've ever seen her before. Her huge bosom is absolutely heaving and her big face flushed, elevating her from mere beauty to downright breathtaking in my eyes. Indeed her own bright blue orbs are blazing with an uncontained zeal that actually seems slightly unbalanced, and when she seizes my arm and yanks me inside she nearly pulls me off my feet.

"Come on, Percy, come on! I've just had the most wonderful idea!

"Ever since you talked about redecorating the baby room I've just been furious with you. And now I've determined why we'll never need to change it in the least. I've decided that since I can't have babies, I'll just make you into my cute little baby, on the weekends at least. What a great therapy for me! I won't be able to enjoy this during the week unfortunately, with you out earning our living. But every Friday evening through Monday morning I'll have my very own baby to mother, and one that can't ever grow up and stop being adorable to boot. Come on!"

Right away she drags me absolutely flabbergasted into our bedroom, where I see that she's buried the bedside table under a heap of unsettling stuff. She literally tears my clothes off down to the last stitch and flings me onto the bed. I know this to be as useless as always, nevertheless I make one brief effort to question her.

"Zoë," I begin, but right away she silences me.

"Shush baby! Babies don't use language! The only word I ever want to hear you use on the weekends now is 'mama'. Otherwise you stick to baby talk. You know, 'goo-goo, gaa-gaa', all that kind of stuff. And what the hell is this?" She points at my penis, which for some bizarre reason is pointing up erect. "Babies don't get hard-ons! I need to beat that out of you, you naughty little brat!" Zoë sits on the edge of the bed. "Get over here and lay across your mommy's lap right now!"

Appalled and profoundly humiliated and yet knowing protesting to be worse than pointless, I tremblingly comply. Right away she starts spanking my bare ass.

“Bad little baby!” she cries, her big hard hand smacking painfully against me. “Aroused by your own mother! What kind of pervert are you?”

Good question.

Despite the outlandish circumstances, and quickly mounting stinging in my buttocks, my erection just throbs harder than ever where it’s squashed against Zoë’s firm upper thigh. Indeed the more she berates and whales away at me, the more strangely aroused I become. Even when the pain of that beating has me whimpering, then sobbing and finally bawling like a baby for real, my traitor cock shows no sign of softening. At last she’s too exhausted to go on spanking me, and so Zoë resorts to an even crueller — and finally effective — punishment.

“Damn you baby Percy,” she pants, picking me bodily up and depositing me on my back and flaming ass in the center of the bed. “Don’t you move a single muscle! You just mind your mommy now. I’ll be right back.”

She exits the room, leaving me more appalled and confused than ever as I stare down at my straining, visibly pulsing prick. Then she returns, climbing back onto the bed with me and clutching a fistful of wooden clothespins.

“Maybe this will convince your naughty little penis to behave!” Zoë announces grimly. Then she begins pinching those clothespins all over the rigid shaft and tender head of my erection.

The pain of this is intimate and exquisite, rapidly building to a cumulative excruciation that is next to unbearable. My perverted arousal quickly recedes, until by the time she’s fastened the fifteenth one to the very tip I’m whimpering and sniffing and properly flaccid again. Zoë smiles lovingly down at me in response.

“Good boy, Percy. That’s much better. We’ll just leave those on there as long as we can, shall we? You just wait here obediently without touching them then. Mommy will be back in just a jiffy.”

This time she disappears into the bathroom, where I hear water running and some clunking around. Squirming uncontrollably with agony, I nevertheless don’t even dream of removing those punishing pins while I wait. And then Zoë returns, naked except for her panties

and with a towel draped over her shoulder and a plastic basin in her hands. Unable to help myself I stare hungrily at her mammoth breasts as she approaches. And although she usually rebukes me for this, on this occasion she only smiles indulgently. Setting the basin on the bed next to me, she withdraws a dripping washcloth and a bar of jasmine-scented soap.

“Hold still now while your mommy bathes you, baby,” she lovingly croons down at me. And so I do.

This first ever sponge bath is surprisingly pleasurable. Seeking to mollify my ‘mommy’ (and finally, reluctantly getting into the spirit of this weird game) I coo and gurgle up at her like a newborn as she finishes with my front by gently but thoroughly scrubbing and rinsing my crotch and balls.

This earns me a benevolent beaming that warms me all the way through, and I eagerly draw my legs up and splay them out wide as Mama Zoë towels me dry. I even gladly submit as she heavily shakes baby powder all over me and lovingly rubs it in. Then she rolls me over and repeats this process with my backside.

Despite the pinching pain of the clothespins my naughty little penis again begins to swell against the soft down comforter underneath me. But then Mommy’s long, sturdy index finger, wrapped in warm, soapy wet terrycloth, pushes all the way into my anus and begins to rotate slowly back and forth. This is uncomfortable and humiliating enough to make me go limp again, and I hear myself groaning at the unaccustomed sensation. Then she withdraws, only to push back in again a moment later for the rinsing. This time though I find that intrusion unaccountably arousing and I shamelessly lift my ass to it, and sigh with unfeigned disappointment when it withdraws.

Once again I’m toweled dry and liberally powdered all over. But then I feel a heavy weight of thick, folded cloth laid across my badly bruised buttocks, tucked around my hips and pushed up between my legs, and involuntarily I stiffen. She can’t be doing what I think she’s doing...

Oh yes she can. Mama Zoë caresses my inner thigh soothingly.

“Relax, baby Percy. I’m just diapering you. Every baby needs a diaper. We can’t have you pooping and peeing all over the place now, can we?”

This is more humiliation than I bargained for! And then of course follows the dreadful realization that she probably expects me to overcome a lifetime of toilet training and the deeply ingrained habits of eliminatory cleanliness by relieving myself into this cloth, and then enduring the subsequent foulness against my skin until she gets around to changing me. Helplessly I sob in shame and revulsion at this, and all the perverse arousal I’ve been nurturing immediately abandons me. Still I know better than to resist as she rolls me back over, considerately removes all the clothespins from my penis (each release bringing a renewed stab of excruciation to that naughty organ) and finishes the job. Humming softly to herself around a mouthful of large safety pins, she removes these one at a time as she uses them to secure that big soft diaper about my waist and crotch.

After that comes the further mortification of being properly costumed. Mommy slips little tasseled booties over my feet, pulls a thin, frilly cotton frock over my upper body, and lastly fits a lace-trimmed bonnet over my head, tying it underneath my chin. She takes my hand, forms it into a fist with the thumb sticking out, lifts my arm and then directs this thumb into my mouth.

Without needing to be told I start sucking, lying on my back and gazing up at my monstrous ‘mother’ with a carefully contrived wide-eyed wonder and love. In return she shivers with uncontainable excitement, clasping her hands between her breasts and gazing adoringly down at me. Clearly more than a bit unbalanced, she seems downright rapturous as she takes in the results of my involuntary transformation.

“Oh Percy, you lovely little baby! I don’t know how I’m going to bear giving you up on Monday! You are just the cutest, sweetest, most precious little thing! Let Mommy nurse you now, as all good mommies do. No nasty bottle feeding for my little Percy!”

And here is where it all becomes worth it! In four years of marriage Zoë has yet to let me touch her breasts. Even brushing

them inadvertently during sex would unfailingly bring a sharp word or slap. But now she lies down beside me and takes me into her arms, cradling my small body to her much larger one. She pulls the thumb from my mouth and draws my head to her breast, which is easily the larger. The nipple itself is enormous, contracted up and pebbled with ducts, and with a sigh of supreme satisfaction she places it between my lips.

I need no encouragement here! Madly ravenous I fasten myself to that succulent stub and suckle it like crazy. This is the first time in my life I've been granted such a sublime opportunity, and I moan with purely blessed joy as I batten on her. This small sound though is easily drowned out by Mommy's own urgent cry of ecstasy as I greedily begin to simulate feeding off her. She begins to gently rock me in her arms as she gives me to suck, and we stay this way for a blissful two hours or more, pausing only briefly to switch back and forth between those rubbery, turgid, wonderfully stiff nipples.

Within its diaper my cock quickly hardens again, straining mightily against that thick soft cloth despite the obvious impossibility of any release. For the entire time I urgently suckle at my loving Mommy's incredibly generous breasts it throbs so hard that it actually hurts. Despite the obvious bulge this creates I believe this sin manages to pass unnoticed in her heavenly rapture. But then I learn better when Mommy at last gently disengages me, pulls away and climbs off the bed.

"You're being naughty again baby Percy," she scolds me as she rolls me back over onto my belly. With my hard-hard hard-on now pressing deliciously against the bed she proceeds to appallingly shock me yet again — and not for the last time by any means.

"Clearly you can't be trusted. Before I put you down for the night, I'll have to make sure that you'll stay out of mischief. Put your hands together behind your back."

Mystified, I comply. And right away Mommy takes a stout length of soft cotton cord and wraps it around and around, binding my wrists this way at the small of my back. She uses another cord to bind my legs together at the knees, and another at the ankles. Then she bends my legs back until my heels meet my diaper, and threads

yet another rope through the lashings binding my ankles and wrists. This she pulls tight, and then tighter and tighter still, until my chest comes off the bed, my back is painfully bowed and my wrists and ankles overlap. With that she knots everything up, leaving me uncomfortably hogtied. At last she picks up a pacifier, and a roll of clear plastic strapping tape.

“Open your mouth,” she orders. When I do, she pushes the pacifier all the way in and secures it in place with a pair of crisscrossing strips of that tape, effectively gagging me. “There!” she finally declares. “Babies cry and whine, I know. But I don’t want to have to put up with any of that while I’m relaxing bathing and masturbating in the tub, or enjoying having the entire evening all to myself for once.”

With that Mommy lifts me effortlessly in her big strong arms, and carries me into the baby room — now my room! She deposits me on my belly in the bottom of the playpen, and then sets the stereo to endlessly play classical music softly. Then she turns back to me. Meeting my disbelieving, bug-eyed gaze through the closely set bars of the playpen, she smiles at me with maternal sternness.

“Okay, baby Percy. Since you won’t fit in the crib, this is how and where you’ll be spending your weekends from now on — at least when I’m not changing you, letting you nurse at my breasts or spoon-feeding you your pureed lima beans, peas, and whatever else is in baby food these days. During the week you can go back to being my husband I guess, although with one big difference.

“You see, as you could probably tell, I never really cared for letting you stick your thing in me. I just let you do it in the hope of getting pregnant. Well now that I’m barren, and have you for a baby anyways, those days are unquestionably over. You won’t be sticking me with that naughty little thing ever again. But that doesn’t mean we can’t have sex. Watching the way you moaned and lifted your butt to me while I cleaned you out earlier gave me another wonderful idea. I’m going to buy me a great big strap-on penis. Then whenever I want sex we can enjoy some more exciting role-playing.

“I’ll cross dress you up as a cheerleader, a girl scout, a hooker or a juvenile offender or something, and myself as a big bad football

coach or scoutmaster; an evil corrupt cop or sadistic prison warden. Then I'll tie you up in particularly painful and demeaning ways and fuck your little ass to exhaustion with my gigantic hard-on.

"You should really be on the bottom when it comes to sex anyway, a shy, timid, skinny little wimp like you. In fact I can't believe I never thought of this before. So anyway, look forward to that on Monday night, and for now sleep tight, my precious little baby boy Percy. I know it's only just turned six o'clock, but babies need all the rest they can get. We don't want you getting all cranky now, do we? I'll be in to change your diaper and feed you sometime tomorrow morning. Goodnight then, baby."

Mommy steps up, kisses two fingers and presses them briefly to my cheek. She reaches out, gives the Winnie the Pooh mobile above me a spin, and then saunters out of the room, flipping off the lights behind her. Straining futilely at my bonds, I fall over onto my side and watch those cartoon figures dance about, trying to somehow come to terms with the appalling costs to me of Zoë's therapy.

The Snore Cure

It's one thirty-eight in the morning. Yet once again I'm wide awake.

The full moon shines brightly through the bedroom window of this rustic little honeymoon cabin, bathing the peaked upstairs in argent. That's not the problem however — it's Charles. His band-saw snores are practically rattling the exposed rafters above us.

As usual I've already rolled him onto his side a half a dozen times. Also as usual, he's shortly rolled right back over onto his back again. This has been a persistent problem throughout this entire first week of our marriage, and I've finally had enough of it. It's time to take the drastic action suggested to me by my best friend Lynn, who considerately prepared me for this (or any equivalent) eventuality.

Not worried about waking my new husband — who sleeps (albeit noisily) like a Precambrian fossil buried under a mile of basalt — I climb naked out of the sumptuous feather bed, go to the quaint

little antique dresser and pull open the drawer where I've stored my underwear — plus a couple of other things.

First I withdraw a sexy pair of black lace panties, and then matching nylon stockings. Digging deeper I finally uncover a hidden tube of sex gel and the ingenious 'feeldoe' that Linnie insisted on lending me for my honeymoon. She's assured me that I'll soon be purchasing one exactly like it. This is a kind of double dildo that Linnie swears is essential for establishing and maintaining a harmonious relationship.

It certainly worked for her. Whenever her own new husband displeased her in any way she would use it on him as a punishment — at least until he learned to enjoy and even crave its deeply thrusting touch. Now instead she uses it as a nightly reward — as long as his unflagging devotion and slavish pampering of her continues to deserve it. And truly I've never seen him be anything but eagerly helpful, completely respectful, and always immediately deferential to her. Well, now it's time to take her advice and see what this miraculous device can do for me!

Quickly I lubricate the part of it that fits inside me, and then carefully slide it up and into my vagina. Then I grip the larger, external part that now curves wickedly up from my crotch in a big faux phallus and wiggle it experimentally. Immediately I gasp with surprised delight, as the little ribbed saddle connecting the two halves rocks against my clitoris and the bulb-shaped inner terminus presses hard upon my g-spot.

Linnie insists that using this thing provides her with more and better orgasms than anything else ever had or could. Experiencing its initial effects, I'm more than prepared to take her at her word — and intensely eager to put that word to the test. I pause another quick moment to thoroughly grease up the head and shaft of my impressive new penis. Then I dry my hands and stride purposefully back to the bed.

Easing into it, I lie on my side next to Charles and pull the thick down comforter up over my waist, concealing the surprise I have for him. Then propping myself up on my left elbow I wad those panties

into a ball and righteously stuff them deep into my erring husband's wide open, loudly snoring mouth.

Charles wakes up immediately, sputtering and struggling to spit out that unexpected foreign object. But right away I clap my hand over his face and lean in close right over him, imperiously commanding his attention.

"Stop it Charles! If you ever want to have sex with me again, just lie back, relax and listen to me now."

Surprisingly he subsides at once, his wide brown eyes staring fearfully at me in the silver light of the moon.

"I have had it with your snoring darling. From now on you will lie on your side and breathe through your nose as I've been endlessly telling you to. I am going to make damn sure of that right now. Then I am going to punishment-fuck you for disturbing and disobeying me. After that maybe we'll both be able to get some sleep. Now roll over onto your side, facing away from me, and put your hands behind your back."

Again Charles surprisingly complies, with only a whimper of distress by way of protest. Once he has his back to me, I take those necessary steps to put an end to his snoring once and for all.

I wind one of those stretchy nylon stockings around his head and stuffed-full mouth. Then I tie it tightly off at the nape of his neck, so that he can't possibly spit that sexy panties-gag out. After that I use the other black stocking to bind his wrists securely together behind his back.

This ensures that not only will he be unable to remove his gag himself, or resist his coming introduction to punishment sex, but that even after that formative experience is over he'll find it impossible — or at least prohibitively uncomfortable — to turn onto his back even in the deepest of sleep.

With that accomplished I cast the comforter aside. I snuggle up to Charles' backside (yet not close enough for him to feel the threatening head of my imposing prick) and reach around to his front. I clasp his flaccid penis (spent twice already this day, the last time a mere three hours ago) and begin to slowly flog it back to life.

This takes considerably less effort than I assumed it would. Indeed the eagerness of its response, coupled with the muffled moans he begins to emit, make me wonder if Charles is somehow enjoying his unexpected incapacitation.

Perhaps he is one of those innately submissive guys who secretly get off on being placed in bondage and dominated. If so it will certainly ease his acceptance of my rather unorthodox snoring cure, as well as assist in his transformation from first suffering punishment sex to eventually desperately seeking it as a sort of reward: a far more effective tool for behavior modification. Perhaps like Lynn I will soon find myself owning the kind of perfectly obedient, hopelessly doting husband that every wife dreams of having. Well, no time like the present to find out...

By now Charles' penis is wonderfully rigid, and even pulsating softly in my manipulating grip. Letting myself fall down to bed at last I reach down with my free hand and begin gently rubbing on his bung as I jerk him. Simultaneously I bring my lips to his ear and whisper seductively to him.

"Well Charles, are you enjoying your punishment so far?"

"Mmm-hmmm!" he moans in the affirmative.

"Not much of a punishment at all, is it?"

"Mmm-umm..."

"Well, there's no real reason that it has to be. As long as you stay relaxed like this, and just willingly accept whatever happens next, you might actually come to enjoy being punished this way. Who knows? This might turn out to be best night of your life. I'm about to introduce you to a very special kind of sex that only the most loving — or depraved — of couples ever indulge in. Let's keep us members of the former club, rather than the latter, what do you say?"

With that I transfer my right hand from a stimulating grip on his penis to a controlling one on his testicles. Then I go from using the fingers of my left to tease and arouse his precious little love-hole to claiming it forever by suddenly spreading it wide and guiding my own eager erection in.

"Mmmmph!"

This time Charles' muffled exclamation is one of unbridled surprise and protest. His entire body stiffens, and his ass clamps tightly down onto the rudely intruding head of my beautifully protruding prick. In response I squeeze his balls ruthlessly, bringing an even more dismayed yelp from him. Then I hiss renewed warnings into his ear.

"Charles I told you to be still! Relax, and accept this! This is your entirely just punishment for keeping me awake all week! You'll never go from merely enduring to wildly enjoying this kind of fucking if I have to tear you up inside every time. And I can't go back to masturbating you if I have force your compliance by constantly crushing your nuts. Settle down, loosen up; take my wonderfully fucking cock like a good boy and I'll return to pleasuring your own. I told you: this is going to be the most important night of your life. Once you learn to submit to me utterly this way, everything will be so much simpler between us. Imagine an entire marriage without a single argument! That's the kind of bliss to which this sort of woman-on-top sex will lead us. Trust me, once I instill the proper discipline in you, you will come to worship me unstintingly forever!"

Gradually Charles relaxes. He's still panting through his nose and shivering all over. But bit by bit his muscles unclench, until finally even his ass releases its panicky clutch on my cock. With that I let go of his balls and start stroking his penis again. That stiff prick has softened up considerably but I soon put that right. Within a minute I have him urgently rigid and moaning again. Then I take a deep breath and pull back hard on his cock even as I thrust forward with my own, sliding easily all the way up into him.

I gasp in delight; Charles bleats in distress.

I can only conjecture about what he must be feeling, but there's no doubt whatsoever about my own response. Mingled with the sexual ecstasy of that feeldoe pleasuring my privates is a boundless gratitude toward Lynn timer for turning me on to this incredible turnon. Now in addition to taking every iota of available enjoyment from this incomparable thrill, I must see to it that I also achieve the overriding long-term objective she suggested. I must enslave my new husband not only to this decisively emasculating experience but also to the

dominant woman providing it. I pull back, and then gasping with delight again I stab brutally back into that wonderfully tight ass even as I simultaneously jerk his erection first forward and then back.

Swiftly I fall into an immediately expert rhythm, pulling back on Charles' hard-on as I push into him with my own in perfect synchronization. This not only gives additional impetus to my thrusts but provides him with a simulation of entering me that's exactly matched to my every entry of him. And sooner than I would have ever believed possible this combination of sensations produces the required results.

Although it's difficult to pick up over my own quickly climbing cries of ecstasy, Charles' gagged grunts and groans and garbled exclamations soon lose their tenor of wounded affront and begin to articulate a growing appreciation of and even excitement at his unbearably perverse predicament. His cock throbs hotly in my squeezing, pumping fist, and then his next actions leave no doubt whatsoever that punishment has finally been replaced by the best kind of positive reinforcement. His hips begin to shift, pushing his ass back to eagerly meet my every impaling penetration, and his top leg lifts into the air, allowing me increased access to him.

Gladly I take him up on this invitation — not that I needed one earlier. Immediately I start pounding and jerking Charles harder, faster; my crotch clapping hands with his buttocks in a staccato escalation even as I yank on his uncircumcised length as though trying to rip it out by the roots.

All the way in and out of his freely offered-up ass I spear into my bound and gagged new husband as violently as I can, swiftly mounting my way toward an orgasm certain to surpass any previous one in intensity and duration. And then just as my beloved Linnie promised me not one but several successive climaxes burst through my amazed awareness like consecutive salvos of skyrocketing fireworks. On and on I hump and pump and jack and jerk my incredibly lucky soon-to-be marital slave with all of my explosive orgasmic energy. And just as my wildly inspired efforts and their effects both begin to truly crest, Charles suddenly cries out his own incredible climax.

The erection in my hand suddenly spasms; and responding to my ever-more frantic attentions it continues to do so for far longer than I could have possibly imagined. Even though his depleted balls can produce only a scattered spatter of pearly little drops, Charles continues to writhe and cry and buck back against me as his sizzling nerves fire and his madly-driven muscles continuously convulse. It seems like forever that we thrash together in this unprecedented excess. But then our unbelievably sustained mutual apotheosis finally peters out, and we lapse into a gasping, unbelievably satiated stupor.

It takes me at least five minutes to get my breath back. Then at last I pull out of Charles' former (of course it now belongs exclusively to me) ass, grip his shoulder and twist his upper half back far enough for him to face me.

His eyes are now brimming with a confused mix of fear, shame, disbelief and awed adoration that I'm certain to become extremely familiar with. Smiling smugly in my now obviously inevitable victory, I proceed to claim the last of my perfect new mate's freelyceded autonomy.

"I told you that you'd quickly learn to love that, didn't I?"

Charles nods reluctantly, helplessly dropping his eyes. Right away I grab him by the chin, sternly compelling his attention.

"And I was absolutely right, wasn't I?"

Again Charles responds with a shamefaced nod.

"I should say so!" I exclaim. "When has any man ever ejaculated three times in one day? You must have been incredibly, outrageously aroused just now. So remember this lesson, my beloved darling: your lovely new wife is always right — always. Now, do you want to experience sex like that again, and indeed as often as you possibly can?"

Charles hesitates, clearly battling with an obsolete conception of himself. Then once again he drops his eyes before nodding vigorously at me.

"Very well," I declare.

"In return for this blessing you will spend the rest of this night, and every other night from now on, bound-up and gagged with my

panties and stockings exactly as you are now. That should cure your snoring problem once and for all. In addition to this, you will also always obey me impeccably. I don't ever want the slightest argument out of you. Behave for me now, Charles, and I'll fuck your cute little butt almost every night. So: are we agreed on these two permanent conditions for our marriage?"

At last meeting my demanding eyes frankly and forthrightly, Charles nods solemnly up at me. My heart soaring at this submission I give him a dazzling smile and kiss him emphatically on the forehead.

"Fantastic!" I cry. Releasing his shoulder I push him back over to face the wall. "Go back to sleep now honey. And I think I finally can too."

Settling into my accustomed spot, I pull the comforter back up over us, gasping at a sudden inner reminder. Looking down, I see that heavy thickness tented up at my waist by the six-inch length of Linnie's wondrous feeldoe. Giggling delightedly, I clutch its oh-so effective inner probe with the walls of my triumphant womanhood and don't consider for a second removing it.

Something tells me I'm going to be using it again first thing in the morning...

Finding Beauty in the Beast

I go to a beautician to get my hair done.

I know that sounds kind of fruity, but she's the only one who knows how to get it right. She's a former lover of my lesbian sister Sheila, and she's been doing it for me since high school, when she first started practicing cosmetology. I've always worn it long, down past my shoulders, and with everyone else it always just hangs there kind of lank. Somehow she knows how to make it look thicker, fuller, totally bitchin' cool in fact, and she doesn't even charge me. Still my buddies would never let me hear the end of this, and so we always arrange to have it done after hours, when I can slip in without any of

her customers or employees around to catch me. And so it is this time when I arrive at her otherwise deserted shop at just after seven o'clock.

"Hi Sam, come on in!"

Angie is a simply lovely black girl seemingly always bursting with energy. For someone on her feet all day she habitually wears very high spike heels. She says she needs the extra inches to top off her little five foot nothing and tonight is no exception. Above these her white uniform looks blindingly bright against her dark skin, stretched tight over the generous swelling of her breasts, hips and butt and exposing her short but delightfully shapely legs from the mid-thigh down. She has the thick lips and broad nose of her African heritage, but even broader is the smile she always seems to have for me. Her close-shorn cap of hair is frosted a shocking orange and her big dark eyes sparkling as she greets me and then hurries over to lock the door and draw the blinds, granting us that oh-so necessary privacy. Then she turns back to me with a grin that simply screams of some hidden intent.

"Sit boy, sit," she urges, and I take my usual seat in the middle one of her three beautician's chairs. But instead of draping me with an apron right away she merely leans against the armrest, close enough for me to smell the enchantingly heady perfume she's wearing. Of course I've always been totally blown away by her, but at four years older than me and sexy as hell to boot she's always seemed way out of my league. Still my heart pounds at having her so close, and even harder when she reaches out to playfully twist a bit of my long brown hair around her index finger. This time the smile she gives me is sweetly sympathetic.

"I can't believe what happened to you this morning. What a bummer: losing your job and your girlfriend in the same day!"

"Yeah well," I sigh, "I should've known better. That's why they say you should never date your boss. I guess I can forget about getting any good recommendations out of her either. That vindictive bitch is sure to go out of her way to sabotage me at every opportunity. With the economy the way it is, I don't know what the

hell I'm going to do. My apartment might be next. I'm way behind on the rent already."

"It sounds like you need a makeover!" Angie remarks smartly, still toying with that lock of my hair.

"Yeah well, that's why I'm here. Although I wouldn't exactly call it a makeover."

"Oh why not?" she brightly cries.

"Let's try something totally new this time! In fact, let's have some outrageous fun for a change. I'll tell you what: with that long hair of yours I've always wondered what you'd look like as a girl. In fact, I've been dying to try it forever. Let me work my expertise on you, and see what a lovely sissy you could be!"

"No way!" I exclaim, instantly appalled at this prospect.

"Ah come on," she cajoles. "No one will ever know." Then she amazes me into speechlessness by letting that armrest down and actually sitting on my lap. Linking her arms around my neck, she gleams at me from less than a foot away and exercises all of her considerable feminine wiles.

"Don't you think you owe me, after all your years of free service here? And it would mean so much to me! In fact, if you look pretty enough, I'll surely want to have hot lesbian sex with you. Haven't you been dreaming of sleeping with me ever since you were younger?"

"Well, uh, yeah, of course," I mutter, blushing furiously.

"And if you don't let me do it," she breathes, pressing her body against mine as she simultaneously presses her Machiavellian advantage, "I'll tell everyone where you've been getting your hair done. I'll even use you in a city-wide advertising campaign!"

Shocked on so many levels, gazing straight into her impishly twinkling eyes and feeling my cock harden under the pressure of her butt, I clear my throat a couple of times before finally finding my voice.

"Well...when you put it that way...what harm could it do?"

"Hooray!" Angie cheers, giving me a squeeze and suddenly bringing me fully erect by planting a big hearty kiss on my lips. "You wait right here!"

She leaps off my lap, leaving my hard cock bulging out against my shorts.

What a day not to be wearing any underwear — I haven't even been able to scrounge up the five bucks to do my laundry. Turning back to me with a bunch of buckling straps in her hand, Angie gleefully points out my obvious tumescence as she lifts the armrest back into place.

"It looks like a part of you is pretty damn excited about our little deal, doesn't it? Part of you can't wait to become my secret sissy!"

"Hardly," I demur, nevertheless aware of the pun. "Part of me can't wait to make love to you afterwards that's all!"

"Well, whatever it is, that part of you will just have to be patient," she declares. "Take off your shirt so that it won't get any cosmetics on it. Then put your arms down onto the armrests. I'm going to belt you in so you can't decide to change your mind."

Increasingly uneasy about all this I nevertheless comply. And right away Angie tightly straps my arms to the chair at the wrists and elbows. Then she takes this unsettling bondage a step further by strapping my feet (clad only in old moccasins) to the footrests.

Then she brushes out my hair and wheels close a caddy containing everything she needs for my exciting (for her at least) transformation. After that she lowers both armrests, along with the arms bound to them, down out of the way again and climbs back onto my lap.

Only this time she straddles me, again wonderfully squashing my erection, with only the thin cotton of my shorts and the thinner fabric of her panties between her hot sex and mine. Squirming back and forth and side to side, bringing a mad gasp of arousal from my lips, she gives me smile of smug delight and sets to work on me.

Right away she puts the lie to the idea that no one will never know by plucking my eyebrows. When I point this out she merely shushes me, and despite my growing upset I'm too helpless and aroused by her bonds and sexy proximity to press the case. Humming happily and grinning at my every hiss and wince of pain, she proceeds to spend twenty minutes plucking me, leaning back to study me critically every now and then. Each shift of her weight

causes my crushed cock to throb harder, and by the time she finishes this first

step I'm well past making any protests. I simply sit there docilely as she wipes my face first clean and then dry with a succession of soft clothes and then eagerly set to with the cosmetics.

Angie rubs some kind of cream into my face and then spends forever brushing me here and there with a variety of colored powders. After that she goes to work on my eyes. She pencils on eyeliner, curls my lashes with an arcane little tool and then heavily mascaras them.

"Close your eyes," she breathes, with her warm breath tickling me, and then applies different shades of shadow to the lids. "This will really bring out the green in those sexy irises of yours," she remarks, before applying a heavy coat of color to my carefully pursing lips.

She uses a file to shape my fingernails, delighted that I haven't trimmed them in a while, and polishes them a scandalously hot pink. Then she uses an electric curler to expertly style my hair before tying a wide silk ribbon with an appliquéd flower snugly about my throat. Finally, laughing delightedly, she holds up a mirror for me to gaze into. To say I'm speechless at what I see is the understatement of the century.

An incredibly lovely if decidedly slutty-looking young woman is staring back at me. From the huge mass of flouncy, bouncy curls framing my face to the thinly arched brows, impossibly long lashes and heavily lined and shadowed eyes to the sharply defined cheekbones and lushly glistening cherry-red lips I look nothing like a man in drag and everything like a hot little teenaged hooker lavishly dolled up for a night of dedicated trolling. Giggling gleefully at my stunned reaction, Angie rocks back and forth on my boner, the rhythmic pressure of her hot center flooding me with an arousal that somehow seems curiously married to the exquisite shame blushing my heavily rouged cheeks an even darker red.

"Wonderful!" she crows. "Oh, I knew you'd make an incredibly sexy little sissy for me! And don't try to tell me you're not turned on by what you see! I can feel you straining and throbbing under me like mad." She places a palm on the flat of my chest. "Your heart is

absolutely racing too. You've suddenly found your destiny, haven't you? To be my secret closet sissy, the she-male sex object I love to fuck when I'm feeling exceptionally butch. Admit it, girl: you want me to fuck you now, don't you? Suddenly you want that more than you ever have before."

She sets aside the mirror and goes to pinching and pulling on my nipples, which have somehow contracted into hard, exquisitely sensitive little points. Grinning challengingly at me, she returns to rocking back and forth, pinching and pulling, pressing and caressing, her beauty, proximity, feminine allure, superiority in age and experience and unshakable self-confidence quickly overwhelming my defenses. "Say it, sissy," she husks at me, "Say you want your older sister Angie to fuck you. Say you want me to get kinky with you right here in my beautician's chair. Say you want to have the most surpassingly exciting sissy sex with me whenever, wherever, and however I demand it!"

"Oh God, Angie, I want that so much!" I croak.

"Don't call me God," she suddenly snaps, and slaps my face — carefully so as not to blemish my newly-gifted beauty. "And don't call me Angie either. Call me Goddess if you must, or Mistress. Yes, I think I like that better. Call me Mistress. And from now on you are named Samantha. So, my sissy Samantha: do you want me fuck you, as all mistresses must fuck their submissive sissies?"

"Yes, please, Mistress," I beg, my face now flaming with humiliation and yet my cock as hard as or even harder under her than it's ever been before. "Please fuck me. Make me your sissy forever!"

"And so I shall," she smiles evilly at me, again brimming with that hidden intent. "But not yet." She stops pulling and pinching on my nipples, leans forward and strongly suckles them one after another before continuing. "You're still not sufficiently sissified for me.

You've been beautifully made up; now it's time to be beautifully dressed-up. Wait right here while I get your outfit..."

Leaving me gaping unbelievably, both at what she's brought me to and then suddenly postponed, Mistress lifts herself off my bound body and turns away from me again. And when she turns back, he

carries a shopping bag brimming with hot pink silk to match that scandalous shade of polish on my fingernails.

First she produces an elasticized corset trailing four buckling little belts and an equal number of lacy garters. She works this into place around my middle, forcing me to suck in my stomach and pulling it uncomfortably tight before binding it thus with those belts, leaving the frilly garters dangling down. Then she reclines the back of the chair I'm bound to until it's about thirty degrees from level and releases the straps binding my feet to the footrests before removing my moccasins and casting them aside.

"Lift up your butt," Mistress instructs, and when I comply she slides my shorts down off me before tossing them similarly aside, leaving me with my eager erection jutting stiffly up and naked except for that sexy corset crimping in my middle. Smirking she gives my cock a rather contemptuous slap, setting it to wagging maddeningly about. Then she picks up a professional-style electric razor and snaps it into buzzing life.

"No bodily hair allowed, Samantha," she remarks. "I'll get your armpits and ass later, but for now everything else must go." And with that Mistress swiftly shaves bare my legs and groin and even the small thatch in the center of my chest. Considerately she smooths a soothing, scented lotion over my tingling skin, bringing a series of eloquent moans from me as she rubs it into my bare balls and all around the base of my emphatic erection. Then she finishes dressing me.

The pink silk panties she slides up around my waist are open at the bottom and lace up the front, allowing her to leave my balls and pulsing hard-on protruding even as she closes the feather-light slippery fabric around them. Still a bit uncertain about all this, especially the cross-dressing, I can't deny the erotic charge I get at the feel of that sexy silk against the newly shaven skin of my crotch. And then Mistress humiliates and excites me further by pulling tight matching stockings of that same shocking pink up my legs to high on my thighs, where she clips them to those dangling garters. Finally she forces shiny white pumps with painfully high heels onto my feet

and liberally mists me with some flowery perfume before she finally declares me sufficiently feminized.

“There — now you’re pretty enough to fuck! Just one last adjustment before I can take some pictures...”

If I am deeply shocked and unsettled by this prospect, that’s nothing compared to what I feel as she makes this last ‘adjustment’. One by one she lifts my legs up high, spreads them out extremely wide and binds them thus to the arms of the chairs on either side of me. As I’m struggling to come to terms with this new position, Mistress again snaps on her razor. Now that she has access to my wholly exposed, uplifted ass, she quickly strips away my remaining hair and lotions me up, giggling portentously at the way I squirm and groan when she even squirts a generous load of that slippery liquid unnecessarily (or so I stupidly suppose) deep into my anus. Then she sets down the bottle and picks up a state of the art digital camera.

“Smile, sissy Samantha!” she gleefully cries.

She takes well over two dozen pictures — from every angle — of me lying there helplessly bound to three of her chairs, all prettily coiffed and made-up, cross-dressed in hot pink lingerie and spread out open wide like the most brazen, sleaziest slut imaginable just begging for a gang-banging. Then she plugs the camera into her computer behind the counter to upload before returning to me.

“Now I’m going to fuck you, Samantha,” Mistress most devilishly grins, beginning to slowly, almost ceremoniously unbutton her tight white uniform. “Are you ready for this, little sissy?”

“Oh yes, Mistress, yes!” I quaver uncontrollably. “I’ve been ready for you to fuck me for ten years or more. I can’t wait for it!”

“Good!” she ominously intones, letting the front of her uniform fall dramatically open. This exposes the skimpiest of white lace panties, a belly that is downright concave in its fitness and the most incredible pair of naked breasts I have ever seen.

Substantially bigger than her petite frame should be able to support, these are mirror images of each other: round, firm and upturned without a hint of sag or silicone. The jet-black nipples are the circumference of silver dollars and yet naturally pointy, their

capping tips forming big stiff pegs the size of the last phalange of my little finger, absolutely mouthwatering in their protuberant perfection. As Mistress hooks her thumbs in the sides of her panties and leans forward to slide them down her legs those lovely udders elongate out and sway about as though gravity was specifically invented to present them at their most exciting. One spike-heeled shoe after another steps carefully free of those panties. Then she rises upright again, running her hands enticingly up her hourglass hips and oh-so lean flanks to suggestively cup and heft those delectable breasts. Smoldering down at me, she growls beautifully in all of her vast superiority.

“I bet you wish you had breasts like these, don’t you Samantha?”

“Yes Mistress. I’d give anything for them.”

“Too bad — you’ll never have them. On the other hand, if I want a cock like yours — or even a substantially larger one — all I have to do is open a drawer.”

She turns from me to that handy caddy and does just that.

Standing with her back to me, her thigh-length uniform conceals her movements as she fiddles with something. But then she turns back, and with a crash of understanding (and no little horror) the hidden intent she’s been harboring all along is finally revealed to me. A gleaming ebony penis nearly twice the size of my white one suddenly juts up fully erect from her womanly cleft, looking shockingly natural against her black skin despite its profoundly intimidating incongruity. Mistress purrs at me as she strokes this.

“This is called a ‘share’ sissy Samantha. It’s similar to the famous feeldoe but considerably bigger. And now I’m going to ‘share’ it with you. You see, this is the way sissies have sex, and the only way they have it: they submit to anal raping by their bad butch Mistresses.

“I think men are beasts. I have no interest whatsoever in either them or their smelly, arrogant pricks. I prefer women for sex. Even better, I prefer having sex with sissies: emasculated men who willingly humiliate themselves by pathetically copying the superior sex in appearance and behavior, and who choose to submit

themselves to the most extreme subjugation possible at the hands and cocks of their dominant Mistresses.

“I’ve had my eye on you for a long time Samantha. I’ve always known you were absolutely perfect for me in all of your gawping puppy love, your rather effeminate personality and your almost automatic deference to me. And so today I formally take possession of you. After this you will have no more need of bossy bitch girlfriends, pointless jobs, or crummy little studio apartments. You will live upstairs with me as my cross-dressed chore slave and submissive sissy sex subject for the rest of your natural life. Those incriminating pictures I just took of you, along with your utterly appropriate love for and fear of me, will absolutely guarantee that. So welcome to slavery, she-male, and prepare to be introduced to the only kind of sex that’s left to you: lesbian sex. Something about you tells me you’re soon going to learn to love and live for this!”

I can’t believe this is happening! How on earth did it come to this? And yet Mistress is a hundred percent correct: I have always loved her desperately, still do and always will despite the clever manipulation and pitiless coercion she’s subjecting me to. And really, if it’s a choice between being exposed to the world as a twisted transvestite or living secretly so under her sway, I’ll take the latter instantly. Anything to constantly bask in her incredible beauty, and be granted access to those magnificent breasts... Still, the prospect of suffering her idea of sex not just once but in endless succession is simply stomach-turning. And yet obviously I must accept it, even come to love and live for it as she indicates. The alternative to this is the difference between heaven and hell, nirvana and Abaddon. With a supreme effort then I commit myself to the endeavor. Unable to quell my trembling, I at least force myself to relax and wait in properly submissive docility as she moves purposefully in on me.

Mistress steps over the relatively narrow beautician’s chair and sits straddling it just below me. She scoots forward toward my already conveniently greased hole until the egg-sized head of her big black pecker pushes insistently up against my little pink pucker.

Even over my flowery perfume and her own I can smell the heady musk of her feminine excitement, and as her darkly twinkling

eyes meet my elaborately decorated green ones, I see that her long-hoarded exuberance for this minute has been ratcheted up to an absolutely ravenous pitch.

“Are you ready to lose your lesbian virginity to me Samantha?” she pants. “Do you offer up your sissy-pussy willingly?”

“Yes Mistress Angie. Do whatever you want and must to me. I belong entirely to you now.”

“Yes, you certainly do,” she responds simply. Then without further ceremony she heaves her hips forward, effortless penetrating me to the full extent of both her uncontested possession and massive black phallus.

The pain, shame, and sense of supreme subjugation are all immediate and immense. I cry out in utterly justified sorrow and surrender, knowing as I’m taken that I’ve been irredeemably changed.

Never again will I feel the same way about myself. And yet deep inside I can’t help but approve this fundamentally transformative violation. This is right; the only condign interaction between her surpassing puissance and my own all-too obvious inferiority. As my last personal privacy is suddenly invaded and occupied I strain at my bonds, not in any idiot attempt at escape but rather in an autonomic expression of my own essential futility. Then, exercising a compassion that I hardly feel worthy of, Mistress somehow restrains her overriding zeal for this quintessential conquest to the extent of remaining relatively gentle as she slowly pulls back and thrusts forward again, and then again and again and again and again.

Gradually the pain lessens with each plunge of her penis, while the wholly appropriate shame and sense of possession grow exquisitely more intense. This is a paradoxical pleasure to me, validating the dynamics of our asymmetrical relationship. Soon these burgeoning feelings begin to lend themselves to the novel physical sensations involved, associating themselves with that invasive pain and fulsome fullness until they’re gradually transformed into insults to be expected, appreciated and eventually even enjoyed and finally craved. Only each repeated egregious assault can assuage my woefully bereft emptiness at the preceding withdrawal, and such

abandonment and fulfillment in endless succession rapidly becomes addictive, with each swift retreat demanding an ever more forceful salient in response.

Fortunately my omnipotent Mistress is quick to finally unleash her monstrous need. The mad excitement of her escalating kinetics builds upon itself without stopping, until she's soon devoting all of her energies to not only sustaining but always surpassing her inpunching rhythm. And with that intense effort comes sexual stimuli of a more time-tested and familiar sort. The sight of those already so impressive breasts in action — their bouncing and jouncing, dancing and slapping together a mere meter from my feasting eyes — is a more arousing display than I'd ever dreamed of being treated to. Similarly the powerful impetus of her rhythm is also being imparted to my own lonely erection, causing it to flop wildly about and slap ever more aggressively against my silky panties at the shaft and soft belly at the more sensitive head, increasing exponentially the erotic energy being so generously generated.

Constantly these accumulating contributions accrue, until everything melds together in an insanely arousing alchemy that is equal parts pain, shame, deliciously fed escalating cravings and maniacal sexual excitement. Suddenly it occurs to me that I'm begging loudly for my fucking, urging my owner to use me ever more wantonly and violently even as she immediately obliges. More impossible to ignore is Mistress' own runaway arousal, as her constant screams of exultant ecstasy both articulate her rapid ascension toward ignition and add relentlessly to the engine of explosively interacting physical and emotional ingredients powering my own growing fusion reaction. And then without warning my cruelly benevolent Mistress suddenly forces us both to apotheosis. Without causing the slightest hitch in her super-heated rhythm she abruptly releases a hand that been anchoring her to the chair and grabs a hold of my madly whipping and wagging about erection. Squeezing it impossibly tightly she begins jacking it up and down with a strength and speed that is instantly irresistible. Then even as her apocalyptic orgasm explodes through her like a supernova of sensation, my own cataclysmic climax is triggered. Searing hot

spouts and gouts erupt so forcefully out of my soon-to-be vestigial manhood that they splat and slap and wetly impact on the slopes and peaks of Mistress' mountainous, gelatinously jiggling breasts. Still she thrusts and pumps into me and on me for an ecstatically unknowable interval, until at last our mingling mutual salvos and throes are utterly exhausted.

Then gasping for breath she drops my dick, pulls her own from my ass at last and scrambles up to drop her dripping treasure into my face.

"Lick it up," she angrily orders. "Clean your spew from my tits or you may never get a chance to taste either of them again. Breast pleasures are strictly rationed around here, and ejaculations an exquisite rarity for any sissy. This one just now has been my most gracious gift to you Samantha, and already I regret it!"

Immediately galvanized by these words (especially by the thought of the surfaces I'd be supping from) I leap to perform a service I would have found anathema only an hour ago. My eager tongue meticulously scours every curve and contour, every sweaty crevice and indeed each deliciously conical tip of Mistress' far most appealing attributes. Licking up and swallowing down my own repellent issue, I cease my efforts only when there is no more to be had and further exploration might be judged an uninvited indulgence. With that Mistress at last climbs off me and returns to her still open drawer.

With real regret then I bid goodbye to that amazingly effective erection. Only it's not Mistress' cock that she means to place beyond use. When she turns back with a silvery shining something in her hand, her beautiful big penis again precedes her. This time it is my own now limply lolling and pathetically spent one she addresses. With a chill, encompassing metallic grip and an emphatically enclosing click she locks me into an uncompromising cock cage, ensuring the absolute veracity of her recent decree. Not only ejaculations, but indeed erections as well will henceforth be an exquisite rarity for me, only to be allowed at the behest of Mistress' most infrequent, unpredictable wish.

Woefully resigning myself to this most onerous of devotions, I lie quiet and uncomplaining as Mistress snaps a six-foot chain leash to an eyelet on the outside of this imprisoning cage. Finally releasing my strapped down and out arms and legs, she uses this to draw me clumsily to my feet, where I stand precariously tottering in my exquisitely uncomfortable and unfamiliar footwear. Then with a tug on that chain she compels me into wobbling motion behind her.

“Let’s go Samantha. Never mind your old clothes. You won’t need them or anything else ever again. It’s time you saw your new home — which in return for your lodging, you will be keeping eternally clean and shining. And if you want to avoid more than just the usual recreational whippings, I’d advise you to do an exemplary job at this. This boss doesn’t consider mere dismissal a punishment. And you’ll be doing a lot more than just dating her this time. For the rest of this night, and your entire life, you’ll be submitting to her ever more depraved and insatiable appetite for bondage, discipline, and cruelly dominating sissy-sex. That brief session just ended was only a quick vanilla appetizer. Now it’s time for a widely varied and outrageously gorging orgy!”

Chuckling grimly to herself, Mistress leads me weaving and stumbling by the eternally caged cock up the steep back stairs after her.

Cougar

I’m what they call a ‘cougar’ these days — an older woman who revels in seducing young men for a night of outrageously exciting sex, practically devouring their innocent masculinity and then discarding the leavings for the next tasty fresh treat.

It isn’t the least bit difficult finding prey. I may be just over forty, but I’m still in awesome shape — a little too awesome for some guys. As a professional swimmer I have a sinewy, muscular frame, with rock-hard abs, boulder-like shoulders and arms, and powerful, exquisitely defined legs. But I consider my bulging buttocks to be my

best feature. I can seriously crack walnuts with my incredibly developed glutes, and when it comes to the fucking I'm a tireless, super-powered butt-thruster.

Like I said, some guys are intimidated by all this perfected sculpted musculature. But many of them, (shy, weak-willed, submissive types mostly) find my six-foot two-inch height and clearly superior fitness a secretly irresistible turn-on. Of course it helps that I'm also still youthfully beautiful, with my rather short raven hair innocent of any encroaching gray and my clear skin and severe patrician features enhanced rather than compromised by the first few crows-feet of knowledgeable maturity.

Compared to the rest of me, my exactly symmetrical breasts aren't overly impressive, but this is actually a good thing since they have resisted gravity superbly and show no sign of sag whatsoever. I'm able to wear skimpy black dresses with spaghetti straps and no bra when I go out hunting, which allows me to show off my formidable physique and womanly attributes equally.

Tonight I'm cruising the local collage clubs as usual, and it doesn't take me long to zero in on just the right kind of wallflower for me. This delicious young thing is lurking alone along the perimeter of the dance floor, nursing a non-alcoholic beer and shooting me constant covert glances. He's attractive enough in his way, but rather skinny and timid-looking, clearly desperate to hook up with someone but without the confidence or experience to be able to actively mingle and pick up chicks. He's almost certainly a freshman: just out from under mother's thumb, still too young to drink, too naïve and sheltered to know how to interest the girls and thus probably still a pathetic virgin in the bargain: absolutely perfect for me, in other words. Convinced, I drop the flirtatious patter I'm having with a trio of big football players, pick up my drink and slink my sexy way over to him. His eyes widen as I approach and he blushes and shuffles his feet as though he can't decide whether to try to escape me or to brave my predatory attentions. Too late, boy! I corner him against the wall and purr a salacious greeting. I'm all cuddly warmth for now. He won't feel my proverbial claws pitilessly seizing him and penetrating deep until he's safely in my lair and beyond all help.

“Hi, sexy guy. I’m Dana. Do you live around here?”

“H...h...here?” he quavers up at me, his meek brown eyes darting this way and that apprehensively. “Um, uh, yeah I do. Well, I’m over at Stuart Hall, you know.”

Just as I suspected: the freshman dorm. Sweet eighteen and all for me!

“Well what’s your name, boy? Didn’t your momma teach you any manners?”

“Huh? Oh...sorry Ms...uh...Dana. I’m Andy, Andy Devine.”

“Well it’s divine to meet you Andy Devine. I noticed you looking kind of lonely over here all by yourself.”

“Yeah. Well, um, I’m from out of state you know. I just kind of got here, and I don’t really know anybody yet. I thought I might get out and try to meet some people, some girls you know. But they’ve all been giving me the brush-off.”

Smiling guilefully, gratified that my instincts have been as reliable as ever, I lift the skewered olive from my martini and slowly use my full red lips to pull it suggestively off its toothpick and onto my tongue. I swallow it whole, then step up close, invading his personal space and looming a good four inches above him.

“Well in case you didn’t notice, I happen to be a girl — or a full-grown woman more precisely; you just succeeded in meeting me, and I haven’t even thought of giving you the brush-off. I actually think you’re kind of cute, in a certain savory way. I think I’d like to find out how palatable you really are. What do you think of that young Andy?”

Again his eyes widen, his blush deepens, and again he’s reduced to incoherent stammering and indecisive foot shuffling.

“I...well...I mean...wow...” is all he can manage. Grinning widely I take him possessively by the arm — one quite a bit skinnier than mine.

“Come on Andy Devine. Let’s get our bad selves out of here. You obviously need a drink or two to settle your nerves, and you’re not going to get them here. My car’s parked just outside.” Giving my new captive no chance to demur I pull him after me out into the night and lead him to my gleaming black Lexus. There I drop his arm, pause by the driver’s side door and arch my eyebrows at him

expectantly. After regarding me dazedly for a minute he goes, "Oh!" Then he opens the door for me.

I climb in. He goes around to the other side and does likewise, and fifteen minutes later (fifteen awkward minutes for him, fifteen secretly gleefully triumphant ones for me) we're seated on the couch in my living room, each with a snifter of strong brandy.

By the time these are gone (Andy practically gulps his down, shuddering all over) I've got him wrapped in my big strong arms and I'm teaching him all he ever needs to know about the fine art of making out. And of course this is but kindergarten stuff compared to the college education that lies ahead.

That's the whole appeal we cougars have for younger men: we have a decade or two of expert sexual experience to impart to them. Poor little Andy is going to learn more than he ever dreamed possible about fucking tonight, and in more ways than he can ever imagine. Breathing heavily already, I lean into him, squashing him back against the soft couch and brazenly groping his inexperienced crotch. What I find there is rather measly, but still pulsing, hard and ready before he's even dared to touch my breasts. So I break my hungry lip-lock on him and rise, drawing him up after me.

"Let's go into the bedroom," I husk.

"Okay," he croaks, his head obviously still swimming with disbelief and now three full unaccustomed ounces of hundred-proof alcohol. I pull him by the hand into my den of devouring and wave at my enormous heated waterbed.

"Take your clothes off and lie down, boy. I'll be with you in a minute."

Ignoring poor Andy for the moment I move around the room and light up a couple dozen strangely scented taper candles.

I've found the powerful perfume released by these to act like a remarkably selective drug, further weakening the already insignificant will of my prey while at the same time sharpening my own always greedy voracity. With that achieved I douse the room lights. This turns our environs into a kind of flickering cave, the ambience of which additionally accentuates the alcoholic, aromal, hormonal, and pheromonal currents flowing around and through us,

drawing us together in an increasingly asymmetrical sexual symbiosis. Smugly confident and brimming with anticipation then I turn to assess the success of all these well-tested preparations.

Perfect: Andy lies supine in the center of my bed, dwarfed by its black satin-sheeted expanse. His pitiful erection is so emphatic that rather than succumbing to gravity by resting on his abdomen it strains urgently upward, bobbing eagerly with the vitality of the blood pounding into it. Trembling uncontrollably all over, he regards me with worshipful awe tinged with that oh-so necessary fear, both of which emotions spike dangerously higher as I slowly shimmy out of my sexy dress. Finally I stand wholly exposed, all of my glorious nude pulchritude both displayed and accentuated by my tall, spread-legged, hands on hips stance and authoritative solemnity.

"Tell me, Andy," I menacingly hiss in a tone and attitude that brooks no thought of denial or dishonesty, "Have you ever been with a woman before?"

"N-no," he quavers.

"How about a man? Ever had your sissy asshole pounded in?"

"No!" he cries, all shock and outrage. The very thought!

"Excellent!" I growl down. "Doubly a virgin and all for my deflowering!"

Giving him no opportunity to try and process this hint, I bound forward and leap onto the bed. Immediately erasing every thought in his head I plummet onto his upright organ, easily taking its puny entirety into my voracious mouth. With the expertise of twenty and more years experience I professionally fellate him, applying a powerfully draining suction even as I grip him with my thick soft lips and bob ferally up and down, grunting hungrily as I finally begin to devour his vestigial maleness.

Like a fleshy barometer this pathetic appendage betrays every least increment of the unholy pressure quickly building within him. Just as this begins to burst its bounds (barely a minute into my irresistible attack), my expert fingers leave off squeezing his balls with a gently insistent rhythm and clamp onto the root of his saliva-slick prick with an impossibly tight pinch even as I withdraw it from my maw. Wailing in shocked agony and dismay as his explosive

orgasm is cruelly denied Andy shudders and thrashes and at last collapses gasping back. Terror and incomprehension suffuse his teary gaze as he finally focuses on me. Then with a grim relish I lay down the law we both know he will be utterly incapable of obeying.

“Oh no, my succulent little snack! Not yet — where the hell are your manners? This is the third time in under an hour you’ve failed to show proper deference to your elder and better. An ephemeral little hors d’oeuvre like you doesn’t get to come until I do, at least once and preferably two or three times. Disobey me in this most basic expression of respect and I will have to seriously punish you. I’ll beat your timid little ass black and blue and that’s just for starters! You won’t be able to sit down for a week when I’m done with you. Remember that now!”

With that I finally swing astride my latest bit of nourishment.

This part is truly not worth the effort for me, but it’s a necessary step in my well-practiced plan. Still, maybe it won’t even be necessary. With a challenging grin I point him up into me and sink down onto his raging hot three or so inches. Laughing at his uncontrollable gasp and moan I wait a bit to see if mere insertion might cause him to fail me. You’d be surprised how often it does. Then when Andy passes this first test I subject him to the second. Still without moving otherwise, I begin to deliberately undulate my exquisitely trained vaginal walls up and down the length of his embedded erection, seeing if I can use those slick, impossible adept muscles to squeeze his dirty seed from him without any further effort.

Andy’s eyes glaze, he elicits another unconscious moan that quickly turns into a conflicted whimper, but somehow he holds himself back from the brink. He even reaches up to grasp my breasts, but of course I can’t allow that. I capture his questing hands with my own and grimly admonish him.

“Oh no, boy, look all you want but no touching! I know you’ve never felt a woman’s breasts, and you are not about to now. In fact, I highly doubt you ever will!”

Sneering at his miserable whimper then I shift my grip until I have his wrists manacled in my implacable fists. Then I spread our linked arms wide and drop forward until I catch my weight on them.

Thus pinning his hands to the bed on either side of his head I support my big body above him, my sculpted arms and hulking shoulders all muscle and bulk, my tits dangling down maddeningly close to his lips and our respective faces and locked gazes less than a foot apart. Then endlessly chanting “Don’t come, don’t come, don’t you dare come!” I begin riding my helplessly straddled prey.

With my amazingly powerful buttocks bunching rhythmically I pump my hips back and forth, yet at a bare fraction of the speed I’m truly capable of, supremely confident that just this will quickly bring on the unforgivable sin. Indeed. Turning this unprecedented sexual ecstasy into an excruciation of hopeless effort for him, I easily drive poor overwhelmed Andy to a predictably quick and shamefully disobedient ejaculation within a matter of minutes. Suddenly his desperately grimacing expression collapses into despairing sobs, and an orgasm that should be the epitome of pleasure for him is wrenched out of his body in a series of joyless, miserably reluctant spasms. Feeling his filthy seed finally squirt up into me, I’m at last allowed to give savage vent to the incomprehensibly potent sadistic passions that form the insatiable core of my own animalistic sexuality. Releasing his left hand I scream “How dare you!” at the top of my lungs, and simultaneously use my right to smack his blubbering face with all my more-than-considerable might.

A flaming red handprint immediately colors his cheek, which will soon begin to darken and swell. Flooded with that insanely delicious rage I grab his chin and again scream down at him. “Is this the way you obey your superiors? Your teachers, your bosses, your mother? You are a pathetic, despicable little piece of shit!”

Glaring down at him, I struggle for control even as his escalating terror of me and acute flaming pain both feed and whet my carnivorous need. This is of course but the night’s first appetizer however, and finally I manage to rein myself in. At last I slightly macerate my furious regard, and feign a bit of non-existent sympathy.

“Well all right,” I growl down. “Since this is your first time with any woman, much less an incomparably superior specimen like me, I’m going to have to give you just one chance to redeem yourself.”

Still gripping his chin with one hand, I use the other to press together my pussy lips just as I slip off his contemptible deflating prick. Then I move swiftly up to straddle his swelling, tear-streaked face. Just as I settle astride it, I use my right hand to force his jaws open wide and then let go with my left. Straight into his mouth slithers the nasty mess he's made. Then, once he's finished gagging and swallowing it down, I issue another pitiless demand surely beyond his ability to satisfy.

"Eat me out, boy. Use your lips and tongue to make me come or so help me I'll turn your guilty ass into the most absolutely appropriate agony imaginable!"

Tentatively at first, weeping Andy begins to lick and tongue me. Quickly he cottons to the job, clearly desperate to avoid an inevitable punishment he can barely comprehend the half of. With ever-increasing fervor he laps away at me, obviously repelled by what he's forced to do but terrified of the consequences of failure. Still this task is like asking a little league batboy to pitch the seventh game of the World Series. The ineffectual idiot can't even find the clitoris; probably has no idea it even exists. I put up with perhaps twenty minutes of his ineptitude, a monumental exercise of magnanimity on my part salvaged only by the domineering thrill I get having his meek, weak self pinned helplessly under my sopping crotch. But at last I can't restrain my animal rage and my consuming zeal for beating him into craven submission — not to mention suffer my ravenously demanding lust for the ultimate consummation to follow — any longer. Without having gasped or cried out or even moaned once I finally swing off his sticky, smeary, teary face.

"Forget it, loser," I sneer. "You truly are contemptible and pathetic." I toss a big pillow next to his waist. "Roll over onto your belly and straddle that!"

"Please ma'am," he blubbers up at me, "Can't I just go home?"

"Of course not!" I scoff. "I haven't even come close to coming once yet! You're going to stay right here in my bed until I'm extravagantly satisfied! You should thank me, boy — I'm teaching you how to fulfill a proper woman tonight, something you'll probably never learn otherwise. Now, you've got a wholly appropriate

punishment coming up, and I suggest that you take it like a man. And after that I'm going to fuck you like you've never ever dreamed of being fucked! So look forward to that truly consuming experience, suck it up, and roll over onto this pillow. I am not going to tell you again!"

Completely cowed by me, recognizing the futility of trying to deny me anything I want (for the moment at least), wimpy, whimpering Andy meekly does as he's told. Once I have him properly positioned with his lily-white ass thrust invitingly up, I kneel beside him, reach under the sheet and withdraw two of the four items I've secreted there.

The first of these is a ball-gag. Lifting his head with a fistful of hair I force it into his mouth, cramming his startled protest right back inside along with it.

"Here," I ominously intone as I buckle the strap tightly about his head, "This will give you something to bite down on." Then I pick up the second item: an old sorority paddle (souvenir of my own long gone and far away college days) which I've liberally drilled full of holes. Placing a hand on the small of his back to restrain any struggles, I draw back my extravagantly muscled arm, tap the bottomless well of my burning need to see a man suffer and send that paddle whistling through the air to smack with devastating force against guilty little Andy's pathetically quivering buttocks.

Even with that big black ball stuffing full his face he wails again with pain.

"Don't cry you sniveling little shit," I snarl, "Bite down on that thing like I told you to! Catch the pain between your ass and your brain. You'll find that's an essential skill to have when it comes to fucking with me!" I swat him again, even harder if possible, and this time it brings only a stifled grunt and choked off sob. Satisfied I commence paddling his ass like mad, putting all my stupendous strength and monstrous malice into beating this insufferable male shit. Of course this is still only foreplay for me, a warm-up for the true slut-boy fucking that I endlessly crave, but that doesn't mean I stint either of us of the full measure of discipline necessary here. Little Andy must learn his proper place in my universe — that of the meek,

submissively suffering subject of my divine womanly wrath — and I must have all the thrill of subjugation and conquest I can possibly contain. And so I hold him down and beat him, and beat him, and beat him, until at last my good right arm is too tired to continue. Then I merely move around to his other side, switch to my nearly equally powerful left, and continue paddling worthless Andy until his buttocks are as brutally bruised black and blue as I'd decreed they must be. Then at last I cast that killer implement of punishment aside and pause to catch my breath.

This is where my incredibly awesome fitness really pays off. Despite my recent extreme exertions it takes only a couple minutes for me to recover enough to pursue my ultimate predatory intent. This is what I truly live for; this is the kind of fucking that never fails to get me extravagantly off more times than I can count. Between the unmatched sexual ecstasy, the endorphin-flooding overload of incredibly sustained whole-body physical exertion and especially the emotional apotheosis of the most sadistic, vindictive, supremely appropriate and excessive expression of domineering suzerainty, I am never more alive and closer to truly divine than in the performance of this most spectacularly fulfilling act.

Utterly ignorant of what's about to occur, no doubt inexpressibly grateful and relieved that what he believes to be the worst is over, wholly broken Andy lies sobbing and gasping through his nose atop that ass-elevating pillow. Eyes closed and vision anyhow hopelessly smeared by tears, he remains, if not blissfully oblivious at least completely so as I at long last withdraw those last two items from under the sheet.

One is my expertly designed feeldoe (of course) and the other a bottle of baby oil. Quickly I slip the curved inner portion of this first truly heavenly object up into my already sopping-with-anticipation vagina, where its inspired design and my tight, supremely sensitive musculature are guaranteed to hold it firmly in place. This leaves the rest of it jutting up and out from where the corrugated saddle presses firmly on my clit in a fearsomely impressive phallus. Moved not by compassion but mere practicality I quickly lube this up.

Then, equipped with a devastatingly effective erection of my own I seize poor ignorant Andy by the legs, spread them wide and move up between them.

His head comes up at this, and turns in time to get a blurry glimpse of the big hard cock now sprouting from my crotch. At last perceiving my intent, belatedly assembling all the obscure clues I've been dropping, he suddenly squeals with dismay and stupidly tries to struggle. Of course he knows this to be fruitless, but sometimes the body acts of its own accord. Naturally however I've been expecting and even counting on this reaction. Nothing could possibly further fire me up for this experience than a little wrestling; a chance to redundantly prove my feminine superiority by effortlessly subduing my pitiful prey's last-ditch, autonomic attempts to avoid his fate.

Right away I grab Andy's wrist. I wrench his arm up around behind his back until his hand is practically between his shoulder blades. This diabolical hold both pins his flopping body to the mattress and incapacitates him with pain. Bleating with agony, he still tries kicking his legs about, until I hiss venomously down at him.

"Hold still you little shit!"

I wrench his arm up harder, bringing another immensely satisfying cry from him. "Want me to break your arm for you?" With that he at last lapses into terrified panting and whimpering. Furiously I continue. "Don't you ever resist me boy! You still owe me all the orgasms I can experience, and since you're incapable of providing them any other way you're going to have to serve as my slut-boy fuck-toy! Did you think a college education was nothing but blackboards and textbooks? Uh-uh, no way! I told you: tonight we have an extensive seminar in how to satisfy the supremely dominant female! If you want a dislocated shoulder to go with your bruised-up butt and soon to be penetrated and violated asshole, you just keep on struggling. Either way you're going to be fucked to within an inch of your life tonight, so I recommend you just lie there and take it like a good boy. You never know: you might just learn to like it. This might be just the thing to excite a weak, meek, shy little woman-fearing sissy like you."

Still fearfully whimpering and blubbering and panting explosively through his nose Andy nevertheless at last sinks completely into pathetically quivering flaccidity at this. Madly exultant at this utter surrender, bursting with anticipation at the prospect of once again commencing to feed my most fundamental need, I tighten my grip on his wrist and use my knees to spread his legs even more. Then with a primal cry of triumph I lunge forward and stab my starving member deep into his deliciously tight virgin innocence.

Eating up Andy's wild squeal of agony I feast psychically on the quick death of his still nascent masculinity. Growling and snarling terrifyingly with carnivorous animal passion, I straightaway pursue my most consuming consummation as zealously and pitilessly as I always do. Cougar, hell! At times like this I feel more like a ravenous, estrus-driven lioness. Of course lions typically couple dozens of times in a twenty-four hour period, and that's a feat of insane sexual stamina I certainly feel worthy of aspiring to! Grunting with effort, gasping with excitement at last, I finally have the opportunity to put those incredibly bulked-up buttocks of mine to the use that created and maintains them. Pumping and thrusting with a violence and vigor surely unmatched among the animal kingdom I revel just as much in the ecstatic rhythm of the feeldoe rubbing on my clit and rocking against my g-spot as I do in Andy's consummate shame and agony at being so brutally taken. Bawling unabashedly under my unstoppable onslaught, feeling more of his essential maleness being forever eradicated with each pounding entry and too-brief withdrawal, he has no choice but to succumb to his ignominious doom. Humiliated beyond bearing, violated so fundamentally there can be no conceivable recovery, he endures the first hour of my devouring in a nightmare of unimaginable debilitation. Rather than gratify and validate him, each of my first four wildly shrieking orgasms instead only seems to lessen his essential being even more, until nothing at all is left to him but that ultimate surrender. Like an unfortunate fawn twitching away its final miniscule remaining energies in the jaws of its executioner, Andy, feeling his last shred of true autonomy expire at last willingly accepts the only thing left to him. Whether it proves to be perdition or paradise, he finally finds it

within himself to move on from what he was to that which I have decreed he shall be: a shamelessly greedy little slut-boy.

Gradually his groans are transmuted into moans, and grunts of reluctant enjoyment take the place of his formerly heart-wrenching sobs. Finally he begins to lift his ass to me, welcoming my ferocious attentions, and this irrefutable evidence of his ultimate acceptance of his new role and station in life provides me with my most extravagant fulfillment of all. Nevertheless, having consumed every last morsel of his former manhood, satiation still remains hours away. Now that he's finally learned to love being butt-fucked, I must make it my supremely pleasurable business to ensure that Andy never finds anyone to do it to him who even closely compares with me throughout the rest of his radically circumscribed new life. At long last I release his wrist and wrenched-back arm. Once again grabbing a fistful of his hair, I haul him up onto his hands and knees and start wildly pounding into his brutally bruised, extensively bludgeoned-in ass doggy-style. And of course the rest of this momentous night and innumerable other possible positions still lie ahead!

Second Chances

Donna Jean Hollis is a former classmate of mine. We ran into each other a few days ago at our ten year high school reunion — me in my damn wheelchair, and she fresh off her divorce. She knew of course that I'd always been infatuated with her, but she'd had no idea that a diving accident had crippled me two years into college. We were both rather drunk at the time, and after exchanging obligatory condolences for our respective misfortunes, some serious flirting (much to my astonishment) got underway.

"So tell me, Tad, how come you never hit on me back in high school? I know you wanted me badly enough. You couldn't stop staring at me in History and Math class!"

"Well, I just never had the guts," I shrugged, and knocked back half of my double vodka and tonic. "You were and still are so strong

and tall, stacked and gorgeous — and about as lively and vivacious as a girl can get. In contrast I was always kind of shy and skinny, remember, and too intimidated by beautiful women to even approach them. Then I lucked into this crappy wheelchair, and basically gave up on ever getting laid.”

“You poor guy!” Donna said, tossing her shining sheaf of maize-blond hair off her heavy breast and back over her bare shoulder. “Don’t tell me you’re still a virgin!”

“I’m afraid so,” I mumbled, dropping my eyes to stare into my drink. “Hell, I’ve never even been kissed. If I was too much of a loser to find a date back then, how am I supposed to manage it now? Who could be attracted to a useless cripple like me?”

“Maybe somebody who likes her guy to be always perfectly submissive, quietly compliant, and hopelessly helpless to resist her every incredibly aggressive physical attack!” grinned Donna meaningfully. “Someone exactly like me, in other words...”

Suddenly her strong hand was under the table and groping in my lap. In seconds she’d found and clasped my penis. Encased in a tight rubber condom designed to contain and carry away urine, this responded to her squeezing by immediately swelling as much as possible before being crimped painfully off by a lack of adequate space.

“Does this poor thing even work?” she breathed at me, leaning close with her eyes gleaming into mine as she roughly fondled me. “Can my madly enamored little Tad-pole still get it up these days?”

“Yes and no,” I croaked, groaning as pain and pleasure competed for primacy in my swollen, tightly squeezed-off reproductive member. “I can still get a hell of a hard-on sure, as long as I’m not wearing a catheter like I am now. But I haven’t been able to come in over eight years. I never will again.”

“Poor baby!” Donna crooned at me, squeezing me tighter and rubbing me even more urgently up and down. “Does that mean that I could get myself off on you all night long, all weekend long, even all of my life, but that no matter how wildly I used your helpless body, you’d never go and get me pregnant, never get to climax yourself, and consequently remain desperately dependent on me to provide

you with alternative forms of bizarre, kinky fulfillment that would keep you forever perversely captivated by me? Baby, that sounds like my idea of paradise!" Donna's blazing blue eyes still burned into mine, her fist still gripped me tightly and her passionate conviction was instantly irresistible. "It is decided! I am going to fuck you, Tad. I'm going to take your pathetic, wildly crazed virginity right away from you.

"Better late than never, eh? And better my way than any other, I promise you that. And you know what my delightful little Tad-pole? If I enjoy this enough, if I find you to be the perfectly submissive, hopelessly horny, delectably helpless little pervert of my dreams, I just might have to marry you. Would you like that boy: to be my perfectly powerless, eternally perverted, very own personal sex toy? To spend the remaining forty or fifty years of your life as my exclusive property, wallowing in endless and acute sexual distress as I constantly use you for my every excessively depraved private pleasure?"

"Oh Goddess, yes!" I gasped, hardly considering the vast implications of this submission as Donna seductively squeezed and stroked me, her sadistic vision gripping me as inescapably as her big strong fist.

"Excellent!" she growled, releasing me at last and pulling out a pen and a pad of paper. "Tell me your address, and your typical evening schedule."

Still dazed beyond belief I hurriedly complied, finishing up with the facts I hoped would most appeal to her.

"Then every night an aide comes in at ten p.m. to clean up the dinner dishes, undress me and put me to bed. She's gone by eleven, and then I'm left all alone to rest up until ten o'clock the following morning."

"Outstanding!" exulted Donna. "You live barely an hour's drive away from me, you know. So I'll tell you what: I'll see you this Tuesday night at eleven-ten. Leave the door open for me. We've got a lot of lost time, and missed opportunities to make up for!"

She leaned in even closer then, and gave me my first kiss ever: the longest, wettest, most salacious one imaginable. Then she

finished her own drink, banged the glass down and left me there stunned, my cock as big and hard as it could possibly get in its cramped confinement and aching with a pain more compelling than anything else.

So that was Saturday night. And now of course it's Tuesday. The aide just doused the lights and left. I'm waiting here naked in my narrow adjustable hospital-style bed, just the condom and connected drainage tube and collection bag taped to my penis and with a light blanket covering me. My heart is pounding impatiently and my insides roiling with nervous anticipation. Will Donna really come for me, or was all that just a drunken tease? And then suddenly my questions — and increasingly fervent prayers — are answered. The door to my bedroom swings slowly open without even a knock, and backlit by the living room on the other side stands the most fearsomely arousing apparition imaginable.

Spike-heeled dominatrix boots climb to just past her knees, giving her already statuesque six-foot form an extra four inches of height. Above her tan, sculpted thighs Donna wears the shortest of brown leather miniskirts, and the dim light flashes off the dozens of shiny silver studs adorning it. Her taut midriff is bare but for a diamond ring sparkling in her navel, and a matching strapless silver-studded brown leather bra uplifts, harnesses and barely conceals the generous breasts that have haunted my dreams since those days long ago. Twinkling silver scimitars dangle from her earlobes, and the gleam of hungry eyes and bared teeth beckon to me across the gloom of my bedroom. Swinging a purse by its strap, Donna steps over the threshold like she owns the place. She looks around and reaches for the rheostat on the wall. She dials the lighting up to a soft, sultry glow, then sweeps the door shut behind her and locks it.

"There," she ominous declares, "Now you're all mine, at least for tonight. Are you properly up for this baby? Are you ready to lose your virginity, and possibly your very autonomy to me?"

"Oh my beautiful Goddess, yes!" I quaver, immediately adopting the honorific that burst from me three days earlier. Truly this seems the only appropriate form of address for such a supremely sexy

being who has promised to so dramatically alter my entire pointless existence. "I can't wait for that!"

"Good," she purrs, swaggering her slow way up to my bedside. There she sets her purse on the nearby table. Then without ceremony she grabs the blanket covering me and whips it away, leaving my crippled body exposed naked and vulnerable below her.

"I...I'm sorry the bed's so narrow," I stammer nervously. "I don't know how this is going to work out..."

"Don't you worry," Donna laughs softly. "Snuggling side by side will not be necessary. Sleeping peacefully together here is not what I have in mind. What's this?" she asks, reaching up to touch the contraption of steel bars and chains dangling from the motorized contraption set into a sliding track in the ceiling above me.

"That's the transfer lift. The chains hook onto this canvas sling beneath me, and the motor lifts me up to move me between my bed, bathtub, and wheelchair."

"Fabulous!" she breathes, her eyes alight with possibilities. Then her gaze returns to the bed, and she runs a hand approvingly along one of the tubular metal side rails. "I like these as well. These will come in very handy." She turns, sorts through the clutter on my bed table, and comes up with a roll of tough white adhesive tape. "Move your arms out from your sides," she directs me, "with your biceps pointing straight out from your body, your elbows bent up at ninety degrees and your hands pointing above your head. I want your forearms pressed against these bars."

Mystified I comply. And right away Donna begins strapping my right wrist tightly to the safety rail with loop after loop after loop of tape. "I know you're already incapable of resisting me," she grins at my questioning expression, "That's one of your primary attractions for me. But bondage is just so damn fun, so sexy and exciting for me that I have to make it an integral part of all my personal relationships. Don't worry though boy. If things work out between us you'll soon get so used to being elaborately restrained all the time that you'll forget all about what ever being free and able was like."

With that kind of dubious reassurance she continues binding me to the bed, while my palms sweat, my heart races and my uneasy

arousal and tingling anticipation climb apace. Soon both my forearms are taped securely to the side rails at both wrists and elbows.

Then Donna spreads my helpless legs, bending them up and out open so that she can likewise tape them firmly to the rails at the ankles and knees. Then even had I not been paralyzed I'd have been absolutely helpless, splayed out as naked and vulnerable as a tacked-down frog in a Biology class prepared for dissection. And yet still Donna Hollis doesn't consider me ready for sex yet. She begins pulling open the drawers in my rolling bedside table and rummaging through them, remarking casually to me as she does so.

"I hardly brought any of my usual toys and tools with me tonight. Sometimes it's much more fun to just improvise. And it seems I was wise to do so — I never dreamed of all the possibilities offered by this place. Look at this perfectly designed bondage bed, for example, and that electronic lift! Oh, we are going to have so much fun with that thing! And just look at all this other stuff: an enema bag and tube, catheterization equipment — and here we go! Look at this! Stainless steel surgical clamps! These are exactly the kind of things I need right now! How about a little bit of forceps foreplay first? I need to see you weeping and wailing, squirming and squealing before I'll feel like fucking you..."

Donna holds these up with an absolutely devilish grin, and I gulp with sudden chagrin. These are actually hemostats, not forceps, but who am I to argue with a Goddess, particularly when she's about to use them on me, and clearly not in a medically approved manner? Besides, they are essentially the same thing: one tweezers-like end with blunt little teeth similar to an alligator clip, the other sporting finger-holes akin to a pair of scissors with a little catch between them for clamping. Hitching her miniskirt up even higher (high enough for me to see that she is heart-quakingly naked underneath) Donna climbs onto the bed and straddles my waist. Pushing my painfully semi-erect condom-encased penis down and back until it points between my feet and the attached tube runs down the bed between my bound-open legs, she settles her heavenly center firmly atop it. Straddled by a woman for the first time in my life, feeling the heat of

her even through the tough rubber, I groan in that incredibly compelling pain as her weight presses my already trapped, urgent tumescence unnaturally flat. Then, still grinning portentously at me with the thumbs and index fingers of both hands holding out and open those shining steel clamps, she reaches out and pinches one of them onto each of my nipples.

A quick twitch of her fingers and they are firmly attached, bringing a surely satisfactory moan from me, judging by the way her sadistic smile widens. Then Donna begins to pull back and turn her wrists, cruelly stretching me out and twisting my tender tit-buds agonizingly back and forth. Soon she has me squirming and squealing indeed: whimpering and wailing and begging her to desist. At last she does so, but only in lieu of a more punishing torment. Withdrawing an old-fashioned cigarette lighter from her purse, she flicks a bright yellow flame into life. Then one by one she uses this to singe off the sparse, coarse chest hairs sprouting out around my nipples, simultaneously inflicting first-degree burns all over my aureoles and heating up the pitiless steel teeth still clamped tightly to my tips. Then she resumes stretching and twisting; giggling excitedly at my obvious agony as she firmly squirms her similarly hot crotch against mine. For twenty or more minutes she tortures and titillates me this way, clearly becoming more turned on by the instant. But at last she sees fit to relent and even reward me for the wonderfully arousing spectacle of my suffering. Leaving her steel teeth still pinched pitilessly onto my nipples, she drops the handles of those clamps onto my chest and falls forward atop me. With her lovely face bare inches from mine and her bright blue eyes gleaming delightfully at me, she strokes my hair and cheek soothingly.

“There, there, Tad-baby,” she giggles, “That couldn’t have been so bad! And that’s nothing compared to what’s coming! You should have guessed already: every little bit of pleasure with this Goddess has to be purchased with an equal or greater amount of pain.

And so now that you’ve made that payment, here comes your glorious recompense. It’s time for me to kiss you like you’ve never ever dreamed of being kissed!”

Donna starts by gently licking away the tears still streaking my cheeks. But then she fastens her mouth hungrily to mine and starts making out with me in a manner that certainly does supersede my most fervent adolescent dreams.

Her lips are wonderfully soft and full, hot and wet, gently caressing and then urgently pressing, finally opening my own to make way for her plundering tongue. This slathers all around inside of me and then starts poking rapidly in and out, its pointy tip and strong length practically fucking my open mouth. Then once again she's orally wrestling with me, our eager tongues dueling delightfully while those alternately pliant and demanding lips greedily devour my own.

How long this heaven persists I can't imagine; I'm lost in the rapture of a truly holy experience. But finally Goddess Donna goes to nibbling on me, nipping at my lips and then the tip of my nose, my ear lobes and throat before again fastening voraciously to me, this time to my neck just under the shelf of my jaw, where the hot breath from her nose seems to scald me as she spends seemingly forever decorating my vulnerable throat with angry love-bites. Finally she breaks away however. With her heavy breath ruffling my hair she re-establishes that fiercely compelling eye contact and pants down at me.

"There! And now my delicious little subject, I'm going to give you a treat you'll very shortly be paying me for with a much more intense and far more intimate agony!" She rises up a bit, one hand reaches behind her back and suddenly that skimpy leather bra falls away, freeing that heavenly treasure I've been lusting after for what seems like eons.

Donna's breasts are amazingly full, and dangling pendulously down in a manner that no amount of surgical enhancement could ever attempt to counterfeit, the nipples capping them big and pink and lusciously pointy. Cutting short my amazed appraisal she buries my face in the warm deep trough between them and twists her torso violently back and forth, slapping me silly with their heavy weight. Captured by cleavage, beautifully battered by those elongated, swinging spheres of flesh, I moan deliriously in redoubled rapture

until suddenly one of those delightfully rubbery stiff pebbled tips is forced deeply into my mouth. A decades-neglected instinct immediately takes over. Ravenously I latch onto that pointy protuberance and begin to suckle as though ending a life-time of famine.

Ah, this is nourishment the likes of which my abysmally lonely soul has craved for in such tormented vain that I can't help but weep in my excess of gratitude and fulfillment. Urgently I pull at that delicious tip with all the strength of my cheeks and lips and all the bottomless need of my sexual penury. Donna further rewards me with ecstatic moans of her own, and when she at last rips that ripe bud from my mouth to replace it with its twin I again immediately latch onto it and feed with a famished need that could never dream of achieving satiety. Indeed when she at last pulls back for good and heaves herself back upright I whimper uncontrollably, like a baby bereft of its most acutely necessary sustenance. But then my gorgeous Goddess Donna, panting and flushed with a raging need of her own, gasps her next demand down at me and at least momentarily floods me with an even more overwhelming anticipation and excitement.

"Now, get ready for me to finally fuck you boy! I am going to make your entire life now by absolutely destroying your pathetic, wimpy virginity! You are going to have no fucking idea what hit you kid!"

"You'll...you'll need to take off the condom..." I begin to gasp. But straight away Donna stops me with a shake of her head and a smirk just bursting with amused contempt and smug superiority.

"The hell I will! You think I'm going to risk you peeing on me? Not on your life! If anyone ends up getting peed on in this relationship it won't be your holy Goddess. No, you're going to remain a vaginal virgin forever baby, if I have anything to say about it. That's the one thing I find most attractive of all about you, my helpless little cripple: the fact that you've never known a woman in your life and especially that you can't ever achieve orgasm! No, there are other and far better ways to fuck my boy, far more intense and rewarding ways, especially for a supremely dominant Goddess

like me and a helpless little court-eunuch sex toy like you. Check this out!”

Ignoring my breathless consternation and sore incomprehension, Donna grabs her purse off the bedside table and pulls out an arcane plastic artifact. Before I can properly grasp its shape or purpose, she whips off her miniskirt, casts it aside and then pushes this object down between her legs and up inside herself. Correction — only part of it goes up inside of her. Her hands withdraw, and to my sudden shock and crushing horror I see that Goddess Donna has now somehow just sprouted a penis! Curving up and out from her shaved bare crotch is an elegantly shaped and fearsomely impressive erection! Practically sizzling with excitement, flooded with sadistic glee at my horrified epiphany, Donna slaps this big cock smartly with her open palm, setting it to wagging sexily about and simultaneously ensuring the security of its fit. Then as she produces a tube of lubricant and begins to gleamingly slather its dangerous length and bulbous head she gloatingly enlightens me in a voice that shivers with soon-to-be unleashed maniacal passion.

“Say hello to my feeldoe, Tad. These were invented for lesbians, so that the butch on top could get off just as climactically as the girl she’s fucking. But I’ve found that it works my clit and g-spot so much harder and better when I’m fucking some poor helpless slave’s tight little asshole instead. So this is the way I fuck men now, and the only way I fuck them. And starting this minute I’m going to be fucking you that way baby, for the rest of this unforgettable night and maybe for the rest of your incomparably lucky life. So get ready to pay for sucking on my tits boy! And I further recommend that you learn to love this kind of fucking just as much as I do! As an otherwise admittedly useless cripple, it’s the only kind of fucking you’re ever going to get. So take it and roll with it baby; make this experience the sole source of sexual fulfillment in your increasingly perverted, eagerly submissive new life as my helpless, worshipful little subject!”

I am shocked, appalled, chagrined, and utterly horrified. There aren’t enough adjectives in any language to describe my crippling consternation at this incredible turn of events. Yet at the same time I can’t help but grasp the pitiless sense in Donna’s suggestion. I have

two choices here it seems. I can somehow endure this terrifying, agonizing night and then shut lovely Donna forever out of my life before going back to my miserably lonely, eternally celibate existence. Or I can try to embrace what she offers: an entirely new identity as the shockingly perverse plaything of this incomparably beautiful and powerful female deity. Truly it is exactly as she says: I can have no sex or this sex forever. Which shall it be? And then somehow the decision is made for me.

I look up at the gorgeous face and spectacular breasts of my new Goddess as she points her fearsome phallus at my helplessly waiting hole and all the cruelly thwarted lust of my severely circumscribed life suddenly overwhelms me. I just can't go back to the way I was, not after tasting those fabulous tits. My only option is to let myself be roughly transformed into whatever kind of gratefully accepting receptacle this incomparable divinity requires of me. And so as she suddenly lunges forward, dropping to her palms just above me even as she plunges her long, thick, slippery spear of a prick deep up into my tiny virgin tightness, I add my despairing cry of reluctant surrender to the triumphant shriek of consummation with which she shivers the air of my universe. Somehow, with that one surpassingly potent thrust, Goddess Donna stabs everything I used to feel and know about myself effortlessly out of me. Then, with every following lunge of her hips and plunge of her prick, she takes consummate advantage of my innate male malleability to hammer me into the precise object of her desires. I am to be her bitch, her slut, her slave, her awe-stuck and endlessly adoring subject, and I couldn't resist this if I tried.

Paradoxically, the terribly invasive pain in my anus and insides as I'm brutally taken and claimed assists in my willing transformation. It actually seems right, wholly appropriate; completely condign that such an intensely intimate agony should accompany such a fundamental reorganization of my personality and priorities. Only such extreme excruciation could possibly serve as midwife to my irreversible rebirth. Only through such surpassing pain do we pass through the unimaginable portals between what we were and what we are meant to be. And indeed when the agony of those endless,

relentless, remorselessly rapid and penetrative impalements finally begins to ease (my body and psyche slowly adapting), as that horribly goring violation is gradually transmogrified into an excitingly intense sense of sexual possession, I'm finally able to properly appreciate the immense erotic energy surrounding me, entering me, and swiftly beginning to sweep me away to stratospheric heights of truly insane physiological arousal.

Goddess Donna looms over me like magically animated colossus. Her shining hair shrouds me like a glorious golden cloud, her eyes blaze like the all-consuming sun and a grimace of extreme exertion bares her teeth at me. Transported by passion, she burns with an ecstatic determination that is more than just breathtaking, it is compellingly contagious in its transcendental fervency. Those impossibly exquisite breasts flop about like mad, their puckered pink points constantly scraping my skin, imparting an electric tingling to my being like nothing I could have conceived in my most inspired fantasies. Squashed between her bare groin and mine, my agonizingly hard and cruelly crimped off semi-erection is subject to the constantly increasing pressure and relentless stimulation of her every manic movement, an endlessly escalating source of sexual frustration that impels me helplessly in pursuit of any possible available apotheosis. And of course that necessary nirvana is increasingly enveloping me. Goddess Donna's tirelessly working ass drives her divine organ ever deeper and harder and faster up into me, irresistibly invading my formerly private secret center with every iota of her overwhelmingly dominant carnal need. Her every urgent, unstoppable thrust into my now wholly owned soul emphasizes her omnipotence over me in a way that is both inconceivably undeniable and ever more ecstatically compelling. At last, pounded beyond any base bodily bounds, I finally attain the pure, untrammelled ascension of spirit achieved by turning ones' self wholly over to the power and purpose, the needs and uses of another, far more superior being. That supreme submission, that ultimate extinction of individual autonomy, immediately brings with it the limitless bliss of absolute dissolution. For an immeasurable interval then I wallow and revel mindlessly in the transcendental ecstasy that comes of utterly

subsuming my formerly independent self in the violent possession of my wonderfully beloved deity. And every time my sublimely divine Goddess Donna hammers out and into me the screaming crescendo of another impossibly apocalyptic orgasm, I find myself shattering endlessly consecutive ceilings of ecstatic excess right along with her.

To what unfathomable pinnacle this mad psycho-sexual escalation might have eventually propelled us I can unfortunately only wonder however — wonder, and hopefully leave to future exploration. Despite her seeming omnipotence, my desperately precious deity can finally sustain this insane sexual extravaganza no longer. Claspng me tightly in her arms, still buried hilt-deep in my ass, she at long last collapses gasping atop me, my shuddering sobs bespeaking most eloquently my infinite love, gratitude and eternal devotion to her for surely taking me where no mortal has ever gone before.

And so the rest of this amazing, fundamentally transformative night passes, in an all too brief eternity of alternating hellish agony and paradisiacal ecstasy. Goddess Donna swiftly familiarizes herself with my lift. She raises me up from the bed and moves me over to the middle of the floor, leaving me hanging waist-high and slouched way down in the sling, with my hands taped tightly together behind my back and my legs splayed out exceedingly wide. For hours then she redundantly introduces me to the kind of constant discipline I must learn to endure in order to properly belong to her. Joyously sadistic, she improvises endless insidiously cruel tortures with which to punish my oh-so vulnerable and otherwise ridiculously useless male genitalia; she raids my case of refrigerated cola to repeatedly bloat me up to near bursting with enormous cold carbonated enemas that she forces me retain for excruciating intervals; she pierces my earlobes, nipples and scrotum again and again with big dull red-hot needles before finally once again endlessly, endlessly fucking my shamelessly greedy asshole: standing there firmly braced before my impossibly split-wide crotch and swinging me toward her by the chains to meet each and every one of the powerfully plunging forward thrusts of her gloriously omnipotent penis.

After that she returns me to the bed, positioning me facedown this time over a two foot-high ass-elevating wedge-shaped cushion. Exhaustively she wickedly whips and brutally batters my bare behind with a yardstick, a hairbrush, a thick leather belt, a limber graphite switch, a handy length of wooden plank and of course ultimately her swiftly slapping hips and relentlessly rampaging erection. Finally, shortly before dawn, Goddess Donna declares me sufficiently broken in — at least to begin with. In return I feverishly pledge myself, broken body, effaced mind, and pure immortal soul to be her utterly fawning slave and madly worshipful subject for any infinity of consecutive eternities.

Provisionally satisfied with this, my gloriously supreme deity then graciously consents to marry me at the earliest opportunity. Incidentally she decrees that I shall take on her last name (along with a suitably demeaning first one of her future choosing) as well as turning over all of my worldly goods and financial assets to her possession. While my superb lift, bondage bed and other adaptive equipment are moved to and installed in the basement dungeon of her already elaborately outfitted mansion she will be staying over in my guest bedroom. At her direction then I call and cancel my aide service for the next several days. After that Goddess Donna at last prepares me for appropriate repose.

She inserts an agonizingly enormous hard rubber butt-plug deep into my ass to ensure that I remain forever gaping open and instantly accessible for her. She uses over a dozen strips of that tough adhesive tape to completely enclose the lower half of my face, comprehensively gagging me. Then she hogties me up as tightly as humanly possible, until my damaged spine is curved up into an exceedingly unnatural semicircle and my radically stretched back head is tethered tightly to my bound-up big toes. She hooks my elaborately taped-together ankles and wrists to that wonderfully handy chain, and uses the electronic lift (her absolutely favorite new torture-toy she excitedly gushes) to haul me most of the way up to the ceiling. Facing directly at my sixty-two inch widescreen high definition TV from only a few feet away, I watch as she inserts a homemade DVD and sets it on continuous play. This depicts an

eight-hour session of her inventively and extensively torturing her even more cruelly restrained and outrageously debilitated (indeed drooling, vacant-eyed, and practically unresponsive) former husband — whom she meaningfully informs me she shortly expelled from her seven-year service just last month after finally exhausting his usefulness to her.

Smiling indulgently at me suspended there in terrible, ever increasing excruciation, she instructs me to fanatically study every minute of this in order to learn from his contemptible failure, and to look forward with uncontainable excitement to all of the incredibly intense physical tribulations that will soon comprise the near entirety of my new existence as her desperately masochistic subject, slave, and wonderfully blessed sex toy. With that expectant admonition then she at last turns off the lights and happily retires to her temporary new quarters. Very unnecessarily she wedges a chair tightly under the doorknob behind her, leaving me implacably imprisoned in my very own freely chosen chamber of horrors. Her parting words through the door to me are suitably excitingly portentous: If I am extremely lucky, she will return to begin even more extravagantly binding, disciplining and butt-fucking me sometime tomorrow evening...

Mechanical Marcy

It seems like forever I've been trying to cure Mark of his shameful masturbation habit. In every other respect I've succeeded in turning him into the perfect husband for me. He is the absolute epitome of the henpecked, pussy-whipped male. If I tell him to jump, he doesn't dare to even ask me how high. He just leaps for all he's worth — straight into the mouth of an active volcano if I should so suggest. But I just cannot for the life of me get him to stop jerking off behind my back.

Granted, I haven't slept with him once in all these years. Being a lesbian I haven't the slightest desire to do so. To his limitless chagrin

I informed him on our wedding night that our marriage is nothing but a sham, a convenient fiction for society's sake. I did and have and always will get all the awesome sex I could ever want or need from my many lovely, perfectly discreet girlfriends. But that doesn't give Mark the right to cheat on me, or secretly play with himself like a disgusting little boy. That I simply will not allow. I've tried spanking him, whipping him, even leaving him tied up impossibly tight for twenty-four hours or more whenever I even suspect him of jerking off. But nothing seems to work. I keep finding stinky twists of tissue in the trash, and even clearer evidence of his guilt in his regular blushing inability to make eye contact with me.

Of course a good chastity device would solve this problem once and for all. But that would be impossible to conceal at the gym and doctor's office, and appearances require that we always seem completely normal. But now at last I've hit on a punitive device — or perhaps 'elaborate contraption' would be a better way of putting it — that is guaranteed to finally put an end to his disgusting self-abuse. I found it on the internet, on an S&M site to be precise, and just finished having it installed in our basement. I'm only waiting for Mark to get home from work so I can install HIM on it for the very first time.

Finally he arrives. The moment he steps in the door and sets down his briefcase I confront him and start issuing peremptory orders.

"Get in here, you! You've been naughty again. Worse than naughty — you've been shameful and disgusting!"

"I...I...what?" he stammers, his face blushing an immediate bright red. Right away I cut him off.

"Shut up, you! Not another word! In fact, don't open your mouth at all unless I tell you too. You've got the punishment of all punishments coming up. And this time I absolutely guarantee you're going to finally learn your lesson about jerking off. Now strip you vile shit! Every last stitch!"

With the barest whimper of dread Mark swiftly complies. Once he's standing naked before me, his eyes downcast and trembling, I step up close.

“Open your mouth!” He obeys, and I drop two Viagra tablets onto his tongue. “Swallow!” He swallows. “Now open up wide!” Again he obeys. And this time I wedge a two-inch steel ring between his front teeth and buckle the attached straps behind his head, gagging him while leaving his sprung jaws forced wide open.

“Come with me to the basement,” I command, “I’ve done some refurnishing just for you!” With that I grab his limp cock and drag him after me through the house.

His penis starts to swell and harden in my hand, and it’s no wonder — this is the first time I’ve ever deigned to touch it. By the time he’s stumbled his way down the steps after me and turned the corner into the main basement room it’s fully erect and throbbing hotly long before the pills have had a chance to kick in. Then Mark sees the elaborate contraption that has replaced the dusty old ping-pong table in the center of the room, and an interrogative bleat escapes him.

This a waist-high table of sorts, all black leather surfaces and shiny stainless steel. The center of it is a narrow, thinly padded platform about a foot wide and three feet long. Close by but unconnected to either end are a pair of longer, narrower supports that form a pair of wide v-shapes that turn the entire surface into a kind of broken, elongated x. Implacable steel shackles glimmer at the ends of these, and stout belts of black leather hang evenly spaced all along their lengths. All around and above and below this delightful restraining device are shiny, adjustable steel armatures sporting various arcane mechanical gadgets. Ignoring his obvious consternation, I order Mark to lie down on his back upon this minimal table, with his arms and legs spread wide on the wings and his head and ass hanging unsupported off the ends of that central plinth.

Once he has tremblingly complied I tighten the shackles about his wrists and ankles, securing him thus spread-eagled. Then I use those many belts to strap his limbs and torso solidly down. Finally he is unable to move anything but his hands, feet and head, which he is shaking in disbelief while he moans in dread and distress.

Oh boy, he doesn’t know what distress is yet! Grinning with grim enjoyment, I begin swinging those many glittering armatures into

position and attaching the various inspired gadgets to his helpless naked body.

First I swing a cylindrical boom out over his chest. Descending from this is a complicated bit of equipment ending in two stiffly spring-loaded clamps about a foot apart trailing insulated black wires. The teeth lining these clamps are pointy enough to bite in and securely grip without quite breaking the skin, and Mark cries out sharply as I attach them to his nipples. Again I chuckle to myself: he has no idea what real pain is! With that accomplished I move zealously on to his guilty, despicable penis.

This has wilted some in his entirely justifiable trepidation, but no matter. First I slip a similarly wired thin steel circlet over his cock and right down to the very base, where I tighten it up so much that he will surely be completely unable to ejaculate or even go limp.

Then, after I grip his shaft and manipulate him back into exquisite rigidity (distasteful but necessary, and easy as pie with the Viagra starting to take effect) I tighten a second, similarly wired circlet about the base of his glans, causing that oh-so sensitive, purple-red head to immediately bloat up and throb desperately. After that I tighten two more of these circlets onto his scrotum, one just above each testicle, causing them to similarly bloat and darken. Perfect — now for the truly insidious gadgets!

Poor Mark is lifting his head and craning his neck to watch me. He won't be able to keep this up for long, but it tickles me to let him do so while he can. Winking back at his pleading, terrified gaze I swing over another complicated bit of apparatus. In full view of him I take a tough, tight sheath dangling from a thin-gauge hose and roll it down over his straining erection in the manner of a condom, completely encasing him in its lubricated rubber clutch.

Next I swing over another arm, this one ending in a three inch-wide clamp of matching semi-cylindrical halves. Once I've tightened these about his shaft he is clutched pitilessly tight indeed, his rubber-encased, doubly-wired prick held perpendicularly upright — at least until I make one last adjustment. Then I have his naughty erection pointing back toward his feet at a forty-five degree angle against its natural inclination, surely a source of both torment and paradoxically

arousing stimulus. Of course the real stimulation won't begin until I flip a simple switch. But as he's currently hooked up to only half the gadgets I have in store for him that will have to wait. It's now time to see to his wonderfully vulnerable ass!

Kneeling between his widely splayed legs I position a small flywheel trailing a pair of short, thin leather whips just under his hanging buttocks. Then with a supremely delighted anticipation I move into place the apparatus that has had my heart pounding with excitement and my mind churning with diabolical intent ever since I read about it on the computer.

This shiny steel armature is equipped with a piston. And jutting from the end of it is a ten inch-long, two inch thick, beautifully life-like dildo made of burnished stainless steel. Another insulated black wire runs into the base of this, along with another thin rubber tube. I squeeze a little bulb on this, and from the come-hole in the center of the slightly up-curved head squirts a dollop of greasy heated lubricant. I smear this around that bulbous, glittering head, then push it forward and insert just that first slippery inch into Mark's virginal, unsuspecting anus.

Naturally he forgets my command to remain silent and squeals in pained, disbelieving outrage. No matter. I'm so suffused with excited glee that I can't be bothered to censure him for this. Besides, what I have to tell him now about the nature and extent of his permanent new punishment for his quintessentially male sinning will so blow his mind and rock his world that any petty sanction for squealing would surely be utterly subsumed in and superseded by it. I move around and crouch next to his head this time, grinning into his panicked face and delightedly eating up every emotional morsel of his appalled shock and horror as I let him have it.

"Yes, Mark. I've decided we'll relate to each so much better if you become gay like me. So starting this weekend I'm going to train you to effortlessly take and eventually learn to love having big, hard, come-spurting cocks pounding into you around the clock. I will also be comprehensively cross-dressing you whenever you're at home — dresses, high heels, make-up, perfume, lingerie; the works. I've even got some well-hung gay guys in mind to start giving you all the

brutally violent sissy sex you can stand and then some. And who knows? If you get pretty and feminine enough for me, I might even forget you're still a male occasionally, and strap on my own biggest penis to hammer your slutty face and ass myself. In the meantime though Marcy, we have my wonderful new mechanical contraption to thoroughly break you in!"

With that I place a hand on his forehead and push his goggling, limitlessly appalled face back until his head is hanging upside down, with his open mouth and throat in perfect alignment. Then I swing up another tube-trailing, beautifully lifelike, piston-mounted ten by two-inch dildo with a similar hole in the tip, this one molded of hard black rubber. I push the head through that ring-gag and deep into his mouth, then stand up, scowl down and pass sentence.

"You will spend this and every weekend for the foreseeable future like this, being punished for your sinning, learning to desperately dread penile stimulation, and adapting yourself to your new role as a cock-loving homosexual sissy slut. And you needn't worry about drying out or going hungry in the process. Once every hour the penises fucking you will spurt a whole cup of heated lubricant and hot watery baby food up your ass and down your throat respectively. I order you to look forward to and greedily cherish these regular simulated ejaculations. Soon they will be supplemented by the real thing!"

Ignoring Marcy's choked protestations at this I reach out a hand and flip on the master starter switch. Then I step back to watch all the fun begin.

Oh this is so awesome! Everything gets underway at once! The clamps on Marcy's nipples draw back an inch, stretching them cruelly out, and right away begin twisting back and forth, a hundred and eighty degrees clockwise, then counter-clockwise endlessly. The flywheel starts spinning, its whips a blur as they begin relentlessly lashing against his tender bare buttocks. But of course these are the very least of Marcy's torments. Both big dildoes plunge all the way in on their very first thrust, bringing a choked cry from my poor forced-faggot as they begin rapidly pumping him in perfect syncopation, the rubber one fucking his face and pitilessly invading his gagging throat

while the gleaming steel one pounds unstoppably up into his formerly virginal ass. As designed, the up-curved head of this rubs constantly against his prostate, the mad stimulation of this immeasurably assisted by the low-level electric charge carried by the entirety of that massive metal phallus.

Of course much higher voltage shocks also begin to sear into his both of his nipples, his bloated, never again to be emptied testicles, and his woefully guilty prick at both the base and head at unpredictable intervals and for ever-increasing durations. And naturally most importantly of all, the most insidious and appropriate torments are concentrated on the entirety of that raging hard, pharmaceutically-enhanced erection. An industrial-strength pump kicks in, causing that tight rubber sheath to contract, both squeezing hard and powerfully sucking on his length and head once every single second. Meanwhile the wide steel clamp clutching his back-bent shaft begins jerking him briskly up and down in a simultaneous rhythm.

While this is undoubtedly ecstasy for Marcy at first, this kind of relentless, incredibly intense stimulation with no possibility of let-up or release ever (or at least until I see fit to free him) will quickly become both an insanity of frustration and an intolerable, constantly increasing agony in his rock-hard, contemptible male member. Let's just see how eager he is for the slightest bit of penile stimulation after a whole uninterrupted weekend of this!

Consummately delighted, filled to overflowing with righteous vindication, I step back at last. I pull up a chair; sit down in it and cross my legs. Firing up a cigarette, I settle in to watch my guilty Marcy suffer for the first of his uncounted consecutive hours.

Captured at the Camp

Jack and Jerry were each eighteen, hotshot heroes on the local high school football team. Jack was the quarterback and Jerry the wide receiver, and they were best friends and drinking buddies

outside of school and sports. This year they would be seniors, seeking to impress the media, college scouts and of course the chicks with their performance as they made their yearly drive toward the state championship. It was all going to be glorious fun, but the pressure would be on them big-time. Now was the occasion to indulge in some high-spirited drunken shenanigans, before school resumed and the season started.

It was nearly midnight, and they'd both been drinking for hours. Using beer-bongs to 'shoot' or funnel whole beers down their throats at once, they were just wasted enough to sneak into the secluded camp where the soccer team from the nearby women's college was in training for their own upcoming season. Lurid stories of lesbian sex parties going on at the camp had been circulating, and the temptation do a little peeping had been irresistible. Blood flooded with alcohol and testosterone, the two followed a long dirt road past woods and soccer fields to a collection of buildings they recognized as the camp. Within the last screen of concealing trees, they focused on the largest, lighted building, obviously a shower/dormitory for the team in training. If any wild orgies were going on (or if there were any worthwhile sights to peep at all), they would be in there.

"Hold up a minute," whispered Jack. "Let's wait and see if the coast is clear." He set down their second, still mostly full twelve-pack of Bud.

"Hey, not so fast," grinned Jerry. "We might as well shoot another beer while we're waiting." He held out the bong, a homemade funnel formed of a two-liter plastic soda bottle with the bottom cut off and an eighteen-inch length of three-quarter inch plastic tubing screwed onto to the neck. Plugging the end of the tube with his thumb, he held the improvised funnel out as Jack popped a beer and poured it in. Then with an adeptness born of regular practice he lifted the bong over his head, placed the end of the tube in his mouth and pulled free his thumb. Immediately the entire beer whooshed down the tube and into his mouth.

By opening his throat and closing his epiglottis, Jerry made his esophagus into an additional funnel, enabling him to ingest the entire beer almost instantly — a far faster route to intoxication than even

chugging. Staggering slightly he struggled with his gorge briefly before releasing a resounding belch — ill-advised under the circumstances perhaps, but necessary. After that he returned the favor by similarly assisting his buddy. Together then they looked cautiously around.

“All quiet on the Western front,” assessed Jerry after a minute. Then, befitting their positions on the team and the acknowledged dynamics of their friendship, he deferred to his quarterback pal. “So what’s the plan, my man?”

“Simple,” answered Jack. “We sneak up to the windows and peek in, me at the left one and you at the right. With the darkness out here, the lights in there will turn the glass into one-way mirrors. We’ll be able to see everything while they’ll have no idea.”

Hearts beating briskly with excitement, enjoying the big-game butterflies brought on by their daring, the two boys crept as stealthily as their drunkenness allowed up to the windows. Together they peered inside, gasped, and then shot each other looks of delighted incredulity before turning their rapt gazes back to the amazing show on offer.

The rumors had been right! In the dorm before them an orgy of outrageous proportion was well underway. Every cot in the place, twenty-four of them, had been pushed together in the center of the room, forming an enormous padded surface six beds wide by four beds long. Of the ten naked young women present, five were using strap-on dildoes to penetrate three of them on that gigantic bed, while two more circled the perimeter with compact video cameras, recording the proceedings! Goggling in disbelief, Jack began scrambling to put names to the participants.

Easiest to recognize was Tina Schultz, the senior team captain who was currently using her big fake cock to take a rather petite blonde on all fours from behind. Meanwhile Lisa Brown, the team’s star striker, knelt opposite her, using her own strap-on to fuck the lucky girl simultaneously in the mouth. A short distance away a similar threesome was formed of midfielder Anna Spence being plowed from behind by notoriously tough little Latina defender Maria Hernandez while tall black winger Shawna Washington urgently

pumped her ebony rod in and out of Anna's greedily pursed lips. Finally two girls he couldn't place, a redhead and mousy brunette (probably freshman and new to the team) were engaged in an eager experimentation with the missionary position.

Briefly Jack wondered where the rest of the team was, and then decided they were probably either getting it on in the showers or just not in on the fun. After all, they couldn't all be dykes, could they?

Whatever — he dismissed the question. Then he went on staring avidly, until the sound of quiet splashing distracted him.

Jerry was pissing against the wall five feet away from him. The sight reminded Jack of his own suddenly aching, beer-filled bladder. He unbuttoned his pants, raked open the zipper and pushed his briefs down enough to free himself and urinated for what seemed like an age. He finished, and glanced over at Jerry. His buddy was peering back through his window, awestruck. He still had his hands on either side of his pants, but had obviously been arrested in the process of putting himself away by the incredible orgy still on display. In fact his exposed, enviably impressive peter was quickly climbing in a series of rather humorous twitches. Suddenly becoming aware of this, he gawped down at himself, then quickly, nervously over at Jack. Too unsure of himself to take the initiative, he was obviously struggling sorely with temptation.

What the hell. Jack grinned and shrugged his permission. Then he pushed his own open pants and briefs down off his hips and clasped his own quickly stiffening member in his well-educated right hand. Jerry copied him instantly, and they both returned their undivided attention to the amazing lesbian spectacle in front of them.

Soon their panting breath was in danger of fogging the glass, and involuntary moans of arousal were escaping them as they stood there watching and masturbating. All of the women on display were exciting hard-bodies in superb physical condition, with bulging calves and thighs, shoulders and biceps; washboard bellies, boulder-hard buttocks and generally moderate but exquisitely firm breasts. Even as he feasted his eyes and increased his pumping, Jack was struck by the thought that this many supremely fit females would be serious trouble if they discovered them out here.

Strangely enough this thought added an additional spice to his voyeuristic thrill, and he pumped himself harder still, moaning uncontrollably as he felt his climax beginning to build within. But then as if the thought had somehow summoned it suddenly came an interruption of the most disastrous sort.

A soft rustling sounded behind him. Just the wind in the trees, no doubt — except that there was no wind. Then as he heard a surprised yelp from beside him his pants and underwear were suddenly yanked down to his ankles, hobbling him and making running for it impossible. No matter — immediately his arms were seized from either side and he was yanked over backwards. But before he could hit the ground he suddenly had two young ladies in skimpy shorts and sports bras grabbing his legs and lifting him helplessly off his feet. Naturally he began struggling wildly, but the hold on his arms was just as implacable as his legs. Casting a desperate glance at Jerry he saw there was no help there: his buddy was similarly hobbled, airborne and struggling fruitlessly in the clutches of another four muscular women. One of them was Mary Hannah, the hulking six-foot two-inch goalkeeper. Swiftly he recognized that one of own captors was the other brute on the team, the six foot-tall and one-hundred seventy-pound Wilma Mattingly, the other starting striker and an unstoppable force on the field. Sputtering protests, struggling fruitlessly with his erect wiener wagging ridiculously about, he was carried effortlessly after Jerry over to the door and into the dormitory.

“Look what we just discovered on our way back from the weight room!” crowed Wilma, as the orgy came to a sudden shocked halt. “A couple of disgusting peeping Toms interested in joining the party! Look, they’ve already got their silly little peckers out!” Shocked gasps turned to uproarious laughter instantly, followed by mocking catcalls and a surging mass of offended femininity. More strong limbs quickly took possession of them, and Jack and Jerry were hauled helplessly over to the communal bed. There they were dumped unceremoniously down and implacably pinned.

Despite (or possibly even because of) his terror and humiliation, Jack found himself suddenly becoming more aroused than ever as

he writhed wildly, futilely amongst the mass of mostly naked women. Even when a girl ran up clutching a bag filled with rolls of sturdy athletic tape he found his desperate situation an inexplicably overwhelming turn-on. But quickly things got too scary to be any real fun.

Under Captain Tina's direction the ladies promptly tore the boys' clothes the rest of the way off before using outrageous amounts of that tape to bind each of Jack and Jerry's wrists and elbows to its corresponding ankle and knee. This hobbled them in even more humiliating fashion than before. Released from those many powerfully clutching hands at last, they found that facedown they'd be stuck bent over on their faces and knees, with stability gained only at the expense of having spread legs and up-raised asses. Rolling over, they found themselves as helplessly on their backs as overturned turtles, with their knees drawn further up and open by every pull of their arms.

"P-p-please ladies!" begged Jerry, only to have two of the girls slap additional strips of tape over both of their mouths, gagging them. Then the girl stepped back to enjoy their own show, laughing and pointing as Jack and Jerry rolled and crabbed their way around that huge expanse of mattresses, struggling wildly and pointlessly to free themselves. Finally they both recognized the futility of this however. They lapsed into quiescence, blinking fearfully around at the vengeful crowd surrounding them, their naughty penises still tellingly erect. Noticing this, Tina scornfully pointed it out.

"Ha! Looks like our little trespassers really do want to join the orgy, doesn't it? We just might have to allow that. I recognize these two; they're hotshot football players from the high school. I think it's time they got a proper education before they head off to college: one about the respect due to women and the limitless sexual opportunities on offer for the right kind of submissive little sissy boys.

"The first step of this has to be corporal punishment, for sure. We've got to make them pay, not only for spying on us, but for all of their obvious former lifetimes of asshole male arrogance and mistakenly assumed superiority. Four of you guys go and get towels, soak them good in the shower and twist them into whips. Tammy and

Cole, you guys keep recording this while we force our unwilling party participants to assume and maintain appropriate punishment positions. Don't worry; you'll each get your turn with a whip. We'll all get multiple turns!"

Soon the two boys found themselves kneeling in a three-point stance about six feet apart, with their burning, humbled heads pressed to the mattresses facing each other, their bound-together arms and legs spread wide and their vulnerable asses thrust invitingly up high. The dripping, twisted towels arrived, along with a handy bucket of ice-cold water to keep them properly sopping. Then as she distributed these makeshift whips Tina sternly laid down the law for their hapless captives.

"Okay, boys, it's time for you accept some sorely-needed discipline. You will remain voluntarily in this submissive position throughout your well-deserved ass whipping. Any break in formation will come at the cost of far worse punishment to follow. Mary, Wilma, you're the two strongest here, so you each take a victim on his left side. Lisa and I will take the right. The rest of you can work out the succeeding order amongst yourselves for when we tire.

Looking across the bed at his best friend, Jack saw tears of fear and humiliation spilling from Jerry's eyes. Then the sight was mercifully blurred as he began to weep himself. After that the crying began in earnest.

The wet, tightly wound towels began to whistle and crack. Agony exploded in each ass, as first from the left side, then the right, and then in endless succession they were both whipped relentlessly. The ladies in control of them were so strong and fit, so motivated and zealous, that the pain seemed just as limitless as their tormentors' incredible stamina. For well over an hour they struggled madly to endure without collapsing as the endless four lines of four women each viciously whipped their up-thrust buttocks and even more tender thighs, to the raucous applause and constant catcalls of those not currently delivering the punishment. No stadium-wide shower of jeers and boos could possibly compete with that never ending chorus of demeaning voices, just as no season however long of brutally crunching hits and enraged defenders' tackles could

approach the pain and debilitation of that seemingly never-ending whipping.

Of course remaining stationary in formation for the duration eventually proved impossible, no doubt as their captors were counting upon. Jerry was the first to crumple, falling miserably sobbing onto his side and rolling back and forth mindlessly in the extremity of his agony. Seeing this Jack immediately followed suit, hardly hearing the increased jeers of his tormentors as he did so, or the instructions of Captain Lisa as she organized the next, progressively worse stage of their justified punishment. But no matter — soon he would have the intense personal experience of it for his cruel elucidation.

Each boy quickly found himself lying sidewise across a bed on his back, with a pair of elevating pillows stacked beneath his torso. Sturdy ropes were wrapped about each bent knee, and then drawn out taut to the head and foot of the bed to either side. There they were pulled tightly down and tied to the understructure. This left Jack and Jerry lying with their gagged heads hanging back off of and their purple-bruised asses just beyond the elevating pillows, with their bent-up legs tied down even lower and splayed open ridiculously wide. Now it was their white inner thighs and their guilty, properly shriveled-with-chagrin genitals vulnerably exposed. And of course the many lovely ladies gathered immediately proceeded to take ruthless advantage of this fact.

This time it was their hairy naked crotches being belabored, from their tied-down knees to their most tender, elevated centers. Soon their ugly little sex organs were swollen not with the burning blood of arousal but with the even hotter puffiness of inflamed, abraded flesh. Now they didn't merely miserably sob but were soon screaming into their gags as their vulnerable balls and shriveled-up dicks were redundantly whipped. Yet not satisfied with even this, the ladies awaiting their turn with the wet towels commenced to pinching, stretching, and twisting their nipples, pulling out their chest hairs one by one, slapping their faces, yanking on their hair and even tickling their underarms, side and feet relentlessly. All this went on for another nightmare eternity. Both boys found themselves reduced to

a more pitiful, groveling and unabashedly sobbing condition than they would ever have dreamed possible before Captain Tina at last considered their punishment (the strictly physical element of it at least) sufficient.

“Okay, ladies, I think our despicable little peeping Toms here have suffered enough for their unforgivable spying at least for now. I’d say it’s almost time for us to make their most filthy, perverted dreams come true by letting them join in the orgy they so rudely interrupted. But first they need a bit of preparation, and an additional wholly appropriate sanction for the double sin of breaking training rules with underage drinking. Shawna, you brought in their beer and funnel, didn’t you? I’m sure they’ve had their buzz whipped out of them by now. Let’s let them renew it with a few more properly delivered funnels. According to my anthropology classes, the Romans, Aztecs and other ancients had a way to imbibe alcohol even when their stomachs were too full to take any more. Let’s just see how that works out in practice...”

Choking off his sobs, Jack blinked his eyes clear in time to see tall black Shawna stepping up to bound-out Jerry with the beer-bong. Giggling sadistically, she pushed the end of the drinking tube not into his mouth (which remained gagged in any case) but deep into his undefended asshole. Jerry immediately squealed in protest, trying to squirm away from her. Of course star striker Lisa was there to promptly seize his swollen balls, squeezing and twisting them ruthlessly.

“Hold still, boy!” she barked. “It’s enema time for you, and you’d better behave and take it all in like a good boy. And don’t you dare let it out until we say you can!”

Jerry subsided, whimpering piteously, and Captain Tina stepped up and poured (carefully, so as not to lose too much liquid to foam) not one but two whole cans of Bud into the uplifted funnel. Jack watched aghast as that sparkling golden fluid whooshed down the tube and disappeared into his buddy’s visibly swelling abdomen. Jerry groaned and sobbed, twisting his head violently back and forth in futile denial. Nevertheless he made no foolish attempt to expel his prodigious rectal ingestion when the tube was removed but

continued sobbing and moaning woefully. And then it was Jack's turn.

Already he began likewise shaking his head as the girls approached him, and of course they only laughed and jeered spitefully. Just like Lisa, tough-tackling Maria seized and squeezed his horribly bruised sack threateningly. Then giggling Shawna was painfully invading his anus (which had never so much as suffered a thermometer) up past his helplessly spasming sphincter with that nearly inch-thick stiff tube of plastic. Distantly Jack heard himself squealing into his gag exactly as his best friend had, appalled and revolted to his very marrow by that hideously unnatural sensation. Still, with his body under dire threat it was left to just his traumatized psyche to squirm unbearably, and soon he was sobbing just as brokenly as his buddy as that warm wet gush suddenly flooded stingingly into him.

Oh his insides were bloating like a balloon, the unaccustomed muscles cramping unbearably as his poor virgin rectum was so wildly stretched! Furthermore the fizzy carbonation burned his most sensitive inner flesh like fire. And yet when the painfully invading tube was finally withdrawn, he too somehow managed to clamp himself closed, deliberately retaining every beechwood-aged ounce of that agonizing enema. Gasping explosively through his nose he fought grimly for control, suitably terrified of whatever inconceivable punishment he might incur if he let go and soiled the bed. Squeezing his eyes just as shut as his butt with the monumental effort required, he sobbed and shuddered and listened to the limitlessly humiliating cheers and jeers that rained down from all around, and to Captain Tina's stern admonishments.

"That's right butt-boys, hold it in. We'll be giving you a basin to let it out into, but not until at least ten minutes have passed. Let those blood vessels lining your rectums absorb all the alcohol they can; you paid for it after all, and not just in the monetary sense. Just concentrate on letting those virgin little asses stretch themselves right out. Believe me: you'll be thanking us for this very shortly."

Like hell, thought Jack, grimacing and sweating desperately as those bursting bubbles pricked at his bloated insides like million little

needles. Dimly he could hear Jerry sobbing and panting next to him, but he had no sympathy to spare for his best friend. Every iota of himself was dedicated solely to holding on to that horribly punishing and demeaning draught until he was at last granted permission to release it.

Oh, how that ten minutes stretched out like ten long hours! Once he raised his head and looked down himself, and was appalled to see that the hugely bloated dome of his lower abdomen now blocked all sight of his genitals. Of course he could still see the tensed brown muscles of Maria's forearm, as she continued to hold his already wounded balls in a death-grip, ready to pulp them instantly at any hint of disobedience. Sobbing more brokenly than ever Jack let his head fall back to the furthest stretch of his neck. Then he returned to counting the seconds until this interminable ordeal might be over.

Finally a shallow plastic basin was set on the mattress and pushed under his elevated ass; that strong fist stopped threatening his aching testicles and that blessed word of permission graciously came.

"Okay boys, let it out now."

Jack almost swooned with relief as he let go and expelled that no longer prickling liquid. His head was swimming drunkenly, and distantly he perceived the truth in the reported efficacy of this method for ingesting alcohol. Still he couldn't dream of thanking his pitiless captors for the experience, and he quailed in redoubled terror and misery at Captain Tina's next words.

"Very good — and look: only four beers left in your twelve-pack! One more enema apiece and you'll be done drinking for the night and ready for the real party to begin!"

And so the entire interminable ordeal was repeated leaving Jack more worn out, unprecedentedly sore, drunk and debilitated than ever. Indeed he was so used-up and abused that the prospect of now getting to join all these incredibly hot older girls in the resumption of their wild orgy couldn't get the slightest rise out of him. Forget about sex — all he wanted with his entire heart was to escape back home and begin the lifelong job of forgetting this entire terrible night had ever happened.

Of course that was not in the cards. Now that the interruption had been dealt with, and the foreplay was finally over, the eighteen young women of the Dupree College soccer team were simply wild to indulge in an unprecedentedly intense orgy of mythic proportion and marathon endurance. The awesome prospect of having these two formerly arrogant and supremely offending young men to take out their vengeful lesbian aggression on was almost too exciting to contemplate — particularly when their idea of great sex was surely so diametrically opposed to that of their wickedly sinning victims. The first hint of these even more limitlessly appalling events about to commence came from Captain Tina of course. And although they didn't know it, her next address marked the end of one all-too brief lifetime for them and the beginning of one more horrifying, demeaning, and demoralizing than either of them could have possibly imagined.

"Well boys, judging by what you've seen tonight I guess you think we're a bunch of sluts, huh?"

Both too traumatized and terrified to even think of so insulting their cruel captors, Jack and Jerry vigorously shook their heads in denial. Captain Tina merely sneered at this, as the closely grouped women watching laughed with excited anticipation.

"Liars! Of course you do. Well I freely admit that it's true: we're voraciously greedy sluts one and all. But don't go and start thinking that makes you in any way superior you filthy hypocrites. Boys can be even bigger sluts than girls, and we're going to prove that to you right now. Especially since those wonderfully cleansing enemas have ensured that we can now hammer the point redundantly home without defiling our lovely dildoes in the slightest. So get ready for the fucking of a lifetime, you naughty little slut-boys. After tonight sex will never be the same for either of you!"

As Jack struggled to accept the cryptic sense of this pronouncement Captain Tina proceeded to make her meaning horrifyingly clear. She snapped on a tight rubber glove, and turned to the cute, liberally freckled little redhead Jack recognized from the novice twosome he'd so idiotically spied upon earlier. To his disbelieving horror he saw this girl holding out a tub of Atomic Balm,

an exceedingly potent treatment for sore muscles similar to but much more penetrating and inflaming than Ben-Gay. Using her gloved hand Captain Tina scooped out a copious amount and began slathering it all over the ten inch-long lifelike rubber dildo she still wore strapped about the waist of her otherwise nude body. Meanwhile Lisa did likewise with her own big dick, and then moved toward whimpering Jerry even as Tina knelt between Jack's tightly restrained, spread wide legs.

"You're going to love this lube," she breathed with a smile so evil it should have been outlawed. "Not only will it make your first ever slut-fucking surpassingly fast and furious, but unbearably exciting as well. I'm going to break you in and burn you up at the very same time. You're going to be reminded of our hotly penetrating cocks for days after we're finally finished with you!"

Jack had only seconds in which to confront this prospect, so impossibly scary in so many ways. Then even as he heard Jerry's barely muffled bleat of unbelieving agony the reality was thrust upon and into him in all its monstrous actuality. To the exultant whoops and smacking high-fives of the celebratory audience Captain Tina plunged forward and deep into his fortunately already loosened-up anus and rectum.

Her stiff rubber erection was unbearably bigger than the beer-bong tube, and the thick coating of chemical heat that so eased its insertion was infinitely more fiery than the comparatively tame carbonation that had so tormented him before. Even as that hellish phallus drove its excruciating entirety into him in one soul-searing, body-claiming stroke, simultaneous eradicating his anal virginity and fatally wounding his formerly unconsciously confident-to-the-point-of-arrogance masculinity, Jack felt himself scream his agony and ego-bereavement miserably into his tight tape gag.

Captain Tina was right: he'd never be the same after this.

His entire sexuality had just suffered a crippling loss, one immediately and increasingly compounded by every swiftly accelerating following thrust. With the pace and power of a heavyweight boxer belaboring a speed-bag and the stamina of an in-form ultra-marathoner, Captain Tina proceeded to fuck every last iota

of his formerly swaggering sexual self-image out of him even as her lava-hot cock pounded in the undeniable knowledge of his essential inferiority. Truly the psychic battering he was sustaining dwarfed the burning and bludgeoning being so relentlessly inflicted on his physical insides, even as the two combined to torture him in the most fundamental, ineradicable manner imaginable. Seeking any conceivable escape from this extravagantly personal rape, Jack finally tore his gaze from the pitilessly emasculating sight of Captain Tina's massive member hammering so furiously into his ass to glance around at his surroundings. Unfortunately everything he saw only contributed to the supreme humiliation so effectively reaving him of his former self.

There was Jerry, his best friend in all the world. As Lisa leaned forward and fucked his ass like an unleashed juggernaut he saw in his insanely wide and terrified red-rimmed eyes not only the same existential crisis reshaping himself, but also the easily imagined damning judgment of every future person he ever met. Then further compounding this inescapable knowledge, there was the wildly derisive hilarity in every laughing face, accusing gaze and scornfully pointing finger in the crowd of eminently desirable females surrounding him, all forcing him to accept the undeniable truth that he would be patently forevermore unworthy of the basest specimen of superior femininity. How could he ever hope to impress the very least of them again after this diminishment? Finally, in the most quintessentially demeaning and most horrifyingly certain emotional and psychological blow of all, he found himself next staring into the permanently public eye of pitiless posterity, in the form of Anna's expensive digital video camera capturing every deathly nuance of his transformation from cocky stud to cock-loving slut in a billion incriminating bits.

Traumatically battered at last beyond his greatest capacity for endurance, Jack finally closed his eyes, seeking thereby to somehow shut out all that was happening to him. And yet this only left him at last face-to-face with himself in his last bastion of privacy. There, confronted by a future self he knew not how to bear, he at last

took the truly irrevocable step toward accepting the contemptible new identity being so ruthlessly hammered into him.

Desperate to salvage anything from this ego-slating experience he began, with exquisitely shameful reluctance, to concentrate solely on physical sensation; to deliberately shirk all awareness of what was happening to his most basic personality in favor of the almost equally overwhelming physicality of the sexual tsunami currently inundating him. Perhaps there he could find some lonely splintered spar to which to cling before he drowned.

Of course there was only the terrible burning and bludgeoning of that pitilessly invading and occupying prick. The agony of this was beyond exquisite; yet as he dwelt upon it ever more exclusively, that overriding excruciation gradually became the very thought-effacing tonic he so desperately desired. And the more single-mindedly he relied upon it to distract him from the hopeless battle to still respect and even endure himself, the more he came to need and even crave it. Without even realizing he was doing it, he eventually began to raise his already elevated ass upwards, and strain his widely bound-out legs even wider, masochistically seeking to increase the profoundly intimate and increasingly compelling agony that was somehow paradoxically becoming his last-ditch salvation. Unbelievably, mixed into his non-stop sobs of utterly bereft misery soon began to creep a curious note of satisfied acceptance, until unbeknownst to him these were bit-by-bit completely replaced by unthinkably appreciative grunts and groans at every deliciously damaging dick-stab that speared unstoppably home.

Almost presciently picking up on this process, expertly gauging the way Jack and in fact Jerry as well were allowing their former asshole masculinity to crumble, Captain Tina quickly emulated the equally knowing Lisa in increasing the violence and intensity of their tandem slut-boy fucking even as she nodded at last to Shawna and Maria, who stood by stroking their own eager erections and waiting impatiently. Exchanging a delighted high-five and celebratory kiss at this, these two promptly circled around to where the heads of their rapidly emerging new sluts lolled way back with closed eyes and ever more unmistakable expressions of unconscious enjoyment.

Together they took up identical positions opposite their ever more enthusiastically fucking teammates and suddenly ripped free the gags blocking access to those other delectably slutty little fuck-holes. Shocked suddenly back to reality, both boys cried out in madly conflicted distress, only to have their pathetic exclamations suddenly crammed right back down their gullets by eight thick inches of invading black cock. Taking ruthless advantage of the pre-planned alignment of their slut-boys' mouths and throats, both consummately hot and horny females began plunging their greedy erections all the way in and out, fucking the sluts' faces as wildly as their partners in these mirrored three-ways were hammering into their now uplifted and ever more eagerly accepting assholes.

For Jack the sudden monstrous trauma was two-fold.

Shocked into acknowledgement of the way he'd been shamelessly accepting and even enjoying his downright criminal violation, he came within an ace of losing the progress he'd made. And added to this distress was of course the violent horror of his savagely abrupt face-raping.

This was indeed worse than having his butt-cherry broken. Physically the gagging, almost strangling experience of having that hard rubber cylinder plunging rhythmically down his throat brought a pain and autonomic revulsion that easily surpassed even that first burning thrust into his ass. And of course given the unspeakable taboo and even more mortifying social stigma attached to cocksucking, the mental and emotional component of this attack was considerably more devastating as well. Pummeled on multiple levels thus he struggled briefly, titanically with this renewed and truly insuperable assault on his manhood. But then, in an impressive testament to his newly acquired malleability in the face of the unrelenting pressure put on him by his captors, he managed to overcome both of these threats at once.

Recognizing again that only in physical acceptance could he paradoxically salvage any sense of himself no matter how horribly transformed, he forced himself to somehow relax. By a supreme effort of psychological will he managed to revert, consciously this time, to the nascent masochist and willing dick-slut he was inevitably

becoming. At the same time he managed to calm his physical distress by a similarly determined effort of bodily control. Here his recreational drinking habits stood him in good stead. Not only did he possess an iron stomach from years of assaulting it with cheap liquor and spicy food (quite often in combination), but his expertise with the beer-bong had long ago taught him the trick of opening his throat. Soon he fought his rebelling system under control. He managed to stop retching, and closing his lips around the thick, smoothly slick cock sliding so swiftly in and out of his mouth and throat Jack began again panting explosively through his nose. Of course Captain Tina continued to ever more excitingly drill her own big, burning erection up into him, and back in touch with his awakening new self as a shameless slut this once again welcome attack combined to quickly help him accept his appalling new status as a bona-fide cocksucker. Clearing his mind of everything except raw sensation, he let himself go utterly limp (except for his own cock, which was amazingly beginning to twitch and thicken again) and left his body to be the unresisting plaything of the two rampaging erections driving so unstoppably into him from either end.

Sometimes these shoved him back and forth a bit between the two lovely women enjoying him. Sometimes, when their opposing rhythms fell into synch, he found himself compressed between their hammering hips. In either case his unthinking body soon came to love being double-fucked. Later he would surely have to face himself in the mirror (as well in the eyes of his best friend, who had finally, tellingly stopped choking and gagging as well) and somehow try to come to terms with what he had let himself become. But for now there was nothing to do but simply lie back and be, to accept being a disgusting slut and all the ever-less-reluctant enjoyment that came with the pain and sense of ultimate possession those two hard cocks continued to pound relentlessly into him.

As for the ladies forcing and observing this further surrender, they ecstatically added the exhilaration of success to the domineering thrill of irresistible coercion. On top of the already transcendent ecstasy of sex (the excitement of supreme physical exertion in pursuit of climax magnified magnificently by the constant

clitoral stimulation provided by their powerfully thrusting erections) this triumphant exultation quickly propelled them pell-mell toward the point of apotheosis. Feasting on the sight of each other in hair-tossing, breast-flopping, sweat-slinging action (as well as the madly gratifying spectacle of their new slut-boys' similarly flopping penises beginning to swell unmistakably erect) they simultaneously rode the cresting wave of all these physical and emotional stimuli breathlessly forward. Finally, cheered madly on by the supremely approving crowd of their peers, they at last met each other perfectly at the pinnacle. In an almost miraculous act of sexual symbiosis, the four of them suddenly pounded out and screamed at the ceiling an immensely satisfying quartet of extravagantly sustained simultaneous orgasms.

Of course, the second they all finally pulled panting out and staggered back into the arms of their wildly celebrating teammates, the next chosen four eagerly filled their places. Mary and Wilma, the two biggest and strongest, promptly stabbed their even more massive members (thickly glistening with fresh doses of flaming-hot gel) and set about demonstrating what even more devastating acts of sexual aggression and masculine subjugation their considerably more powerful bodies were capable of delivering. Meanwhile freshman Terri and Lori (barely older than the boys themselves) were graciously granted the opportunity to see what wonders the forceful face fucking of a couple of remarkably accommodating new slut-boy cocksuckers could bring out in their own rapidly developing cruelly dominant young sexualities.

With that the serendipitously interrupted strap-on orgy finally fell back into full swing. Whichever members were not either recording or further raping and indoctrinating the two precious slut-boys resumed kissing, fondling, sucking and fucking each other. Everyone got lavishly into the action, particularly of course Jerry and Jack, the two serially, simultaneously, extensively and exhaustively orally and anally raped formerly arrogantly male sluts. Each and every powerfully fit woman present got to fuck each end of each of them multiple times, until finally both ridiculously greedy slut-boys were quite obviously wallowing in the pure, unadulterated ecstasy of their

comprehensive, fundamentally inverted perversion. At that point, Captain Tina at last called for the most incredible sex party ever to be brought to the only kind of possibly fitting climax.

“Okay ladies, the night is getting old. I know today is Sunday, and there’s no practice scheduled, but we are going to need a full day’s rest after this workout. I want us all asleep by dawn. But first we need one last indelibly memorable performance to cap off this party properly. So now we’re going to irrevocably cement our evil little peeping Tom’s coerced conversions into shamelessly greedy slut-boys. It’s time for them to take that ultimate step, to truly join the winning team by recognizing every human being’s essential bisexuality, and at last inescapably embracing their own. Let’s get them properly positioned to reciprocate by giving us they same kind of free show that we unwittingly provided them with earlier!” Cheers of emphatic agreement greeted this idea, along with by far the cruelest derisive catcalls and laughter yet. Then again under Captain Tina’s direction the appropriate preparations were made.

Once again horrified and dismayed far beyond his ability to articulate, woefully sore and suffering Jack watched aghast as the ropes binding wide Jerry’s legs were released from the bed and his similarly too-debilitated-to-protest friend was surrounded by naked, cock-wielding women, picked up and carried still bound ankles-and-elbows-to-wrists-and-knees over to him. Then the girls flipped him over, turned him all the way around and set him down right on top of Jack’s own bound and naked body in the notorious ‘sixty-nine’ position.

With his best buddy’s crotch squashed into his face, horribly mortified Jack couldn’t escape his awareness that the hot swollen cock lying alongside and pressing against his cheek was still fully erect and even urgently pulsating, just like his own. Still trying to deny what this bodily betrayal implied, he twisted his deeply blushing face away. Immediately however a crushing grip once again seized his testicles, even as he saw from centimeters away another hand wriggle in and apply an identically coercive grip to Jerry’s hairy sack.

From somewhere beyond his current squirming perdition of humiliation he heard Captain Tina’s implacable voice again issuing

orders.

“Forget about resisting, slut-boys. Admit your terrible, uncontrollable arousal, open your mouths and suck each other’s cocks. Commit the deliciously exciting sin of homosexuality and give us girls a show like one you stole from us before we caught you at it. You have five seconds to begin before we crush your balls like grapes, and you can never come again, much less in each other’s mouths! Five...four...”

Right away the rest of the ladies joined in, chanting down that terrible count. Another hand reached in, grabbing Jerry’s impressively lengthy erection and directing it until the velvety-hot head pressed insistently against Jack’s desperately compressed lips. At the same time he felt another strong, cool hand similarly directing (and additionally maddeningly pumping on) his own despicably raging erection. Finally, at the last second, Jack let out a miserably conflicted sob and opened his mouth. Just as Jerry’s hotly pulsing pole pushed through his lips, slid along his tongue and deep into his throat Jack felt his own straining hard-on identically engulfed.

The shamefully blessed pleasure of this was wonderful and horrible; infinitely demeaning and yet supremely relieving. Viciously hating himself and yet unable to help himself he once again began straining his hips upward, even as Jerry’s face-straddling hips started pumping, fucking his reluctantly sucking mouth. Jeering cheers of victory once again began raining derisively down.

“Yeah baby!”

“All right!”

“Give it to him!”

“Fuck his pretty face!”

“Whoo-hoo!”

“Way to go!”

“Look at those gay little slut-boys suck!”

“Don’t forget to swallow, or we’ll pulp your fucking balls!”

“Come on girls,” interrupted Captain Tina, “Get in closer with those cameras! One on each side — we want an indisputably incriminating record of each slut gladly sucking cock without any of our own faces in the frame.”

Hearing this last, Jack finally accepted that there was no way back.

Nothing that he could ever do could contradict the ample evidence that he was now and forevermore a greedily willing bisexual slut. At last casting away his final stubborn regrets and reservations, he gave in wholeheartedly to his destiny. Suddenly moaning helplessly with hours of ever-growing and finally freed semi-repressed arousal, he began pursing his lips and cheeks and sucking hard at the deliciously long and thick, hard and soft, hotly throbbing organ fucking his hungry mouth.

In response that cock began thrusting faster even as the tightly gripping lips bobbing voraciously up and down on his own hugely swollen penis began to likewise accelerate. Moaning deliriously, suddenly unable to determine which incredibly stiff dick was turning him on more and not caring in the slightest Jack was unprepared for but immediately eagerly accepting of the sudden most mind-blowing addition to this experience imaginable. Just as he became aware of a new weight depressing the bed above his head, a new cock he identified by its prodigious size as belonging to Wilma thrust roughly into his still stretched-open asshole and began hammering away.

Just like that he couldn't help himself.

No more able to contain his wildly spiking excitement than a weakened dike the storm surge of a cyclone, he abruptly found himself shooting out what seemed like liters of semen into his best friend's hungrily sucking mouth. With his whole body shuddering and his clenching balls convulsing he wallowed mindlessly in the best orgasm of his life, unmindful of the fact that the earliness of his release — Mary hadn't even got her cock into Jerry's ass yet, spoiling the intended four-way — was condemning him to suffer the most extreme degradation yet. Yet had he known this he still wouldn't have minded. Somehow degradation had become as delicious as a hard hot cock to him; so blackly compelling that he'd henceforth be incapable of any arousal without it. Gasping in inexplicable bliss, he just laid there naked and brazenly splayed while Jerry was hauled off him and Captain Tina decreed his

punishment for ejaculating in his new lover's mouth before his lover could do the same to him.

"Okay come-swallower, I like the way you swallowed that: perfect for a sleazy little slut. But that obviously wasn't the least bit fair. In return, you now get to fuck your faggot friend in the ass until you get to climax too. But don't waste your load in his unworthy butt-hole. He can't get pregnant. At the last second I want you to pull your dick out and pump all that filthy hot come all over his betraying fucking face!"

The girls snipped free and ripped loose the heavy tape securing Jerry's arms to his legs. But once thus released the shameless semen-eater made no attempt to escape — no more than Jack would have had he been similarly freed. Perhaps appreciating and even relishing the upcoming inversion of their usual interpersonal and professional dynamics, finding it ironically appropriate which of them would be pitching and which would have to catch, the erstwhile receiver merely lay down atop his quarterback as directed, pressed his sweaty body against him and forced his still achingly urgent erection (easily the bigger of their two) deep up into that willingly and submissively offered-up asshole. Then he started panting and moaning and extra-vigorously fucking his former friend and new gay lover as passionately as the hottest teen cheerleader.

Again the scornful audience raised the roof with their celebratory derision. Again the cameras zoomed in close, recording from multiple angles their shockingly perverse and explosively scandalous homosexual congress. And again Jack merely reveled in it, this time going even further by pointing his gasping, groaning face and all-too-obvious erotic transport straight at the accusing eye of the nearest lens. Demanding that it take meticulous notice of every nuance of his wantonly shameless excitement at being tied down in the midst of a sneering, jeering crowd of hot women and fucked brutally in the oh-so-hungry asshole by another male he took his extreme degradation to its absolute limit. And even when Jerry rose up at last, lurched suddenly forward, gripped and pointed his madly pulsing come-gun and used an urgently pumping fist to spurt forth endless looping streams and splats of steaming semen straight at him, Jack didn't

even dream of shirking this epitome. Quite the opposite. He held his face impatiently forth with his mouth stretched open wide, eagerly anticipating that rapturous baptism. And when it came he disgracefully sought to catch as much of it as he could on his questing tongue, and regretted not to the last sticky clot that the vast majority of it slapped against his cheeks and forehead, nose and lips and chin in the most limitlessly defiling manner imaginable. Holding his come-trickling and liberally dripping face up to the camera at last and coquettishly batting his semen-stippled eyelashes, he licked and smacked his smeary lips and then blew damning prosperity an insultingly slutty and insouciant kiss.

“And that’s a wrap!” cried Captain Tina in triumph, as the gathered girls once again jumped for joy and crowed and kissed and high-fived each other exultantly.

“Oh, what a splendid trio of ‘ass’ets we now have — as well as a most exquisite addition to our regular after-match parties! From now on you, Slut-boy,” she pointed here at Jerry, “And you, Butt-boy,” indicating bound-down and extravagantly splattered Jack, “Will be attending each and every one of them, made up like the sluts that you now are and cross-dressed as cute little French maids to serve and submit to us, to perform just like you just did and so much worse, and to additionally suffer all of the most humiliating kinds of use and abuse we can possibly conceive of!

“And of course, should you ever try to balk at any of this, we’ll immediately post these recordings of you eagerly sucking and fucking each other on the internet, as well as showing them all over the college at every public gathering we can find. Then the whole school, community and world will see their supposedly tough, macho heroes willingly playing the slut-boy for each other and nearly twenty laughing females. Your oh-so promising football careers and practically your entire lives would be absolutely finished! And just think of it: if you ever do make it to the NFL, what splendid blackmail material you will always have hanging over you! So welcome to your wonderful new lives as our eternal person property, Slut-boy and Butt-boy! I hope your five or so minutes of spying on us were worth it!”

“It was!” come-soaked and bound-out Butt-boy immediately cried mindlessly. “Oh, my ladies, it most definitely was!”

Still toying with his now flaccid penis, Slut-boy nodded in eager agreement. And with that their wonderful new lives indeed got endlessly underway.

ONDAHLIE'S DUNGEON

Cursing and grimacing, Don Landers hunched his neck deeper into the collar of his shabby winter coat. It didn't help much. The wind was insistent, plucking at his clothing and forcing its needling way inside.

December was a bitch in any part of the Northern world. But here on the shores of Lake Ontario she was a real cold-crotch nickel-plated cunt. Nevertheless, he'd stuck it out. Homeless or not, he'd had a good job here — until recently — and money was more important than comfort. But now both were gone, and it was time to head for balmy climes. With his pack on his back and his hands jammed in his pockets, Don trudged down the highway, risking the occasional shower of slush in the hopes of finding a ride. And soon enough his prayers were answered. A brand new Audi purred past his outstretched thumb and then suddenly stopped and reversed itself. Don ran up, peering into the heavily tinted windows. Then he caught his breath as one slid smoothly down.

“You need a ride, hon?”

The voice was a rich contralto, sweet and liquid like a shot of honey-sweetened rum. The invitation in it was doubly surprising, coming as it did from a woman as undoubtedly wealthy as she was beautiful. Such people rarely wanted anything to do with Don, but for some reason this hot, classy-looking chick was offering him a welcoming smile as well as a ride.

Don didn't hesitate. The door popped open at his touch and within seconds he was ensconced in a plush leather seat, reveling in

the Audi's warmth. Breathing a heavenly mélange that was two parts new car and one part Chanel number 5, he had just a second to experience nirvana. Then its owner pressed the accelerator, and with a squeal of tires and a powerful throaty roar they peeled away from the curb.

"My name's Ondahlie," she offered, giving him a chance to turn and study her.

She was a rather large black girl — well, more of a light golden brown — and her dark, sparkling eyes lent a hint of mischief to her cherubic features. Involuntarily Don dropped his gaze, checking the rest of her out.

A heavy winter coat shielded her body, but the calves below were firm, elegant, and exquisitely formed. In any case she wore her power well, operating the expensive car with a sureness and grace that hinted at long familiarity with such luxury. Watching her blithely break the speed limit, Don had to clear his throat twice before finding his voice and finally croaking out his own name in return.

Ondahlie smiled, seemingly enjoying his discomfort, and sweetly she asked him "Where you headed, Don?"

"Florida," he replied, only half joking, and was gratified to hear her chuckle. He felt rather than saw the appraising glance she gave him, and felt a sneaking bit of pride. "Actually, I'm not really sure. I just figured to make a few more miles before dark and then find shelter. I'm, uh," he shrugged, "temporarily between jobs."

"Homeless, huh?" she cocked an eyebrow, not in contempt but as though this satisfied some personal agenda. "Well, Don, maybe I can do better than that." Ondahlie paused, returning her eyes to the road. "My place is just up here a ways. How about a hot meal and a warm bed for a change? I could use the company."

Don's jaw dropped. "Sh-sh-sure." He managed to stammer out. "That'd be absolutely wonderful."

Once again Ondahlie smiled at him, a secret smile full of promise, and then again returned her eyes to the road. Cradled in the soft leather seat, Don sat silently beside her, watching the road unspool rapidly before them. After a moment he reached down, superstitiously, and pinched himself. He didn't wake up.

Soon they left the highway behind, taking a series of side roads that led further and further from the city. Don rode beside his enigmatic benefactor in silence, feeling a bit uneasy as they left civilization — or what passed for it these days — well behind. But then they turned into a long wooded driveway, passing through an electronically operated iron gate and continuing up a dark, tree shadowed lane to approach a huge, forbidding-looking stone mansion nestled back among a stand of hemlock trees.

“Kind of creepy looking, isn’t it?” remarked Ondahlie, keying open the garage door and pulling the car inside. “I get so lonely up here I could go nuts. But it was my grandparents’ house...” She trailed off, leaving the thought unfinished, and for a minute Don thought he detected a strange note of falseness in her voice. But then she was opening her door and climbing out, and he followed her out of the car and into the cold dank air of the mansion’s garage.

It was almost eerily silent, even the ceaseless drone of the wind cut off by the heavy stone walls. The spike heels of Ondahlie’s shoes rang loudly on the cement floor, and the jingle of her keys sounded preternaturally musical as she unlocked the heavy wooden door. Then she was ushering him inside, the secret little smile again claiming her face. They paused for a moment in the darkened foyer, removing their coats, and then she took him by the hand and led him on.

She snapped on lights as they went, revealing high walls crowded with paintings.

Dark, horrific scenes dominated, and Don didn’t need an art degree to recognize Goya. He moved away to study one as Ondahlie dropped his hand and turned toward the bar along one wall.

“Bourbon?” she asked.

“Sure.” He leaned closer, listening to her rummage around behind him, and peered at the signature in the corner. Goya indeed. Battlefields and executions, hacked flesh and the tortures of the damned. Don began to wonder about the people who would build such an oppressive old house and fill it with such foreboding masterpieces. Wealthy, but....decidedly twisted.

“Boy, you weren’t kidding.” he remarked, as he heard Ondahlie approaching. “Creepy is hardly the word for it. It’s almost like some old castle or something.”

“Oh, yes!” she laughed wickedly behind him, and suddenly the woman’s formerly sweet voice was so cold, so cynically amused that an instant of panic gripped Don’s muscles. It was enough to undo him. He was helpless to resist as she stepped up and snarled “Just wait ‘til you see the dungeon!” Then something hot and cold and delivering a kick like a charging rhino touched the base of his skull and hammered him into unconsciousness.

After a blank, meaningless interval, Don Landers gradually began to regain his senses. Soon a flickering orange light penetrated the blackness that gripped him, allowing him to focus on his surroundings. What he saw was far from reassuring.

Stone block walls enclosed him, and an immense weight seemed to impend on the heavy oak beams of the ceiling. The air was hot and stifling, and some instinct warned Don that he was deep below the surface of the earth, locked up tight in a close stone chamber. And what he could see of the place looked straight out of the Spanish Inquisition.

Everywhere the walls were hung with whips and chains and ancient weapons, and medieval torture devices stood ranged around the room. Nearby tables were laden with collars and leashes and handcuffs; harnesses and straps, blindfolds and shackles and dildoes and vibrators, plus other paraphernalia for all manner of sadistic perversions.

Cunningly designed clamps and rings and penile fetters sat side by side with modified thumbscrews, straight razors, and evil-looking branding irons made for searing various arcane symbols onto human flesh. Wickedly sharp hooks and needles for tattooing and body piercing lay everywhere, and prominent among the other devices lay a heavy electric stun prod the size of a policeman’s baton. Groggily Don recognized this as the instrument that must have brought him down, and he began to struggle more fully awake. Then he perceived the rack.

He was chained to it, of course, clamped out spread-eagled and helpless by heavy iron fetters. His body was naked, and a plane of rough wood supported him waist-high off the floor. His limbs were drawn out in a taut x, and from tight cuffs on his wrists and ankles the heavy iron chains led away to an old, grease-clotted system of pulleys and gears. Eventually this apparatus connected to a massive iron crank at the foot of the rack.

Don didn't need much imagination to guess its function. He could be tortured to death here, literally drawn and quartered on this very table merely by turning that crank. Yet that wasn't the worst of the room's horrors. When he finally focused past the machinery at his feet, the source of the flickering light resolved itself into an open furnace roaring in the far wall.

Large enough to cremate any number of bodies, this put out a stuporous heat. Heavy iron doors opened on a bed of glowing coals, and several more branding irons lay heating in the fire. And there, beside the roaring blaze, stood the woman who'd called herself Ondahlie: calmly feeding his pack and clothing to the flames. When the last of Don's few belongings were consumed, she turned to gauge the extent of his recovery.

Gone was the polished and sophisticated young woman from the Audi, and in her place was a cold, cruelly authoritarian dominatrix. Poised on a pair of high, stiletto-heeled boots, her excitingly fit body was strapped tightly into a spike-studded harness of supple black leather.

Crisscrossing straps and gleaming steel rings supported and separated her beautiful naked breasts, looping under them and around her shoulders to lift and display them to their best advantage. In addition heavy leather collars circled her neck and wrists, bristling with spikes, and a short black hood covered her head and features. Only her gleaming eyes and chin and jaw remained visible, but these were more than enough to convey the tenor of her overwhelmingly sadistic personality. She looked as pitiless and implacable as any executioner as she studied him, and finally Don's escalating terror broke through the aftereffects of the stun that had felled him.

“P-p-please....” he began, trying to babble out some plea, but Ondahlie immediately silenced him, shrieking, “Shut up, captive!” before he managed to reach the second word. Menacingly she approached the rack, glaring down at him, and the coiled poise of her excitingly taut body was as threatening as her words.

“Listen to me, prisoner,” she hissed. “You are mine now. Your days of pointless, worthless drifting are over. You know why? Because you’re never going to leave this place. You’ve been kidnapped; see? From now on, you live only to gratify me, the glorious Mistress Ondahlie. Also known as the Lady O. You’re a drifter, a nobody.” the Lady O sneered contemptuously. “No one will ever miss you. I doubt if they’ll even bother to look for you, and certainly not here. We’re deep below ground beneath a well-defended estate in the middle of acres of isolated property. So from now on your world consists of this room, a cell next door, several other specialized chambers, and me.

“I’m going to have some fun playing with you, little man, and as long as I’m entertained, you’re alive. So satisfy me if you can, and hope that it never ends. ‘Cause when it’s over.... it’s really over! You’ll follow your clothes into the fire.” And with that Mistress Ondahlie stepped up to the foot of the rack and laid her hands on the crank.

Heavy breasts jiggled in their open leather harness, and an exotic tattoo of snakes and leopards writhed on the gleaming, golden-brown skin of her shoulder and back. Then muscles bulged, and she pitted her strength against the crank. It turned it easily, drawing the chains tighter and tighter, ratcheting up the strain on Don’s helplessly splayed body.

The cruel iron fetters bit into his flesh. Holding Don in an uncompromising grip, they stretched his limbs until he could feel his shoulders and hips starting from their sockets. The pain was immense, and sweat broke out all over him. Every joint was screaming with strain before Ondahlie was finally satisfied with the level of the rack’s new tension. But at last she locked the crank in place and approached the table.

Stretched out before her like an Aztec sacrifice, Don whimpered uncontrollably. Weeks — perhaps years — of bizarre sexual torture surely lay ahead of him, but for the moment at least Ondahlie seemed unsure of where to start. Her hands wandered over the table, picking up and replacing needles and razors, toying with various clamps and rings and fetters. She spent several long moments sorting through the wickedly spiked and screwed fittings of the many cruel penis attachments she regularly used, pausing occasionally to polish and admire the shiny brass and stainless steel. Then she grabbed up a heavy leather bullwhip, whistling it around and cracking it in the air a few times before setting it back down. She turned to the fire to check which of her many branding irons was currently the hottest, whitest. At last she seemed to make a decision.

Turning back to the table, she picked up her stun prod and leaned over Don's moaning, suffering form. Peering down at his quivering body racked out naked before her, Ondahlie gave a strange little giggle of excitement and cried out "First things first! I want to see what you've got. Eventually I'm going to shave off all your body hair and then whip and cut and bruise and brand and pierce and scar and tattoo every delicious inch of you, until your entire naked body is marked up like a big, beautiful work of art. But doing that takes weeks, weeks that make me as horny as a hellcat, and so I want to make sure you can deliver first. I want to see your hot load.

"Now I know you're in pain. And I know you haven't learned to equate pain with arousal yet. But you will. Believe me, before I'm done with you, you'll live for the pain. Pain will become your entire life: pain and sexual service, simultaneously. So it's important for me to see what your puny little white-boy pecker can do. And that's what this thing is good for!"

Literally quivering with excitement she brandished the stun prod, letting Don study it up close for the first time. From her grip on the handle to the shiny round end that delivered the charge, it was a good two feet long, ribbed for much of its thick length with rough, regular corrugations.

A small dial seated on the handgrip allowed one to adjust the level of juice flowing through it from a mere tickling trickle to a deadly jolt of killing voltage. Setting it somewhere in the middle Ondahlie flipped a switch, and as it snapped into humming life she leered down at Don's whimpering form and snickered "This thing will wake up even the most terrified little penis!" And with that she reached out and touched it to the root of his limply hanging dick.

A low tingle of electricity burned instantly into him, waking up the only nerves in his body not already screaming with pain. Don's limp penis thickened, growing heavier and longer as it swelled with blood, and soon it was twitching like a divining rod, pulsing with every beat of his terrified heart. Gradually it began to raise its head, exposing the tender underside, and Mistress Ondahlie immediately took advantage.

She reached underneath, and touched the hot-cold head of her prod to the very base of Don's member, pressing down on the sensitive junction of his cock and balls and fractionally dialing up the voltage. The result was nearly unbelievable.

A galvanizing heat raved throughout his entire genital area. His buzzing balls seemed to clench with need, and his traitor cock responded avidly, eagerly, rapidly growing and stiffening and climbing ever higher, until finally it jutted up from the black thatch at his crotch like a thick, fleshy explanation point.

Don groaned helplessly, so flooded with stimulation he wondered why he didn't just fly apart from the pressure. But then through the wild neural storm that caterwauled through him he heard Mistress Ondahlie give a low, satisfied snarl.

The huge, hardened spike of his erection stuck out from his suffering body at a rigid angle, its firmly up-cocked shaft holding the sensitive plum of the head aloft like a sanctified offering to some pitiless goddess. And finally it was accepted. As Ondahlie suddenly forced the egg-size bulb of her stun prod up past Don's tingling balls and deep into his anus, she simultaneously dropped her head in a voracious plummet onto his upthrust organ. In seconds he was engulfed to the root, the straining hot steel of his member deliciously

quenched in the exquisite warmth and wetness of that hungrily suckling and slaving mouth.

It was like he'd died and gone to heaven — or hell — or maybe both. While the horrible pain of slow dismemberment raved throughout his suffering body, Don's desperately hard and horny penis slid rapidly in and out of the slippery lips and rhythmic suction of the most skillful blow-job he'd ever experienced. And all the while his potent, evil mistress continued to work the hard ball of her stun prod deeper and deeper up the tight hole of his ass, gouging her way in to where the hot current of her power could have the most devastating effect on him.

Already Don could feel it, the blood-rich flesh of his rectum and prostate taking painful fire from the hot stream of electrons coursing into him. And still Ondahlie forced it deeper, pounding her deadly black phallus rhythmically up into him, harder and harder, fucking him with a giant dick that spewed fire instead of sperm. Finally, just as her frantically gobbling pace began to climax in a madly slaving frenzy, she struck the blow she'd been planning all along.

With all the strength of her powerfully athletic body, and all the fire of her maliciously sadistic passion, Mistress Ondahlie suddenly ripped her mouth from Don's laboring cock and slammed the heavy ribbed shaft of her stun prod as high and hard and painfully deep up into his unprotected asshole as she possibly could and spun the dial open. The results of this maneuver were immediate and emphatic.

Don's eyes rolled up into his head, and his captive body jumped as though kicked. Already stretched out almost to the breaking point, his tightly chained limbs nevertheless fought frantically to flip and flop and thrash and spasm in an uncontrollable dance of energy. Failing that, his body tried to bridge, pushing out from head and heels until his neck and back could flex and heave and slam him brutally back and forth against the table of the rack at the insistent current's every whim. His protruding tongue fluttered in his jaw and every hair stood on end, but even worse than the wild violence of these tremors was the apocalyptic action occurring in the only other part of Don's body left totally free to convulse.

His bulging cock started shuddering, distending even more, growing so hard and fat with blood that it suddenly seemed likely to burst. Then the electrically induced convulsions that ripped through him finally squeezed the trigger, and an ejaculation as mindless and reflexive as life itself exploded through Don's loins, pumping vast quantities of hot, spurting come up and out of the wildly spasming, shuddering length of his prick.

Indeed, so much sperm sprayed deliciously out of him that it seemed to take his consciousness with it — although surely the blackness that claimed Don at his highest peak was surely more the result of electricity than ecstasy. In any event, the last thing he heard as he plunged into darkness was the exultant, triumphant sound of Mistress Ondahlie screaming out her excitement. And the first thing he saw when he struggled back to the light was her crouching just above him, grinning with promise as she slowly, deliberately stropped the gleaming, 6-inch length of a long silver straight razor.

Riding the Horse

Damn good thing this thing was padded.

Not by much — just a tacked-on leather cover — but with everything else in store tonight, Don could do without any slivers or splinters. He lay atop — and now partially within — a curious wooden contraption, accepting the last of his necessary attachments before the beginning of the upcoming session.

Already his inner condition had zoomed passed humiliation and discomfort and into a gradually increasing level of pain. Yet despite this fact (and the exciting, delicious trepidation of what still lay ahead), he waited in complete docility while the Lady O finished working on his already aching-hard cock.

As usual she had everything firmly under control. The custom built whipping-horse-torture-bench was elaborately made, with provisions for every conceivable eventuality. The hinged juncture between the heavy, tilted A-frame horse legs and the hard board bench that Don lay face down upon allowed his head to be raised or

lowered to any level. His mistress currently had him facing straight at the floor, rudely bent over at the waist with his blood pounding in his head and his vulnerable ass thrust up high behind him.

His stretching toes hung just above the concrete, exposing the soles of his feet, and hard steel shackles fastened his ankles directly to the widely splayed base of the horse. Built-in belt straps further secured him all the way up the sturdy wooden legs: calves, thighs, and a last uncomfortable two clutching his butt-cheeks, cinching him down brutally onto the horse-bench juncture and holding his plump firm ass-muscles spread invitingly out open. Yet that was just the beginning of his bondage. His waist was also being restrained to the bench in much more intimate fashion. That's what the evil Lady O was up to.

Don Landers' long, hard, bulging-red cock was socketed through a knothole-sized orifice drilled through the thin maple bench-top right where it joined the legs of the horse. Half an inch away on the underside, a curved steel screw-clamp clutched his boner in a pitiless death-grip, binding him to the bench beyond any possible hope of extraction.

The padded fit of the trap holding him was so snug that any attempted movement (or the slightest blow from behind), would tug on him maddeningly, simulating the strongest attentions of the best-trained hand or the tightest vagina. Yet the cruel, uncompromising screw-clamp pinched him worse than any penis ring, ensuring an indefinite swollen erection.

Combined with the pain of the additional clamps and such on his length, and the constant downward drag of the attached weights, this was enough to send Don's depending rod into twitching spasms, jerking him away from his pitiless Mistress' final touches.

Naturally she didn't take this disobedience, involuntary as it was, lying down. Quite the opposite.

"Damn you slave!"

A hard open hand cracked across Don's bare right buttock, actually a light, teasing sting compared to what surely lay ahead. But then the Lady O seized his wayward cock by the sensitive head, pinching it sharply between her long lacquered fingernails.

Don whined helplessly in response. Already the long, hard, seven-inch length of him that protruded beneath the bench was wrapped in tight leather cords and hung with lead weights clamped into place by strong, steel-spring clips. But now the evil Lady O took the last, biggest clip of those available, pinched it open and attached it firmly to the sensitive tip of Don's soft, swollen penis-head. Not half an inch above the open eyehole, this last spring clamp squeezed him brutally shut.

Despite this horrible cruelty, the hissing intake of Don's breath was the only evidence of the sudden excruciating increase in his agony and arousal. By now this was an old drill, and he wanted to remain respectfully silent, and avoid the choking humiliation of the

ball-gag as long as possible. But whether his moderated response mattered to his mistress or not remained unknown. With his hard, eternally erect cock thus punished and secured, the meticulous Lady O moved lower, accessing Don's nipples where they peeked out

on either side of the narrow board torture-bench. Two tight, serrated metal 'alligator' clamps were applied, pinching into his tender little tit-buds until he wanted to scream. Then the inevitable lead weights were added, digging in the teeth and dragging them both down, stretching out his sensitive aureole toward the floor.

This time Don whimpered uncontrollably, wriggling his upper body, but that only set the weights to swinging, increasing his pain. Perversely he did it anyway, enjoying the limited use of his interlocked arms and shoulders before the inevitable cramps and numbness set in.

Of course, that was practically the first thing she'd seen to, after shackling and strapping in his legs, inserting his erection, and bending him over the horse. The Lady O had tied his hands, but not in any conventional fashion. His bound wrists still made an X behind him, but his forearms had been brutally wrenched around and upward, until they crossed each other not at the small of his back but up between his flaring shoulder blades.

Don's upper back and shoulders bowed together, lifting his face from the board, and his elbows made angles of excruciation,

constantly pulling back and down against the powerful muscular strain on his shoulder sockets. Nevertheless, the extensive overlapping of tight leather straps that lashed his wrists into that uncompromising X felt ready to hold until doomsday.

Of course, stabbing, paralyzing cramps would strike him long before then, followed by eventual merciful numbness. Don wanted to enjoy the last bit of his limited mobility before that happened. He squirmed around, jingling the weighted chains and moaning at the response from his screaming nipples. He immediately felt it in his cock too, as the tight wooden knothole rubbed at his base, causing his member to try to bob reflexively back up in autonomic response.

That unstoppable muscle spasm sent an additional electric sizzle through his tightly pinched-off dick-tip, and Don's whimper at last became a muffled cry. Then suddenly his breath chuffed out of him altogether, as the Lady Ondahlie finally looped up and jerked tight the wide leather belt that bound his belly to the bench. Don struggled frantically, trying to get his wind back, but all he could do was bob up and down a little, shaking his head and wriggling his inverted, contorted upper body. The rest of him was so solidly secured to the torture horse that he might have been an integral part of it.

As usual the delicious futility of his efforts, proof of his utter captivity, was intoxicatingly arousing, and his suffering cock responded again. Another immense bolt of pain lanced up through Don's twitching dick, breaking the spasm that gripped his chest and finally allowing him to breathe. He managed several deep, panting inhales just as the Lady O at last finished her elaborate preparations and moved up to stand before his suspended face.

Staring down at the thickly carpeted floor, Don's heart hammered within him as he watched her shiny black boots approach. Afraid to raise his face to his fearsome mistress, he concentrated instead on her footwear: pointy-toed, stiletto-heeled, rising up to just past the knee.

How many times had he cleaned those boots (and then the feet within), lovingly, with his very own stroking tongue? After that his

gaze was tempted to rise, to seek out the bold dark thighs: smooth, muscular, colored that deep golden-brown he found so exciting.

But before he could gather his courage a powerful fist was knotted in his hair, and his head was yanked up and back. The Lady O was leaning over him, smirking down into his captive face.

Her dark, exotic beauty was as stunning as always, and her expression just as unsettling. The thick lips of her African heritage grinned up into surprisingly full cheeks, giving her a cherubic aspect that fit her small round skull, sparkling dark eyes and tight cap of curls perfectly. But the cute, upturned shape of her nose betrayed her mixed blood, and the rich golden hue of her skin seemed to glow from within. All in all it was a face just made for expressing pure, malevolent glee — which it usually did. If the Lady O had an entirely convincing threatening scowl, and a completely terrifying scream of rage, still her unadulterated joy and excitement at being in command of a helpless naked man invariably shone through.

Tonight was no exception. Mistress Ondahlie was so fired up for the session at hand that her dark eyes danced with a manic anticipation, and her scornful smirk couldn't even manage to stay a sneer. She chuckled fiendishly at Don, holding up the ball-gag in her free hand and shaking his head briskly by a fistful of his long dark hair.

“Any last words, slave?”

Don opened his mouth to say something, anything, some inarticulate plea perhaps, but before he could even begin to do so she rammed the ball immediately in, laughing delightedly at his goggle of surprise.

“Too late!” she cried. Right away she began tightly securing the gag's many straps: behind his neck, under the chin, around-his-nose-between-his-eyes-and-over-the-top-of-his-head.

As usual, Don at first gagged helplessly on the big ball filling his mouth, but by the time she'd cinched tight the harness he'd trained himself to accept it. His tongue was squashed, his jaws were forced open painfully wide and filled with what felt like a billiard ball, but he could handle it. Struggling with his gorge, seeking distraction from

his many discomforts, Don looked around the room as his Lady O at last left him to approach the far wall.

Mistress Ondahlie's Dungeon, home of the incomparable Lady O, was of course more than just a single basement room. It was as vast and intricate as a medieval castle, with dozens of different cells, corridors and chambers both high above and deep below the ground. Sumptuous, spacious and accommodating for everyone except the current unfortunate victim, this particular place was known as the 'Soft Room'. Couches and recliners for voyeurs or guests (empty now, but not always) sat around three of the four walls, and pillows were piled even under and around the torture horse itself, for the comfort of the reigning mistress.

Various bright white or sultry colored spotlights could also be trained on the victim, (glaring white right now) and three of the four walls and the ceiling were completely mirrored. Riding the horse, Don Landers could see every humiliating angle of himself as he waited, and Ondahlie's figure as she examined the pegboard was exquisitely reflected ad infinitum around the room.

Her strong round buttocks, muscular arms, shoulders and back were to him, and despite the obscuring straps of her studded leather body harness, he could see the now familiar tattoo on the rear of her left shoulder: panther and boa, locked in mortal combat. Yet also visible were the beautiful big breasts, their heavy, sloping curves cradled by gleaming black straps. Puckering with excitement, her nipples were nevertheless still the size of blackened silver dollars.

The belly below was washboard hard, the hips deliciously curvy and the crotch well armored. Don had several long moments in which to study her, as his mistress paused before the fourth wall, but despite her fearsome beauty Don's eyes were dragged inevitably away to the selection hanging in front of her. What would be first on tonight's agenda?

The whole fourth wall was a pegboard of course, hung with sex toys in the hundreds, enough for the most sadistic dominatrix in history to gloat over. Paddles of all shape and size, heavy and solid or drilled full of holes, hung ranked by size next to whips and quirts

and canes and crops of all kinds, an obsessed disciplinarian's dream.

Next to these weapons hung shackles and straps and harnesses and reins, gags and bits and ropes and chains, plus additional restraining gear for enforcing whatever contorted posture the mistress required. Like the furnace room downstairs, other more arcane torture instruments also abounded: branding irons and tattoo needles, vibrators and stun-prods, and of course an incredible collection of strap-on dildoes in an endless variety of resilience and design.

Mentally Don willed the Lady O away from those, and he breathed a complex sigh of private disappointment/relief when she at last took down her favorite two-handed, drill-holed, heavy wooden ass paddle and turned back to him. Pulling on a knuckle-studded pair of bicep-high, tight leather gauntlets — no blisters for her — Mistress Ondahlie assumed her position beside Don's butt and prepared to batter him into oblivion. Much more than completely helpless, there was nothing he could do but wait. The first blow, when it landed, was like heaven at last.

The heavy wooden board whistled in, air shrieking through the speed-holes, to crack against Don's elevated ass with loud, authoritative smack. Intimately bound to the hard bench and horse, there was nowhere to go and room to give. His gluteus maximus, the largest muscles in the body, absorbed the entire force of the paddle.

The sudden immense shock of pain sent a fiery surge of adrenaline through Don, curling his toes, cording his neck, shivering up the length of his spine. Ah, yes, mistress! Now this was being alive! His trapped cock tugged at the hole — or maybe it was the other way around — the attached weights swung back and forth and the tight leather cords pulled beautifully at Don's entire uncircumcised length. Meanwhile the viciously pinched tip continued to scream its misery, and the competing sensations burning through his captive sexual organ made him groan with ecstasy. He lay there, wallowing, as the blow was repeated, and repeated, and repeated.

Soon Don's ass in the mirror was reddening at an alarming rate, and the pain in his buttocks seemed to climb without end. Still he

took each blow gladly, hardly feeling the growing bruises next to the delicious symphony of sensation their rocking force sent up in his captive cock. From root to tip each stroke jerked him harder, harder, yet nevertheless the inevitable damage was being done. Despite the ungodly state of his cock, Don was at last forced to concentrate on the pain in his butt as well. Grunting at each additional thunderbolt clap, he treasured the rush of agony it sent him, blending it into the mix. He writhed as much as he was able to — head tossing, a little shoulder rock, no movement at all below the ribs — and jingling his tit-chains willingly took whatever his exalted mistress chose to give him.

The Lady O gave him a good hundred strokes at least, probably more like two hundred. She'd broken quite a sweat, and Don's ass was beyond red and into an ugly bruise-purple-black when she at last relented.

Don gave a choked sob of relief, driven by the pain of that steady, rhythmic assault to masturbatory extremes he'd rarely achieved. His trapped and strangled cock was so desperate to come that it threatened to drive him insane. Yet naturally the session was barely beginning. He blinked his eyes clear of involuntary tears just in time to see the Lady O exchange the paddle for a thin, plaited whip and a tight black hood. Oh no.

Oh, yes! seemed to say the Lady's smirk, as she returned to the horse. Over Don's head went the hood, sealing him in inky blackness, and more buckles and straps secured its fit. Thickly padded ear covers muffled his hearing, and only his emerging nose had access to the world. Sealed inside the cell of his captive body, smelling nothing but the leather of the hood and his own acrid fear-sweat, only the organ of touch remained to give Don's brain sensation. And touches he got in abundance. Out there in the world somewhere the whip surely whistled and cracked, but for Don there was only the sudden deep, flaming bite of the lash across the small of his back. He gagged on his scream, finding it blocked (of course) by the large ball in his mouth, as an immense flash of pain lit up the world behind his eyes. For a moment he almost blacked out, overwhelmed by the neural rush.

This was an entirely different sensation from the almost sexual stroke of the paddle; this was the stinging flame of an agony so intense he didn't think he could deal with it. Yet deal with it he obviously had to, for here it came again.

Striking from an entirely different angle, at an entirely different place, the Lady O lashed him again, laying the thin leather whip across the soft underside of Don's thighs in a searing slash of sensation. Again he choked on an involuntary scream, feeling his skin welt up and break open, adding to the lattice of healing whip-scars already covering him. Then it came again, a tearing white agony ripping across his exposed purple ass-flesh.

This was torture indeed, and Don waited in breathless suspense for each new excruciating stroke. Circling him silently, his unseen mistress always chose the most unexpected area to attack — back of the neck, crack of the ass, etc — laying open his worthless hide with a skill and precision honed from years of practice.

Each successive blow set off uncontrollable shuddering spasms, as Don's skin seemed to try to leap off his body. And even though those muscle tremors were damped by his solid belt restraints before they even reached his waist, they still set his tit- and cock-weights to jiggling, compounding his pain. Yet for nearly forty minutes the Mistress Ondahlie striped his shivering flesh, leaving her telltale marks across his body for Don to savor all this week — and for others to read his humiliating guilt in.

This relatively short time was an eternity for Don, who suffered extensively in his silent, black isolation. Lost in a blind hell he saw nothing, heard nothing, thought nothing, and knew nothing, but the unpredictable agony of the whip. This was not fun at all, but a cruel necessity of submitting himself to his mistress.

Like the occasional golden shower, the whip was something Don endured but didn't appreciate, accepting the demands of his evil Lady O because there was literally no other choice. To be her captive boy-toy meant to take the whip — or whatever else she chose to use on him — and learn to love it. Thus Don Landers suffered his appointed torture, until at last there was a longer pause,

and he dared to hope for mercy. That was foolish to the point of idiocy of course.

Suddenly out of the silent darkness there came a crippling blow across the sole of Don's left foot, a howling pain that would have dropped him to the ground had he not become one with the torture horse. As it was, he was helpless do anything but scream in the silence of his mind, and frantically conjecture.

She must have traded the whip for a tough, limber rattan cane. That's what the pause was all about. Confirmation came immediately, with another excruciating slash across the sole, and then the Lady O was beating the bare bottoms of Don's feet with a vengeance, practicing the ancient Eastern torture with as much fervor as the most sadistic Japanese prison guard. First one foot-sole and then the other, she caned him for another eternity, until Don's mind was a hot roaring blank and helpless tears streamed down his face, chafing him in his ball-gag harness and tight, stifling leather hood.

A minor irritant, really, when the most sensitive part of the body (next to those currently clamped off and hung with weights that is) was under such a punishing assault. Soon the tender bottoms of Don's feet were as bruised as his ass, and his agony had surpassed anything he'd ever known. He'd long since had his fill of strict, straightforward bodily punishment when the evil Lady O finally decided it was time for more intimate, humiliating torments. At last.

His ear covers were ripped from the hood, and he heard a wicked laugh of relish. There came a clatter as the cane was cast aside, then a rummaging sound, and several tense moments passed. Don waited, wincing back over the many things he hadn't yet learned to accept.

What would he be confronted with, when at last the hood came completely off? That hot, salty stream arcing down to spatter into his helpless face? It wouldn't be the first time.

Please, no, thought Don to himself. Please, no. Although the extreme degradation of his mistress pissing in his face was undeniably delicious to him, he hated enduring the smell in the

subsequent hours until he was finally hosed off and returned to his cell.

Luckily the Lady O had something else in mind, something he was gradually growing accustomed to. When she walked back over and wrenched off the hood, she was sporting her favorite strap-on cock: evidence enough of her intent to use it.

Not really a 'strap-on', Mistress Ondahlie's current preferred dildo instead mounted itself directly to her body harness, growing from a sturdy peg placed on the armored mound of her pubis. A shiny jet black, it was formed of hard, yet slightly springy rubber, curving up and jutting out at least eleven inches from her shapely, powerful hips.

Don knew from excruciating experience just how long those eleven inches could seem, and despite a strange stirring somewhere deep within he quailed. Slowly, slowly the Mistress Ondahlie approached him, until the bulbous, life-like head of her cock was threatening to poke him in the eye. Then suddenly she began loosening the gag straps. Soon the Lady O tore the entire apparatus away, ripping the ball from his mouth unceremoniously and dropping it negligently to the floor. Then, kneeling on pre-positioned pillows and straddling the inclined torture bench, she confronted Don's dangling face and shoved the dildo threateningly up and forward, rudely nudging his lips.

"Well, slave, do you want to provide me some lube? It's all the greasing you're going to get." Wincing, Don opened his mouth, and she immediately forced it in.

"Suck me off, you contemptible shit!" the Lady O cried, her big cock filling his mouth, and Don immediately complied, closing his eyes and servicing his mistress the exact same way he liked it done to himself.

Cheeks pursing, lips sucking, his eager, obedient tongue worked the cockhead, testing its resilience. Right away his mouth watered at its warm, firm softness, its life-like contours. His mistress had taught him right. Soon Don was slavering extensively, the foreign object bringing a welcome gush of saliva to his formerly fear-dry mouth.

Before long the wet drool slicked his lips and chin, escaping along the ribbed rubber shaft as the Lady O started pumping her cock rhythmically up into him.

“You little cocksucker! Look at you!” she giggled. “You suck dick like the cheapest little slut-boy-whore!” Laughing with glee, Ondahlie thrust herself deeper, pushing Don’s head back and invading his throat, and with both hands clutched in his hair she started fucking his open hole with a vengeance.

Don struggled with his gorge, that big black cock pounding up into him, punishing his throat and palate, but fortunately the intense oral assault doesn’t last long. Some nights she tortured him this way for up to an hour, shrieking the filthiest of curses as she skewered his helpless face. But tonight the mistress was too eager to get on to her main goal. Soon she withdrew, her big black cock just dripping with thick, glistening spit.

Surprisingly, the Mistress Ondahlie left the gag lying forgotten on the floor this time. Instead she demanded a more emasculating humiliation. “I want to hear you begging me for it, Slut-Boy!” she said as she rounded the horse to approach the rear. “Every step of the way!”

She stepped up behind the horse, settling her stance amid the cushioned floor, until she was solidly placed between those united pairs of widely splayed legs. Aligning herself, the Lady O cracked a palm across a bruised-black butt cheek, just above the cinching strap. Don tried to clench against what he knew was coming, but of course it was useless. The tight black butt-belts held him helplessly open. The Lady O smacked him again, nudging into his nether hole, and then cried out, “Are you ready for it, Slut-Boy? Do you want my cock in you?”

“Yes Mistress, yes Mistress!” cried Don in return.

Strangely enough, this was now actually true. Suddenly he couldn’t deny it. Here was the ultimate in personal submission! Bent way over, blood pounding in his face while a demon black bitch-goddess prepared to invade him from behind — it was exactly what he deserved.

“Let me hear you begging for it, then!” his mistress screeched, and Don again immediately complied, pouring out a flood of debasing supplication.

“Please-please-please-please-please Goddess Mistress Lady Ondahlie, fuck me, take me, fill me up! Split me open, ream me out, make me your little slut-boy fuck-toy, please, please, please, exalted Lady O, core me out good!”

“What are you?” she demanded.

“I’m your slave-boy, your slut-boy, your worthless little man-toy! I’m anything! Anything you want me to be! I’m the shit you scrape off your shining shoes!”

“Damn straight!” snapped Mistress Ondahlie. “You’re my eternal fucking prisoner is what you are, Slut-Boy! You’re my whipping-boy-cock-toy-gaping-holed-man-cunt, now and forever! Just here for me to use and abuse to my heart’s delight! Now tell me how you love it!”

“I love it,” whimpered Don.

“Louder!”

“I love it!”

“LOUDER!” A sharp slap cracked across his ass.

“I LOVE IT!”

Soon Don was screaming with all the volume his constricted body would allow, and his glorious Mistress Ondahlie at last relented. Grabbing the sides of his upthrust hips for leverage, she inserted her cock in his anus and slammed it down into his open ass with all the power at her considerable disposal.

Slut-Boy’s scream shrilled upward, half in agony, half in ecstasy, as his heartless mistress took him. Halfway up the shaft sunk Ondahlie’s big black dildo, piercing Don’s final privacy with a gross, brutal intimacy.

His own cock responded involuntarily, tugging at the hole and straining at the weights. Don gasped uncontrollably, suddenly so turned on he couldn’t stand it. His subjugation was so complete he wondered why he didn’t just drop off the face of the earth. But Lady O wasn’t content with just violating him, she meant to fuck him, and she promptly began doing so, hammering away at his vulnerable asshole and getting it deeper with every stroke. The force of the

blows set the clamps and weights to working on his cock and nipples again, and suddenly Don was being reamed out and jerked off simultaneously.

“Ahhhhhooooow, Goddess!” he screamed.

This made it all worthwhile! The whip, the cane; the crippling soreness he’d feel for days! Dimly he realized he was still screaming, still begging abjectly for his violation, and that piteous mewling must have really set his mistress off. Suddenly she really began fucking out his elevated ass, hammering away like a demon possessed. As she picked up the pace, the springy, upward curve of her cock punished the top wall of his rectum mercilessly.

Abandoning his hips, the Lady O’s grip now found the handy handles of Don’s overlapped and strapped forearms to pull against. She grabbed an elbow in each black-gloved hand and leaned back, gaining precious leverage and simultaneously inflicting all kinds of additional agony.

Finally sinking into numbness, Don’s cramped upper arms were suddenly wrenched back into blazing life. Over-stressed muscles screamed with tension, and he felt the balls of his shoulders tugging at their sockets as the mistress heaved back on him with every forward thrust. All the might of her powerfully muscled arms (toned from years of wielding various weapons) she put into pulling back against his captive body, and his entire upper torso arched back alarmingly. Only the wide leather midriff belt held Don bound to the bench.

This excellent leverage the Lady O put to fiendish use, securely anchoring her spread-legged stance and empowering each forward thrust of her hips exponentially. Soon she was getting it all the way in, piercing Don to the core, and her armored crotch clapped hands with his already extensively battered butt in an accelerating rhythm.

Don’s cries scaled wildly upward, his mind reeling, feeling each individual stab of the cock not just in the most secret core of his body, but all the way down to the bottom of his conflicted soul. The thick, sexual excitement that continued to flood him was as overpowering as it was inexplicable, and he reveled in it, loving his agonizingly brutal emasculation. Somehow his screaming cock

distended even more, bulging through the screw-clamp and tight, tugging leather cords, increasing the pounding pressure of his perverted pain and arousal. But if blood was somehow getting through the main penis clamp, semen was certainly another story. At the ultimate, shrieking climax of Mistress Ondahlie's vicious rape, Don's captive cock seethed like a column of molten stone, his drill-hole hungered for the hurt of the pile-driver and his throbbing balls at last lost all control, spasming violently as they suddenly tried to pump out a volcanic flood of burning come.

Of course, the main curved screw-clamp denied that indulgence, and the misfired energy of Don's orgasm seemed to rebound throughout his entire body, causing him to shudder violently all over and wail out a choking sob-scream-plea at the indescribable sensations wracking his suffering form.

Recognizing the symptoms of a blue-ball brain-burst ass-fuck-overload, the Lady O shrieked herself in wild triumph, finishing off her anal assault by lodging herself as deep as she could in that tender ass and grinding her hips around and around and around and around. While Don's weird neural apotheosis raved through him, she used the stiff, nearly one-foot length of her rotating rubber cock to pitilessly gouge out the depths of his rectum, grinding in his guilt, his complete complicity. Only long after he went limp, and his strange, whole-body convulsion was clearly over, did she drop his handlebar arms and finally pull herself free.

Don sobbed with relief, nearly swooning as he tried to come to terms with what had just occurred. And yet already he could hear his mistress rummaging around, preparing for the next unbelievable assault.

Fortunately for Don Landers, his potent Mistress Ondahlie finally tired of dishing it out. It was time for taking instead.

After binding him tightly to her adjustable horse, clamping and weighting his prick and tits, beating his body black and blue with paddle, cane and whip; after donning her favorite cock and ass-fucking him into a convulsion, the Lady O at last came around and raised his submissive head. Changing the inclination of the torture

bench, she lifted Don's face until it was at last level with his ass, then straddled the bench again and sat. Again confronting his helpless face with her now soiled cock, she teased Don momentarily,

threatening to make him suck it clean. Only after forcing him to make all manner of humiliating admissions about his devotion to her did the Lady O relent. Instead she placed some pillows behind herself and leaned back, spreading her glorious legs. There, below the shapely spear of her gleaming penis, were no hairy ugly balls but the lovely lips and folds of the most beautiful vagina on the planet.

She scooted forward, splayed open and apart, until that heavenly cleft was right under Don's nose. "All right, prisoner," she said, grabbing his head, "Perform!" And with that she slammed his face down, burying it in her hungry muff.

Don attacked her slavishly, eating her out like her cunt held caviar. Lounging back against the pillows, the Lady O held him there, constantly demanding greater and greater efforts. Playing with her nipples indolently, lashing him with a small quirt kept hanging there for that purpose, she giggled at his frantic attentions, but at last they seemed to have some effect. Giggles eventually turned to moans, then screams, then an exhilarating banshee howling as the mistress at last ejaculated in her lowly slave's face. Obediently Don lapped it up, as his Lady O regained her breath. Surely she was just beginning.

Damn straight. This mistress needed more than that to sate her strange tastes. Torture brought out the devilish Lady O's horns big-time. After a long moment of smirking recuperation, Ondahlie retrieved the ball-gag from the floor and reapplied it. Then she rose and dragged over her favorite vibrator.

Long, thick, and exquisitely contoured, the dildo part rose curving into the air, a stiff plastic prong growing from the top of the big round floor-mounted bubble.

About a foot in diameter and inflated with air, this thick rubber bulb had a flat base, providing both a solid purchase and a bouncy resilience to goad along the most spirited rider. Combined with the sheer size of that protruding penis and the power of the motor concealed within it, this device was equipped to provide a level of

vaginal stimulation no mortal being could ever possibly achieve. In other words, it was just about right for the demanding Lady O.

She raised Don's head up several more notches, providing room, and then shoved her toy underneath. Easing down under the bench, she straddled the vibe and began removing the ropes, weights and clamps from his long-suffering cock.

This was a glorious relief, the cruel metal tip-clip finally releasing his indented head. Then the drag disappeared, as long leather cords were peeled grudgingly from deep dark furrows in his flesh. But then the Lady O was done, and the main curved screw clamp still clinched him penally captive and brutally erect. If he was free to bob and twitch, that was all he could do, and not for very long. Squatting there amongst the pillows, squirming around and working the huge vibrator up into herself, the Mistress promptly captured his bobbing head between her jaws. Immediately she started sucking on his dick, a hard and yet soft, pulsing hot pop-sickle that could ooze a sticky sweetness yet never melt away — thanks to the imprisoning screw-clamp.

After the extreme pain earlier, this hot wet touch was so exquisite it made Don's spinning brain want to burst with the contrast. Pleasure itself was now a torment, as the Lady O's swirling tongue caressed his wounded tip, teasing out the sweetness. Then, as she began bobbing up and down on her fully inserted and finally powered up bubble vibe, her soft thick lips quit tugging on his head and started rhythmically sliding on his shaft — still ribbed with painful indentations.

Don's balls immediately convulsed, driven by this corrugation to the edge of climax, pushed by the relentless suction over the brink. Yet the hard steel hold on the neck of his cock clamped off ejaculation again, and again violent shudders wracked his spine, as an orgasm that never was rebounded throughout his entire captive system. But rather than relent, this time Mistress Ondahlie only increased her pace, gripping him by the ass, bouncing on her ball-cock and enthusiastically face-fucking herself.

Simultaneous double penetration was the name of this game, and the more Don's bulging cock convulsed, the more his Lady O

liked it, an organic vibrator shuddering in her mouth to match the hot electric one piercing up into her from below. Lunging and plunging, bobbing and sucking, she worked herself and both hard cocks pitilessly, forcing Don into ever more spastic tremors, as orgasm after orgasm struggled with the tight steel screw-clamp and lost. This constant groin-churning neuromuscular overload was like being plugged into some kind of space-age bio-electrical torture device, and Don shivered and quivered uncontrollably on the bizarre rack of his ecstasy. Normal linear thought was lost, and for slave-boy-slut-boy eternal-fucking-prisoner Don Landers there was only a timeless interval of pain and pleasure and other acute, indescribable sensations, as his Mistress Ondahlie skewered herself to an extensive series of incredible orgasms. Yet at last she tired out and finished up, squirming around on the spike of her cock and chewing on Don's puffy, swollen penis-head, until she'd finally had her fill of both. Then she flicked off the motor and took a long, last pull with her slurping lips, until he popped out glistening wet.

Don's head-bulb bobbed there, red-blood swollen, soft and tender with endless tongue-washing and oral immersion. Onto this pulsing, long-suffering plum, the mistress reapplied the cruelly pinching tip clamp, reminding Don of the true, overriding purpose of his penis — an erogenous conduit for intense personal pain. Then she climbed from her massive vibe and drew it with her out from beneath the bench.

Once she'd cleared the way, the Lady O again lowered her slave's head to the floor, returning his gagged face to its rightful place. Then, despite Don's plaintive whines, she grabbed a mallet, removed the stiff black cock from her mound and pounded it remorselessly down into his upthrust ass, filling him all the way up. Only then did she address her prisoner.

"That's it for today. I'm going to go next door and take a nice long, hot bubble bath — maybe do myself again with the showerhead. After that I'll have you taken back to your cell.

"That was good, really good. I like the way you begged me, slut-boy-slave, then took my cock, the whole thing, so enthusiastically. Next time I'll use an even bigger, harder one. If you can take

thirteen-by-three inches of ivory penis, I might even let you come afterwards. That's right, maybe. You haven't earned an orgasm yet, but that might just about do it. Until then you're going to wear the chastity belt, so enjoy that hard-on while you've got it. I'll see you later, Slut-Boy. Squeeze those cheeks, suck on that bitch-ball, and concentrate on your rightful agony. Other than your eternal slut service it's all you've got left in the world!"

And with that she was gone, leaving Don to whimper on. Riding the Lady O's horse, stripped and whipped and trussed and stuffed, bent and bruised and gagged and clamped, he mindlessly did as he was told. He owed his wonderful mistress nothing less.

Showers of Kindness

Something was definitely going on.

Don had been lying on his face (naked of course), with his hands cuffed behind his back, his legs locked splayed open wide and the tight chastity belt holding his cock tucked snugly down for what seemed like days now. He hadn't been fed, watered, or allowed to relieve himself since longer than he cared to remember. This state of affairs caused him incredible discomfort of course. But on the other hand, it could only mean his time must be coming around again.

After making him wait this long, The Lady O must have something extreme planned for him, something beyond her usual brutal sodomy and sexual torture. She must be up to something especially diabolical. This conviction, unsettling as it was, was confirmed when at last the bolts were thrown, and the door to his cell crashed open with a reverberating clang.

Three muscular, hooded, bare-breasted Guards entered the room, armed with long electric stun-prods.

Don had extensive experience with both the Guards and their equipment, and he knew the prods were capable of delivering enough charge to drop him dead on the floor should he try anything stupid. Of course, he was far past such foolish fancies by now, and

he felt only relief, trepidation, and a bizarre, uncontrollable species of arousal at their appearance. This many Guards could only mean that he was indeed being summoned before the evil Mistress Ondahlie again.

Eventually the Guards in Ondahlie's Dungeon rose to become Acolytes, possibly even full Mistresses. But for the time being they performed the Dungeon's menial chores. Don had been here awhile and knew what to expect when one of them stepped up, hauled him upright, and at last released him from the black leather chastity belt. She unlocked this, brusquely pulled his penis free and cast it aside.

"Eliminate slave!" snapped the Guard, and Don immediately complied, passing copious amounts of solid and liquid waste with great relief. A high-pressure hose sprayed warm water then, washing everything off and away toward a drain set into the cell floor.

By now Don had had long months in which to lose any inhibitions about this process, and his cheeks colored only slightly as the warm wet pressure then played liberally over his formerly private parts. Then he actually groaned with uncontrollable arousal, as even up inside him the hard steel nozzle pressed, powerfully flooding his rectum in order to insure his complete emptiness and cleanliness.

At last Don's most pressing need had been satisfied, yet still no sustenance came. Instead of the stainless steel bowls he expected, filled with his life-giving ration of canned dog food and warm water, the Guards still provided him with nothing. Instead they straightaway released his ankle-spreading shackles, and two of them grabbed him while the third waited, mutely threatening with her stun-prod.

Between them on the floor was a small, triangular wooden pedestal, a beautifully crafted three-wheeled platform built close to the ground.

Two points of this unpadded triangle held small round depressions, while the third sported a set of shiny steel shackles and a hard, thick, black plastic dildo, its lifelike head jutting up well over a curving foot into the air. Still handcuffed and helpless, under threat of the prod, Don knelt on the pedestal as directed, his spread knees finding the two front points of the triangle, while one of the Guards crossed his ankles around the base of the dildo and shackled them

thus at the third. Meanwhile, the other Guard began to curiously braid his long dark hair, starting high up on the back of his head.

Once Don's feet were safely secured, the third Guard at last put down her stun-prod and moved to assist the first. A swift, sudden blow to the pit of the stomach folded Don at the waist, knocking the breath from him. As soon as that spike-gloved fist was withdrawn from his gut, these two Guards took advantage of Don's temporary retching paralysis. They forced him into a squat, collapsing his legs down under him until his wet, spread bottom pushed up against the big, tall dildo curving so wickedly far up from its base on the little wheeled pedestal.

First they carefully guided the bulbous head into him. Then both Guards leaned their weight on Don's shoulders. Pushing and shoving him remorselessly back and forth, they forced him ever further down onto that hard black cock-spike until at last he was filled with it, the stretched-out cheeks of his painfully plugged-up ass squashing down into his crossed and chained-up ankles.

A simple spring snap then bound his cuffed hands to his shackled feet, and both of these to a ring in the base of the dildo, and just like that Don was trapped. The cuffs on his wrists bent him backward, arching his upper torso, and that one small ring locked him so tightly down onto the dildo pedestal that standing, tumbling off, or even fractionally rising from the giant plastic shaft skewering up into his center would be utterly impossible. Gasping for breath, he could only shift around a bit, squirming on the thick, shapely, yet larger and harder than life cock that filled him helplessly, searching in vain for a more comfortable position.

That was useless, of course, and yet still the Guards of the incomparable Lady Ondahlie weren't finished with him. Reaching between Don's spread apart knees, one of them clasped his cock and began quickly and professionally pulling on it, squeezing and pumping and coaxing his already stiff erection into an incredibly engorged state of pulsing, iron-like rigidity.

Considering the head start he had, that didn't take long at all. Then once he'd achieved his admittedly impressive maximum size, a black leather cock-and ball harness was deftly applied, its tight-tight

straps first binding firmly about the base of Don's hefty member as well as between and all around his already swollen testicles. Choking off any possible flow of blood or semen, those thin, unyielding strips of dead animal skin cinched him up into indefinite tumescence. Then all the way up his long, throbbing, vein-webbed shaft, its snug-fitting rings and loops clutched him: pinching up tightly at last about his bloated, plum-colored cockhead.

From a cold steel D-ring situated at the tip of this harness, the Guard in charge attached a short leather towing leash, enabling his captors to drag him (and his little dildo-cart) wherever they needed to go merely by pulling the handy handle of his elaborately wrapped erection.

That was bad enough, demeaning and unsettling. But then to another, oppositely placed D-ring, dangling from the bottom of the harness, right at the tightly collared base of his stretched-out, widely separated testicles (both bulging like fat purple blue-veined eggs through the cleverly designed straps) a cold steel fine-linked chain was snapped. Running through a cleverly drilled hole in the base of the big anal spike, this was threaded through that ass-impaling cock, then run up his crack and inside his locked wrists to where it could be pulled up along his spine. And by this time, the third Guard had just finished preparing his hair.

Creating a tight braid sticking almost straight up from the top of Don's head, this woman had woven a short leather strap into the three thick locks of Don's long-uncut hair, binding them inextricably together. On the end of this imaginative ponytail, jingling like a bell as he briefly shook his head was another simple steel snap. But now without warning the Guard at his back grabbed this and pulled Don's head radically backwards, until he was staring straight up at his cell's ceiling. Then, yanking him even more painfully back, she snapped the tether his hair had become onto the stout little chain leading up his back from the ring on his testicle harness.

Immediately Don tried relieving the pressure by raising his head, but of course it was no use. Any attempt to straighten his neck, or even twist his head more than an inch or so, caused the taut chain to pull on his captive nuts in the most agonizing fashion. Until someone

chose to release him he was locked into this position for good: kneeling on three points and impaled on a giant cock, with his wrists, ankles, hair and balls all chained up tightly together behind him.

In a way his body had become a nice stable pyramid, or tripod, his helpless face at the apex. He was un-hooded for once, not even blindfolded, but with his back and shoulders arched and his head stretched painfully all the way back, the only thing there was to see was the impenetrable oak ceiling of the Lady O's elaborate Dungeon. But then the view began to move. That fact combined with the sudden constant pull on his aching hard-on, convinced Don that the preparations were finally complete, and that he was now on the way to his long-delayed session with the wonderful, magical Lady O.

Down the length of a long stone corridor his cock-captors towed him, the distance measured only by the burning throbs of his dick and the regularly spaced tops of other cell doors, all identical to his own. Don had seen these many times, but he had yet to encounter another prisoner. Nevertheless, the regular sounds of clanging, begging, shouted orders and agonized screams echoing down these halls had long ago made it obvious to him that he wasn't the only hapless male prisoner suffering here. There could have been dozens of others.

Then of course, too distressing to consciously acknowledge, there had been that one incredible occasion that even more definitively proved this. Blindfolded and cock-clamped, tightly bound to the torture horse, suffering the usual vigorous whipping, he'd been forced by the irrefusable Lady O to first accept and then ever more eagerly service an enormous, anonymous, yet obviously genuine pulsating male erection. Slurping and strangling blindly on it, he'd suffered abysmally while its unseen owner grunted and thrust and cried out to the rhythm of the whips lashing his own laboring backside. So emotionally traumatic was this that Don had been forced to wipe the entire experience from his conscious memory.

This was a pity, really, since that incredibly big cock had given him a brief, rare taste of something almost supernatural. Deep in horribly unprecedented depths of shame-raddled arousal, Don had eventually somehow gained an uncanny ability to detect and

interpret pheromones. Probably a result of his extensive experience with sexual enslavement, this was something that animals could do but of which humans were generally incapable. Nevertheless, on the huge, hot, pungent pole of flesh rhythmically invading his mouth and throat, Don had somehow both and tasted the other man's pain and fear, his deep humiliation and reluctant arousal at being forced to urgently drill himself into a helpless member of his own sex. Of course, those conflicting feelings hadn't stopped the unknown fellow from brutally humping and pumping and gagging Don with his giant rod until he finally fed him. Nor, for that matter, did it stop Don from slurping and sucking and swallowing down every last hot salty drop that those big, generous balls had to give, then lovingly licking and sucking that massive, uncircumcised penis totally clean and limp and soft afterwards. After all, they both knew their duties in such a situation. Long months with the unforgiving Mistress Ondahlie had seen to that.

In any case, the cells were now past. A small bump and right turn and Don found himself in an elevator. Humming machinery carried them upward, and then a brief jolt and the sliding thump of the opening doors announced their arrival. Don was dick-dragged out, and the sudden exponential increase in the pain on his genitals informed him that his wheels were now plowing through a plush shag rug rather than skating along bare concrete floors. Nevertheless, the agonizing pull on his prick and balls continued, pulling Don deep into the sumptuous sleeping chamber now revealed by the gorgeous, ornate ceiling mirrors covering the castle's ancient oak.

Those mirrors provided him with an inverted view of lavish furnishings: thick, deep-pile carpet, an enormous circular waterbed set low into the floor, satin covered cushions everywhere and several small, exquisitely crafted tables strategically placed. Lounging in sybaritic splendor on the giant bed, surrounded by luxury and decadence, were the Lady O and Acolyte Peggy, currently her favored Dungeon Girl. Both were flushed and naked, or the next thing to it, Peggy wearing just her collar and leash and the Mistress sporting her big old strap-on dildo and nothing else. Just a small leather harness held her long, black, life-like ten rubber inches ready

and erect. Both of them also held huge, exquisite crystal goblets, and judging by the hue of their skin and the languor of their posture (and the number of empty bottles scattered about) they'd obviously been drinking and making love here for hours.

Whatever use they might have for a lowly slave at this point was uncertain. In any case, both of them ignored Don as he was dick-dragged over to within a few feet of the sunken bed. His wheels rolled grudgingly through the plush, heavy pile, then settled deeply into it, where it gave his pedestal enough traction and stability for them to perform acrobatics on his upturned face, if that was what they had in mind. Without a word the Guards left the room, and Don watched in the mirror as the Lady O lit up yet another tremendous-sized reefer.

The sweet, pungent smoke of marijuana was already thick in the air, and soon Don's head began to swim with the contact buzz. The other predictable effects of pot intoxication quickly followed: giddiness, sensory distortion and enrichment, and a parching, unbearable cottonmouth as his saliva dried up.

Already desperately thirsty from his extended stretch of deprivation, Don watched maddeningly from the corner of his eye (and directly in the reflection right above his head) as Acolyte Peggy and the Lady O lounged and smoked and gulped goblet after goblet of crisp, icy Dom Perignon. Toking away, exchanging heady 'shotguns' with the huge joint, they laughed and giggled and caressed each other, making almost unbelievably spicy pillow talk as they got drunker and drunker. Liberally treating their own cottonmouth with hundred-dollar bubbly, they forced Don to kneel there ignored for over half an hour. He watched them finish the entire five-inch reefer and yet another two chilled magnums, pulling the bottles from a massive wooden ice chest stocked with enough premium champagne to host a wedding.

This was torture to him of course, and the more stoned the air made him feel the worse his thirst tormented him. He knew better than to draw attention to himself, yet still his buzzing brain spun mad fantasies of begging them for a drink, of offering anything left of his captive soul for just a drop of that glorious nectar being so casually,

gluttonous poured and spilled and swilled down. Finally, just as his knees, neck and back (not to mention his stuffed-full ass) began to really ache from his chain-enforced posture, the Mistress at last deigned to recognize him.

Peggy was sucking enthusiastically on the Lady O's left nipple at the time, giving it long, strong, deep loving pulls with all the force of her cheeks, when the Mistress, tipping up her goblet to drink, suddenly caught Don's eye in the mirror. She upended it, finished the draught off, and grinned devilishly at him. Then she turned her attention down to her lovely little lover.

A twitch of the leash brought Peggy's head up immediately, and the Lady O smiled benevolently down at her. One hand stroked the Acolyte's fresh young cheek, and then slipped indolently down to toy with that aroused nipple. For a maddeningly long moment she fondled herself. Then slowly the Lady O ran her hand down her golden-brown flank, coming to rest at last on the full round swelling of her abdomen, below the belly-ringed navel and just above the sprout of her big black dildo. She groaned and stretched on the bed luxuriously, caressing herself like she carried an immense weight in her belly. Then her smile broke into a giggle, and she addressed her Acolyte at last. "I'm about ready, are you?"

"Goddess, yes!" exclaimed Peggy, rolling over and clutching the bloated dome of her own slender belly. "I thought you'd never ask! I'm about to burst!"

She tinkled off into merry giggles, and then quickly came to a drunken approximation of attention when the Lady O popped a couple snaps on her harness, freeing access to her genitals. Immediately the Acolyte assisted the Mistress, then together they crawled to the edge of the waterbed and climbed off. Moving tipsily and still giggling as they supported each other, the two staggered to their feet and stumbled on over to where Don waited: kneeling with his dick sticking out, his limbs chained behind him to the spike up his ass and his helpless face and head locked all the way back.

"Are you thirsty, slave?" The Lady O grinned down at him, her naked breasts looming above like a vision of glory. "Would you like a drink?"

Without thinking Don tried to nod, and immediately bleated with pain at the sudden pull on his balls. Instead he rasped out the necessary words despite the desiccation of his throat.

“Yes, my Mistress. I am dying for a drink.”

“That’s good, slave. Because this room has just about every comfort a Mistress could ask for, and yet there’s no chamber-pot. That’s where you come in. We call the position you’re currently locked into the ‘receptacle position’. As a receptacle, you will receive whatever you are given, understood? You will take it all in and not allow a single drop to touch my lovely rugs.”

Dawning horror broke for Don, and involuntarily he tried to shake his head. Again the pain in his testicles stopped him with a whimper, but the Lady O didn’t even bother to notice. Remorselessly she continued.

“Peggy and I have a lot of expensive champagne to give to you. We’ve been saving it up for hours just for you. After all, I can imagine how dehydrated you must be.” A mean little titter came here. “This champagne is kind of recycled, but that shouldn’t matter to a mindless receptacle like you. Now open up!”

A cruel hand clamped Don’s face, forcing his jaws apart, and torn by incredible conflicting impulses he croaked with need and dismay.

In the past he’d had his face pissed in a couple of times — one of the Mistress’ more extreme ways of degrading him — and he’d survived it. One of life’s great truths that no one seemed to appreciate except for the most abject is that piss washes off. But this demand was something on another scale altogether, this was being told to take the wastewater of another as a life-giving sustenance, and he couldn’t help but wince away from the idea. Nevertheless, the Mistress commanded and disobedience was unthinkable. And indeed desperate thirst drove him, as well as an undeniable spike of horrified arousal at the level of subjugation he was about to experience. With only a brief hesitation, Don willingly stretched his jaws as wide as possible.

Mistress Ondahlie didn’t delay. Immediately she stepped up and straddled his face, her hands still cupping her painfully swollen

bladder.

Don's posture and pedestal held his head at waist level, so that by stretching to tip-toes the Lady O was able to settle herself neatly hole-to-hole, her bare crotch resting heavily on Don's face, bending him even further back and sealing over his open mouth. She shifted on him a little, giggling still, then groaned with seemingly orgasmic release as she at last let go, spraying her waste down Don's open throat in a hot, salty gush that nearly drowned him.

Thank the Goddess for those irresponsible college days of funneling beer, or he might not have had the trick of opening his esophagus and closing his windpipe to save him. Too quickly for him to actively swallow the Lady O's champagne flooded in, swirling down his throat to his belly in a life-giving draught that seemed like it would go on forever. Squeezing her abdomen, moaning in sweet relief, the Mistress voided herself for over a good two minutes, while Don held his breath and accepted the gift, glad the liberal amounts of fluids she'd consumed had diluted the toxic acids and ammonia that normally made urine so noxious. Nevertheless, when at last she'd squeezed out every last drop, he had to gasp and strangle for a moment before he could properly suck and lick her genitals totally clean afterwards.

Acolyte Peggy was of course next in line, just as eager to relieve herself and just as ridiculously bloated from bingeing as her Mistress. She too straddled Don's face, climbing on, spraying away and filling him up, her long, drawn-out "Ahhhhhhhhhhhhh!" sounding so unimaginable fulfilling that for a moment Don wanted to let go and enjoy the sensation himself.

That was of course impossible, what with his clamped-off erection currently serving as a tow-handle, so Don made do with cleaning Acolyte Peggy's center so thoroughly, and boldly moving on to perform uninvited cunnilingus on her so enthusiastically, that her moans rapidly escalated in both frequency and volume. Soon she started rocking back and forth, pumping and grinding herself against Don's face so roughly that his skin quickly chafed red. Nevertheless he licked and lapped and sucked and thrust with his tongue like he was possessed, and Peggy rode his face that way through several

orgasms, finishing up her half-hour ride by once again emptying her overworked bladder down the open drain of Don's gullet.

Alcohol is a powerful diuretic, and with the passing of that long-delayed first piss, the proverbial floodgates were now open. The Lady O had to go again as well, and after bingeing all night (and continuing to drink even now), the Mistress and her Acolyte were just getting started. For hours they used him thus: forcing him to perform cunnilingus on both of them, fucking each other passionately right under his nose, drinking more, smoking more, straddling his face and pissing, pissing, pissing down his throat, every time the constant need was renewed.

At last, too exhausted and intoxicated to do anything more, Peggy and the Mistress each indulged in one last sustained urination. Then they returned to the bed, snuggling up together in its sybaritic comfort. Soon they'd dropped off to sleep, leaving Don there once again lonely and ignored — at least until the call of nature drove them out of bed again in the morning. Until then the lowly chamber-pot resigned himself to waiting, his head still locked back, his ass still crammed full, and his contorted body occasionally wracked by agonizing muscle cramps.

Don's painfully hard cock was still pinched off tight and locked into an angry red erection, and his own bladder, emptied just hours ago, was now also slowly bloating painfully. But at least he was no longer thirsty.

From Cell to Selfdom

Step One: Enstabliment

Her name was Corey now. That was all she knew.

It didn't matter what she'd been before, or where, or with whom. This was a new beginning for her, her name chosen and applied by Mistress as though her life just begun. And in a way it had. For a mere five cents Mistress had purchased her, rescuing her from certain torturous death and bringing her here, where she was now to

be shaped anew. Inevitably, that transformation began with the way she referred to herself.

Her name was Corey now, and she was a she. From this moment henceforth, now and forever, a she. It didn't matter that she had a large, constantly hard penis, or fertile testes in a vulnerable external sac. Genetic and sexual reality had no relevance in the stable of this Mistress. She was Corey, a proven Slut-Bitch, and all sluts were by definition female. Therefore she would be given only female clothing to wear, would be used only as females were generally used and would always refer to herself in the feminine expression. That was the basis of her new identity. The rest would be impressed upon her presently.

Still trying to get used to all this, Corey looked around the room she'd been installed in. It had been the middle of the night when she'd been brought here (somewhere in the remote vastness of the Texas plains, as close as she could guess), and she'd been hooded at the time, cock-harnessed, handcuffed and ball-gagged as she was manhandled out of the back of an unseen van and down several flights of stairs.

Once inside, the hood and handcuffs had been removed, but still the darkness remained complete as a pair of apprentice Mistresses, Dungeon Girls by title, shoved her through a doorway and into this underground cell. There they'd named her, sexed her, and laid down those three initial laws of her ensttlement. Then the door had slammed and locked, leaving her alone in the dark to contemplate her strange new station in life.

Of course, anything was an improvement over the death she'd just escaped, or the extreme torture and deprivation her initial kidnapper had subjected her to. But now, as hopelessly addicted to cruel, humiliating sexual domination as she'd recently become (indeed, unable to cope without it), Corey didn't begin to grasp the scale of the wonderful changes coming with her new life until morning arrived. Then thin streamers of sunlight began leaking into her underground cell, penetrating down a long shaft and through a slatted ceiling vent. After the long dark, this meager illumination was

enough for the newly purchased and christened Sub-Slut to at last explore her accommodations.

Until now she'd been crouching on a simple linoleum floor by the door, naked except for the ball-gag and imprisoning cock-rig she still wore — a pair of tight leather and steel harnesses holding her jaws stuffed open and full and her respectably-sized genitals clinched blood-filled and brutally erect. Freed from the handcuffs, Corey had dutifully refrained from attempting to remove either device, trusting that Mistress would return control of her mouth and penis when she damn well saw fit. Long months of painful enslavement had taught her cell manners too well to forget. But finally Corey decided to risk at least enough initiative to crawl around and see what she was in for.

Some things were too obvious to miss, like the large oaken torture crucifix built into one of the mirrored walls, and the extensive cabinets and closets surely filled with clamps, tools, prods, restraints, dildoes, paddles, crops, whips, worse weapons and all sorts of other sadistic paraphernalia. Also, hulking across the way, dominating the room's other side, was the place's sole object of real furniture, a massive, padded-leather and steel structure that resembled one of those elaborately adjustable weight-lifting benches.

This particular one had been cunningly modified, the multiply-positional bench festooned with holding straps and the surrounding, swinging, overhanging and underlying arms, struts and bars all equipped with welded-on cuffs, chains, and shackles. Cables and pulleys were strung everywhere, connecting shackles to cranks in ingenious profusion. The entire device had clearly been designed for enforcing arcane contortions and then holding her worthless body immobile — in almost any conceivable position — while endless acts of physical torture and sexual subjugation were practiced upon it.

Corey felt a queer twinge of utterly bizarre relief studying it. At least that consummately necessary part of her life hadn't changed. Indeed (aside from the mirrored décor), only two major differences from her old cell and dungeon days were immediately obvious.

Some of the cabinets that lined the room's only non-mirrored wall stood unlocked and open, inviting inspection. Apparently she

had free access to toys or clothing here. And the simple plastic food and water dishes sitting nearby appeared to hold real food and water, not canned dog chow and her Mistress' stale urine, as was often the case in the old days. That was a downright delightful development.

Corey eyed both bowls longingly, her mouth watering around the big warm ball squashing her tongue. Then, to take her mind off her hunger (and the urge to try tinkering with her straps), she at last crawled over to the open cabinets and peered inside. She goggled at what she saw, immediately going dry-mouthed and instantly forgetting her many discomforts. Hanging crowded together before her was a practically limitless variety of gorgeous female undergarments.

Panties and bras, girdles and garters, stockings and silks of all size, chemises, peignoirs, half-robos, frilly little nighties and teddies and ever more exotic scraps of female lingerie all fought for space in the tall cabinet.

Strings, bows, ribbons, ruffles and lacy trailers fluttered everywhere in floral profusion, the stark whites and soft pastels mingling shamelessly with the sexier satin pinks and purples. Boldly exposing their elastic tucks and gathers, their fur-trimmed, leather-buckled, or simply sleek-edged lines and cuts to the dim morning light, the rich colors and textures before her must have numbered in the hundreds. Even the audacious reds and blacks and blues had their places, their gleaming silky sheen shining hotly of their smoothness, their air-light slipperiness against the skin.

Corey couldn't believe what she was seeing. When the Dungeon Girls had impressed the first law of her enstablishment upon her (that she would wear only female clothing) they hadn't been kidding. Apparently this cross-dressing was intended to go far beyond mere humiliation and control into a systematic program of sustained feminization similar to the constant clumsy necessity of using only female tenses and pronouns when referring to herself. Apparently Mistress, wherever she was, expected her Sub-Sluts (and especially those proven Slut-Bitches) to always openly acknowledge and aspire

to the desirability and superiority of absolutely everything female. That was much obvious.

It became more obvious still with further inspection. Shoes were ranked and jumbled on the floor of the cabinet, flats and pumps and stiletto heels, female footwear all, and the shelves were laden with make-up, accessories, and boxes of curious jewelry.

By supplying this stuff, her new owner was clearly indicating that Corey regularly put it to use, that she get up every morning and transform herself in every way possible into a ridiculous parody of the divine, exalted sex she'd clearly proved forever unworthy of.

Corey thought of spending the rest of her life in lingerie, painted and decorated as a woman, mincing around calling herself 'she' and her entire innards roiled. She'd never had any real inclination toward womanhood, or homosexuality, other than learning to enjoy being used like a female when she really had no other choice. But this Mistress was apparently requiring her to ape and adore femininity, to emulate it whole-heartedly, to rebuild her entire self-image around it in deference to its overwhelming superiority.

Daunting, upsetting, and perhaps just a wee bit arousing. In any case, it beat the previous identity she'd been brutally hammered into.

After his capture and removal from society at large, a one-time male drifter named Don Landers had been cruelly, systematically turned into a mere object and receptacle for endless amounts of agonizing and degrading sexual abuse and torture. For months he endured solitary confinement, prolonged and extensive bondage, sodomy, pain, deprivation and defilement of all kinds, until finally he learned to love such treatment, having at last become addicted to his own victimization. That nightmare process had culminated in an appalling public graduation to Slut-Bitch status, after which he'd been futilely offered for permanent show-dog service at a subsequent auction, and then condemned as unworthy when he failed to sell. He'd only narrowly escaped a consequent gelding, cock-shearing, hot lead-plugging and dismemberment on the rack when Mistress at last stepped in with her whip and nickel and took him home.

So now she was Corey, and given the choice between possible identities, she supposed she'd take cross-dressing effeminate Sub-Slut over inconsequential torture object any day of the week. It definitely had dismemberment and death beat, or the shocking future as a show dog she'd alternately faced. Besides (thought Corey, gazing into the closet raptly), admit it. Her insides were still churning busily, and it wasn't an entirely unfamiliar feeling. The humiliating depths of the emasculation in store for her now were once again stirring that hideous inner craving, that compelling need to prostrate herself before a woman of power and eagerly accept every abuse she could be goaded into inflicting. Desperately hooked on pain and sexual submission despite what it cost her, Corey the pliant and obedient swiftly determined to do whatever it took to earn the honor of being whipped, butt-fucked and totally dominated by this potent new Mistress.

At once she obeyed both her absent owner's obvious unspoken intention and her own burning, if uncomfortable-to-admit-to excitement. Her trembling fingers pounced, following the achingly hard point of her upright rod and finally plunging into that silky closetful of heavenly, cleverly designed female undies and adornments.

First she came across tall stockings of a lacy baby blue, sheer and smooth with a wide thick top of busily figured trim. Immediately Corey drew them on, grateful for once that her former Mistress had kept her constantly shaved free of all annoying body hair. Even her legs and nipples had been done recently, and inside its imprisoning harness Corey's bulging, blood-filled genitals were still as bare and soft as a new-born babe's. The sexy, slippery friction of her silk-encased legs was entirely unimpeded as she squirmed around and rubbed herself, delighting in the highly novel, incredibly erotic sensation of wearing tight silk hose on her skin. Corey was tempted to wallow in this delight, to writhe around naked but for her new stockings in a huge drift of lingerie, but the thought of her new Mistress catching her this way stopped her.

She had no idea how long it would be before she was finally left alone with her new owner and rescuer, but she wanted to be ready

when the time came. That meant dressing quickly, then figuring out the make-up, accessories, shoes, et cetera. Corey was as unfamiliar with all the accoutrements of being a female as she was of thinking or referring to herself that way. Decorating herself was going to take a little practice.

Fortunately the closet was well-ordered. Right nearby were the matching garters and belt for her stockings, the light baby blue accented by a rich navy sheen and ornamented in the center with a gorgeous red-and-white rose. Quickly she donned these, clumsily clipping garters to hose, and then slid into the matching girdle-thing. Corey was unfamiliar with the terminology, but she had to admit she adored the crotch-less, braless elasticized baby-blue sheath (a corset?) that soon gripped her middle. Together its non-existent bottom, along with the enclosing lines of garters and stocking-tops, formed a perfect border for her doubly naked cock and balls. These bulged through their cruelly tight harness more urgently than ever, throbbing and twitching as Corey stared at them. Impulsively she decided to go without the panties.

She'd never get them over that monster erection anyway, and somehow her penis looked better as it was — an angry, hairless, pounding purple-red spike choked off by gleaming black straps and shiny steel fittings: quite a boldly defiant statement of her sex regardless of what pronouns she used. Corey similarly liked her corset's strapless, cup-less top, which openly displayed her substantially sized but still unmistakably male nipples and flat little breasts. Just the small of her back and her belly were hugged by that sexy clingy stretch, and she could caress her hips and ass as well as her tits at will. At last she topped off the look with a thin silk choker around her neck — one ornamented with the same satiny navy strip and stunning central rose as the matching garter belt.

Eyeing herself in the mirror, once again it was all Corey could do not to drop to the floor, grab a great double handful of silks and satins, clamp them around her aching prick and start pump-pump-pump-pump-pumping away. Only the knowledge that such an exercise would be both frustrating and futile without the key to her cock-lock helped her to keep her hands off of her throbbing shaft and

head. Unsettled by the depth of her perverted arousal, Corey gritted her teeth, groaning with need. Still she was clenched rock-hard, much harder than just the cock-harness could be accounted for. By now she was straining so desperately erect that her pulsating knob poked insistently into her belly as she at last bent over to examine and choose some shoes. Driving itself crazy with sensation, her tingling eye-tip slipped and slid against the slick silk sheathing her midriff.

At last Corey found a pair of basic white heels that would complement her outfit, and she put them on. Next came make-up, and with the benefit of perseverance and the mirrors she eventually managed to do a fairly passable job of painting her ball-gagged lips and eyelids, powdering and rouging her hollowed cheeks and finding a wide white hair band to match the shoes. Behind her ears she combed her long, dark brown locks, brushing them out and securing them there with the band. At last Corey had done about all she could in order to present herself as a lovely, compliant, highly erotic woman who nevertheless sported a monster hard-on in lieu of pussy or breasts.

Instead of earrings in the jewelry box she found a variety of powerful toothed spring-clamps, skin-clips designed to bring acute pain to everything from penis eye to tip-toes, from earlobes to nipples — or wherever else applied. Wincing, Corey attached especially cruel blue ones to both of the latter, claspings all four earlobes and aureole with a painfully dragging lead weight and a sharp, gnawing bite. The necklaces she found were strung with crushed shells, chips of glass, or even twisted out of tiny barbed wire — surely a continual torment to wear — and despite her silk choker Corey couldn't help also donning a heavy white strand of sharp, jagged coral chunks. All this humiliating emasculation, plus the delicious touches of masochism, kept her penis constantly twitching, constantly aroused, and Corey marveled at how much fun it was to play dress-up. She could actually get used to this kind of thing...

Finally Corey finished up by perfuming, deodorizing herself. Then, taking a bottle of scented hand lotion with her, she at last went over to the massive, complicated torture bench. Gut churning, cock

aching, she told herself she only wanted to examine it while she prepared her penis for Mistress.

The actual bench portion was narrow, twelve inches of leather-padded width hinged in several places to allow portions of it to be raised and lowered at various angles. It was the surrounding apparatus of dangling arms, cuffs and bars that made it seem so bulky, especially with all these attachments currently pushed back into the cable-works and support structure. Top half elevated to about sixty degrees, the rest of the bench stuck out like a begging tongue, the shackles and stirrups, pulleys and cables sprouting from and threading through its long base notwithstanding. Seduced at last, Corey sat down and straddled the bench, avoiding the sinister-looking sliding stirrups mounted at the sides and leaning back against the angled top. Her hips cocked up with the movement, and with her feet back and her knees spread out wide to either side, Corey's pounding erection jutted sharply upward, straining for the sky from its smooth, baby-bare root right there in the open center of lingerie heaven. Oh Mistress, if not for that imprisoning cock-lock!

Still telling herself that she was only doing her duty, only smoothing and limbering, moisturizing this lovely hard penis for whatever service Mistress might command, Corey took her bottle of lotion and squeezed a lovely cool drizzle of the creamy liquid all over that questing purple head, trailing down the tall straining shaft to soak the chafed, leather-gripped base. Then with an indescribable groan she at last went to work, smearing and slickening and smoothing around the lotion, simultaneously stimulating her swollen balls and unrelenting hard-on in the most unbearable fashion.

Over and around the tight leather chastity straps, all over the stretched, bulging skin within (forever unhappily aware of that tiny lock she'd spotted holding the main base strap uncompromisingly tight), Corey rubbed herself, bringing both relief and rejuvenation to the aching clench of her perpetual erection. This was a cycle that could only accelerate, of course, regardless of how fruitless or stupid it was, and carried away at last Corey gave in to her insistent carnality. Her slow, twisting and rubbing caresses suddenly turned into a deathly-tight two-handed grip, and without a care for anything

else in the world she suddenly burst into a frenzied session of maniacal jerking.

Whining and moaning in mindless delirium, no longer even feeling the sharp steel teeth still biting down into her tender little nipples and ears, Corey straddled the bench and bucked and thrashed and whacked away at herself in an uncontrollable spasm of primal male need. Pulling and pumping and jerking madly on her hot, throbbing cock-bone, each potent downward stroke punching her bunched and imprisoned balls until they burned with pain and arousal, she worked herself as frantically as though she were laboring under the lash of the universe' most vengeful and demanding goddess.

Utterly out of control, Corey seemed determined to over-stimulate her clamped-off genitals until they either burst apart themselves or the implacable binding straps imprisoning them finally exploded into impossibility. No one knows where this madness might have ended (probably in sobbing, frustrated exhaustion or a cerebral stroke), but then suddenly into the middle of this crazed masturbatory orgy burst the Mistress.

The door crashed open, and suddenly a voice screeched "STOP THAT! No male pleasures allowed! You ought to know that by now, Slut-Bitch! You haven't been more than twenty-four hours alive and already you need discipline!"

Corey recognized the sharp southern twang that had rescued her, and immediately she regained control of herself. Dropping her dick, obeying elementary rules of eye contact, she cast her gaze abruptly down and didn't even try to see past her new Mistress' boots — concentrating instead on the pulsating, gleaming, too-long abused and denied spike of her abandoned erection.

Those black, spiked heels took a few more steps into the room, but the door remained standing wide open, and for a reason. Mistress' next words were so astounding, so terrifying, that Corey wasn't sure she'd heard them right — as if her brain was instantly rejecting them before allowing the information contained to be processed. Then she cringed in horror when comprehension came crashing through.

“Maybe you’re not right for me, Slut-Bitch. Generally service in my stable is voluntary. I saved your life by buying you back there because I pitied you. I didn’t think you should have to die for failing. But slavery is illegal in this country, and I can’t condone the things that have been done to you, or take on the risk of being implicated in them. Therefore I’m denying and relinquishing all ownership of you. You may go.”

Corey would have gaped except for the ball already filling her mouth. Stunned, hurt, and terrified at the thought of suddenly being cast adrift without a Mistress, she immediately shook her head vigorously, clasping her hands in prayer and using her blue-shadowed eyes and mascara-enhanced lashes to plead mutely. Gauging this pathetic response, Mistress’ eyes narrowed.

“Are you saying you want to stay? Enter my service voluntarily?”

Corey nodded just as vigorously, leaning forward in desperate supplication, not even considering the beckoning freedom lying just above her. Begging to stay and be prisoner, slave, whore, anything that would get her abused, she seemed to be crying, where do I sign? How do I absolve your every qualm? Scowling, Mistress considered, milking the scene for all it was worth before at last relenting.

“Well, they say that if you save a life, no matter how worthless, then you’re responsible for it. It might indeed be crueler to turn you out alone than let you stay. I’ll tell you what, slut. Sign my usual contract that states you are voluntarily entering my stable of sluts, and you can stay here. You’ll be fed and sheltered free of charge, and begin life-long training as a she-male sexual submissive. In return, you will abide by all the rules of this contract and any more I might decide to make up as we go along. You’ve obviously absorbed the first three, those regarding clothing, usage and language, and after past, I’m sure you can anticipate most of the rest. These rules will be your entire life, slut. You’d better internalize them if you want to stay.”

Corey nearly swooned with relief, oblivious to the fact that she’d finally been offered her freedom, and that she was about to cast it away in the very same minute. All she knew was that she was

moving ever closer to receiving her suffering fix, as Mistress crossed the room, unlocked a cabinet, removed a document and pen and moved to where she sat straddling her already beloved bench, yearning to get to know it better.

Mistress slapped both pen and paper down and Corey hurriedly scribbled out her legal signature, barely remembered after all this time. Then she waited breathlessly, eyes still downcast, as Mistress filed her precious release and turned back, leaving the new cabinet open to expose the expected assortment of paddles, belts, whips, straps, et cetera.

“Now then, Sub-Slut Corey,” That rich, twangy voice had obtained a vicious excitement that Corey would soon come to know excruciatingly well. “Now that you’re officially part of my stable, I’m afraid you’ll have to be punished for that ridiculous display I just walked in upon. I’m sure you’ll eventually be acquainted with the contract of servitude you just signed, and with all the rules of this unique little boarding house we run here, but for the time being it’s obvious that you need to be reminded that no male-style self-abuse is ever allowed here. Now lean back against that bench and place your hands as far as you can behind it.”

Corey did as ordered, her heart rate quickening with excitement, her man-dick once again bobbing on its own as it fought the leather harness to strain itself skyward. Mistress quickly strapped her down, encircling her hips, belly, ribs, shoulders and even forehead with a series of wide, tough leather belts, each of which locked securely behind her, out of her reach on the rear of the bench. Also built into the back of the bench were adjustable steel shackles, and Corey soon found her arms locked tightly cross-wise behind her back, with her head and upper body bound so solidly to the adjustable upper board of the bench that even budging a millimeter was completely out of question.

Her butt was still firmly perched on the narrow seat, and the strutting cock of her hips held her bulging boner sticking up and out in that same audacious fashion. The twitching shaft always formed at least a right angle or better compared to the sixty-degree inclination of the elevated back board, and the jauntiness of this angle was only

improved when Mistress began to position and immobilize her long, slim, stocking-clad legs.

Corey's high-heeled feet were seated in the stirrups, and multiple belt-straps wrapped her ankles from shin to toe, allowing those stirrups to dictate the precise inclination of the imprisoned legs. After the initial securing, Mistress slid these adjustable stirrups as far up and out to the sides as possible, sharply angling them so as to splay Corey out as widely open as physiology allowed. Then, with the tightening of a last few wing-nuts, Mistress finally had her brand new Sub-Slut secured just the way she wanted her: upper body utterly immobile, wrapped in straps from bladder to brain with only the vulnerable face, navel, breasts and nipples showing. The contortion of the arms locked far behind the back thrust those tits out invitingly forward, begging for abuse, and the Sub-Slut's slender white legs were locked up out-flung and open: gracefully bent at the knee and stretching out wide to either side.

This purposely-imposed posture beautifully exposed the tender interior of the now completely helpless, terrified slut's thighs, all the way up to the imperfect crotch. There, sprouting from the bare, vulnerable, absolute center of her being, those hard, hot, guilty male organs bobbed and throbbed within their bonds insistently, riding the impetus of Slut-Bitch Corey's relentlessly accelerating heartbeat.

Mistress switched on an overhead spotlight, bathing those frogged-out legs and the ridiculous appendages between them with a merciless white glow.

Corey's shaved bare, opened and elevated crotch might have been on an operating table — an impression only magnified when Mistress unclipped her garters, rolled down her stockings, and used a long, thin silver key to carefully unlock and remove the cruel restraining device that had for hours been ensuring both Corey's erection and chastity. With the harness gone, her finally freed cock should have wilted limply in relief. But instead as usual merely struggling against her absolutely implacable whole-body bondage was more than exciting enough to keep Corey rock-hard aroused. Add in the additional treats of painful jewelry, scandalous clothing, the novel thrill of her nascent feminization — along with the ecstatic

trepidation of at last receiving her new Mistress' attentions — and Slut-Bitch Corey had more than enough highly-charged erotic anticipation to keep her aching-hard penis bobbing and questing and constantly nodding her up-angled head. Bare at last of absolutely everything — clothes, hair, straps, etc. — that gloriously smooth and yet rock-hard purple-pink dick-thing stood emphatically up, saying every damn thing any ball-gagged mouth ever could about Corey's eagerness to enter into service.

That was good, because suddenly Mistress was swinging a wide, doubled-over leather strap, coming in from outside the cone of light to slash a stinging crack! across one of Corey's bare, splayed-out thighs, causing her body to jerk involuntarily and her raging hard-on to suddenly leap up and slap all around in violent reaction. For a long minute it waggled and wavered, struggling against both momentum and its own urgency to find its way back to upright center. But of course that was made impossible when Mistress immediately swung again, planting another stripe of wide red bruise alongside the first. Again the body jerked, screaming, and again the limber bone waggled. Stroke followed stroke then, one after another on alternating legs, as Mistress started just above the knees and began methodically whipping her way up the inside of Corey's open, quivering thighs, heading straight for the offending sex organs.

Corey jerked and screamed with every stroke, in purgatory at last and rapidly approaching heaven. Of course the ball-gag choked off most of her sound, and she was so solidly strapped and attached to the heavy steel torture bench that practically the only muscle able to move was her massive hard-on. So move it certainly did. Constantly it danced and pranced and bounced and jounced, jumping up and down and all around, continuously generating ever more erotic energy. Yet always it strained itself urgently back upright, only to be sent flopping crazily again with each successive stroke. It almost seemed to be trying to pull itself free of her crotch and fly away, before the approaching whip could reach its eventual target.

Good fucking luck. Each agonizing slash of that short, perhaps two-foot long leather strap brought it closer and closer to guilty

center, and Corey's manic arousal — and breathless anticipation — escalated right along with her ever-increasing pain. It never failed.

The more she got tortured, the more she got turned on, and the more she got turned-on, the harder and harder her pounding cock strained for climax.

Mistress began to breathe heavily then, slashing harder and harder with the whip. Three quarters of Corey's thighs had already changed color, darkening from a milky white to a fiery red and at last to a curiously speckled blue and black, as damaged blood vessels leaked their contents beneath the skin. Soon eighty percent, then ninety percent, nearly all of her vulnerable inner thighs from knees to crotch quivered and burned with an intense agony. And still Mistress panted and swung and viciously slapped her strap down, loudly cracking it across that exposed, immobile flesh, tanning Corey's sensitive hide with stroke after stroke of incredibly strict feminine discipline.

Corey wallowed in it, reveled in it, loving the way her red-hot, iron-hard cock bounced up and down and leaped around, blazing with unrequited need as the rest of her violated flesh simply shuddered uncontrollably in response to the sustained abuse it was receiving. And then, at last, her wonderful Mistress finally reached ground zero. The next whistling strop slashed through the air and struck those bulging, guilty genitals straight on, and Corey's entire inner world disappeared into an immense flash of white-hot nuclear agony.

Electricity seemed to galvanize her body, her astounded brain and spinal cord suddenly trying to wrench back control of her limbs, anything to escape the overwhelming flood of excruciation coming from her groin. Of course, Mistress and her technology prevented that, and the most convulsive muscle spasms wracking Corey's writhing form were easily contained by the implacable restraints.

Trapped inside the cell of her body, denied any escape from the pain whatsoever, Corey had no other choice but to lie there and fully experience every single walloping physical and neural shock that cruel, whipping strap proceeded deliver to her upraised, open crotch. Luckily most of the blows caught her still dancing and pounding

cock-spike in various angles of erection, delivering exquisitely painful but also incredibly arousing smacks of sexual stimulation.

That emphatically kinetic action was far better than merely bouncing crazily around, and Corey's eight-inch glutton for punishment kept her hoping the delicious penis beating would never end. But then all too often she'd get a dead-on smash in the balls to contend with instead, and this always brought an explosion of unparalleled agony and nausea that threatened to drive her mad, leaving her streaming with tears and retching against the gag. Yet still Mistress strapped and strapped and strapped away at her, using her wonderful belt to brutally punish her guilty, contemptible, yet nevertheless consistently hard and erect male sex organs.

This exquisite torture went on for an immeasurable time, but finally Mistress seemed to either tire out or give up, perhaps conceding her present inability to beat the testosterone out of her new Sub-Slut. Dropping the strap, she instead suddenly grabbed that black-and-blue bruised yet still rock hard erect cock in her pitiless fist. Pointing it up the slope of Corey's elaborately restrained torso toward her immobilized face, Mistress quickly gave it three powerful jerks with her good right arm. That was all it took.

Corey exploded into orgasm, ejaculating so forcefully that her pounding prick literally soaked her body with semen, spurting out long, hot, pungent white globs of it all over her face, neck and chest. One wet splatter even caught her in the eye, bulging open with the force of the spasms flinging milky seed so enthusiastically out of her.

Corey hardly even felt it, the surpassing pleasure and release of climax competing with flaming residual pain of her beating to crowd out any other sensation. All she knew was she was coming, coming at last, and coming so incredibly hard that it felt like it would never end. But then the Mistress dropped her cock, releasing it like something dirty, and Corey at last slipped back into her familiar state of tightly restrained, shamed, and humiliated agony.

Mistress was staring narrowly at her, evaluating. At last she spoke. "I'm impressed, slut. Usually sluts just endure their punishment, begging for it to stop. But you actually love it, just as

advertised. The longer and stronger I beat you, the harder you get. That could definitely come in handy around here.”

Mistress fell silent again, watching little runners of sperm dribble and trickle down her captive slut’s ball-gagged face. Then, idly twisting one of the clamps on Corey’s nipples cruelly back and forth, she began laying out the immediate future.

“Listen to me then, Slut-Bitch. This is how you’re going to live. It is a proven fact that females are far superior to males in every conceivable way. Yet in my opinion, no matter how worthless and pathetic the biological male, he can always be improved upon, with regular discipline, humiliation, penetration, and a lot of emasculation. Therefore, as already indicated, every slut in my stable must undergo a process of constant, total feminization — at least until they advance to something more extreme. From now on then, besides female dress and appearance — which you seem to have nearly mastered — proper pronoun usage, regular whippings and other related discipline, you will of course henceforth sacrifice all control over your sexual functioning. That part of you belongs to Mistress alone, to dictate as she sees fit. To begin with, you will be providing regular anal and oral service to Mistress herself and to any and all surrogates she might seem fit to appoint. You are nothing but a slut Corey, by definition a sleazy female to be freely penetrated by all, in any fashion, at any time, with no compunction or hesitation whatsoever. That is your whole reason for being, the only meaning to be found in your otherwise empty life: to provide entertainment and tight open holes for Mistress and any other thrusting organ that happens to come along.

“Furthermore, as I have just demonstrated, no male-style sexual pleasure is ever allowed to any Sub-Slut, unless it’s specifically ordered or earned. Occasionally you’ll be whipped and milked to ejaculation, as I have just done, or be forced to perform publicly in order to verify your compliance, but otherwise no opportunities for intentional orgasm will be offered. Of course, you may ejaculate as a result of excitement brought on by rape or torture, but depending on the circumstances be prepared to appropriately suffer for it.

And naturally you will never ever ever penetrate a female again, except perhaps with your tongue. Penile penetration is a dominant act, an act of power and personal force, and therefore unworthy of a sexual submissive. Also..." Mistress' voice gained an extra note of cruel relish at this. "I am ordering extensive sucking drills for you, slut! I understand it to be your one deficiency. I don't care what you were like before. In this stable you will learn to suck absolutely anything and everything, automatically, on command. What good is a slut that doesn't know how to suck?" Mistress gave a contemptuous snort.

"So practice hard on that gag-ball, Slut-Bitch! I'll order it removed for an hour later today for eating and elimination. After that we'll have us a real get-acquainted session. So suck like you mean it, slut! Your education in womanhood is just beginning!"

With a last ripping twist on her decorated, out-thrust left nipple, Mistress turned and strode out the door, leaving it open. Left there bound to her torture bench, her own spent sperm drying slowly on her face, Corey began methodically suckling.

One-two, one-two, in-out, in-out....

Step Two: Introduction and Indoctrination

It was several hours later and Slut-Bitch Corey was still strapped and clamped immobile on the huge, complicated torture bench. Aside from wriggling fingers and toes, blinking and shifting eyes or mouthing the big round ball gagging her, she was utterly incapable of the slightest movement. Once in a while a crippling spasm would cause her muscles to bunch or cramp, wrenching her body uncontrollably, and her implacable bonds would be tested. But always the wide leather straps, cuffs, and far-flung locking foot stirrups held firm, preventing even her most violent paroxysms from expending themselves. Only her balls and erection, black-and-blue swollen from the beating they'd endured that morning, remained free to twitch and waggle within their confining harness.

Whenever one of those excruciating muscle tremors wrenched through her — her suffering body struggling blindly, autonomically to escape its pitiless bondage — that stiff hard cock would bounce and jounce around and eventually strain its stupid way back upright. Of course, even erection was an agony in her current heavily contused state, but that was merely another attraction. Bruised or not, with or without the tight cock-harness, Corey's eager eight inches was always proud to stand straight up and announce how much its owner enjoyed her agonizing station in life.

Corey may have been suffering extensively, still dressed in the humiliating clothes and persona of a sleazy female, still feeling the flaming bruises of her earlier crotch-beating, still wearing the dried crusty splatters of her first enstabled orgasm all over her neck, chest, and ball-gagged face, but she wouldn't have had it any other way. The only thing she found more arousing than constant bondage was torture, and after a while constant bondage became a torture in and of itself. Then all she needed to make her personal fulfillment complete was a serious dose of sexual subjugation. And every time her rebelling body thrashed needles of agony through her immobile limbs, every time her mind was temporarily blanked out by the extreme excruciation of violent muscle cramps, she was yet another precious increment closer to the next promised appearance of her wonderful new Mistress.

Eventually enough of those increments had accumulated. A couple of Dungeon Girls had come and gone, allowing (or forcing) Corey to eat, drink and eliminate. But never once was she released from her bondage. Only her ball-gag and cock-harness were temporarily removed. As for the other, the cock of her hips and splay of her legs was more than sufficient to allow ready access to the last of her holes, and the invasion of a purging hose after elimination was a delicious indignity. Corey wondered if that was part of the usual routine around here or a special preparation for her impending first formal use by the Mistress. In any case, after she was fed and watered, emptied and cleaned, she was once again ball-gagged and cock-harnessed.

Locked rigidly erect, still strapped solidly to the bench and stirrups as splay-legged wide as a circus acrobat, she then must have spent at least six or seven hours of constant arousal and gradually increasing muscular agony before her Mistress at last got around to properly introducing her to her new lifetime of service.

When Mistress finally strode back into the small room she'd been installed in, Corey dropped her eyes in instinctive, reflexive subservience.

This first formal session was what she'd been waiting for all her life, it seemed, and she'd be damned if she'd commit some stupid, elementary error now. Mistress slammed the door, locking them in the cell together, and Corey covertly studied her from the neck collar on down. To look higher was to risk eye contact, and in the old dungeon that infraction had been known to cause death, if committed under the wrong circumstances. In any case, Corey didn't need to see any higher than she did to confirm that she must have already died, and gone to heaven. Because the incredible body suddenly revealed before her couldn't possibly belong to any earthly Mistress. It surely had to be the sculpted form of a true Goddess.

As Mistress turned back toward her, Corey had expected the almost universal uniform of the dominatrix: thigh-high stiletto-heeled boots, leather lingerie adorned with chains and studs, perhaps the obligatory riding-crop and strap-on dildo. But aside from the tall boots and dildo, studded cuffs and spiked collar, this Mistress had decided to forgo such accoutrements. Corey could easily see why. Mistress' body, revealed to her pathetic captive at last in its incredible entirety, was more arousing and intimidating unadorned than any amount of costuming could have possibly made it.

Above the killer boots her tanned thighs were a study in sculpted musculature, each bulge and convexity leading on and up to the heavenly junction between. This was shaved bare and barely hidden by the simple y-shaped strap-on penis harness, which was so slim and cinched so tight that it hardly even seemed to be there. The thick, stiff, nine-inch prong that sprouted from the cushioned base plate mounted low on her mons veneris was as black as those securing straps, and so cunningly fitted was the entire tight harness

— and so rock-hard the hips and buttocks it clutched — that this big up-curving protrusion seemed beautiful, natural, even downright necessary. The eye could linger lovingly on its heavily ribbed length and bulbous, ovoid head, before skipping up the slender waist, washboard abs, and over the swelling barrel of ribs. Once there, the daring slave's gaze could at last leap past a pair of matched, curvy dark shadows to the awesome, symmetrical slopes and hard, pebbly peaks of the mountainous breasts bulging above.

Unable to help herself, certain in any case to keep her eyes well below the spiked leather neck-collar, Corey goggled at the treasure Mistress had been concealing.

The arms on either side were buffed and pumped up, but not even those cannonball biceps could compete with the grand, massive thrust of Mistress' upswept bosom. Her huge chest was both blessed by the capricious bounty of nature and exquisitely firmed by the best kind of tireless work. Dominating a torso framed by massive guns and topped by the most well developed delts and pecs a woman could attain, those monstrous, globular, thimble-nippled udders put the lie to any hint of masculinity associated with well-developed muscles. More than the amazing mane of long, thick, golden-blond hair, more than the powerful musk of aroused womanhood that arose from her cock-girded crotch, those unbelievably lush and full melons — capped by the hardest, most protuberant tips possible — emphatically declared the sex of this amazing being beyond any doubt. That she'd adopted the most coveted powers of the male, made them her own and then turned them to the victimization of her transforming slut-slaves was merely an added credit to her overwhelming appeal.

For Corey, that appeal was indeed irresistible. With one look at that tremendously strong, lush female body she was more willing than ever to spend an abject eternity servicing, worshipping, and suffering under the sway of such a superior creature. Despite being locked head-to-toe immobile, her entire being yearned desperately upward and open, straining to offer itself to this incomparable goddess. With every iota of her will, she tried to advertise herself as

a contemptibly greedy little Slut-Bitch, horny and available and eager to be put to use.

Anticipation can be the worst torture of all, but thankfully Mistress didn't waste any more time in taking what was offered. She moved in, all muscles and tits and that thick, up-jutting prick, and straddled the bench. Corey continued to goggle as she approached, her eyes still unbelievably feasting on those tremendous breasts. But then that big black dildo became impossible to ignore.

Between Corey's splayed-apart thighs, beneath her tightly harnessed genitals (everything blue-black swollen from her morning dick-whipping), gaped the most private, absolute center of her being. Without hesitation, without a word of warning or greeting, Mistress stepped up, thrust forward and inserted her cock in that vulnerable opening. Planting her straddling legs wide, dropping forward to brace her muscular arms high on either side of the torture bench's superstructure, she leaned over, rose onto her toes, and started hammering down into her hapless, helpless, trussed-up little slut.

Corey went immediately insane. Mistress' penis was thick and heavy, nine inches long and completely un-lubricated. Nevertheless her rock-hard butt and body had plenty of leverage and strength to spare. Without the slightest amount of trouble she gouged her way in and set up a torturous rhythm, ass-fucking her newest little Sub-Slut with a cruel, maniacal intensity. Squealing into her ball-gag, bulging eyes glued to those bouncing boobs just bare inches away, Corey wrestled frantically, automatically with her bonds, at first unable to handle the delicious initial pain of her raping.

Masochism is one thing, death by stabbing quite another. That's what it felt like, and despite the long hours she'd spent establishing the utter futility of such efforts, Corey couldn't help once again trying (and failing) to regain control of her tortured body.

She wrenched and struggled and twisted and writhed, and all to no avail. Her head, neck, torso and limbs remained unable to move in the slightest. Still, as always, pitiless bondage only juiced her perverted libido more powerfully, and her love of subjugation finally overwhelmed the agony of penetration. By the time Mistress had drilled her way deep enough and cored her out open enough to take

that entire fat, ribbed, nine-inch cock, Corey found herself once again straining her body upward and open and moaning and squealing with ecstatic delight rather than miserable agony. Then while Mistress' powerful body humped and pumped and pounded relentlessly away, and her armored crotch clapped hands with that of her dressed-up and made-up slut in an endlessly accelerating rhythm, Corey merely lay there splayed and screamed into her ball-gag, mindlessly reveling in the joy, pain and shame of finally being put to her proper use.

The Goddess may know how long it lasted, but Corey would never have a clue. Eventually she'd screamed and struggled away every remaining bit of her energies, and lapsed into a glazed state of mindless acceptance, taking the endless plunging strokes into her like the helpless earth beneath a mechanical pile-driver, pounded utterly insensate. It could have been one hour, it could have been two, or who knew, before that big fat prong was at last withdrawn, and not slammed immediately right back in again.

Corey lay slack in her bonds, hardly noticing as that black head-bulb slipped slowly from her anus. She didn't notice Mistress standing up straight again, taking the weight off her arms and pulling back that amazing bosom. She only came back to life when Mistress grabbed her by the head of her own stiffly erect penis. Taking advantage of its blue-black state, Mistress pinched it cruelly hard, twisting it as she did so. Corey's eyes sprang immediately clear, and she choked a fresh yell into the huge ball-gag. Her cock responded eagerly to the agony, pulsing with need, and Mistress pressed in harder with her long, black-lacquered nails.

"Well, Sub-Slut, now that I have your attention it's time we got properly acquainted. I've already begun your initial evaluation, but before we proceed I think I should spell out in detail what I've got planned for you. Your name is Corey because your last Mistress reported that above all else in the world you love being cored out. Now that I've seen it for myself, I can only agree. Therefore I'm promoting you to Sub-Slut number one immediately.

"There are currently eleven Dungeon Girls in various stages of training here, and only four other formerly male sluts. Since I require

my apprentices to accomplish at least a thousand hours of slut-fucking each before graduation, you can imagine the scarcity of holes we can run into. But now, with a practiced, eager Slut-Bitch like you around, who can take a reaming all day long and night too, without too much undue damage...that could be very valuable indeed. Therefore, in addition to your one training session a week with Mistress, where you will undergo your most intensive instruction, you can also expect to be taken every day and hung from a cross in the common room, where you'll be used pretty much constantly by everyone in the place. We've got some very interesting and impressive penises to drill into you around here.

"Eventually perhaps you'll earn branding, or kenneling, or maybe even surgical and hormonal transformation. I haven't decided yet. You're already covered head to toe with scars and brands from the Lady O, and mine would have to be pretty distinctive to stand out. Certainly you could use some augmentation. Male breasts and nipples are so uninteresting to torture. Then again, you're already a certified Slut-Bitch — maybe you can earn your way onto the show-dog circuit after all."

Corey cringed instinctively at hearing this last, her worst fears, once thought buried, suddenly being resurrected. But Mistress gave her no time at all to obsess on possible unpalatable futures. Still pinching cruelly on her dick-tip, Mistress now began pushing it down, bending it back between Corey's legs in painfully delicious fashion. At the same she continued to explicate her immediate plans.

"In the meantime, you're also going to be whipped at least daily, perhaps all day some days, according to the needs and whims of whoever requires work, practice, or just the release of pent-up aggression. We use all kinds of paddles, canes, chains, whips, straps, strops; just about everything here. That little treat you got this morning was a pretty representative sample. However, in addition to your regular anal service and constant corporal discipline, you will of course also be providing oral service of all kinds. I like to keep myself — and all the girls under me — constantly lactating. That means there are a whole lot of nipples that need to be serviced every day. Not to mention other, even more interesting organs. And

yet that bitch the Lady O described you as a deficient sucker. I want to know what she meant, slut. And I mean to find out.”

Mistress removed the uncomfortable ball gag, and instead strapped a heavy blindfold about Corey’s head. Then she stepped up, and over the next couple of hours she proceeded to force various objects and parts of her own body between her Sub-Slut’s receptively parted lips. Dutifully Corey suckled on what she first deduced to be Mistress’ big toe, then her middle finger (which was pumped suggestively in and out), and at last her exalted nipples and even genitals. Indeed, Mistress ended up by reclining the bench back almost flat and then riding Corey’s strapped-in-place face like a dildo. Rocking the saddle of her crotch on the fulcrum of her jaws, she fucked her out-thrust tongue like a cock until a cascade of ejaculate slithered down that probing muscle to be greedily slurped up. Provisionally satisfied then, Mistress at last climbed off. Out of the darkness, she snorted her perplexity.

“Well, I don’t know what the hell she’s talking about. You drew the milk well, you’ve got good big thick soft lips, and you cleaned up the come without being told. Perhaps she meant your reaction to real slut-sucking. That’s always the crucial step: learning to love performing that most degrading of all feminine duties... Ah well. Enough progress for today. Next week we’ll take it to another level.”

Mistress whistled piercingly, and blindfolded Corey heard the sound of running feet. They pounded down the stairs and into her cell.

“Yes Mistress, yes Mistress!”

“Ah, yes, Alyssa and Briana. This is our newest Sub-Slut. I believe you brought her in the other morning. Take Sub-Slut Corey here out to the common room and hang her from one of the torture crosses. Then pass the word. I want to see that our newest slut gets a good solid week of ass-whipping and butt-fucking before I even look at her again. And double the usual number of sucking drills. I want those cheeks in tip-top shape!”

“Right away, Mistress!”

“You can depend on us, Mistress. We’ll core her out proper, get those sucking muscles built up, and whip the ever-loving shit out of

her. Do you want us to torture her nipples, cock, and balls, too?”

“Yes Alyssa, whatever you find appropriate. See that everybody gets well-acquainted with the dungeon’s new slut.”

“Outstanding!”

Anticipating all these promised delights, Corey could only privately agree. To be hung from a cross for the common use, whipped, fucked, and cock-tortured to madness! Oh how wonderfully such a week would pass...

Step Three: Elementary Education

For that night and the next five days straight, the proven Slut-Bitch known as Sub-Slut Corey lived in the central basement chamber referred to as the Common Room.

Despite being deep underground, this large square room was spacious and airy. Forced air came through elaborate ductworks to keep it well ventilated. As in any good dungeon, this was a necessity. A lot of intense physical activity took place within that closed brick cube, a lot of panting, gasping, and screaming sucked the oxygen from the air. A total of eight large wooden crosses had been built into the room’s tool-hung perimeter. From a number of these dangled the Mistress’ current Sub-Sluts, or even the occasional erring Dungeon Girl. These individuals did most of the heavy breathing (not to mention manic screaming) as they were tortured and used — although those wielding the various whips, canes, crops, cocks and other weapons also worked up quite a sweat and made a fair amount of noise laughing, grunting, crying out or shouting. In any case, this constant mad bedlam was perfect for Corey, as was just about every other facet of her excellent new home. The other sluts hung here might have been truly suffering (and judging by their pathetic cries they certainly were), but despite her own screams Corey was having the absolute time of her life. She couldn’t see exactly how the other sluts were situated; a blindfold had covered her eyes ever since Mistress had first implemented her Suck Training regimen. But she herself had been hung doubled up, with

both her wrists and ankles lashed to the same two widely separated rings high on the upper half of the St Andrew's cross. With her head and back braced against the wall and her open ass curled invitingly up and out she made a perfect target for weapons and dildoes alike. Of course, her body became an agony of muscle cramps from the suspension stress alone within hours, and that was a mere matter of positioning. There was also the considerable addition of nearly a dozen zealous and dedicated Dungeon Girls constantly practicing on her, each developing and honing their own specialized torture techniques. Slut-Bitch Corey was the helpless guinea pig for endless inventive experiments with whips, ropes, nylon stockings, rubber hoses, et cetera that were as agonizing as anything delivered in the Lady O's downright medieval castle prison. Nevertheless, she soaked up every stinging blow, accepted every brutally invading prick, sucked off each turgid, milk-spitting nipple that was thrust between her lips, and all the while she continued to beg for more, more, more. Where the other sluts squealed and pleaded for mercy and release like babies, Corey cried out just as piteously to be punished even more extravagantly, to be victimized and emasculated and degraded as viciously as humanly possible.

Living with the Lady O had raised the torture bar for her considerably. The Dungeon Girls were suitably amazed at the amount of abuse that Corey could sustain and still maintain an urgent erection. The week's work became an exhilarating competition to see who could drive her to greater extremes, and Sub-Slut Corey wallowed in her outrageous agony and infamy for uncounted hours of brutal communal abuse. But finally medical circumstances dictated that she be taken down, returned to her cell and allowed a good forty-eight hours to heal up before her next scheduled appointment with Mistress.

That had been a wait of some duration, but apparently it was finally over. Dungeon Girls Alyssa and Briana (who seemed to have been somehow assigned to Corey's case) had just come and gone from her lonely cell. After forcing Corey through the usual deliciously degrading hygiene routine, they'd fitted her with various head and tail restraints and then strapped the still bruised and aching Sub-Slut

securely into her torture bench. A wink from Alyssa (who seemed cheerfully sweet somehow despite being as pitilessly dominant as the rest of them) hinted that Mistress was on her way to use her. Since that slyly sweet look, Corey had been unable to think of anything else.

Mistress had indicated that this session would see them taking her Suck Training to another level, whatever that meant. So far she'd worked her lips and cheeks to a flaming ache servicing toes and dildoes and relentlessly lactating nipples to the best of her ability.

What could be the next level, except that prospect she most dreaded? And then suddenly this anxious, excited musing was rudely interrupted, as the cell door flew open with a crash. Gorgeous Mistress made as dramatic an entrance as ever, and Corey squirmed desperately within her bonds by way of greeting. Naturally she could hardly move, as the Dungeon Girls had left her strapped so tightly into her usual splay-legged, sixty-degree-angled posture that she might have been completely paralyzed. But Corey nevertheless made every effort to either escape or embrace her Mistress, both of which she felt an overwhelming compulsion to do.

Mistress snickered at this display, gloating over the patent futility of her bound slut's struggles. Then she addressed the pathetically wriggling worm.

"I've been hearing some good things about you slut. How well you perform with your ass in the air, for instance, and how much whip and dick you can take in a single day. Believe me: that skill will come in handy later, during your weeks of serious Fuck Training.

You claim to love anal rape Corey? You say you'll take all my girls can dish out and then some? Well, I say your anal education has hardly started, slut. By the time I'm done with you, you're going to wish you'd been born without an asshole. Trust me on this. But for now we've still got this sucking thing to work on."

Mistress moved in close then, huge and intimidating with her buffed muscles, massive breasts, spike-heeled boots, hot leather harness and hard, perpetually erect penis. Wonder of wonders though, the first thing she did was to actually begin releasing Corey's ankles from the imprisoning stirrups. This task was promptly

accomplished, but then Mistress immediately locked each splayed-out ankle into a different shackle. These were connected to a pair of chains leading off to the system of cranks, cables and pulleys that hulked behind Corey on the cunningly built torture bench. Mistress began turning one of the cranks of course, and quickly Corey's legs were drawn up and even further apart: pulled back over her head and behind her until once again she was quite doubled up. With her ass lifted high and the undersides of her thighs now exposed for whipping, Mistress locked the crank in place, securing Corey practically rolled up into a ball, with her face pointing into her spread, harnessed crotch.

"How about a quick paddling, to warm us both up?" Mistress remarked rhetorically. She picked up a heavy wooden paddle, drilled full of holes and extensively inlaid with lead. She battered Corey's upraised ass with this until she'd turned the entire thing first bright red and finally into a familiar nightmare of blue-black bruises. Then at last she cast the weapon aside.

"Good enough. Now it's time for butt-fucking, slut. More for my benefit than your own. The way this cock pushes back on my clit gets me off so much that I just can't help battering it into every fucking hole I come across. Since you're still in Suck Training I should really fuck the shit out of your pretty little mouth. But I've got something even better in mind for that particular orifice. But first things first..."

Mistress straddled the torture bench, moved up close to that beaten-black ass and carefully removed Corey's fittingly enormous butt-plug. Along with the usual erection-engorging cock-harness, this had been applied by a smirking Briana less than three short hours ago. Nevertheless, Mistress removed the entire apparatus. When she saw that her throbbing slut remained rigidly erect without any mechanical assistance, she nodded with approval. Then she issued the direst of warnings.

"Today you'll probably be allowed to ejaculate, slut. That depends entirely on how you perform for me. But not until I give you permission! If you fail me and spew prematurely, you'll be out in the street naked and homeless within two minutes. Got me, Slut-Bitch?"

No more Mistress.”

The dildo-gag was still strapped to her face where Alyssa had left it. The big cock-shaped probe still filled her mouth, preventing any intelligible sound. Still Corey was desperate to indicate her terror at the thought of this, and she tried to nod vigorously. Naturally this was prevented by the wide leather strap belting her forehead to the bench. The best she could do was kind of bat her false eyelashes urgently. Mistress snickered contemptuously in response.

“Silence gives consent!” She lined her massive cock up with his only slowly closing hole and then hammered it in.

For a while then it was a repeat of the experience last week: an agonizing, violent, amazingly arousing anal rape performed on a completely helpless subject by an extremely powerful woman of goddess-like stature. Corey enjoyed it more than all the hundred or so rapes already suffered this week combined. By the sound of her climbing cries and the orgasmic bucking of her relentless hips, Mistress must have enjoyed it as well. But for some reason she pulled her tremendous prick out after only twenty minutes of fucking and a bare few breathless orgasms.

Without a word she reclined the back of the weight-bench, changing Corey’s angle of inclination from sixty degrees to thirty. The crank was turned and turned and turned ever further then; bringing Corey’s chained and spread legs ever farther behind her head, rolling the slut up into a tighter and tighter ball. Her knees passed her shoulders, and her ears, and still the crank kept turning, compressing Corey’s midriff until her face finally met her shaved bare, pulsating crotch. There was nowhere further to go. Every muscle screamed with compaction.

The hard spike of her erection poked rudely into Corey’s cheek, and even before Mistress began to remove the big cock-gag filling her mouth, the horrified Slut-Bitch had divined her Mistress’ intentions.

“Now then, Sub-Slut number one. It’s time to take that crucial step. Every slut must be an eager and expert cocksucker, and you can only learn so much technique on a dildo. We all know that regular practice is the only way to truly master a particular skill. And

what better cock for a slut to practice sucking on than her own? You'll get instant feedback on what feels best. You'll practically be able to teach yourself.

"Of course, I'll also be coring you out at the same time. That goes without saying. Even formerly male sluts have two holes. You must learn to be proficient with both at the same time. Some day you might have dozens of cocks lined up, all waiting for service." Mistress unbuckled the last head strap and finally pulled the big plastic gag-cock from between Corey's lips. She tossed it indifferently aside.

"Now, then! You've got about thirty seconds to get used to servicing yourself before I slide my own big cock in and assist your rhythm. Use the time wisely, Slut-Bitch. Learn well. If not for me, you'd be using that hole as a show dog. And you just might end up doing that yet." She grabbed Corey's still pulsing and rigid penis where it lay hotly along her cheek and forced it into the panting Slut-Bitch's waiting mouth. With her head strapped in place and her wicked contortion enforced by a hard board bench and chains of unforgiving steel, she was powerless to do anything but accept it. And so she did. Fundamentally degraded beyond belief, she wrapped her lips around her own cock, finally taking that first real irrevocable step toward her doom.

It was so hot, hard and soft at the same time and pulsating urgently. The head-bulb filled her mouth, and without thinking Corey began caressing it with her tongue. Stimulated, her saliva glands worked, spilling fluid between surfaces. Some began to leak out around her lips, and Mistress barked out instructions.

"Suck it up, slut! Suck and swallow!" Corey did as ordered, sucking on her own engorged organ. The pleasure of being fellated was mind-blowing after the last several months of deprivation. Not since her first days back with the old Lady O had this indulgence been permitted, and soon enough Corey had accommodated herself to the unique circumstances. Despite the discomfort of her contorted position, despite the almost autonomic revulsion she felt for herself as a lowly cocksucker, she began to wallow in the unexpected pleasure. And of course, physical pain and emotional humiliation

were as compelling and addicting as always. Within the allotted thirty seconds, Corey easily 'got used to' servicing herself. She practically fell in love with it.

Good thing, too. Mistress hadn't been kidding about her own contribution. While Corey hung knees over shoulders with her own erect penis in her mouth, Mistress quickly stepped back up and re-inserted herself that hungry little sissy-pussy.

Soon her bludgeoning rhythm resumed, coring Corey out and at the same time thrusting her own hot cock ever further down her throat. Each stroke of Mistress' hips drove not one cock into Corey now but two, and soon Corey was hard-pressed to decide which one she was enjoying more. Perhaps her own: the upside-down posture in which she gobbled her straining rod took advantage of the shaft's natural curve, and allowed the sensitive eye-tip to rub directly against the tongue with each sliding thrust. The entire experience was downright delightful, a revelation for such a homophobic specimen as Corey. While still repelled at the thought of servicing another male, she nevertheless felt barriers within her crumbling at every stroke. Here she was: sucking cock and loving it, able to accept that the penis between her lips was real and liable to spurt hot come at any time. Indeed, the harder Mistress fucked her, reaming out her rectum and massaging her prostate, the faster her throbbing cock slipped through her clamping lips, the closer Corey came to realizing that an orgasm might be not only imminent but unstoppable. In a rare, necessary breach of protocol, the Sub-Slut flashed her glance up at Mistress. Passing in that quick look (and in the desperate tenor of her escalating moans) was a combined warning-question-plea that Mistress would know how to read.

Indeed. Mistress caught the gist right away. "Do it, Slut-Bitch! Blow your load! Suck and swallow every drop!" Then she raised her own rhythm to manic intensity, pleasuring her own clit, her Sub-Slut's sissy-pussy, cock and mouth all at the same time. Cries of savage joy began to break from her, harbingers of her own impending orgasm, and at that Corey could hold back no longer. Her shuddering balls clenched, the hotly throbbing cock in her mouth began spasming powerfully and two weeks' copious load of semen

spurted forcefully against the back of her throat. Ribbon after streamer after hot salty clot of sticky slime filled her with itself along with shame, disgust, reluctant savor and mind-blowing arousal, all mingling inextricably together with the madly climactic ecstasy of orgasm.

Mistress was coming too, pounding away and screaming “Suck, suck, suck, suck, SUCK!” down at her doubled-up slut while she did so. Both of them writhed together in transcendent pleasure, each prolonging the other’s orgasm to the very last shudder. Then finally Mistress backed away, pulling her huge cock out of Corey’s sissy-pussy. She smirked at her pathetic Slut-Bitch, still sucking on her own swollen dick.

“Well done. That was good for a first drill. In addition to being hung from a cross this week, and depending on the availability of Dungeon Girls, you will be sucking yourself off like this every day. When you finally prove proficient enough, it’ll be time to move up to something else. I’ll decide what later.”

Mistress turned and stalked out the door. Curled into a painful ball, waiting for the eventual arrival of a Dungeon Girl, with nothing else to do anyways, Corey took appropriate advantage of the situation.

“Suck, suck, suck, suck, SUCK!” Mistress chanted in her head. The greedy little Slut-Bitch eagerly obeyed.

Step Four: Regimented Training

How many weeks had it been? Corey wasn’t sure. All she knew was that in addition to her usual daily torture and long hours of oral and anal service while hung from her cross in the big common room, she had also sucked her own penis to orgasm at least twenty or thirty times. The excruciation of being rolled into a ball, the whips, cocks, and exhortations of the Dungeon Girls, these had all become as familiar to Corey as the taste and shape of her own sex organ, the hot splatter of her seed either shooting down her throat or pumping out spunkily all over her made-up features. Apparently

she'd progressed enough however to move on to the next level of training.

This morning, after her forced elimination ritual, her usual flooding and cleaning, Alyssa had informed Corey that something special was in the offing for today. Quickly Corey was made up, perfumed and dressed in an unbearably tight corset, one designed to turn her form as much as possible into a mimic for that of the superior sex. Matching silk stockings and pumps offset the sexy ribbon about her throat, and she was forced to mince and prance, to sway and slink coquettishly around the small room. Alyssa assisted her in getting the hang of this, using the perfect mix of timely punishment and clever cajolery to coax forth the appropriate behaviors.

Struggling with her emerging femininity, Corey had been using the vivacious young Dungeon Girl as an example in molding her new, Mistress-ordered identity. So far the pronoun trick had worked; she hardly ever thought of herself as a he or a him anymore. And her lust for being penetrated was as bottomless as ever. But certain male mannerisms and behavioral traits lingered, even while she sucked like mad at Alyssa's dildo or raised her ass to the punishing assault of her Mistress' many monstrous cocks. Today would she her inevitable transformation continue apace, however, of that Corey had no doubt. After a good two hours of being drilled in femininity by Dungeon Girl Alyssa, Mistress finally appeared. What she had in mind would hammer the latest lesson into her Sub-Slut's soul for all eternity. The door banged open and Mistress swept into the cell, resplendent in healthy tan flesh and gleaming black leather.

Her own tight corset thrust up her big bare breasts, an endowment Corey would have gladly died and given up her paltry soul for. So huge, so perfect, so absolutely symmetrical... Mistress flaunted her big nipples treasure before all, taunting former male and biological female alike with what nature had seen fit to gift her. Above her thigh-high, spike-heeled boots her crotch was bare as well. Wonder of wonders, no immense dildo sprouted up and out from her groin. Nevertheless, Corey and Alyssa both feasted on the glorious sight of her, exalted to be in the presence of such

quintessential feminine grandeur. Mistress let them look for a moment, and then snapped her fingers imperiously. Both fell immediately on their faces, groveling before their goddess worshipfully. She smirked at them, and spoke.

“Well, Sub-Slut Corey, I understand your Suck Training is going quite well. You’ve finally learned to use your face as proficiently as your ass. You still haven’t jumped that final hurdle, but we’ll get to that before long, trust me. But first I want to introduce you to some serious Fuck Training.

“You think you’ve been tortured and fucked so far...banged and beaten to the limits of human endurance? Well, true Slut-Bitch she-males must learn to go beyond human endurance. They must learn the bottomless acquiescence of the inanimate object. Get your slutty little ass on that torture bench, Corey. Dungeon Girl, help me strap her in!

“You think you’ve got a taste for anal!” Mistress continued, sneering while Corey sat on the bench and Alyssa reclined it flat. “You think you live to take a big hard cock up the ass! You’ve even reveled in being named after being butt-fucked! Well, we’ll see about all that Corey! We’ll see how much fucking you can truly take. And if you pass this test, if you make it through this level of training, you’ll almost be ready to take that penultimate step. Eventually then I’ll have to make up my mind what to do with you.”

Corey barely listened to this, too overcome with arousal at being placed into bondage to think about much of anything else. Whatever these glorious women chose to do to her, it couldn’t be painful enough. It was their right, their duty to torture the vile maleness out of her body, mind, and soul. To that end they strapped her as tightly to the adjustable bench as always, with her legs securely clamped in the stirrups and her feet splayed out extra wide. From ankles to forehead, Mistress and Alyssa immobilized her completely, finishing up by inserting a large double dildo between her slutty painted lips.

Strapped tightly in place, one half of this big double phallus served as a gag and throat probe, giving Corey something to bite and suck on under torture. The other, longer half stuck up from her face in a perfectly formed penis: an erect cock for servicing anyone

who cared to climb aboard and ride. Of course, Corey's own urgently throbbing hard-on wasn't worthy of this, nor would it have been available. As Mistress brought out a strange, arcane device and began setting it up between her helpless little she-male's widely split legs, Alyssa began wrapping Corey's hard fleshy man-cock (and her ridiculously vulnerable testicles) in a new and even crueller leather and metal harness.

Long, insulated red wires trailed from this rig, and once it was locked pitilessly tight about Corey's woefully improper genitals, Alyssa began plugging these into the diabolical dildo machine that Mistress was busy setting up.

A twelve by two-inch hard rubber cock was mounted on a motorized piston, and the entire apparatus protruded from a compact steel box. This box was secured to the bench below Corey by a series of clamps, and the same power that drove this implacable dick-piston provided electricity to the wires. Bare metal contacts built into the cock-harness clinched all about her balls and erection, allowing for the precise transmission of measured electrical current. With a few smug taps on the button of a remote control, Corey's captors could easily vary the power, frequency, and placement of the electric shocks they wished to administer to her stupid ugly useless male appendages.

Another couple of buttons controlled the pace of the motorized piston, and the oversized if otherwise extremely life-like looking erection on the end of it. Compassionately this was first greased with baby oil, carefully aligned and then barely inserted into the Slut-Bitch's always-open and hungry sissy pussy. Then both Mistress and Dungeon Girl stepped back.

"All right, Alyssa. Let's get this training stage underway!" Mistress pressed a button, and the piston thrust forward, brutally skewering poor Slut-Bitch Corey. Hard as ever herself, the slut squealed around her dildo-gag, both pained and delighted as all twelve inches slammed viciously up into her. Never before in any of her lives had she been penetrated so deeply, completely, and immediately. Then with all the blind remorselessness of any machine, the electric slut-fucker pulled slowly back and then stabbed

forward again, and again, and again, faster and faster as Mistress grinningly tapped the buttons. Soon the piston was practically a blur, driving the big dildo on the end of it in and out and in and out of the bound Sub-Slut so quickly and powerfully that the whole bench vibrated, and Corey juddered and jiggled wildly despite the comprehensive tightness of her bondage.

Once Mistress was satisfied with pace of the big slut-fucking piston-dick, she began experimenting with the other buttons. Soon searing electric shocks began to torture Corey's erection: just the tender head, one or both testicles, or even intricate sequences up and down the tightly harnessed shaft. Between the pounding machine so mindlessly raping her and these burning jolts of agony Corey was soon in her own perverse heaven: a timeless, nameless realm of nothing but pure, sexually-oriented excruciation.

Alyssa stood obediently by while Mistress played with the controls, leaning over once in a while to pour more baby oil onto both the relentlessly hammering slut-fucker and the hot electrical contacts wrapped about Corey's genitals. This kept everything well lubricated and running smoothly; aiding the conduction of the electrical shocks while minimizing the actual physical damage they did. For what seemed like hours then (and probably was) Mistress used these mechanical devices to torture and brainwash her contemptible slut, purging her of all male attitudes and mannerisms. At last, satisfied that enough progress had been made for the day, Mistress lapsed from transformation into pure recreation. She turned the remote control over to Alyssa, along with instructions on how to best vary the speed, strength, and combinations of the slut-fucking and cock-shocking machine, and then turned around and straddled the bench over Corey's head.

Tears of agony smeared her vision, and the implacably thudding blows of the slut-spearing cock kept everything shaking and quivering, but Corey was still exalted, however briefly, by the sight her goddess' holiest of holies. Then the Mistress sat on her face. Sliding down onto that big upthrust dildo, she forced Corey's end of the double cock deeper down her throat until they were nose-to-asshole and lips-to-lips, each of them completely engulfing their half

of that tightly strapped in place duo dick. Then she pressed down on Corey's captive head with all of her weight and started fucking.

Humping and pumping, twisting and grinding, Mistress rode Corey's vibrating face and the cocks connecting them with a malicious determination and frenzied abandon. Meanwhile Alyssa continued to administer the incredibly delicious electrical torture to her ridiculous genitals, and the motorized slut-fucker kept up its unstoppable assault. Tasting her Mistress' issue as it tricked down the two cocks into her filled-up mouth, Corey was in a state of such transcendent physical pain and simultaneous emotional euphoria that it was hardly surprising when her balls suddenly convulsed, and her badly abused penis shot out several thick streamers of hot spunky man-seed. Nevertheless, surprising or not, uncontrollable or not, such a lapse was of course unforgivable. Mistress screeched in anger as her corset and even tits were soiled, and she snatched at the remote control.

Alyssa gave it to her, and without losing a hitch of her face-fucking rhythm Mistress pressed all of the buttons at once. Incredible agony engulfed Corey's evil genitals from testicles to tip, as the maximum amount of current flooded through every single metal contact. The hammering of the motorized cock in her ass picked up speed as well, until Corey was shuddering so violently from her Mistress-ridden head to her stirrup-clamped toes that every hair on her body tried to stand on end. This surpassingly virulent assault was then sustained for an unknown interval, until at last Mistress howled out her orgasm and stopped slamming her big double cock up into her crotch and down Corey's throat. Only then did she halt the electric shock and return the motorized slut-fucker to its previous lesser, yet still rapid and relentless pace. Then she climbed off.

"You know, Alyssa, I just don't how to properly punish this slut. She fucks up by coming without permission, and yet the worse I torture her, the more she enjoys it. I think the only way to punish her is by not torturing her: by neglect. But we can't do that. She'll never finish her training in time for the big party. And I know I promised both you and Briana, (and the other Dungeon Girls as well) a chance

to ride the human vibrator and play with the electric slut-fucking machine all week. That's always the best part of training a slut..."

"Yes, it is..." Alyssa agreed tentatively, hopefully. There was an interval of silence then, as Mistress pondered the situation, and then she at last relented.

"All right. You girls can have Corey for now. I'll send in Briana and the others. Later I'll come up with a suitable way to pay her back for that unauthorized come-shot. Until then, keep her on the dildo-machine, keep fucking her face, and definitely keep on shocking those disgusting male genitals. I want her to wish she'd never had them!"

"Yes Mistress," gleamed Alyssa, taking back the remote control. "And we do the same thing tomorrow?"

"That's right; every day this week. We'll really see how Corey here likes being cored! Now then, I've got other sluts to do, so you girls have fun."

She strode out the door, leaving both her shuddering Slut-bitch and the fucking machine strapped onto the big torture bench. Grinning at Corey's jiggling, dildo-gagged face, Alyssa slipped her leather panties down her long, long legs and carefully stepped free of them. As she moved into place she was already increasing the pace of the mechanized slut-fucker and generously applying the electro-shock.

Step Five: Advanced Disciplines

Finally it was time.

Sub-Slut Corey, a certified Slut-Bitch who'd nevertheless been found unworthy of service on the show dog circuit, was at last once again being presented to the public.

After an improbable rescue and months of imprisonment deep underground, during which she endured the most extensive training in the worship and emulation of the superior sex, she was finally about to be allowed to interact with people besides her Mistress and the other dozen or so members of her Texas stable. Tonight she

would be putting her newly-formed femininity and recently perfected slut skills on display before utter strangers. And just as with her last indelible experience before a crowd, a life-shaping judgment would be delivered following her performance.

Mistress was hosting a big fetish party this evening, and many pliant female cocktail (or 'cock & tail') maids were needed. Even though Corey was still biologically male, and had yet to make that final, penultimate demonstration of her slut-worthiness, it had been decided at the top to allow her to be among those who would serve.

Surely the occasion would provide ample opportunity for the sexy little Slut-Bitch to finish her education, and in public, too! This was part of Mistress' punishment for the previous week's unauthorized spew: that she would be put to the test with no dress rehearsal. Corey was so nervous, excited, exalted, and terrified at this prospect that her goddamn stupid fucking disobedient uncomfortable inappropriate good-for-nothing-but-torture male genitals were aching hard.

This was a serious problem. Alyssa was helping her to dress and prepare for service tonight, and the first, most important step in the process was to hide these. If she was to pass as a sexy, slutty, truly female cock & tail maid, then no ugly big male prick and balls could be allowed to spoil the illusion. Alyssa had chosen a small, tough, spike-lined black leather pouch for this purpose, but she couldn't cruelly compact, confine and conceal those horrid organs until they were shrunken to their smallest possible size. Corey knew what was coming, of course, and she dared speak to Alyssa about it without being spoken to first.

"Yes, go ahead, Alyssa; do it. I beg you. I deserve it. And I need it quite badly. That's painfully obvious."

"Yes, it certainly is," Alyssa agreed. Corey stood before her, bare of body hair, totally naked and erect, with her legs spread wide and her cuffed hands stretched high above her head, holding her upright. The cruel-and-yet-kind Dungeon Girl smiled sweetly at her charge, then suddenly lunged forward and brought her knee violently upward, slamming the hard bone cap of it viciously into Corey's exposed testicles.

Corey staggered, cried and retched, yet Alyssa grabbed onto her sagging form and kneed her again, and again, hammering agony into the Sub-Slut's vulnerable balls until her inappropriate erection had shriveled out of existence. Then she proceeded with preparing her sobbing, gagging slut for her first public service.

First her limp little noodle and traumatized balls were roughly crammed into the spike-lined pouch. This was laced up as tightly as all of Alyssa's pulling and tugging could get it, until it made a tiny package of acute excruciation smaller than a golf ball. This was then forced back up against her anus, until it almost managed to push inside. Alyssa used a couple of strips of black duct tape to secure it there, giving Corey an almost perfectly smooth and bare pubic saddle. Lacy black panties were pulled up over this, and the only way to tell she wasn't a biological female would be to try to feel up or fuck her. Of course, someone would eventually get around to that. Her always greedy sissy-pussy (still abysmally sore from all the pervious weeks' relentless pounding) would surely see its share of drilling as the party proceeded. But the secret would last a while at least. And on no account would her grossly inappropriate sexual equipment be allowed an instant of freedom. As far as Mistress was concerned, the ejaculation Corey pumped on her tits last week was the last one of her life. Weeping at the terrible agony in her bruised and bound-up, compressed lower groin, Corey hung from her handcuffs as Alyssa then dressed her in an entire elaborate French maid's uniform: net stockings, garters, locking shoes with six-inch heels, a desperately tight corset, frilly little petticoat, miniskirt, lace-trimmed apron, et cetera. The large, extremely tight brassiere was lacy and white with strong, reinforced cups, and Alyssa teased Corey as she stuffed a big round syrup-filled balloon into each.

"Here, Slut-Bitch, I've made you beautiful big flesh-colored boobs for tonight. These are triple thickness, so they should be safe enough." The Dungeon Girl squirted a shit load of glue all down in around between the bra, Corey's own flat breasts and the big bulbous fat bags now thrusting out from the front of her.

"For now these will simulate what you're not good enough to actually have. Maybe, eventually, you've get real breasts like mine,

but until then you'd better play coy. Service the guests so well in other ways that they're not interested in your tits — or your ass, for that matter. You still have those boyishly slim hips..."

At last Corey managed to stop crying. Alyssa washed her face off with a cloth, and then expertly applied a heavy layer of make-up, false eyelashes, et cetera. Exquisitely painful earrings and other jewelry were added, Corey was perfumed and her hair was beautifully styled and pinned-up beneath her cute little French maid's cap. By this time the glue had set and dried, and the Slut-Bitch could feel the weight and drag of her tits on her chest and shoulders. She could even waggle them a little, reveling in their fluid, life-like jiggle, and she blessed the clever Dungeon Girl that even now snickered at her. A thousand other final little touches were added, and then at last Corey's handcuffs were released from the suspension hook.

Her wrists would remain cuffed throughout the evening of course, but with her hands otherwise free in front of her she would be able to carry trays, serve drinks, light smokes, work zippers or clasps or any other objects or organs which fell to her in the course of her duties. Alyssa made one last round of instructions and admonishments, observed Corey's hip-swaying, butt-switching slut-walk one last time, then finally snapped a collar and leash about her throat and led her latest she-male Slut-Bitch cock & tail maid upstairs to her first night of service.

Guests had already begun to arrive: various Mistresses, Masters, their slaves and sluts and apprentices as well as many who were simply friends from the local fetish scene. The vast ballroom was swiftly filling up, as was Corey's belly with butterflies.

Trembling with that heady yet scary excitement Corey minced into the room on Alyssa's leash, expertly nimble despite her outrageously high heels, and received an evil grin and nod from Mistress. Alyssa dropped the leash, letting it hang from her collar, and then shoved a tray full of drinks into Corey's cuffed-together hands. The Dungeon Girl slipped away to don her own daring new outfit then, and Corey began to circulate, offering her services to the room at large.

For hours as the party gathered steam she carried drinks to the fifty or sixty mixed males and females, lit smokes and gladly served as an ashtray herself, whenever a nearby Mistress or Master didn't have their own handy. Soon her tongue was burned and blistered from eating live butts, and heaven came when a sexy little Latina dominatrix finally lifted up her skirt to demand service. Right there in public Corey fell to her knees and buried her flaming tongue in that proffered snatch. Soothing her burns in a bath of the best of fluids, she performed such skillful public cunnilingus that the guest Mistress soon shrieked with glee and ejaculated, gifting Corey with even more balm.

Alyssa cheered her Sub-Slut, and although she'd had the experience already uncounted times in the past few months of training, the now decked-out and ravishing Dungeon Girl demanded a similar performance. Corey gladly ate her out; then serviced yet another pussy, this one belonging to a tall hot black girl. The festivities were getting into full swing all around her; a veritable orgy was underway. Corey found her duties as cocktail maid over and her cock & tail maid service just beginning. Exalted and yet mortified to be publicly servicing the cunts of all these total strangers, she began to dread and yet breathlessly anticipate the moment when she'd finally, really be put to the test.

After all, everywhere around her, big hung studs in open-crotch leather chaps were being humbly serviced by male and female slaves alike. More were casually opening their jeans and pulling out their meat, and any one of them had a right to demand her slavish attentions. A visiting gay fetish club had just arrived late, adding another two dozen leather-clad cocks to the mix, and Mistress could be seen smirking at her kneeling Slut-Bitch Corey, frantically sucking on clit after clit after clit. Finally, relishing the beginning of her elaborately planned punishment — and the coming culmination of her Sub-Slut's transformation — Mistress whistled for everyone's attention.

"Hey, how about we have us a competition here! A cock'n'tail maid contest! Let's find out who is the biggest, greediest slut here,

and then make that lucky one the object of a gang-bang torture orgy!”

Cheers erupted at this, clamors of approval, and straightaway Mistress cleared a wide space around four chairs she positioned in a neat row. The four best, prettiest, sexiest cock & tail maids were chosen, and each forced to kneel before one of the chairs. After her enthusiastic display of cunnilingus earlier, Corey was delighted if not surprised to be chosen and even favored over the other three, each of whom were sexy chicks with curvy hips and obviously real breasts that they brazenly flaunted.

Corey had only her pretty face, shiny hair, sexy legs and butt in her favor. Keeping her falsies to herself, she hid her disgusting vile maleness under a coquettish batting of the eyes and licking of the lips, and her mentor Alyssa cheered her on from the sidelines, delighted with the success of her and her Mistress’ deceit. Apparently Corey had been accepted as completely female here, favored by the surrounding crowd to be their eventual mass communal fuck-object.

And what would happen then, should she truly win whatever competition this was? How would this crowd react to the eventual unavoidable discovery of her biological shortcomings? Corey didn’t know. She only knew that this was the beginning of Mistress’ revenge upon her for soiling her with her disgusting semen last week.

Yet that wasn’t all it was. That became clear as Mistress called for a total of twenty volunteer cocks, and instructed them to form lines of five before each chair. Suddenly Corey was facing her ultimate hurdle and worst nightmare, times five. Her mouth went suddenly dry as Mistress, laughing openly at her discomfited slut’s dawning horror, described what she had in mind.

“We’re going to have us a race! The first little maid to suck dry five consecutive cocks will be declared the biggest slut of all, the world champion cocksucker and cock’n’tail maid! She will then be stripped naked, bound, tortured and brutally gang-banged by all!”

More raucous excitement greeted this, and soon a chuckling line of studs stood swaggering and joshing each other behind each chair.

Cross-dressed, secret she-male Slut-Bitch Corey knelt before her chair, a breathy, giggling slut on either side of her, and listened distantly as Mistress explicated a few simple rules. Still a bit stunned by the predicament she'd been put in her mind was lost in a whirl of implications.

Clearly the time for her to prove herself had come. Now she must finally defeat her long-time aversion and truly become the total slut. Mistress was very cleverly challenging her, giving her an opportunity to try to beat three practiced and true female cock-sluts at something she had only heretofore simulated, or performed on herself. Knowing Corey's desperate love of torture, she dangled the prize of falling into the hands of this unruly mob as the ultimate enticement. How would she respond? Would she somehow prove worthy of her Dungeon Girls and Mistress? Or would she seize upon one of the many ready excuses for failure? Eyes demurely downcast, waiting while the first swaggering male stud seated himself in front of her, Corey silently swore to show Alyssa, Briana, and especially

Mistress that all of their extensive training had not been wasted.

Suddenly Mistress shouted "Go!"

Corey lurched forward, clumsily landing between stud number one's casually splayed legs. Her cuffed hands scrabbled at his leather pants, unbuckling the built-in belt, raking down the zipper and ripping open the front. No briefs were underneath: just an already swelling uncircumcised erection. Another bonus. Corey hesitated just a second, watching that big organ elongate, thicken, climb and twitch. Then she dropped down and engulfed it.

Hot, pungent cock filled her mouth and throat, but thanks to her extensive dildo training she could easily handle it. She clamped her lips as absolutely tightly as possible around that ever larger, harder prong of flesh and started bobbing madly on it, setting a pace she challenged any other slut in the world to match. Cheers and jeers and screams of laughter and excitement rained down from all around, yet Corey both heard and felt the gasp and moan elicited by her manic attentions. Her cuffed hands found the big stud's bare balls, and she roughly squeezed and massaged and worked them,

pressing down hard on the sensitive cock-root. For just a bit then she stopped bobbing and used her burned, inflamed tongue to scour and stimulate the already leaky head, then she both heard the sudden hitching of his breath and felt the big balls pulsing strongly in her hand.

No way. It couldn't be this easy, could it? It could. Reading the moment correctly, Corey resumed bobbing, squeezing hard with her fingers and lips and drawing for the man's spew almost by sheer willpower. Despite the fact that she was sucking off her very first genuine penis (besides her own, that is), Corey proved so eager and adept that she brought the anonymous organ to orgasm within a minute.

Stud number one gave a sudden "Ahhhh!" and grabbed Corey by the head. Forcing his suddenly huge, urgently pulsating prick as deeply down her throat as possible, he humped his crotch against her face and spurted, spurted, spurted his hot come straight down her gullet, not even giving her a chance to taste it. At last he collapsed back into the chair. Despite the urgency of the situation, Corey took the time to suck hard and squeeze tightly with her lips as she pulled his softening cock slowly from her mouth, milking it of every last little bit of jizz. Then she sagged back on her heels, wiping her mouth and hardly hearing the cheers and jeers as the spent man was pulled from the hot seat and replaced.

She was dimly aware that none of the other girls had managed to suck their first cock dry yet. But then another groin confronted her, another pair of pants had to be torn open and then another piece of male meat was pointing up at her. After that Corey was aware of nothing but the sublime experience of eagerly battenning onto a big long seven-inch exclamation point, then working it with a feverish abandon and intuitive skill that was completely irresistible.

Lost was any silly old notion that had made this chore seemed so horrible; indeed Corey found herself quickly developing quite an eager affinity for it. Sucking on an erect cock seemed like the perfect, quintessential activity for her: an undeniable statement of subjugation that always ended with the most delicious of defilements. Desperate for that baptismal moment, Corey sucked

and sucked and squeezed and rubbed and gobbled her temporary Master's rod until that ultimate result was finally once again at hand. Then she grabbed that big spitting prick and pumped it hard, pulling back and opening wide so that everyone could see it shooting its pearly hot load all over her greedy tongue and down her throat. After that she re-engulfed it and finished vacuuming it dry.

Two down, and still none of the other sluts had even gotten one. But then the long-haired stud to the immediate right grunted hard and blew his load all over the admittedly sexy little blonde slut's face, which the crowd absolutely loved. Motivated by this competition, Corey was gratified to see that the next hung stud had no zippered pants to slow matters down. Instead he wore open-crotch leather chaps, with his impressive meat on full display for all to see. Even limp and seemingly disinterested he was huge, and Corey's already desperate excitement (and swooning humiliation) climbed another level. Almost lovingly she took that big long soft snake between her lips and then sucked it in like the world's thickest strand of pasta. Then she licked and sucked and made swollen-tongue love to that enormous tool until, like the sleeping giant, it awoke.

Before long Corey found herself bobbing on an eleven-inch erection, one so thick it filled her oral opening completely, the pulsing head larger than a hen's egg. This monster cock was more of a challenge than the first two, requiring a good ten minutes of tireless attention and every inventive trick Corey could come up with before it finally fountained out a sticky hot stream of semen (all over Corey's face, of course), and during that time all the other girls had finished their first cocks, and in two cases had already drained two.

Suddenly absolutely ravenous, Corey redoubled her already frenzied efforts, attacking the last two cocks before her like a starving lioness its first morsels of food in months. Her come-covered cheeks and lips ached from the strain of sucking, but of course for Corey pain was the ultimate aphrodisiac. Sore and tired or not, months of extensive Suck Training stood her in excellent stead, and before any of the three true female cock & tail maids could even drain three erect cocks, she found herself once again clutching a huge, spasming and spurting penis between her lips. The fifth hung

stud in her line, a big black buck endowed like bull, was writhing in his seat, grunting and pumping his hot come into Corey's greedily sucking spew-funnel. She pulled back and let the last of it splat wetly against her already drool-slickened chin, and just like that she'd triumphed. Not only had she finally passed the last test into true slut-worthiness, she'd overachieved to such an extent that she'd earned every iota of abuse that was certain to come her way.

Indeed. With roars of celebratory approval the crowd poured in on her. Money changed hands, as bets were paid off, and everyone was eager to vent all the sexual tension generated by the contest. It was torture orgy time, Corey was the willing, promised object, and eager, even overzealous sadists fell upon her from all sides. Rough hands stripped her of her uniform, petticoats and panties, and then at last the deception was revealed. The bra wouldn't come off; both it and a pair of false tits were glued to the slut's chest. Beneath the panties and tape were discovered the hard little knot of Corey's crushed, bound up male genitals and her ridiculously stretched-out sissy-pussy.

Commotion ensued, with much laughter, consternation and uproar. Cries for vengeance on the deceiver were predictably raised, and if a serious torture orgy had been intended before, then nothing less than an outright apotheosis would suffice now.

Corey was quickly hung in the middle of the room, stretched out spread-eagled with her fake tits dangling down and both of her unbelievably voracious slut-holes at the ideal level for repeated penetration. There she was extensively paddled, whipped, caned, punched, beaten, shocked, burned with candles and live cigarettes and physically abused in a million other inventive ways. The hard knot of her imprisoned genitals suffered so much diabolical attention that she quickly wished them gone, and just as soon as possible.

But this unrelenting assault was of course the barest tip of the iceberg. She was also brutally gang-banged beyond belief.

The many gay Masters gathered all had violently at her, as well as ordering each of their slaves to also step up and viciously face-fuck or repeatedly corn-hole the deceitful imposter. Every Mistress and Dungeon Girl also took turn after turn after turn with their many

big dildoes, and for the next six or seven hours Corey found both of her eager slut-holes servicing an endless succession of penises, both real and fake alike. So much hot slimy ejaculate was pumped all over her face, down her come-funnel throat or up her openly gaping sissy-pussy that only an IRS accountant could have kept track of the amount, or of the astronomical number of orgasms occurring. Eventually even clenched fists, truncheons and pool cues were being hammered into her, but it was nothing Corey didn't both deserve and slavishly crave. Strung up facedown and spread-eagled in the middle of it all, she sucked and strangled and swallowed and screamed and squealed and shrieked, moaned and groaned and grunted and gasped and mindlessly reveled in the sheer ungodly extremity of her comprehensive physical, emotional and sexual subjugation.

Off to one side, waiting her third turn in the rotation, Alyssa watched her pet little Sub-Slut suffer and smiled.

She knew what Mistress had decided to do with this Corey. Everything had transpired perfectly as planned, and now only the operations remained. Then once Corey was permanently transformed, Alyssa would've passed her own final test, and become a full-fledged Mistress herself. How she looked forward to that day! Perhaps Cocksucker Corey would even be given to her, the new First Slut in her very own stable...

The possibilities were absolutely infinite.

Step Six: Final dispensation

Corey awoke bound to a very narrow hospital bed. After a moment of disorientation, she recognized her surroundings as the single room at the small private clinic where she'd been recuperating for the past two weeks.

The damage inflicted at the party had been extensive. Whipped and beaten and tortured to within an inch of her life, she'd been raped more extravagantly than ever before in all of her long experience of sodomy. Not even a week on the dildo-machine could

compare with the abuse she'd received in those endless late-night hours, and without her extensive stretching and training it's doubtful she could have survived it. Nevertheless she'd come through the experience, profoundly changed in some ways, perhaps, but whole in body once again. Now she waited in wonder and trepidation to see what had actually been made of her.

Or what was still being made of her. Although she'd been reasonably healed for a couple of days now, for some reason Mistress hadn't yet come to take Corey back to her cell. Instead anonymous nurses merely removed her bandages, examined her stitches, scabs, faded bruises and welts. They impersonally bathed her battered body and insured the security of the padded restraints that strapped her to the bed and bound her arms and legs tightly to the side rails.

Yesterday Alyssa had come by, fresh and pretty in the guise of a physical therapist, to consider her condition. But other than that Corey had seen no one she knew, and she wondered greatly about this place that saw nothing unusual about treating rape and battery victims by tying them to the beds. But when Mistress finally appeared, and the mystery was solved, Corey had scant concern to spare for such trivialities.

A hush spread over the hospital, followed by smartly rapping heels. Then at last Mistress strode through the door of Corey's room, followed closely by the widely grinning Alyssa. It was clear from her attitude and from the sense of universal deference surrounding her that Mistress was just as great of an authority figure here as at her underground stable. She moved straight to Corey's chart, studied it for a moment, and then nodded at Alyssa.

"You're right again, dear. This slut's more than ready for the first procedure. Congratulations. As I indicated earlier, once the operations are completed, I'm going to consider your education complete as well. We'll have an appropriate graduation ceremony for you as soon as your girl here heals up enough to join in the fun."

Alyssa clapped her hands, her eyes sparkling with glee as she let out a subdued whoop. Mistress smiled back at her, and nodded.

Then she turned peremptorily toward poor helpless convalescent Corey, forcing the slut to quickly drop her eyes.

“Listen up Slut-Bitch! I’ve decided what to do with you. This is going to be a reward and a punishment simultaneously. Because of your recent impressive performance as a championship cocksucker, I’m now upgrading you from Sub-Slut. You are hereby granted the designation — not to mention duty and destiny — of Slut-Maid Cocksucker. You’ve just earned a lifetime of penis service under your new Mistress Alyssa.

“Your former Dungeon Girl is finally moving on from my tutelage, and opening her own kennel and cutting-edge underground fetish club in San Francisco. Since guiding your transformation was her final project, it only seems fitting that she now takes full possession of you.

“You will serve and service her as her First Slut-Maid, her primary public and private slave, subject, torture toy and fuck-object forever — or until you screw up enough to warrant demotion or she just tires of you. But in addition to providing for all of Mistress Alyssa’s personal needs, lusts and desires, you will also be working for her professionally as a true cock’n’tail maid. That’s right!”

Mistress’ relish for her decision was palpable. “You’ll be doing what you did so superbly at my latest party — serving as First Cocksucker and communal come-funnel — at weekly Slut-bitch shows, nightly entertainments and regular, even more lavishly depraved fetish parties for the rest of your life. Or at least until you’re no longer attractive enough for people to want to torture, rape, and brutally face-fuck, that is. Then I imagine you’ll be relegated to the lesser, incredibly more demeaning but no less essential services of your Mistress’ kennel. You could be used in the training of new studs at least, if not for actual public performances. Once you’re a Slut-Bitch, you’re always a Slut-Bitch, in my opinion at least. I’m sure Mistress Alyssa agrees.”

Mistress Alyssa nodded emphatically, grinning significantly at Corey as she did. Horribly stricken, Corey cringed at hearing this old nightmare renewed and fulfilled in one sentence. But Mistress wasn’t nearly done describing her ghastly fate.

“In any case, none of this will happen until I’m done with you, of course. I told you earlier that I’d get even with you for coming all over my gorgeous tits. And now I will. You can either consider what’s going to happen to you today as a transcendent honor far beyond your worth, or the most terrible punishment a ruling goddess can inflict on a worthless little slut.

“I also said earlier that you’d be a true cock’n’tail maid when you entered Alyssa’s service. And you will be. It’s time for you to take that ultimate, long-feared and desired leap across the gender barrier. Today your Mistress is going to do you the supreme favor of elevating you above your faulty base biology and almost to the level of the superior sex.

“There’s no way that you could know this, ignorant, pathetic little cocksucking Slut-Bitch that you are, but your Mistress is quite a wealthy and accomplished plastic surgeon. In fact, I own this clinic you’re currently restrained in outright. All these people are a hundred percent loyal to me; as always, you are completely helpless and totally in my power. And now, for your horrible sin last month — against both me and all of femininity — I’m going to have your balls!”

Mistress’ voice and relish sharpened even further.

“In payment for spewing your filthy male seed on me, you are now going to lose the capacity to spew forever. That stupid, unauthorized ejaculation was your last, you disgusting slut. In less than two hours, you go under the knife. My knife. And before I’m through with you, you’ll be almost a true woman yourself: infertile, incapable of achieving orgasm, but at least ninety-five percent on the side of the winning team after all these wasted years. And I will have your repulsive, disobedient gonads floating in a jar in my closet, to add to my collection.

“You should be proud. You’ll be the twenty-fifth slut-male I’ve forced into female conformity, the twenty-fifth to give up his unworthy testicles to me. So I hope you enjoy your new life as a eunuch transsexual Slut-Maid Slut-Bitch Cocksucker, Corey. After the last of your three operations, you will never see me again — unless I happen to visit Alyssa’s club sometime. Then I’ll surely find a club or two of my own to use on you — not mention a whip, taser, and the

meanest stud available — just for old time's sake. So watch the clock, slut, and count the remaining seconds of your manhood — however stunted, rudimentary, vestigial and pathetically ineffectual that might have been.”

With that last smirking admonition, Mistress turned and strode out the room's door. Alyssa gave her stunned slut Corey another evil gleam of excitement and promise, and then she quickly followed her mentor, leaving helpless Corey alone to contemplate her appalling destiny.

Soon she was going to be a female for real. No more play-acting, or convoluted pronoun usage. She was going to become an actual transsexual. Soon she was going to spend the rest of her life sucking off cock after cock and being serially raped while never achieving orgasm herself; first by anonymous men and women, and then as soon as she aged or fucked-up by an endless succession of slobbering studs. But before even that living hell began, her ridiculously pitiful and vulnerable genitalia, the object of so much prolonged and excruciating pain and pleasure, were at last going to be permanently sliced away, surgically removed and preserved as a trophy by the incomparably powerful and dominant woman whom Corey had come to oh-so slavishly worship.

Yet of all the horrifying facets of this unspeakably terrifying, degrading, agonizing doom, the only thing poor Corey could immediately focus on was this emotionally crippling fact: that soon she would never see her Mistress again.

Never again would those powerful, muscular arms beat her black-and-blue for hours, those rock-like buttocks pound penis after penis after long, hard, hotly vibrating penis viciously into her. Never again would she smother under those enormous breasts or that sainted, sweet-scented vagina as it rode her to ejaculation after baptizing, face-slathering ejaculation. This panicky sense of loss so pervaded Corey's thoughts that she hardly had time to acknowledge her coming castration, the final death of her true born sex, or her consignment into mind-bogglingly degrading permanent physical, emotional, and sexual subjugation. But then at last a strange sense of fatalism came over her.

After all, she'd lost the heavenly devilish Lady O, and had managed to adapt to Mistress. And Mistress Alyssa was a skillful, imaginative, beautiful and delightfully cruel dominatrix in her own right. She was young, but youth just gave her strength and enthusiasm — not to mention potential. They would have long years together in which to challenge, stretch, and surpass all of each other's previous limitations.

Considering this, remembering the bonds, pains, and pleasures they'd already shared, Corey began to feel better and better.

She relived Alyssa riding her dildo-gagged face, playing an electric symphony of agony with the cock-shocker while the pistoning dildo machine hammered relentlessly away at her hungrily gaping sissy-pussy. More, she recalled the Dungeon Girl alternately stroking her face and pulling cruelly at her hair, or twisting her ear while Corey greedily nursed at her generously lactating breast. She felt again the explosion of agony as Alyssa slammed a hard knee repeatedly into her disobedient balls, pulping her sex organs before tightly applying the cruelest of chastity devices.

Perhaps this final transformation, this unbelievably condign elevation in station would prove to be the transcendent blessing and ultimate reward that Mistress said it was. The loss of both those ugly inconvenient organs (but so useful for torture!) and exquisitely potent orgasms (a surpassing pleasure she was obviously, patently unworthy of) began to seem like a small price to pay for this.

The loss of this incomparably potent goddess-Mistress was terrible, true; absolutely gut-wrenching. But didn't Corey owe it to Mistress Alyssa to give her a chance to drive all recollection of previous owners from her mind? After all, this was something the erstwhile Dungeon Girl seemed more than capable of...

With a start, Corey suddenly realized that over an hour and a half had passed like seconds while she lay in her bonds, slowly coming to terms with her immediate and eventual future. She struggled frantically with her bindings for no real reason that she could determine, and then forced herself to relax. Only seconds later, a nurse and a pair of smirking male orderlies entered the room.

Without a word they pushed her narrow bed — practically a gurney — through the door, down a series of hallways and into an operating room. There the sheet that covered her was removed, and she was bathed and prepped for surgery. At last all was ready, and after an agonizing wait Mistress arrived. She swept into the room, gowned and masked. Alyssa followed, similarly garbed, and as soon as Mistress saw Corey lying there naked and bound and all splayed out, she snapped at the young Dungeon Girl.

“Why doesn’t this slut have a gag?”

“I’m sorry, Mistress. I assumed you’d anesthetize her, and would need to fit a mask over her face.”

“Fuck no!” Mistress cried. “This accomplished torture-slut doesn’t need anesthetic! How could you even think that? Corey lives for pain. And she spewed on my fucking tits! I want her to feel absolutely everything that’s going to happen to her as a result. Last week was just the beginning of my revenge! Get a big dildo gag, so she’s got something to bit down on, and so we won’t have to listen to her shrieking like a baby when I take her ugly, inappropriate equipment.”

Straightaway Corey found a big black rubber cock being crammed into her mouth and then strapped securely about her head, gagging her comprehensively. She could do nothing but suck on it and goggle with terror then, as trays of instruments were pushed into place, and mirrors positioned to allow her an unobstructed view of her spread-open crotch and doomed genitalia. Then Mistress stepped up, chose a keen, crescent-shaped scalpel and leaned over her.

“Here we go, Slut-Bitch! Say good-bye to the most offensive mistake God ever made.” Brutally she stabbed in and started cutting.

First Corey’s scrotum was sliced off; removed and placed carefully in a pan.

Later, her testicles would be carefully extracted and placed in a jar of preservative fluid before taking their honored place in Mistress’ collection. In the meantime, however, Mistress alternately ignored and gloated over Corey’s bleating, keening, and attempted writhing, her obviously absolutely transcendent agony, as her inappropriate

penis was slit completely open lengthwise, split apart, formed around the hole left by her scrotum and then sutured shut around her urethra to form both false labia and an amazingly life-like and responsive little clitoris.

To all but the most serious inspection she would appear biologically female, but of course an actual enterable vagina was denied to Corey. She would of course never be able to conceive or bear, so there was no real need for one. Her slutty mouth and greedy ass always had and always would suffice for fucking. Mistress was satisfied with that.

At last this first, major operation was completed, and a sweat-drenched, profoundly weak and pain-exhausted Corey was returned to her room. The first of a comprehensive series of powerful hormone injections was promptly delivered, and at last the nurses left her. She was alone with her cruel new Mistress Alyssa.

Mistress smiled widely at her, gloating.

“You just lost your balls, you just lost your balls, and your stupid little penis thing too!” Her lilting, playful little singsong seemed both strangely commiserating and yet full of laughing contempt.

“Oh, Corey, I am so going to miss torturing those ugly little genitals of yours. But there’s no doubt that you owed them to Mistress. So I’m just going to have to get used to abusing you in girl-to-girl fashion. You’ve still got two other operations coming before you’re truly mine. But there’s no time like the present to practice, is there?”

She went to a nearby cupboard, and opened it. As she rummaged for what she wanted, Alyssa explained.

“After we see what those hormones can do for you, we’re going to give you a series of implants: rounding out your butt and hips, and augmenting whatever your chest can grow on its own. We’ll give you some nice big tits; make you as pretty and sexy as possible.

Then after that we’ll get the dentist in here. She’s going to pull all of your front teeth, top and bottom, and replace them with easily removable dentures. You’ll give unbelievable blowjobs then, gumming peoples’ cocks to death without ever scraping or nipping

one. Just pop out your teeth and pop in the cock, your mouth will be the smoothest, wettest little fuck-hole in the world!"

She turned back to Corey, and in her hands was a brand new, scientifically designed double strap-on dildo.

These two big hard rubber cocks were jet black, and formed of a single solid piece. Unlike many double dildos however, the two ten inch shafts joined each other at an acute angle. As Alyssa casually removed her skirt and panties and began donning this delightfully large and clever tool, Corey could easily see its advantages.

One big cock was slid inside Mystress, where the harness strapped it firmly in place. The other long, ribbed shaft and lifelike head then thrust up and out from Alyssa's lower crotch, exactly as though she'd suddenly grown the giant erect member of a black John Holmes. Now she could fuck like the cruelest Master, and every time she slammed her giant dick inside some helpless, squealing slut, she'd be driving its other half deeper inside herself — delivering commensurate pleasure along with relentless defiling pain. As she tugged on her big hard double cock, testing its fit and depth, Mystress Alyssa resumed instructing her soon-to-be First Maid Slut-Bitch Cocksucker.

"I'm going to have to wait for your new bottom to heal up before I can exercise my rights to your ass. But since your primary purpose in life now is to suck cocks, I think you'd better get right to it. So, open up, slut! I'm going to fuck your championship mouth!"

Alyssa used the bed control to raise Corey's head, until she was practically sitting up straight. Then she climbed aboard the bed, straddled her agonized and exhausted Slut-Bitch and pushed her big black buck dick right in Corey's face.

Corey opened dutifully up, and when she did so Mystress grabbed her by the hair and slammed that long hard length immediately all the way in. Then she viciously raped her weeping slut's face with as much gusto and even more ecstasy than ever before. Using her hips and hands together to slam her cock into his mouth, she tortured poor Corey for a good twenty minutes, giving herself three shrieking orgasms in the process. After the last one, Corey dimly became aware of clapping and cheering. At last

Mystress Alyssa withdrew from her throat, and climbed off the bed to even greater acclaim.

The door to her room had been open, and the combination of Corey's strangled gagging and Mystress Alyssa's orgasmic screams had drawn a considerable crowd. Foremost were the two smirking orderlies Corey had seen earlier; indeed it seemed that every male in the hospital was now lined up outside her door.

Enjoying their catcalls and applause, Alyssa bowed.

"All right then! As promised, my champion Cocksucker is now available for communal abuse! Come one, come all, and preferably all over her pretty face! Let's see how much hot spew she can wear! I need you boys to help me break this Slut-Maid dick-servant in a bit more. Let's see how much she likes her new station in life!"

With that Alyssa stepped back, and eagerly the first scruffy orderly stepped up, quickly unzipping. Under Mystress Alyssa's supervision then, Transsexual Slut-Maid Slut-Bitch Cocksucker Corey opened her upper hole and sucked. She sucked and sucked and sucked and sucked, tortured by the process and yet insatiable for it. And every time an anonymous man topped his brutally frenzied face-fucking by pulling out and then groaningly pumping his hot, stinking seed all over Corey's soaked and dripping face, she felt an emotion close to orgasm herself.

This was who she was now, what she lived for: being the lowliest of slutty little Cocksuckers. Determined to make the most of this wonderful new identity Corey whimpered and simpered, whined and moaned and hungrily batted onto every erect penis that she was so viciously, maliciously provided.

Lucky her! Oh, lucky, lucky, lucky her!