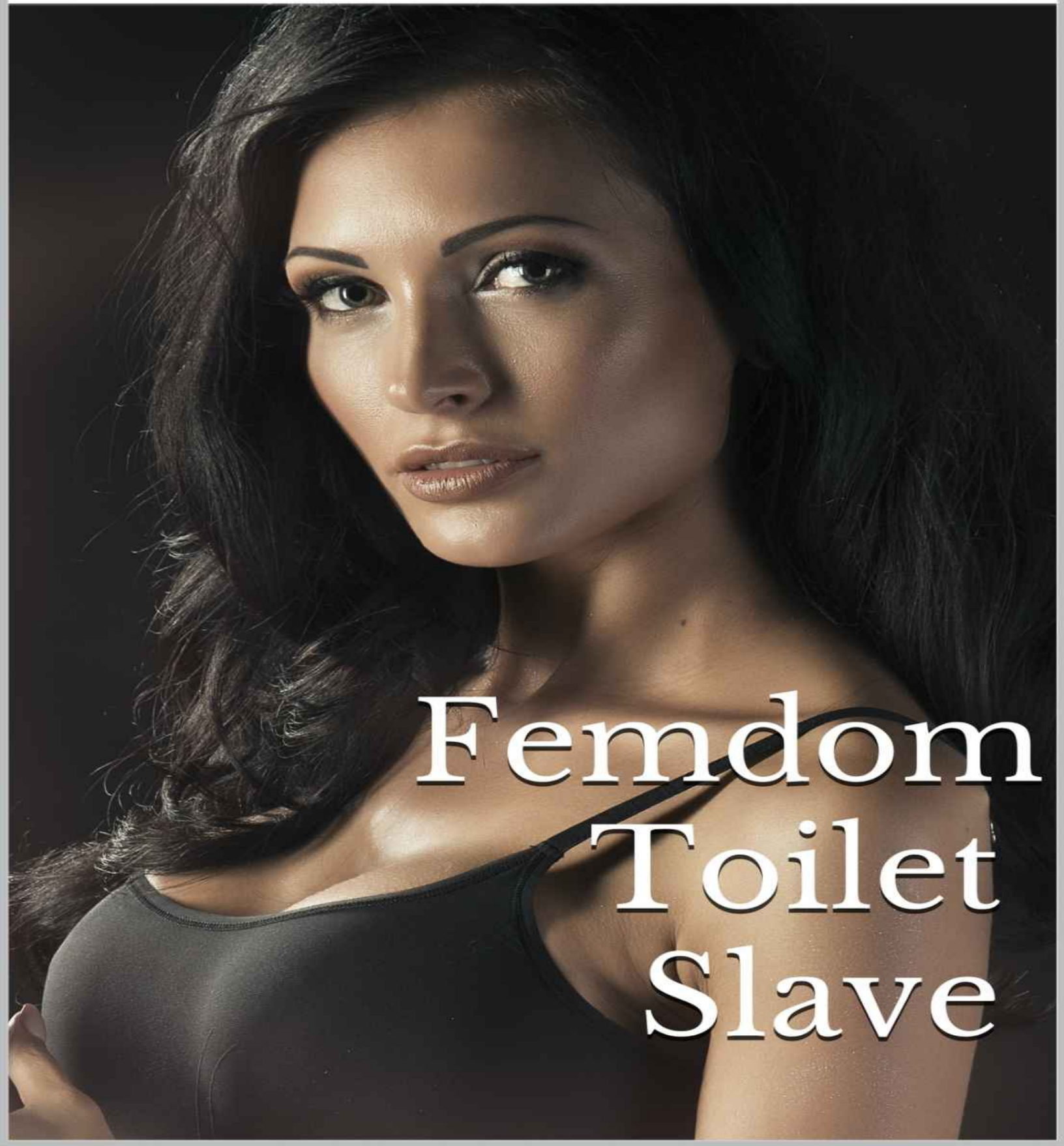


Thimble

A close-up portrait of a woman with long, dark, wavy hair. She is looking directly at the camera with a neutral expression. She is wearing a black, low-cut top. The lighting is soft, highlighting her features.

Femdom
Toilet
Slave

Femdom Toilet Slave

Thimble



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Femdom Toilet Slave
Thimble

Published 2020
Boy Howdy Productions

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Books

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Training My Professor

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My Boyfriend, My Sissy

Slave Training with Ms. Elsa

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The Principal's Office: Boarding School Slavery - Volume I

The Principal's Pet: Boarding School Slavery - Volume II

The Principal's Discipline: Boarding School Slavery - Volume III

German Translations

Wenn Femdomträume wahr werden

Die Ausbildung meines Professors

*Thank you to the Mistresses and subs who shared their experience and wisdom with me for
this book.*

To finding out what we like, instead of what we're supposed to like.

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Femdom Toilet Slave

Thimble

Session 1 - The Beginning

I did some breathing exercises to calm myself down. With each inhale, I imagined a calming pink light going through my body. With each exhale, I expelled grey, sludgy anxiety. When I felt calm enough, I pressed the buzzer for 2B.

“Yes?”

“It’s Michael.”

It had taken a week of emails to find a session-time that worked for us, but that was nothing compared to the three months it took me to work up the nerve to reach out to her.

I wasn’t afraid of femdom: I’d been seeing dommes off and on for years, whenever I didn’t have a girlfriend. But there was something different about Mistress Veronica I got the sense from her website that she would push me, and that was both exciting and scary. She said she takes great joy from breaking taboos, and the online reviews of her backed that up. She didn’t show her face in her ads, but her body was phenomenal, especially her ass.

I knocked on her door. I felt nerves run down my legs as I heard her heels clicking on the wood floor. She opened her door and smiled. She was even prettier than I had imagined.

“Hi Mistress Veronica

She looked me up and down as I walked into her kitchen. She put her hand on the top of my head and pushed down. I dropped to my knees. She slid her foot forward.

“Kiss.”

I kissed the top of her black leather boots. First one, then the other.

“Stand up. Clothes off. Then crawl to me in the other room.”

I forced myself to go slowly, folding my clothes neatly. I needed to keep my energy in check, to stay calm. I placed my clothes on a chair, then crawled into a large living room she had converted to a playroom. She sat on a black padded table on top of a cage. I looked around: there was a spanking bench and stocks. Against the wall were rows of plastic boxes full of equipment: canes, paddles, dildos, first aid. There was a king-sized, four-

poster bed with black sheets. The walls were a deep purple.

“Are you in a hurry tonight, Michael?”

“No Mistress.”

“Good.”

She studied me.

“Are you a submissive or a fetishist?”

“A submissive.”

“Are you sure?”

“I think so.”

She studied me.

“Have you ever served a dominant woman outside a session?”

“No, but I think I could be submissive for the right woman...within reason.”

“You think?”

“I know I’d like to serve a dominant woman, like in an FLR; it’s just that there are certain things I couldn’t give up control of.”

“Like what?”

“Finances. My diet...working out, seeing friends occasionally.”

“You sound like my ex-boyfriend, the way you talk. You look a little like him, too.”

That surprised me. Not that I was bad looking, but she was so phenomenal that I had assumed she dated movie stars or NBA players.

“Is that a bad thing?”

“No. It’s just a thing. Are you open for trying something new tonight?”

“Yes...maybe. What?”

“I don’t know yet. I stay in the moment. It won’t be anything that breaks your hard limits.”

“Ok.”

She smiled, and I smiled, too. She had that thing that socially adept people have of making you feel special when they talk to you.

“Put your head down to the floor.”

I heard her slide off the table and gather supplies. I snuck a peek at what she was doing.

“Keep your forehead down.”

She put her foot on the back of my head. She wasn’t putting much weight on me, just enough to let me know she was there.

Whap!

“OW!”

Whap!

“OW! Fuck!”

“Too much?”

“No Mistress. It just hurts.”

“That’s why I’m doing it.”

Whap!

Whap!

WHAP!

“Ow, fuck! Yellow!”

She put the belt down on the table.

“Stand up.”

I felt guilty for using my safeword so quickly. She stepped in front of me and held my chin as she looked into my eyes. It was like she was looking for something. She smiled and let me go. I guess she found it.

“Come.”

She sat in a padded, throne-like chair and took off her boots.

“On your knees.”

She looked down at me, then pursed her lips and spit on her feet.

“Lick it off.”

I licked her feet slowly, softly. She made a sound that seemed half appreciative, half surprised.

“Keep going. Worship them.”

The feel of her feet against me was wonderful, and her scent was just a little smelly. I wished they smelled a little worse, honestly, but maybe next time. I softly massaged her arch as I licked the ball of her foot and between her toes. I tried to communicate my willingness to serve her through my lips and tongue.

“The next time you come here, I’ll make sure my feet stink. You’d like that, wouldn’t you?”

“I would Mistress. How did you know?”

“I’ve been doing this for 18 years. I can tell.”

“Can you tell other things I want to do?”

She stared at me without speaking for a moment.

“Some. Not all. Not yet.”

I looked down.

“I know you wanted this first session to be relaxed, so I won’t make you do the things you’re ashamed you want.”

I didn’t know what to say to that. Could she really know? I was never very good at reading people, so it always seemed like a superpower when someone could read me. It made sense that a successful domme would have that ability. Or maybe she said that to everyone; maybe most subs are ashamed of some of their desires.

“I *am* going to fuck you tonight.”

I looked down.

“Are you smiling?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“You don’t want me to see?”

“I didn’t want to seem too eager.”

She rolled her eyes.

“Please. As if I can’t tell.”

I felt a twinge of excitement in my chest.

“Get on the bed, on your knees.”

I hurried to the bed and watched as she grabbed a strapon harness and a condom. She saw me staring.

“Forehead down!”

I heard her fasten her harness as she walked behind me.

“Back up to the edge.”

There was something about her voice that was hypnotic. She wasn’t trying to be sexy or commanding; she just was, and I wanted to do everything she said. She put on a rubber glove and squirted lube on her finger.

“What are you think about, Michael?”

“I’m trying relax my butt muscles with mind.”

“How’s that working for you?”

“I don’t know. We’ll find out in a minute.”

She gave me a playful spank, then rubbed my asshole with the tip of her finger, pushing against it every so often. I felt her other hand on my lower back, holding me steady.

“Do you want me to stop, Michael?”

Her voice was soft and sensual.

“No Mistress.”

“What do you want?”

“I want this”

“What’s this?”

“Please Mistress!”

“Please what?”

“Please keep doing this!”

“No Michael. You have to ask for it. You have to admit what you want.”

“Please fuck me, Mistress! Please!”

“Beg.”

“Please, please fuck me Mistress! I’m begging you! Please fuck me with your cock!”

She pushed her finger inside me and I moaned. She moved it around, then in and out.

“Tell me what else you want.”

“I...I want you to pee on me, Mistress. In my mouth.”

“Uh-huh. What else?”

“I...I want you to make me your slave. I want you to force me to kiss your ass.”

“That’s it, just kiss it?”

I put my head on the bed. It was like she could read my mind. She pushed in a second finger. I felt precum on the tip of my dick.

“Is that it, slave? You just want to kiss it?”

“No Mistress...I want to lick it, too.”

I was rocking back and forth with her thrusts, breathing hard.

“I think you want to do other things, too, but we don’t have to talk about that yet. I’m going to put my cock inside you now, just a little, and you’re going to fuck yourself. I want to see how you move.”

I felt the head of the dildo against me. Her hand was still on my lower back. She pushed forward.

“Unngh!”

“That’s right, slut.”

She stopped a couple inches inside me.

“Breathe. When you’re ready, push back.”

I took a deep breath, then another. My muscles, which had tightened when she entered me, relaxed, and I pushed back until the dildo felt like it was hitting a wall. I moved forward, then back again, until I hit the same

spot.

“Wiggle your hips.”

I did. She laughed. It was a humiliating laugh.

“Keep moving Slutface. Forward and back. Fuck yourself for me.”

I pushed back again, then pulled forward maybe an inch and pushed back harder. I repeated the motion. It hurt a little when I got to my limit, but not too badly, and after a little while I opened to take her deeper.

“That’s good, slut. Move forward and put your chest on the bed. I’m going to fuck you now.”

I moved my knees carefully forward, a little at a time. She climbed onto the bed behind me and took hold of my hips. She began moving in and out of me, gradually speeding up. I could hear her breathing. Her nails dug into my side and she rocked me forward and back as she began thrusting harder. I could feel her hips hit my ass. She started grunting.

“Ohhhhhhhhh!”

“You love it, you little bitch.”

“Yes, Mistress.”

She kept fucking me, then pushed my whole body into the mattress and lay on top of me. I turned my head to the side.

“Don’t move!”

“Yes Mis-”

“Shut up!”

She put her hands on my back and slowly pulled out of me.

“Don’t move until I tell you.”

I could see her out of the corner of my eye. She threw out the condom from the dildo and cleaned it with disinfectant, then put it on the table to dry.

“Turn over on your back.”

I turned over. She sat behind my head.

“Close your eyes.”

She softly rubbed my scalp, sending tingles down my body.

“I can tell you’re a slut, Michael. A disgusting little slut.”

She moved down and explored my face, running her fingers around my cheeks and down to my chin. She held my head and stroked my cheeks with her thumbs. I exhaled and melted deeper into the bed. It felt like that hard layer that I kept between me and the world was disintegrating.

“Let go, Michael. Stop fighting what you want.”

She ran her fingertips over my face, around my eyes and down my jaw.

She reached to the left and retrieved a bottle of lube.

“Hold out your hand.”

She poured lube into my palm.

“Look up at me. Stroke yourself.”

Her long brown hair hung down and framed her face. She looked like a Goddess.

“Keep looking at me.”

She rubbed her index finger over my chest, then began rubbing my lips.

“Open your mouth. Good boy.”

She pushed her finger inside.

“Suck.”

I sucked her finger. My dick pulsed. I wasn't going to last long. She removed her finger and rubbed my chest again, squeezing my nipples. Then she rubbed my lips and pushed inside my mouth again. I could feel my orgasm approaching. The touch of her fingers, her face, her hair hanging down...it was too much. I breathed in suddenly.

“Cum for me, Michael! Cum!”

Oh fuck! I shot jets of cum up onto my stomach. It felt so unbelievably good! I kept stroking as I maintained eye contact with her. I was breathing hard. Oh, holy shit! It felt like I might pass out. My vision went a little blurry, even. When I looked up at her again, she was smiling, and her eyes were bright

“That was really hot! You looked at me the whole time!”

“Thanks Mistress.”

She rubbed my cheeks and my forehead before climbing off the bed. She handed me a box of tissues.

“There's no hurry. Rest for a second if you need to.”

“Thanks.”

I lay back and looked at the ceiling. For a moment, I tried to put what I was feeling into words before realizing I didn't have to. I could just be in the moment without having to think all the time, without having to get things right.

When I was dressed, I met her in the front hall.

“That was fantastic. I can't believe time went so fast! Thank you.”

“You're fun to play with. I hope we session again.”

“Me too.”

Session 2

Two days later I debated asking her out on a date. It was such a ridiculous thought, but I couldn't stop fantasizing a future together. It was her job to make it feel special, to make it feel real. Surely, she was like that with most of her subs. That thought depressed me, but I knew it was true. She was popular because she made her subs feel like they meant something to her. I didn't think she was faking it: she seemed totally sincere, but that type of intimacy obviously didn't mean the same for her as it did for me.

I wondered how many subs asked her out. A lot, I bet. No, I wouldn't be just another guy who thought she liked him. I'd wait and session again and let our relationship grow naturally. I couldn't rush things. I vowed to wait a month before contacting her, and I almost made it. Three weeks later, on a Tuesday, I set up a session for Friday at 6pm. I obsessed about her the rest of the week. I postponed a Thursday night date because I knew I wouldn't be able to focus.

Before I left for the session, I gave my reflection a talking to.

"She's great, but you don't know her. Just enjoy the session and stay present. Don't pressure her. Be cool."

My coolness resulted in me getting to her neighborhood 25 minutes early. I found a small bookstore and browsed the shelves. I picked up some books and stared at the words without taking them in. I tried to think of a book I was interested in, but I couldn't think of anything, even though I had just the other day thought of at least three books I wanted. I left and just walked around the neighborhood.

At 5:58, I stood at the door to her building. I felt like I was on a high school date, back when a date was the most exciting thing in the world. I repeated my mantra of "be cool," and buzzed. As I climbed the stairs to her apartment, Mistress opened the door. She grabbed me by my shirtfront and pulled me inside.

"Hello, Slutface."

"Hi Mistress."

She looked at her foot, then up at me.

"Kiss."

She was wearing thigh-high leather boots. I knelt and kissed one, then

the other.

“Clothes off.”

She walked to the other room, her heels clicking on the floor as she went. I was kneeling naked in front of her in no time.

“I’ve been wearing these boots for hours. My feet smell *awful*.”

I felt my dick pulse.

“Take them off.”

I unzipped her left boot and pulled it off. She wasn’t wearing socks. I leant down and sniffed her foot. It smelled sweaty and ripe, but to me it was wonderful. I took off her other boot and smelled that foot, too.

“Don’t lick them, yet. Just smell.”

As I smelled one foot, she placed the other on the back of my head.

“I knew you were into smelly feet right away.”

“How?”

“I’ve been doing this a while. I can usually tell what guys are into and what fetishes they’re hiding from me, and themselves.”

I wondered how true that was. That nervous feeling I had during our last session came back to me. She couldn’t really tell what I wanted, could she?

“Lick.”

I licked her feet. I had more time this session, so I didn’t feel rushed and could just lose myself in the sensation of worshipping her. I worked up her foot to her toes. There’s a spot on the underside of the big toe that’s connected to your genitals, and stimulating it turns someone on. I read about it in an article about reflexology. I rubbed it gently with my teeth. After five seconds, I heard her breath change. She adjusted herself in her chair. After another ten seconds, she pushed my head away with her foot.

“That’s enough.”

“Thank you, Mistress.”

“Put your forehead on the floor.”

I hoped she was turned on. I wondered what she was thinking.

“Get on the bed, on your back.”

I was on the bed quickly. She climbed on and straddled my head. I looked up at her black lace underwear.

“Keep your mouth closed. I don’t have to warn you what will happen if you lick or kiss me, do I?”

“No Mistress.”

She sat on my face. I smelled her. She’d obviously showered this

morning, but she'd moved around since then. My dick got hard.

"I thought so."

She squeezed my nipples, pinching with more and more pressure until I started squirming. It felt like she was measuring my pain tolerance, and I tried to take as much as possible for her. She lifted and let her ass hover a few inches above me.

"Do you like my ass?"

"Very much, Mistress."

"You have a nice ass, too, Slutface."

"It's my best feature."

She laughed.

"Kiss my ass. Just the cheeks."

I lifted my head and gave her slow kisses on her cheeks. She sat back down on my face, pushing my head into the bed, then wiggled back and forth. She reached down and grabbed around the base of my testicles. She flicked them with her finger, making me jump. She lifted up.

"Keep staring at my ass."

"Yes Mistress."

She flicked my balls again, harder this time.

"Ow!"

She turned to look back at me, her hair sweeping over her shoulder.

"Too hard?"

I thought about it for a second.

"No. It just hurts. I'm ok with the pain, but I wouldn't want it any harder."

She gave another hard flick. I jumped. She got off of me.

"Get on the floor. Head down."

I quickly got to my knees. Mistress walked across the room.

"These will do."

She walked back.

"Up."

I sat up, and she tossed a pair of frilly pink panties at me.

"Put them on."

They were soft. Mistress put a black wig on my head. Straight hair fell to my mid-back. She pulled on one side of the wig to straighten it, then looked at me and tapped her chin with her finger.

"What do you need?"

She tilted her head to the side.

"I know."

She grabbed a short, red dress from a rack in the corner. When I put it on, it barely covered my cock.

"Let's get some make-up on you."

She brought out pink lipstick and light blue eyeshadow and applied them generously.

"You're looking very slutty. Let's see you walk like a slut."

I walked to the bed and back.

"What was that?"

"What?"

"I said walk like a slut. I didn't say walk like you always do."

"Oh. Sorry. Let me try again."

I tried to shake my hips this time.

"Better. Do it again, but stop halfway and look back at me while you suck your finger."

I felt like a moron, which I guessed was the point.

"Good. You look ridiculous, by the way. Now come and kneel before me. Tell me you want to suck my cock."

I knelt and looked up at her. I licked my lips, then whispered, "I want to suck your cock."

She laughed.

"That was good! You loosened up there for a moment. You like cock, don't you?"

"Just your cock, Mistress."

"We'll see about that."

She got a strapon harness and slipped it on. She walked over to me.

"Help me tighten the straps."

I pulled the leather straps through the metal clips and fastened them. Mistress rubbed her fingers through my hair.

"Open your mouth."

She grabbed my chin and tilted my head back.

"Wider...good. I'm trying to figure out which cock is best for that slutty mouth of yours."

She pulled rummaged through her box of dildos until she found the one she wanted. It was about seven inches long and kinda thick, or at least thicker than my own, average-sized cock. She slipped the dildo through the ring at

the front of the harness and walked back to me.

“As a slut, you need to know how to give head. Have you ever sucked a cock before? A real one?”

“No, Mistress.”

“But you want to.”

She stroked my cheek with her finger.

“Not really. I mean, maybe if...”

“If someone forced you?”

I didn’t want to answer right away.

“Yeah.”

“If someone like me forced you?”

Her voice was commanding, hypnotic.

“Yes. Someone like you.”

She smiled.

“We’re going to have fun, you and me.”

She brought her cock to my lips.

“Kiss it.”

I kissed the tip of her cock slowly.

“Pretend it’s attached to one of my studs, and I’m beside you, stroking your head softly, guiding it to your lips.”

I licked the tip.

“That’s right, Slutface, keep licking. Go down to the balls and suck them.”

She held the sides of my head.

“Now suck it. I want to see how much you can take.”

I moved up and down, pretending Mistress was forcing me to suck a real cock.

“I knew you wanted it, slut.”

I tried to say, yes Mistress, but it came out garbled. She tightened her grip on my head and forced her cock deep into my throat. I gagged and coughed. She laughed as drool spilled down my chin.

SLAP!

My cheek stung where she hit me.

“Suck it!”

SLAP!

After another minute, Mistress pushed my forehead back and pulled out her cock.

“Get on the bed, on your knees. Move back to the edge.”

She replaced her big dildo with an average-sized cock and grabbed a bottle of lube.

“Head down!”

I could feel my heart beating. I heard her putting on a rubber glove, then felt cool lube being spread over my asshole. She rubbed slowly, tickling the edges of my opening.

“Oh, God, that feels good!”

“Breathe in.”

She pushed her finger inside of me.

“Ohhh!”

She moved slowly in and out. I took shallow breaths. After a minute, she put in another finger.

“For a straight guy who doesn’t session much, you’re pretty loose.”

“Thanks. I think.”

I thought about that.

“Is that something you say thank you for?”

She didn’t answer. She removed her fingers and placed the tip of her cock against me.

“I guess it is something you say thank you for, Mistress. At least I’m saying thank you.”

“Slutface?”

“Yes Mistress?”

“Shut up.”

I laughed and she pushed her cock inside me. It felt amazing! The slight discomfort just added to the sense of being taken, being dominated. Her hands held my hips as she pulled me towards her, forcing the dildo deeper inside me.

“That feels so good!”

“You’re such a little slut.”

I put my forehead on the bed and closed my eyes. I concentrated on the feeling: her touch, the fullness of her cock. After a few minutes she pulled out.

“Turn over.”

She pulled me back until my ass was almost off the edge of the bed, then pushed inside me again. I looked at her face, she had gotten even better looking since the session started.

“Open your mouth.”

She leaned forward and spit on my face. Some got in my mouth.

“Keep it open.”

She spit again. I wrapped my legs around her waist.

“Moan for me, you little bitch! Let me know you appreciate it.”

“Ohhh! I love your cock inside me, Mistress! Please keep fucking me!”

She sped up. It wasn't a big dildo, and I felt her hips slam into my butt. I heard her heavy breathing. I pretended that we were a couple and that this was just a normal thing for us, that it happened all the time.

Eventually, she slowed down and pulled out. She cleaned up as I walked to the bathroom.

“Hurry back, slut. I have a special surprise for you before you go.”

Could we really be almost done? Time had gone so fast! When I got back to the room, she had spread out a black rubber sheet on the floor.

“On your back.”

She stood on either side of my waist, looking down at me. My cock, which had deflated when she fucked me, got hard again. She moved up to straddle my head and squatted down.

“Wait.”

She stood and looked down at me, then smiled slyly.

“Get up.” She pointed to the corner of the room. “Grab the toilet box.”

It was a black, square wooden box, about a foot and half long on each side, with a toilet seat on the top and metal rings drilled into the sides. I grabbed it and placed it on the rubber sheet. It was heavy. The front side had a half-circle shaped hole cut out of the bottom and latches on the sides. Mistress unhooked the two latches and lifted up the top, which brought up the side with the hole in the bottom. Inside there was a small pad with a plastic bag around it.

“Something tells me you'll like this.”

She walked to her cabinet and came back with two wrist cuffs.

“Arms out.”

She put the wrist cuffs on me, then looked at me, then the box. I stared at her. She made a face.

“Get on your back, dummy.”

“Oh, right.”

I lay down and pushed back until my head rested on the pad. There were

wooden blocks on either side of it, and I barely fit. Mistress looked down at me and slowly lowered the top. The half circle shaped-hole fit over my throat, trapping my head inside. It was dark. The sides most have been reinforced, because there weren't any cracks. I felt her attach my wrist cuffs to the rings on side of the box. When she was done, I tested them. I could move my wrists just a little. She opened the toilet lid on the top of the box and looked down at me.

"Comfy?"

"Mistress, please make me your slave! Please!"

"Quiet."

"Sorry."

"Do you know what I do to slaves who let me lock them in here?"

My heart started racing. She put her foot on my chest.

"Do you?"

"I think so, Mistress. I can guess."

"What?"

"You go the bathroom on them?"

"Be more specific."

"You pee on them."

She shook her head.

"You know that's not what I mean."

"You...you...shit on them."

My voice broke, and the last words came out as a whisper.

"That's right. I think you want me to do that to you."

My eyes went wide.

"You do want that, don't you?"

I blushed deep red. Mistress smiled and crouched down.

"I...I've thought about it."

My mouth was dry.

"I don't know that I want to do it, though. I mean...it's kind of like the ultimate taboo. But I would have to be married to someone, I think, to even start to discuss it...you know?"

She let me stew in my own discomfort for a little while.

"I don't know if I could do it, Mistress."

"Really?"

"Yes, Mistress. I'm sorry."

I swallowed.

“Relax, Slutface. I’m not going to do that to you now. But I want you think about what it would feel like if I did. Can you do that for me?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“Good boy.”

I was in a daze. I felt like I could feel the air against every part of my skin.

She snapped her fingers, jolting me out of my trance.

“Look at me, Slutface. Imagine what it would be like to look up through the top of the toilet at me as I lifted my skirt and pulled down my panties.”

She did just that.

“You’d see me lower my ass to the seat. You would know what was coming, and you would know you couldn’t avoid it. You can’t even turn your head.”

She was right: the blocks prevented that. I was really trapped. A small patch of light came through from between her legs. I could just barely see her face.

“Keep your mouth open. You can do that for me, Michael, can’t you?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“Good boy.”

She put her feet on my chest.

“I told you I could read your deepest desires.”

I couldn’t even respond. I stared up, wondering if she were really going to do it. I felt her hot piss hit my face. She adjusted herself and her piss went into my mouth. It was warm and bitter. It came fast, and I tried to hold as much as possible in my mouth. She cut off her flow.

“Swallow.”

It tasted awful, but my dick got even harder. She started again, filling my mouth.

“Swallow.”

“Mistress please! Can you just pee on my face?”

“Nope. You’re swallowing all of it. Open.”

She filled my mouth again. She did it a total of five times.

“Ummm, Slutface. This is nice. Maybe I will shit on your face tonight.”

I jerked on the wrist restraints. She laughed, then stood up and looked down at me.

“Open.”

She let drool fall from her mouth into mine.

“What do you say?”

“Thank you, Mistress.”

“You’re right-handed?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“I’m going to unlock your right hand and sit back on this seat. I want you to jerk off to the thought of me shitting on your face.”

She squatted down and rested her elbows on the top of the box. She looked down at me.

“One day I’m going to do that to you, Michael, when you’re ready for it. And when it happens, you’ll feel like I’ve given you the most wonderful gift in the world.”

I stared at her, my mouth dropped open. She unlocked my wrist.

“Hold your hand palm up.”

She poured lube into my palm, and I rubbed it on my cock and started stroking. She looked at me.

“I’ll know if you don’t think about what I told you to.”

She sat back on the toilet. I thought about what it would be like, her ass above me, lying here, waiting for her to shit on me. Oh my God, would I really do that? It was so disgusting! It was horrible! Oh God! My dick spasmed. I looked up at her ass. I wondered what it would look like, seeing someone shit from above.

“FUUCCKK! OH MY GOD!”

My hips spasmed and my left hand jerked against the bolt as I came. Oh my God it felt good! Oh my God!

“That’s a good little slut.”

Mistress got up. She grabbed my hand and gently pushed my wrist back to the box, locking it to the side. She got a rubber glove and looked down at me as she slid it on.

“It would make me happy if you ate your cum. I know you probably don’t feel like it right now, but it would please me if you pushed yourself. You can do that for me, can’t you?”

I really, really didn’t want to eat my own cum. But I desperately wanted to impress her. I had never felt the way I had during this session. I didn’t even know it was possible to feel that way.

“I’ll do it, Mistress.”

“Good.”

She scooped up the cum from my stomach, then unlatched and lifted the

front of the toilet seat.

“Open.”

She pushed her cum-coated fingers in my mouth. It was unimaginably vile.

“Ugh!”

She rubbed her fingers on my tongue.

“Suck.”

I shivered in revulsion, which made her laugh. She unlocked my wrists from the side and pulled me up to sitting. I watched her ass as she walked to the kitchen. I took a deep breath. Holy shit! That was intense!

She came back with a glass of water. When she spoke, her voice was normal, not the sexy teasing it had been.

“How are you?”

“I’m good. Thanks. That was really intense. It was...wow!”

“You did really well. I can tell you pushed yourself.”

I thought about that. I wondered if I’d really impressed her or if she said that to everyone.

“Thanks.”

“Do you want to shower?”

“Yes, please. I smell like piss. And I have cum on my stomach.”

“Yes you do. Towels are under the sink.”

After my shower, I got dressed. Mistress had put on a sweater and was waiting for me by the door.

“Thank you. Do we...I mean...is it ok if I hug you goodbye?”

As soon as the words were out of my mouth, I feared I had crossed a line. She smiled.

“Of course.”

She gave me a warm hug. I made sure to keep it short.

“Thank you, Mistress.”

She opened the door.

“Be in touch.”

“Yes Mistress.”

As I lay in bed that night, I knew that I would never see her again. She was too intoxicating, too seductive. I had no control when I was with her. She made me want to do terrible, disgusting things that I didn’t even want to do, not really. I had to stop this now, before it got worse. The next day, she

emailed:

*Hi Slutface,
I hope you're recovering nicely from our session and having some lovely memories. I had a lot of fun.*

*Until next time,
Mistress Veronica*

I read it about 20 times. What did it mean? Does she send all her subs emails like this? She must...right? I masturbated to her that night. As I came, I knew I had to see her again. She was just too wonderful. She was everything I wanted in a girlfriend, and if I didn't try I would regret it forever. I knew my chances were almost zero, but I didn't care. If I failed, I failed. I wouldn't be the first. I'd have to play it cool, though. I couldn't ask for a session right away. I needed to wait a month, or at least three weeks. I sent her a quick email back.

*Hi Mistress,
I have lots of lovely memories of our session, which I've been replaying in my head quite a bit. I look forward to seeing you again.*

*Best,
Slutface*

I reread the email a couple dozen times. It seemed good to me: nice but not too eager. Maybe a little mystery: when will he ask for another session? I was being ridiculous, I know, but I had a crush on her like a high school kid, so I was thinking like a high school kid.

The next few days I felt hyper-sexualized. I masturbated a lot, always thinking of Mistress Veronica, often of being locked in the toilet box and being peed on, or being threatened with more, but not her actually doing it. I didn't want that.

On Friday, I needed to get out the house. I didn't want to spend another night beating my dick senseless, so I went salsa dancing at a club on the Upper West Side. I'd been salsa dancing for about 10 years, and that I was good at it was one of my proudest achievements. My business success made me feel good, but that came pretty naturally to me. Dancing was a different

story. I never danced when I was younger, not until my early twenties, when I got tired of watching people dance and wishing it was me. I signed up for a salsa class and made a promise: I would do this for six months, regardless of how bad I was and how dumb I felt.

I was *awful* at first. It took a couple classes before I even realized there was a beat I was supposed to be following. My first teacher was an asshole, too. She couldn't understand why my hips were so tight and why yelling at me to loosen up didn't work. But I kept at it, and slowly — very slowly — I got better. I forced myself to go out social dancing as well. I tried a bunch of different clubs before I found one I felt comfortable in. After four months, I worked up the nerve to ask Maria, the best dancer in the club, for a dance. She was older, maybe late 40s, and one of those women who looked so comfortable dancing that you knew she must have started as soon as she could walk. I thought she'd be judgmental, but she was really nice.

"I was wondering if you'd ask me to dance."

"Really?"

"Yeah, you've been coming here for months and you've never asked me."

"I thought it'd annoy you to dance with a beginner."

She gave me a look to let me know how stupid that was.

"You're not a bad lead."

"Thanks."

We danced for a little while.

"Do you want some advice?"

"Of course."

"Be more confident."

"Really?"

"Definitely."

"I feel like I need to get better before I can do that."

She shook her head.

"It feels better to dance with a guy who's confident. I'm following your lead, so if you don't believe in yourself, I won't either. I'd rather dance with a confident guy who makes mistakes than an insecure guy who's perfect."

That changed my whole approach, and it made a huge difference right away. I still made mistakes, but everything was a lot more fun, and my partners seemed to enjoy it more, too. Because I took more risks, I got a lot better. I stopped worrying so much about what people thought of me.

Anyway, now dancing was my refuge when things got stressful or when I found myself overwhelmed, as I did now with my feelings for Veronica.

I switched into my dancing shoes at the club and headed to the dance floor. I knew a lot of people there and danced with some of the other regulars. Unfortunately, I had brought my obsession with me, because there was a woman drinking at the bar who looked like Veronica. I really hoped I wasn't hallucinating. I stared at her, hopefully without her seeing, until I realized that she didn't look like Veronica, she was Veronica! Holy shit! She was at the bar with a friend!

I kept an eye on her for the next half hour. A few guys asked her to dance, but she declined. Finally, her friend got up to dance. I headed over.

"Hi."

It took her a second to recognize me out of context. She smiled.

"Hi! What are you doing here?"

"Dancing. This is one of my regular spots. What about you?"

"My friend wanted to come, so I agreed. I haven't danced salsa in years."

"Would you like to dance?"

She thought about it for a second.

"Yes."

Veronica was good. She was surprised that I was, too.

"You're a really good dancer! I didn't expect that!"

"I'll take that as a compliment."

"You seem a little serious, so I wasn't expecting you to be so good. And you're very macho."

We laughed.

"Hopefully we can dance again before you leave."

She smiled.

"Maybe."

With heroic effort, I left her alone and didn't obsess about her. About an hour later, she found me.

"My friend left. I would like another dance."

"As you wish."

It was really wonderful dancing with her. She was more comfortable on our second dance: I think her salsa was coming back to her. Her hand on my back was everything I'd ever wanted. We danced two more songs before I walked her out.

“That was really fun. Thank you.”

“Thank you. You’re a really good dancer, too. I can tell you did ballet.”

“My posture?”

“Yeah. You’ve got a rock-solid core. You did it for a while, huh?”

“11 years.”

“Wow!”

“It was good training for domming.”

“I bet. And don’t worry, I won’t tell anyone you let me lead.”

“What?”

I suddenly realized how stupid that was to say.

“I saw that online once: a domme said that dancing is the only time she ever lets a man lead.”

She rolled her eyes.

“Really? I would let a male doctor lead if I were sick. I would let a male mechanic tell me what to do with my car.”

She looked at me.

“Don’t tell me you’re a female supremacist?”

“I’m not. I actually thought it would be funny. It sounded better in my head.” I shrugged. “They can’t all be winners.”

She laughed, and some of my embarrassment dissipated.

“I do want a dominant woman, but no, I’m not a female supremacist. I don’t think every woman deserves to lead and I don’t think every guy is meant to be submissive.”

She nodded but didn’t say anything. I realized that I was waiting for some type of accolade for my good sense when all I’d done was prove I wasn’t a total moron. The thought made me smile.

“What are you thinking about?”

“Honestly?”

“Yes.”

I told her. She stared at me for a minute.

“You’re an odd duck, you know that?”

“I’m just honest. Most people have weird thoughts like I do.”

“Maybe, but they aren’t so quick to share them.”

I shrugged.

“Were you always this secure with yourself?”

“No. Not at all.”

“What happened?”

“That’s a conversation that needs to be told with a drink. Would you like one?”

I hadn’t planned to ask her for a drink: it just came out. She looked at me and nodded.

“I would.”

We found a dimly lit lounge on the next block and ended up talking for an hour. I was able to set aside, temporarily, the raging crush I had on her, so we just had fun talking and laughing. I didn’t make a move on her or try to touch her hand or her thigh, and I avoided, once or twice with difficulty, staring at her with mushy, love-struck eyes. When it was time to go, I asked if she wanted me to walk her home, but she said no.

“Do you dance there every week?”

“Every once in a while. I might dance there more often if I knew I had a partner waiting for me.”

She smiled but didn’t respond.

“Would you like me to get you a cab?”

“Yes.”

I hailed a cab and opened the door for her. She hugged me. It was a warm hug, and I felt her body sink into mine, just a little. She got in, but she didn’t close the door.

“Michael?”

“Yes?”

“Are you waiting to schedule another session for any reason other than you’re afraid to seem too eager?”

I looked at her. She held my stare.

“No.”

“It’s a stupid reason.”

“I know.”

“Have a wonderful night.”

“You too.”

She closed the door and I watched as the cab drove away. I floated home, replaying our conversations and the feel of her hand on my back as we danced. It had taken me years to feel comfortable dancing, and I’d had to confront some big insecurities to put myself out there. But it had paid itself back in spades.

Session 3

The next day I emailed to ask if she were free on Tuesday at 7pm. She emailed back that night.

*Slutface,
Yep. See you then.*

I'm thinking of some very slutty things to do to you. I want you to refrain from masturbating from now until we meet...Ok, you can masturbate tonight, but that's it! :)

I masturbated with a fury that night. Twice in fact, which I haven't done for a while.

The next three days went by both very fast and very slow. All I could think about was her. There were moments at work when I was absorbed in what I was doing, but as soon as it ended, I thought about what I wanted her to do to me, and what I was afraid of her doing to me. About 100 times I thought about masturbating, but I heeded her command and let myself be.

Monday night, she sent me another email:

*Sluttybutt,
I want you to think about what you're going to do during our session that you've never done before. It's makes me happy that you're willing to push yourself for me.*

*Not long now,
M*

How could I impress her? What could I do that I hadn't done before? I hadn't done a lot of role play...but I didn't really like role play. I hadn't done super heavy bondage, but I didn't really like that either: I felt like you spent the entire session getting tied up and then it was over. Maybe armpit worship? I'd never done that before. That sounded fun, and anything involving Mistress and worship was cool with me. And it was kind of dirty,

so she'd appreciate it.

I brought her some dark chocolate and rubbing alcohol, which I know she used to make disinfectant. When I arrived at her apartment, she gave me a big hug.

"How are you, Slutface?"

"Very good."

"I don't care. Get on your knees."

I laughed

"Look at my toes. I got a pedicure today."

"They're beautiful." They were, too. They were painted a rich, dark green.

"Kiss them. You know what to do."

I gave her a slow kiss on each foot.

"Take your clothes off. Do that when you walk through my door. You know that."

"Yes Mistress. Sorry. I was just transfixed by your beautiful toes."

I handed her her gifts.

"A present."

I took my clothes off and folded them.

"I love dark chocolate! Rubbing alcohol?"

"I saw your bottle was getting empty."

"Thank you! That's really thoughtful. Come," she patted her thigh as she turned toward her inner room. I crawled after her to her throne.

"Closer."

I scooted between her legs. She took my chin in her hand and pushed my head back, then gathered up spit and let it fall onto my forehead.

"Don't touch it."

She let my chin go, and her spit slowly trailed down my face.

"What new thing are you going to do for me today?"

"I've thought about that, Mistress. I was thinking armpit worship. I've never done that."

She frowned.

"I peed in your mouth last time. You can do better than armpit worship."

I didn't know what to say. I'd never done sounds, but no way was I having anything shoved up the head of my dick.

"What are you thinking about?"

"Something that's a hard limit."

“What?”

“Sounds.”

“You want to do sounds?”

“No! No, Mistress. Sorry. It’s just something I won’t do.”

“I have an idea.”

I raised my eyebrows.

“How about forced bi? I have a stud who lives nearby; he could be over here in 30 minutes. He’s got a big cock, too; you’d love it!”

I thought about it for a second. A part of me wanted to do it for her.

“That’s too much for me.”

She nodded without smiling.

“Are you sure?”

“Yeah. Maybe sometime in the future, but not today...sorry.”

“That’s ok...I’d talked to him about you, though.”

I felt like I had let her down, but I wasn’t going to do forced bi. Not today at least. Maybe sometime in the future. We sat in silence for a moment. I worried that I’d killed the mood.

“I have an idea. I think you’ll be into it. It’s just a matter of whether you’ll admit it, because most guys won’t admit they like it at first.”

That sounded like trouble.

“What is it?”

“Face farting. I had dairy earlier tonight, so my stomach is a little upset.”

I felt a twinge in my chest. I looked down. She grabbed my chin and studied my face.

“I thought so.”

“What?”

“You want to do it; you just want me to force you.”

I closed my eyes.

“Open your eyes.”

I looked at her. She was so beautiful. I thought about her farting on me and felt my dick twitch.

“Ok.”

“Ok what?”

“Ok Mistress. Let’s do face farting.”

“Yes!”

She seemed really excited. She leaned forward and stroked my cheek.

“You don’t have to be embarrassed for wanting me to fart in your face.”

I looked down. It was her idea, not mine.

“This is good prep for when we do full toilet.”

My mouth dropped open. I could suddenly feel the air against my skin.

“I’m...I’m not ready to commit to that, Mistress.”

“I didn’t say you were. I’m just mentioning that for guys who are working up the nerve to do full toilet, this is a good first step.”

I didn’t say anything. She smirked.

“I know you’ve thought about full toilet.”

I blushed.

“I have...but I don’t want it for real. I mean, I’ve never thought about in a way that I’d actually do it, you know? Like it’s just the fantasy that’s a turn on, not actually doing it. I don’t know. There’s something so dominant about it, though, like it’s the ultimate show of domination? But it’s too much...you know? I guess I would do it if I really trusted someone? But we’d have to be, like, engaged, practically?”

I could hear how weird I sounded. It felt really hot in the room, suddenly.

“My ex-boyfriend said a lot of the same things.”

“Really?”

“Yeah. He was super nervous about it, too, but when he realized I enjoyed doing it, and that it would make me like him more, he admitted he wanted it.”

“It made you like him more?”

“Absolutely! It was so vulnerable and honest of him.”

“Did you still kiss him after?”

“We dated for three years, so yeah, I did.”

I tried to wrap my head around that.

“Did he have difficulty the first time?”

I couldn’t believe I was having this discussion.

“I made him work for it. It’s one thing when I do it with a client, but with a boyfriend it’s a really intimate act, and I had to make sure I could trust him. He begged me for three months before I finally agreed to it. So when I finally said yes, he was super excited.”

“Wow!”

“It really meant something to me that he was willing to trust me like that. I knew he wanted it when we first started dating. That was one of the

things that attracted me to him. He loved it when I farted in his face, too. You remind me of him. I know I told you that before. But you especially do today.”

“Because you’re going to fart in my face?”

“No, smart ass, the way you look, and your energy.”

I took all that in as I stared at her feet.

“C’mon. Let’s get you ready.”

She grabbed a rubber mat from her closet and unrolled it in the center of the floor.

“Grab the toilet box.”

“I- I thought we were just...”

She looked at me quizzically for a moment, then laughed.

“I’m not going to shit on you, dummy. I want your head in the toilet box so you stew in my farts. Plus, I like you tied down and at my mercy.”

“Oh...right, sorry.”

I grabbed the toilet box.

“Turn it so it faces the bed.”

She unlatched the front and lifted.

“Get in, Slutface.”

I lay down and scooted backwards until I felt my head on the pad. Mistress winked at me, then lowered the side. I heard the latches clicking.

“And let’s make sure you stay put.”

She walked away, then came back and grabbed my right wrist. She attached a leather cuff and locked it to the bolt on the side of the box. Then she locked my left wrist. I thought she was done, but she tied rope around my ankles and then to what I later found out was the bed frame. I could barely move. She looked down at me through the hole in the top. Her hair fell down around her face.

“I don’t have to fart yet, so just wait there.”

She lowered the seat, and suddenly I realized how trapped I was. I couldn’t move. What was I doing?! I took a deep breath. I’d been here before and it turned out fine. I’d even masturbated to it after. Just breathe. Breathe. I don’t know how long I lay there. It seemed like a long time, but it was probably only five minutes. I heard her moving around. After a bit, I felt her foot on my crotch. She lightly tapped my balls, then came forward and lifted the lid of the seat. She smiled at me.

“Ready?”

“Yes, Mistress.”

“It’s not like you have a choice, though, is it?”

“No Mistress. I haven’t had much of a choice since I first saw you.”

“You’re so sweet.”

She turned and hiked up her skirt and slid down her underwear. I stared at her perfect ass as it moved toward the seat, finally making contact. She kept her legs together, which cut off my view. I smelled the soap she used. It was lavender. She put her feet on my chest.

“Here we go!”

She farted. It was a short blast, followed by a longer one. I couldn’t stop myself: I breathed in through my nose. Oh my God, it stunk! I knew farts stunk, but this smelled...worse, like rotten eggs. I was so close to her ass, and there was nowhere for it to go: it just lingered all around me. She spread her legs and looked down at me.

“How do you like it, Slutface?”

“It stinks, Mistress.”

“That’s the dairy.”

She bent forward and squeezed my nipples. Then she straightened up and farted again, a silent one that came out as a whoosh of air.

“Oh, that one’s going to be bad!”

It was horrendous! And I was just trapped in it! It didn’t feel healthy, like I was breathing in straight CO₂.

“Oh God! Mistress! Please!”

“Please what?”

“Please can I have some air?”

She lifted off the seat and knelt down, resting her elbows on the top of the toilet. She smelled.

“Pee-yew! It stinks in there!”

I felt her hand rub my chest.

“But you’ll stay in there for me, won’t you, Michael? To make me happy?”

Her hand made light circles down to my stomach. It felt heavenly.

“Yes Mistress. Of course.”

She smiled.

“Good.”

She stood and closed the lid.

“I’ll be back when I have to fart again.”

She walked away, leaving me in semi-darkness. I breathed in through my mouth. I worried that this was all we would have time for. I didn't want to spend the entire time locked in this box. I should have thought about that before I agreed to this. After a few minutes, the seat lifted. She didn't say anything; she just sat down. I felt her feet on my chest again. She pinched my nipples with her toes, then farted. Another silent one.

"Oh God! Mistress, please!"

She got off the seat and knelt by the opening. She leaned over, then recoiled.

"Wow! That is *awful*!"

"I know. Please can I come out, Mistress?"

"Yes...but not yet."

"Mistress, please!"

She closed the lid.

"Just a little longer, Slutface. Then I'll give you a nice reward."

She walked away. At first, I was annoyed, but when I let that go, I realized how aroused I was. She wasn't giving me a choice! She knew it was gross and was doing it anyway. It was so dominant!

After a couple minutes, I felt her untying my ankles, then my wrists. I heard the latches opening on the toilet box, and the front lift upwards. I sat up, blinking in the light. I took a huge breath of wonderfully cool, clean air. I was in a daze, like I'd been underwater for too long. Mistress knelt down next to me. She handed me a glass of water.

"How are you?"

"I'm ok. That was really intense. It was unpleasant, but at the same time exciting."

"You did really well."

She rubbed my back. She held out her hand and I gave her the empty glass.

"I'm going to give you a nice reward. I'm going to turn around, and you can kneel behind me and kiss my ass cheeks. No tongue, and don't go near my asshole, but you may give me lots of soft kisses."

She stood and I moved behind her. Her ass looked even more gorgeous than normal. I put my hands on her hips and gave her a soft, slow kiss on her right ass cheek."

"That feels nice."

I kissed her left cheek. Then kissed slowly around her ass. I wanted to

show her my devotion. I wanted her to feel what this meant to me. I gave her around 20 kisses, then rubbed my face on her ass. She laughed.

“Get up. It’s time to get fucked.”

She led me over to the bed. I got on a towel that she must have put out when I was in the toilet box. I watched as she slid on her harness and inserted a dildo. She put on a rubber glove and slowly lubed me up. I closed my eyes and smiled.

“What did it feel like when you were locked in the toilet box, and you saw my ass coming toward the seat?”

“It was a mix of scary and exciting. For a second I thought you were going to go the bathroom on me.”

“Mmmmm.”

She slowly pushed and I opened for her. She found my prostate, and I felt both weird and good at the same time.

“That’s your prostate.”

“Yeah.”

“Yeah?”

“I mean, yes, Mistress.”

She laughed.

“Tell me more about how you felt in the toilet box.”

“I felt powerless, like you could do whatever you wanted to me and I wouldn’t be able to stop you. And it was a turn when you didn’t let me out when I first wanted.”

“Um-hm.”

“It smelled worse than I thought.”

“That’s not surprising.”

“I thought it might smell kinda good. I know that sounds weird, but I thought, because I was already turned on, that it would make your farts smell good to me, like how your stinky feet smell good to me. But it didn’t.”

She nodded.

“You’ll get used to it.”

“I’m not so sure.”

“Well,” she said, removing her fingers and bringing the tip of her cock against me, “we’ll see about that.”

She fucked me slowly and thoroughly, until I was begging her to let me cum. She said no. Not yet. She had other things planned for me. She turned me over on my knees and fucked me doggy style, her hands pressing on my

upper back, forcing my chest down onto the bed.

“You’re a good slut.”

“Thank you, Mistress.”

Afterward, she sent me to the bathroom to clean up. When I came back, she handed me a large plastic baby bottle.

“Knees”

She put a plastic funnel in the top, then positioned my hands beneath her. She squatted, pulled her panties to the side and peed into the funnel. Her urine smelled strong, and she peed a lot. I wondered if she were going to fill the entire bottle. Her stream finally slowed and then stopped at about three-quarters full. She screwed on the lid, then walked over to the couch, patting her thigh.

“Come. Crawl.”

I crawled after her, feeling the warm, comfortable heaviness of subspace. She stopped by her bed to grab the bottle of lube, then sat on the end of the couch.

“On your back. Head on my lap.”

She squirted lube into my hand.

“You’re going to get yourself off as you drink my piss.”

I spread the lube on my dick and started stroking. She rubbed my forehead with one hand and brought the bottle to my mouth with the other.

“Open.”

I stared up at her.

“You’re being such a good little sub for me, smelling my farts and drinking my piss. I know you want me to push you further, and I want you to know that everything that happens here is our little secret. No one will ever know except you and me.”

She stroked my cheek. Her urine was warm and acrid, but the feeling in my dick was incredible. She pulled the bottle away.

“You look like you want to say something.”

“Will you make me your slave, Mistress? Please!”

“That’s a serious request, Michael, and one I don’t take lightly. We’re not ready for that talk, yet.”

“Sorry.”

“You have promise, but it’s too soon.”

I nodded. She rubbed my chest.

“For now, think about how you can keep pushing yourself for me. What

do you secretly want that you're ashamed of? Keep sucking...good. I want you to imagine your dirtiest fantasy and doing that with me."

She put the bottle back to my lips. The feeling in my cock spread throughout my body and I looked up into her smiling face. She was so beautiful! I moaned and made crazy noises in my throat. I pictured being back in the toilet box, her ass coming down toward the seat, the feeling of being trapped...My hips bucked as I exploded. I kept my eyes on hers as I pushed the bottle out of my mouth and screamed. Mistress rubbed my face.

"Good boy."

I was panting when I was finished. Mistress scooted out from under me. She gently lay my head on the couch.

"Wait here."

I stared up at the ceiling. Holy shit! I asked to be her slave again! What was I doing? Mistress came back with a spoon and scooped up my cum from my stomach and groin.

"Sit up."

I did. She showed me my cum, which filled up the teaspoon.

"Open."

She put a hand on the back of my head and brought the spoon to my mouth. I looked at her, and she let me know without speaking that I didn't have a choice. I opened. Oh God, it was rancid!

"Hold it in your mouth. Open."

She spit in my mouth.

"Mix it up...good boy...Oh, don't make such a face! Woman do it all the time."

"Ughh! Mistress, it's so gross! Can I have a glass of water, please?"

"No. Get dressed; there's one more special thing you get to do before you leave."

I went to the bathroom and washed my face, still wobbly as I came back to reality. This woman was dangerous. I needed to really think about this. When I was dressed, she walked me to the front door, but didn't open it.

"Whether I can be with someone depends on if they're truly submissive or just pre-cum submissive. You get the difference, right?"

"I do."

"I've had a lot of guys beg to be my slave, but as soon as they came, they were done, and they'd disappear for a week, until they were horny again. Then, suddenly, they were back, begging to be my slave, sending me a dozen

emails about how they want to serve me forever.”

She rolled her eyes.

“I think you’re different, but we’ll see.”

She paused. I wondered how we would see.

“I want you to get down on your knees and put your nose in my asshole. I’m going to fart again, and you’re going to sniff it.”

Our eyes met, and I saw the challenge; I saw that she was hoping that I’d do it but wasn’t sure I would. I wondered how many men had failed this test. I went to my knees. She ran her fingers through my hair, then turned and lifted her skirt. She didn’t pull her panties down. I put my nose close to her asshole and she reached behind her and held my head. We waited in that position for a slow count of five, then she farted. It was another silent one. I breathed in through my nose. It was sharp and bitter, but because I wasn’t trapped with it in a box, it dissipated somewhat quickly. Mistress released my head and I stood.

“Come.”

She spread her arms and I embraced her. As we separated, she ran her hands slowly down my back. She opened her door.

“See you soon, Slutface. Or I guess I should call you Fartface now?”

“You’re the boss.”

“I am.”

“See you soon, Mistress.”

That night my mind bounced around like a pinball. What in the world was I doing? How did she make it seem so natural to let her fart in my face? What the *fuck*?! What if someone found out? I blushed when I thought about it. But at the same time, as weird as it sounds, the memory of her locking me in her toilet box and farting on me was so erotic now, even the smell of her farts, which were so awful in the moment. What was wrong with me? Why did I want this?

I kept replaying our conversations. She said I reminded her of her ex-boyfriend. That meant that I was someone she might date. Was I? That seemed unbelievable to me. But she talked to me like I was...like I was in her league, which up until that moment I would not have thought possible. I know I’m an attractive guy, but she’s a bombshell...and a dominatrix. She must have her pick of any guy she wants.

I thought about masturbating, but I resisted the urge. I wanted to feel

sexual longing. A minute ago, I was ashamed of my desires, but now I thought about doing dirty things for her, like licking her ass after she worked out, or smelling her farts again.

I woke up the next morning thinking of her, but this time it was my logical side, telling me to run. I was becoming obsessed, and it felt like there was only a short time left when I could still think about my situation clearly. She was too extreme for me. She wanted to do things that I didn't want to do. If I kept seeing her, it would just be a matter of time before she talked me into doing them. I couldn't resist her, not when we were together. She made all of her extreme kinks seem so natural and normal, like *I* would be the weird one if I said no. How did she do that?

I thought about the feel of her hand on my chin, the look in her eyes when she was excited. Would it really be that bad, doing what she wanted? I remembered looking up at her through the lid of the toilet box, her hair falling down and framing her face. I started masturbating. What if she were getting ready to shit on me? Could I really let her do that?

I stopped before I came and sent her a thank you email. I talked about how erotic the session was and how happy I was that she pushed my limits. I knew on some level that this wasn't smart, but I didn't care; I only cared about getting to see her again.

She wrote back later that day:

Hello fartface,

Thanks for your sweet email. I have fond memories of our session, as well. I think you're very brave (and sexy). Don't wait too long to session again!

Best,

Mistress Veronica

She called me sexy! She called me sexy! My brain wouldn't shut up about that the rest of the day. I thought about whether she meant it. After a dozen rounds, I decided I didn't know and didn't care; I needed to session again. I had to wait at least 10 days, though.

In the meantime, I had a real date, that I didn't have to pay for — at least not such a straight transaction — with a woman I'd met at a cafe. She was *really* hot, with curly brown hair past her shoulders and a nice body. She

seemed around 28. We had great texting chemistry, and I thought she had potential, or at least, I had thought so before I ran into Veronica at the salsa club. Now I wasn't all that enthusiastic about dating anyone else. That said, Veronica was still a long shot, and for all I knew, I was just a client to her. I needed to see other people, and I liked sex, so...

We met for dinner with the possibility of a show after. She was 10 minutes late, which was fine. She was wearing a low-cut top and just a little makeup. She looked fantastic, and I told her as much, which she liked. I asked her about her job. I knew from our talk at the cafe that she worked in real estate and that she had a big meeting the other day. Apparently, it went great. I asked a little more about what she liked about her job and how she helped people see properties for what they could become, instead of what they were. It felt like an interview, because she didn't ask me a single question about myself. Not one.

"What surprised you most about real estate?"

"How much integrity and confidence matter. It was difficult at first because when I started, I didn't really have it."

"Integrity?"

I smiled.

"No! Confidence."

She seemed upset, and it hit me ten seconds later that she thought I was serious. Our meal came, and I decided to see how long it would take her to ask me a question or initiate conversation. We ate in silence.

"I'm bored." She said.

I nodded.

"Are you mad?"

"No. Why?"

"You're not talking."

"I asked you a lot of questions, and I thought I'd give you a chance to ask me something."

"About what?"

"That's up to you."

"Why is it up to me to make conversation?"

Another time I may have pushed past it. I may have seen this as a test and tried to get her to open up, or maybe I would have convinced myself that I could still sleep with her if we both drank enough. But not now. I got the waiter's attention and handed him my credit card.

“Check please.”

My date’s eyes widened.

“What are you doing?”

“I don’t think we’re each other’s ideal match. I’m going home.”

“I’m not done my meal!”

“So stay and finish. I’m not throwing you out of the restaurant.”

She stood up quickly and grabbed her coat. She looked at me like she was going to say something but didn’t. She stormed off as the waiter brought the check. I gave him a big tip and left. I felt pretty good.

Session 4

Later that night, I set up another session. It was earlier than I had planned, but I didn't care. What was the point in denying myself? Mistress forbade me from masturbating until we met, which of course made me desperately horny.

I wanted to bring her a gift. I looked on her website, but she didn't have a wishlist. I thought about getting her something BDSM related. She had a lot of gear, but most was in boxes, so I didn't know what she had. Maybe I should bring her flowers? As soon as I thought it, I knew it was the wrong idea. Way too presumptuous. Maybe I should buy her something I wanted her to use on me. Was that selfish? In the end, I bought her a book I loved called *The Night Circus*.

She was really appreciative. She hadn't heard of it, but she said she'd give it a shot. She gave me a warm smile.

"That was really nice, but I'm still going to ruin you."

"I want that most of all."

"That's what you think."

I didn't have a reply, so I just nodded.

"Michael?"

"Yes Mistress?"

"Get your fucking clothes off."

A few minutes later I was naked and kneeling in front of her.

"I have a surprise for you."

She unzipped her boots and pulled them off. Her feet were bare.

"Smell."

I lowered my nose to the top of her foot and sniffed.

"Oh, wow! That's strong!"

"I've been wearing these boots all day for you."

I began kissing them softly, smelling her scent. I felt myself sinking into the warm, steady place I went during really good sessions, where I felt grounded and secure and totally present.

"Get between the toes."

I licked her all over, then the other foot. Mistress stood and turned her

back to me. She hiked up her leather skirt to show me her ass. She was wearing a purple thong.

“Kiss.”

I brought my lips to her ass and softly kissed her, keeping contact for a few seconds.

“Mmmm, that feels nice.”

“Thank you, Mistress.”

I kissed all over her cheeks.

“Mistress?”

“Yes?”

“May I worship your asshole?”

She looked over her shoulder at me.

“No Michael. It’s too soon for that.”

“Ok.”

She turned.

“Do you want to make me happy tonight?”

“Of course.”

“Say it.”

“I want to make you happy.”

“You want to do everything I say.”

“I want to do everything you say.”

“You’re in trouble.”

My dick got hard.

“Come.”

She patted her thigh and walked into the other room. The toilet box was already on the rubber mat. She lifted up the front.

“Get in.”

I lay down and pushed myself backward until my head was on the cushion. She lowered the top, trapping my head inside. I heard the latches being locked one after the other. I felt the cuffs on my wrists, then the rope tied around my ankles and pulled tight. She stood on either side of my chest and looked down at me through the opening in the box.

“You’re helpless again, Fartface.”

“Yes Mistress.”

“I don’t feel anything yet. I like you in this position, though: helpless, and with your hard cock sticking up.”

She rubbed her foot on the underside of my dick, then knelt and rested

her elbows on the top of the toilet box.

“How are you going to push yourself today, Fartface?”

“Aren’t I doing it now, Mistress?”

“What? This?” She gave me a you-know-better-than-that look. “You did this last time. And you like it! That’s not pushing boundaries.”

“I’ve only done this once before. It’s still a lot for me.”

She frowned. I tried to think of something I could say to please her, but I couldn’t think of anything. She snapped her fingers.

“Stay with me, Fartface. What are you going to do to push yourself today? I know you want to.”

“I don’t know, Mistress.”

“Yes, you do! You know exactly what you want; you’re just too chicken-shit to say it.”

I just stared at her.

“How about this: if you’re good, I’ll stick my finger in my ass and rub it under your nose.”

My mouth dropped open.

“I...I don’t know, Mistress.”

“Think about it.”

She closed the lid and walked away. I was left with my thoughts, trapped in a toilet box, my arms and legs restrained. She let me think for a while, or maybe it just took a while for what she ate to move through her. Finally, the lid opened. She didn’t look at me. She just pulled down her thong and sat. I smelled her lavender soap. She adjusted slightly, then farted: a long, loud one.

“Thank you, Mistress.”

It stunk like rotten eggs again. I wondered what she ate to make herself fart. I looked up at her ass, about an inch or two above me. I wondered when she’d let me worship her there. She farted again. This one wasn’t as loud or long, but it filled up the toilet box with noxious gas.

“Oh, God!”

“Oh! That one was vicious! I can tell from up here.”

She sat for a couple minutes, then farted again.

“Please, Mistress! Please can I have some air?”

“No.”

I tried to move my arms and legs. The metal rings on my wrist cuffs clacked against the rings on the box. It smelled so awful. I felt like this was

bad for my health.

“Please Mistress! Please! You can rub your finger on me after you put it in your ass! Please just can I have some air! It’s so strong! Yellow!”

She got up and unlatched my wrists. Then she lifted the front of the box. She extended a hand to help me, but I was already up. I felt like I would have vomited if I’d had to stay in that box much longer. A bead of sweat ran down my face, even though it was cold in the room.

“Your face is a little green.”

“It was really strong.”

She knelt beside me and rubbed my back.

“Would you like some water?”

“Please.”

She walked to the other room and came back with a glass. I drank it down, then looked at her.

“I can go back.”

“Really?”

“For you, yes.”

She smiled.

I lay down, and she closed the lid and attached my wrists. It still smelled in there, though not as strongly as before. Mistress looked down at me through the seat.

“You know that one day I’m going to do more than just fart on you.”

She sat on the seat without waiting for a response. My dick was straining it was so hard. She rubbed it with her foot.

Later, I lay on my back on her bed. My ass was on a pillow and I was tied spread eagle to the bed frame. Mistress lined her cock up with my asshole, then slowly pushed into me. I kept eye contact with her.

She started slowly, letting me relax and accept her inside me. Then she started to move, just pulling out an inch or two before pushing back in. She took her time, her hands rubbing over my chest and stomach. I was breathing deep and slow. I wanted her deeper in me. I wanted her to bury herself all the way, even if it hurt.

“Tell me what you want, slut.”

“I want you to fuck me deep, Mistress. Please fuck me! I want to be your slave! More than your slave!”

“I know, Michael.”

“I’ll do anything you want!”

“Be careful what you promise. I’ll make you do things you can’t undo. Open.”

She spit in my mouth. She picked up her pace and pushed farther into me. I felt so totally helpless, so taken. I looked at her. She was always beautiful, but now she looked like an absolute Goddess. I suddenly understood how a man could lose everything for a woman, why a decade-long war was fought.

“I’m going to do awful things to you. I’m going to put you in a diaper and lock you in a cage all day. I’m going to shit on your chest and your face.”

Her breath was speeding up, and her eyes were boring into me.

“I’m going to invite over two of my studs to fuck you from you both ends and cum on your face. I’m going to take you to a gloryhole and make you suck cock all night!”

I started moaning and thrashing my head from side to side as she buried herself in me.

“Please do that Mistress! Please!”

“Oh, slave. You are in *serious* trouble.”

She gave me three emphatic thrusts, then stopped and closed her eyes. She shivered. After a minute, she slowly pulled out of me. She took off her harness and placed it on a towel on the bed. Then she straddled my chest with her back to me.

“Watch me.”

She lifted slightly and pulled her thong to the side, then inserted a gloved finger in her ass up to the first knuckle. She wiggled it around, then pulled out and turned.

“Did you mean what you said just now?”

It was different now that I was looking at her finger. But I was still deep in subpace, and there was only one possible answer.

“Yes Mistress.”

She wiped her dirty finger under my nose. She wiped it again on my lips. My eyes went wide. She climbed off the bed and walked away. I breathed in tentatively through my nose. It smelled like shit. It was different, and not as bad, as being trapped in the toilet box with her farts, though. I started breathing through my mouth, but every once in a while, I took another sniff through my nose. I felt like she had plugged me into an electric socket. My whole body tingled. I kept telling myself not to lick my lips. Over and

over.

After a few minutes, Mistress untied me and let me go to the bathroom to clean up. I scrubbed my face thoroughly. When I came back into the room, Mistress had me lie down on my back on the bed. She squirted lube into my hand.

“You’re going to get yourself off while you smell my asshole.”

She pulled down her underwear and climbed on the bed. She swung a leg over my head and lowered her ass toward my face.

“You know the rules, right?”

“Yes Mistress: no kissing or licking.”

I started stroking myself. I wasn’t going to long. Mistress reached back with her hands and spread her butt cheeks. I looked at her asshole.

“Get your nose in there and sniff!”

I lifted up my head and smelled her ass. It smelled dirty.

“What would you do to worship my ass, slave?”

“Anything you want, Mistress.”

“So I can shit on you?”

I was nearing climax. Deep down, I knew I shouldn’t say things I didn’t mean, but I was too far gone to think logically.

“Yes! Yes Mistress!”

“Say it. Say it as you cum!”

“Shit on me!” I exploded. “Please shit on me, Mistress, ohhhhh, Fuuuuuuuuuccckk!!!”

I came hard, my body jerking and shaking. Mistress sat on my face. My dick spasmed and I spurted one last volley. I was panting. Mistress stayed where she was for a moment, then climbed off and went to the other room. She came back and gathered up my cum with a spoon.

“Open.”

She held the spoon a foot above me and my cum slowly dropped into my mouth. She laughed at I shuddered, then leaned close to me and sniffed. She made a face.

“Your nose smells like shit.”

After I washed up, I met her in her kitchen.

“Mistress Veronica, about what I said earlier...about you shitting on me...I’m not saying no forever, but now...”

She smiled and squeezed my bicep.

“Sometimes people say extreme things in a scene. It doesn’t mean we

want all of it to happen. Sometimes it's just fun to talk dirty. I know you don't want me to shit on you yet."

Suddenly I felt awful. The shame that had been creeping around the corners of my psyche since I'd come spilled over and engulfed me, telling me I was damaged, telling me I was a disgrace. My chest felt heavy and sour. Mistress sensed it.

"Hey!"

I couldn't look at her.

"What's going on?"

"It's nothing."

"Really? Is that the type of relationship you want with me?"

I took a deep breath to steady myself.

"I'm ashamed."

I couldn't say the words fully, and they came out muffled. I met her gaze. I felt so awful. She took my hand.

"Come."

She led me to the table and told me to sit. She asked if I wanted tea and I said yes. I didn't have anywhere to be, and as much as I wanted to run and hide, I wanted to be with her more. She put water in an electric kettle, then sat down at the table. She was silent for a moment.

"Do you think I'm judging you?"

I nodded.

"I do."

"Really?"

"Not that you think I'm a horrible person, but that...but that it makes me lower in your eyes."

"Lower how?"

"Like you have different tiers of guys, and there's a tier here," I held my hand flat at about eye level, "and there's another level here." I lowered my hand to around my chest. "And I'm worried that I'm putting myself in the lower tier by letting you do things to me, like farting on me."

She looked confused.

"I told you that I used to fart in my boyfriend's face. I used to shit on him, in his mouth. Do you think I put him here?" She put her hand lower, around her chest. "We dated for three years."

"It makes sense when you say that, but I'm worried you don't see me..." It hit me that I had started down a path I didn't want to travel yet. But who

was I kidding? She knew my feelings. It was something different to say them out loud, though.

“I don’t see you...?”

I looked down, then met her eyes.

“That you don’t see me as desirable. That you would never date me. I’m sorry. I didn’t want to be just another sub who falls for you.”

She nodded. I tried to read her expression, but I couldn’t. She certainly wasn’t overjoyed.

“Do you like me or who you think I am?”

“A little of both. I only know who you’ve shown me. I know that’s not you all the time, but I don’t think you could be who you are in session without being someone pretty special for real. And we did dance and talk together outside of here. I don’t think that was an act.”

“It wasn’t.”

“I think you care about your subs, and I think you like me a little bit.”

I kept eye contact with her as I said the last part. She was surprised, but then she smiled.

“I do like you...a little bit. I don’t want to date you, though, not yet anyway. It’s not out of the question, but I need to know you better, and I need to know if you like the real me, and if I like the real you.”

I nodded, and we were silent for a moment. The water was boiling. She got up and poured both of us tea. I watched the steam rising from my cup.

“I hadn’t meant to bring this up, and I’m sorry if I’m pressuring you. It was such an intense session. I got swept up.”

“It’s ok. I have an idea.”

“What?”

“I’ll make you a deal: you come here once a week. Sessions will be as long as I want, and you’ll pay me for an hour. We’ll see if you can really serve me the way I need.”

My emotional state, which had been somewhere close to panic since the session ended, skyrocketed upwards.

“I would like that.”

“Thursday nights at 6.”

“That’s great!”

“Understand that these won’t be normal sessions, where you give me a list of what you want to do. They’ll be about what I want, and I’m going to keep pushing you.”

I nodded.

“You’ll do things that will make you uncomfortable. You’ll masturbate to them later, though.”

“Like what?”

“Uh-uh.” She shook her head. “You’ll find out as we do them. Unless you’d rather just be a regular client?”

I didn’t have to think about that one.

“I want to be your slave-in-training...or whatever you want to call it. I’ll do what you say.”

She smiled.

“Good. I can tell you want to go, but we’re going to test your willingness to serve right now.”

She grabbed a pint glass from the cabinet.

“Get down on your knees and hold this.”

She pulled her underwear to the side. After a second she started peeing. She filled the glass almost the way. A little spilled onto the floor.

“I know you just came, but you serve me all the time, even after you cum and want to run away.” She pushed the glass closer to me. “Drink it. Without stopping.”

Her piss was deep yellow. I lifted the glass to my lips and drank. It was vile: warm and bitter. At one point I thought I might vomit, but I kept drinking until it was all gone. I put the glass down on the table. She pointed to the ground.

“You missed some.”

I bent over and licked up her piss, then stood. Mistress walked me to the door.

“I’ll see you Thursday at 6.”

“Yes Mistress.”

That night, Mistress sent me an email asking how I felt and telling me she was excited to start our “not-quite-slave-training.” I was great, I told her. I left out the part about replaying the session and her desire to see me more about 100 times. Unless I was totally misreading the situation, it seemed like she was open to dating me. She wasn’t ready yet, clearly, but she hadn’t said no. That was something. I suspended all of my online dating accounts.

Session 5

Mistress sent me a list of things to bring for her on Thursday: a bottle of red wine, her dry cleaning, and seven different products from three different drug stores. I arrived with everything at six. She accepted it without comment. I knelt and kissed her feet, then took off my clothes.

“Head up.”

SLAP!

SLAP!

“Come.”

She patted her side and I crawled after her to her playroom. She sat in her throne.

“Look on the bed. Put it on.”

There was a poofy pink skirt and a lacy pink top. Both had a lot of ruffles. There were white stockings and a wig with short blonde curls. I put everything on.

“Stand in front of me.”

She looked me up and down, then twirled her finger. I turned around for her.

“Hold out your skirt with your hands when you do that. Do it again.”

She picked up her phone and scrolled until she found what she wanted. A pop song came on. I think it was Katy Perry.

“Dance.”

I moved around with the beat. I’d never danced in a sissy outfit before, so that was new. Halfway through, Mistress paused the music.

“You’re dancing like a guy. Dance like a girl. Make me want to fuck you with your dancing.”

She turned the music back on. I tried to mimic the moves of women in music videos. I made a slow circle with my hips as I ran my hands down my stomach, then turned and bent over. Mistress stopped the music.

“Go in that box.” She pointed to a blue box underneath the table. “Pull out the big cock.”

I got it. It was about 9 inches long and thick.

“Play with it as you dance. Suck it.”

I held the dildo in front of my mouth and slowly licked it as I shook my hips. I blushed.

“That’s the way.”

I trailed the tip down my front, then I got on my knees and pumped my hips.

“Put the dildo on the floor facing up...now suck it as you move your hips.”

She laughed as I did it. I blushed. I didn’t like this.

“Suck harder, sissy.”

I sucked harder, but not hard enough, apparently. Mistress stopped the music.

“What’s the problem?”

“I was sucking harder!”

SLAP!

“Watch your tone!”

“I’m sorry, Mistress.”

SLAP!

I put my hand up to my face.

“Put your fucking hand down!”

SLAP!

“Get up.”

She sat down and restarted the music.

“Dance.”

After Mistress had had enough, I cooked dinner for her and waited on her while she ate. She didn’t say I could eat, so I didn’t. Afterward, I washed the dishes.

“Get on the spanking bench.”

Mistress beat me with a paddle and then a crop. By the time she was done, I was squirming.

“Your pain threshold sucks.”

“Yes Mistress.”

“You’ve got ten with the cane coming for being so whiny earlier.”

“Yes Mistress.”

I swallowed my irritation. I wondered if this were a test or something else.

CRACK!

“AAHHHHH!!!!

“Shut up!”

“Sorry Mistress. It hurts.”

“You remember your safeword?”

“Yes Mistress.”

CRACK!

CRACK!

“Ow! Fuck!”

CRACK!

CRACK!

“Ow! Yellow! Yellow!”

Mistress put down the cane and left the room. She came back a minute later.

“Ready?”

“Yes Mistress.”

CRACK!

CRACK!

I screamed with my mouth closed. Mistress waited.

CRACK!

CRACK!

CRACK!

“AAAAHHHHH! FUCK!”

She put the cane back in the corner.

“Get your clothes. You’re leaving.”

This had to be a test, but it still sucked. I got dressed.

“Wait. I have something for you.”

She grabbed a box from her cabinet and sat on the edge of the bed.

“Come.”

She pulled out a metal chastity cage.

“Pull your pants and underwear down.”

I undid my belt and top button and pushed my pants down to my knees. She tapped the inside of my thighs and I spread my legs. She reached forward and raised my cock and balls. Even in my distressed state, her touch felt amazing. She didn't say anything, she just fit the metal ring around the base, then pushed the metal tube over my cock. She put a lock through both and clicked it shut. She shook the cage slightly.

“I own your cock. Say it.”

“You own my cock, Mistress.”

“Your pleasure is at my discretion. Think about that.”

“Yes Mistress.”

My dick got half hard and pushed against the metal cage.

“It's time to go.”

I felt a little better that she put the chastity cage on me. At least I knew she wanted to continue to see me. This was definitely a test, and now that I had calmed down a little, I realized I hadn't handled it well. She wanted to see how I'd react when she wasn't in a good mood, when she didn't give me what I wanted. I walked to the front door and knelt. I kissed her feet.

“Thank you, Mistress.”

I straightened up and she looked at me without speaking. She didn't look happy.

“Get out.”

I bowed my head and left. I walked out with a straight back. If she were in a bad mood, I could take it. If she felt like being cruel, I could take it. I was there for her.

The chastity cage felt odd between my legs, and I wondered if I'd get used to the feeling. That night, I realized chastity wasn't a big deal until it was a really big deal. My dick woke me up when it tried to get hard at 2am.

The next morning I was groggy, and I badly wanted to masturbate. When it hit me that Mistress really, truly owned my orgasms, my dick tried to get hard again, and I went through another round of pain. It was such a turn on to feel so controlled. I sent Mistress an email thanking her for putting me in chastity and asking her if there was anything she needed. She sent a short email back saying no, she was fine. The next day was Saturday, and I decided to take a risk.

Hi Mistress,

I have an extra ticket to a dance on Sunday night at The Joyce. It's a great modern dance group called Momix and I think you might like it. Would you like to go?

Best,

Michael

She surprised me by saying yes. I immediately thought about masturbating, then remembered that that was no longer an option. It happened about five times that day.

I picked Mistress up from her place at 6:30 the next night. She looked amazing. I'd only ever seen her in fetish-wear, so it was nice to see her in regular clothes. She wore a black dress that showed just a hint of cleavage and black heels, which made her an inch taller than me. Just about every guy turned to stare at her, and I got a lot of "who the fuck are you?" looks. My last girlfriend was a model, so I was used to it, but there was something different about the way men reacted to Veronica. With my last girlfriend, men stared. But with Veronica, it was like a longing, as if she tapped into every man's secret fantasy.

The dance was great. Veronica had seen them before, so she was somewhat familiar with their work. She was a great date, if that's what this was, super interested in the performance and appreciative. She touched me every so often when she was talking, which felt wonderful, though at one point my dick tried to get hard and it hurt. Afterward, we went to a restaurant that one of my friends owned. It was the hot new place, so there were people three deep at the bar, waiting for a table. We were shown immediately to a booth, and my friend came out to greet us. The chef prepared us special plates, and people stared at us, wondering if we were famous.

As the busboy was clearing our main course, he accidentally knocked Veronica's wine onto her lap.

"Oh my God! I'm so sorry!"

Veronica and I stood up. She blotted her dress with her napkin.

"It's ok."

He seemed on the verge of tears. She put a hand on his arm.

"It was an accident. It's white wine. At least it wasn't red."

He relaxed a bit but kept apologizing. A manager came over.

“Is everything ok?”

“It’s fine,” she said. “Just an accident.”

“I spilled wine on her.”

“Get some towels, Andy.”

“Yes sir.”

The manager turned to us. He knew I was friends with the owner.

“I’m so sorry. Please, bring us the dry-cleaning bill. If it doesn’t come out, we’ll replace the dress.”

“Thank you. It was an honest mistake, and he handled it well.”

The manager fell in love with Veronica on the spot. He left, and soon more wine and three desserts came out, along with another apology. Veronica seemed unaffected by having a slightly wet dress. When I asked her about it, she shrugged.

“It’s just a dress. Why ruin a fun night?”

She held up her glass and we toasted.

We got back to her place at 11, both a little drunk.

“You’re coming up.”

“Yes Mistress.”

I followed her up the stairs and into her apartment.

“Strip. Then get on your knees.”

She walked to the other room, then came back with a pile of clothes and a wig. She threw them on the floor in front of me.

“Put it on.”

It was the outfit from the other day: poofy dress, lacy shirt and the blonde wig. She brought over some lipstick, blush and eye shadow, then held my chin as she applied generous amounts of each.

“Stand.”

I stood up. She made a twirling motion with her finger, and I held the ends of my dress out and turned. She went through her phone and put on a slow, sultry song.

“Dance.”

I moved my hips back and forth as I rubbed my hands down my sides.

“Rub your nipples.”

She gave me more instructions, and I did everything she asked, even when she laughed at me. She got up and brought me a dildo.

“Suck it as you dance. Keep eye contact with me.”

I softly kissed the tip. I focused on pleasing Mistress. I kissed it again, then rubbed it over my face. I moved closer, so I was about a foot in front of her, slowly rocking my hips back and forth as I put it in my mouth. I made an O with my lips and sucked. I let out a moan.

“Come closer.”

She ran her hand over my crotch. My dick tried to get hard in its cage and I let out a soft groan.

“I hadn’t planned on letting you cum for a while, but I may change my mind. Do you have anything you need to be home for tonight?”

“No Mistress.”

“Good. You’ll sleep here. Turn around.”

She rubbed my ass, then pushed her finger against my asshole.

“Keep dancing.”

She walked to the other room and returned wearing her strapon harness, with a six-inch skin-tone dildo.

“Move back. Across the room. On your knees.”

She sat down in her chair and began stroking her cock.

“Crawl to me.”

When I got close, she grabbed the back of my head and guided me to her dildo. She pushed it deep down my throat and held my head. I coughed and gagged. She let go and I lurched back. Drool was running down my chin.

“Keep going!”

I took the dildo as far down as I could. I felt her hand on the back of my head and I tensed.

“Stop pushing against me!”

I coughed and she let me go.

“I’m sorry, Mistress. It’s frightening!”

“I know. I’m training you to trust me.”

I started again; this time I didn’t fight her. She held my head occasionally, then laughed as I choked and coughed. When she’d had enough, my eyes were teary.

“You look so cute in your sissy dress, crying as you suck my cock. I’m definitely going to make you suck a real cock. What do you think about that?”

“I think it’s your decision, Mistress.”

“Really?”

“Yes Mistress. If you want me to, I’ll do it.”

“It’s too bad I can’t call my stud right now. He’s got a huge cock that would look really good shoved into your pretty mouth. You need to get better at deep throating, though. I’m going to send you home with a dildo to practice on.”

“Yes Mistress.”

“Come.”

She stood and patted her hip. I crawled behind her to the couch and knelt before her. She looked down at me. She stroked my cheek.

“You’ve done well these last couple times here. I know I haven’t been very nice.”

She paused, and I wasn’t sure if she was waiting for a response or just gathering her thoughts. She looked at me expectantly.

“Yes Mistress.”

“I told you this before, but most guys who visit dommes aren’t submissives, they’re fetishists or bottoms. Being submissive is just a fun role play for them. It’s a way to get off.”

I nodded. I could definitely see that.

“That’s fine for a session. That’s money for time: I get that. But it doesn’t work for a lifestyle relationship. The truth always comes out. Guys can pretend for a month, maybe two, but when the shiny-new-fun part of the relationship ends and there are the normal arguments and difficulties, suddenly they don’t want to be told what to do.”

She took a breath.

“So my training period isn’t easy, and you have to take it all and smile. The other day, you seemed upset that I made you dance for me.”

“Yes Mistress. I have trouble getting laughed at.”

“That’s a problem, because I like humiliation, and I’m going to laugh at you when I feel like it.”

“Yes Mistress.”

“When I felt you pull back the other day, it made me wonder if you were really in this to serve, or if you were just interested in your own pleasure.”

“That must have felt bad, Mistress.”

“It did, and it killed the mood.”

I nodded.

“Being good looking gives me a lot of advantages in the world. I know that. But there are disadvantages, too, especially in relationships. Some men see me as a trophy. They want to fuck the hot chick to boost their ego or to

get back at the popular girls from 8th grade who didn't like them, so they tell me what I want to hear. After a few months, the real them comes out, and I'm left wondering what's wrong with me that I can't keep a man."

"My last girlfriend said almost the same thing."

"When I start clicking with someone, I have to think, is this really him, and does he like me or just the idea of me?"

I digested that for a moment.

"Can I hold your hands?"

She nodded, and I took her hands in mine.

"I'm sorry you've had to put up with all that. And I'm sorry about the other day. I did pull back. What we're doing is exciting, and some of it is a stretch. I didn't react well. But I'm honest about who I am. I'm not pretending."

She nodded.

"I like being with you, but you still need to prove you're really submissive, and you don't get special compensation just because you're charming."

"Of course, Mistress."

"I can see you're trying to hold back your smile. Just smile."

I smiled broadly.

"It's nice to hear that you think I'm charming."

"You're somewhat charming."

"I'm still counting that as a win."

"Great. Like I was saying: you still need to prove yourself to me, so you're going to suck my friend's cock on Thursday. And you're going to like it, because I say so."

Fuck.

"Yes Mistress. Is...is he clean?"

"He'll wear a condom."

"Oh. Ok."

We were both silent for a minute. She put her hand on mine.

"I understand that some of this is a stretch for you, but that's because you're uptight."

I stared at her in disbelief.

"Ok, fine. Some of it is challenging. But it gets worse, Michael."

"Or better."

She smiled.

“Right, or better.”

She patted my hand.

“Come. Let’s get you in the cage.”

I caught myself before I made a face. I was really hoping to get to sleep next to her, but I would have to stop that type of thinking. I got what Mistress wanted. She led me to that cage underneath the table in her playroom. It was 5’ x 3’, and it had a couple blankets in the bottom. I crawled in, and she closed and locked the door behind me.

“Watch.”

She turned around and lifted up her dress, then pushed her dark blue panties to the side and put her finger in her ass. She pulled it out and showed it to me. It was glistening.

“Come.”

She reached through the bars and rubbed her finger under my nose.

“Good night, slave.”

She turned off the light and walked out of the room. I wondered if I’d have to sleep in the cage all night. Deep in my gut, I knew I would. I heard her get into bed, and then something switch on that sounded like a vibrator. Soon she was moaning. She moaned deep and long as she came. After a couple minutes of silence, I called out to her.

“What, Michael?”

“I have to pee.”

She got up and pushed something thin and crinkly through the bars.

“Put this on.”

I could just barely make out the brand name Depends. I slid off my panties and lifted up my skirt. I’d never put Depends on myself, or anyone, especially in a cramped cage in the dark, but I got it on. Then I pissed myself. I would have to eventually, so why not get it over with? I felt better afterward. I lay on my side. The now heavy diaper sagged a little. I felt good about tonight. Mistress was honest with me, and I understood now why she was so tough with me the other day. I thought about what I could do to make her see I was sincere. I was tired, and before long, I fell asleep.

“Wake up!”

It took me a few seconds to realize where I was and what I was wearing. I looked groggily through the bars at Mistress, and she broke out laughing.

“Oh my God! You look like a slut who passed out in the basement of a frat party!”

“Surely I look worse than that.”

She grabbed her phone and held it up to take a picture. I ducked under the blanket.

“It’s just for me. I won’t show anyone.”

“Please don’t!”

“Fine. Baby.”

I peeked out from under the covers. She’d put her phone away.

“How did you sleep?”

“Ok...I guess. I’m cramped, and I feel bleary. But I bet some coffee and stretching will fix that.”

She walked to the counter and made coffee. She was wearing a short pink satin robe with panties and a t-shirt underneath. Her hair looked like it had been professionally messed up for a photo shoot about bed hair.

“Mistress?”

“Yes fartface?”

“Will you let me out?”

She thought about it for a minute.

“What do I get in return?”

“A foot massage?”

“Nope.”

“You get the joy of me not getting pee on your blankets.”

“Do you have to pee now?”

“Yes, quite badly.”

“Those Depends will hold. They’re very absorbent.”

She came over and stood next to the cage.

“Pee yourself.”

“Now?”

“Yes.”

She bent over and put her hands on her knees.

“C’mon precious, show mommy you can fill your diaper.”

Christ. I took a deep breath in. As I exhaled, I released my bladder.

“Good girl.”

I peed for a while. I didn’t think the Depends would hold, but they did.

“It’s nice and warm, isn’t it?”

“Yes Mistress.”

She poured herself a cup of coffee. She turned and leaned against the counter as she drank.

“I have an idea for what will get you out of that cage. It may be a stretch for you, though.”

“What is it, Mistress?”

“After this coffee, I’ll have to use the bathroom. I want you in there with me, watching.”

“Watching?”

“Kneeling between my legs with your chin on the toilet seat as I go.”

“I take it you’re not talking about pee.”

“Correct.”

I got that strange feeling in my chest of fear and excitement. This was crazy! Right? Or was it just extreme? I tried to think about how I felt, but I couldn’t figure it out. It was always so difficult when I was here. Clearly, Mistress wanted this. She couldn’t have just thought of it now. I was afraid that if I said no, that this would be the last I ever saw her.

“Ok.”

“Good!”

She looked really happy.

“Let me just finish my coffee and I’ll let you out when I’m ready.”

I sat and waited. My crotch was wet, and I was sore and desperately wanted out of the cage, but Mistress kept me there another ten minutes. Finally, she walked over and unlocked the cage.

“Crawl into the bathroom. Kneel in front of the toilet.”

I waited for her on my hands and knees. My breath was shallow, and my entire body felt tingly. I wondered if this were my last chance to stop this before it was totally out of my control. I flexed my fingers. Mistress came in and ran her fingers through my hair. She took off her panties, then stepped over me, hiked up her robe and sat.

“Chin on the bowl.”

I crawled between her legs and put my chin on the edge of the toilet seat. I could hear my heart beating. She put her hands behind my head and pulled me forward a little bit.

“Ready?”

“Yes Mistress.” The words came out as a whisper.

I could see between her legs into the bowl. What was I doing? I closed my eyes. I felt her fingernails lightly scratching the back of my head. Her touch was so sensual. My dick tried to get hard.

“Are your eyes open, fartface?”

I opened my eyes.

“Yes Mistress.”

Her hands went down to the back of my neck, then up to my head. Her grip tightened.

“I’m not going to let go.”

I could see into the toilet bowl and the sides of her thighs and the bottom of her ass. Her thighs tightened against the side of my face. There was a slight crackling sound, and I saw her shit push out of her ass and slowly snake toward the water. I tried to move my head away.

“Uh-uh.”

I didn’t say anything, but I stopped trying to push back. Mistress’ shit dropped into the bowl, fortunately without splashing me. She relaxed her thighs and I waited. The smell was different from being trapped in the toilet box. It wasn’t as thick, but it was sharper. I felt Mistress’ thighs tighten again. She farted, and another log, thinner this time, dropped into the bowl.

“Don’t move!”

She released my head, then stood and wiped herself.

“Put your head over the side.”

I moved my head forward so that my throat rested on the front of the seat, my face angled slightly toward the water. I saw her shit in the bottom of the bowl. The longer log had curled around itself and was lying on the bottom. The smaller, thinner log was floating near the top, next to the toilet paper. Mistress stood and lowered the lid until it rested on the back of my head.

“Stay here for five minutes.”

“Yes Mistress.”

She washed her hands and left. I waited, breathing through my mouth. My heart was still beating rapidly. My dick strained.

After a while, I wondered if more than five minutes had passed. Was I supposed to be keeping time? I knew from meditation that five minutes could feel a lot longer. I closed my eyes. Finally, I heard Mistress’ feet. She knelt next to me and had me sit up. She unlocked my chastity cage. The feeling of relief was overwhelming. She stroked my cheek, then grabbed my hair and pushed my head back into the bowl. I felt her lips against my ear.

“I want you to keep your eyes open, and I want you to breathe through your nose. You can do that for me, can’t you?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“Hold out your hand.”

She squirted lube into my palm.

“Cum for me. Catch it in your palm.”

“Yes Mistress.”

I grabbed my dick and slowly stroked as I looked at her shit.

“Oh my God!”

“You want to be a good boy for me, don’t you Michael?”

“Yes, Mistress!”

The smell of her shit filled my nostrils, but the sensations in my cock were pushing out all sense of disgust. I hadn’t gone so long without masturbating since my freshman year of college. Mistress put her hand on the back of my head and pushed lightly.

“Whatever comes out of your cock goes back in your mouth. You know the rule.”

“Yes Mistress.”

I would have agreed to just about anything in that moment. I felt the porcelain under my chin. This was as kinky and debased and erotic as anything I’d ever experienced. I felt my orgasm coming and didn’t try to stop it. I started shaking.

“Mistress may I cum?”

“Of course, Michael.”

“Oh my God! Oh my God! Oh my Gooooooooooooooooodddddddddd!!!!”

I came so hard that I screamed. I was out of breath when I was done. Mistress pulled me up by the hair and flushed the toilet. I looked at the cum in my hand, then at Mistress. She nodded, and I licked it up.

“Swish it around...and swallow...good boy.”

I sat back on my knees and caught my breath. My face was sweaty. It was a lot, what had just happened, but it was insanely sexy, too. The joy Veronica took from it was all over her face. I was in awe of her utter lack of shame at being turned on by making someone do...what she made me do. My God!

Mistress closed the lid to the toilet and sat down. She looked at me.

“How are you?”

“I’m ok. It was intense. It was really intense.”

“You did amazing! I’m really impressed.”

She smiled. I searched her face for any signs of disgust, but I didn’t see any. It was hard to believe she wouldn’t think less of me for letting her do

that, but she just looked happy. She waited to see if I wanted to talk more, but I didn't. She stood up.

"You should shower."

The hot water felt great. I tried to scrub off the weird feeling that I had done something that couldn't be undone. Now that I'd cum, my reasons for doing this were unclear. Where did I think this was going? I didn't know.

After my shower, Veronica walked me to the bedroom and pointed to her bed.

"On your back. Legs apart."

She put my chastity cage back on me. I'd forgotten about it, incredibly. She got the metal tube around me and locked into the base before I could get hard again. She gave me a pat on the crotch.

"All nice and locked."

She crawled off the bed and opened one of her drawers. I felt clothing hit my stomach. Pink sweatpants and a pink t-shirt.

"Put them on and you can stretch while I make breakfast."

She called me in when breakfast was ready. She'd made eggs and toast with a side of spinach and coffee. We ate for a while in comfortable silence.

"You look good in pink."

"It's my favorite color."

"I'll remember that. Have you done much crossdressing?"

"No. It's never been a thing for me."

She nodded.

"If the person I was with was really into it, though, I could get into it. It's just not something I actively crave."

"What if it were part of forced bi?"

I thought about it.

"If my Mistress wanted me to, I would."

"You seem very serious."

"Oh" I smiled. "I'm just trying to show that I'm thinking deeply about things."

"How intellectual of you."

"I'm *extremely* intellectual."

"Really?"

"Yes. Sometimes I worry it's too much, my brain."

She dipped her finger in her water and flicked it at me. After the meal, I did the dishes, then met her in her bedroom. She smiled and put her hands on

my cheeks. Her lips were close to mine, and I felt my heart thump.

“You did well, Michael. I’m happy with you.”

It was impossible not to smile.

“Thank you, Mistress.”

She leaned forward and kissed my forehead.

“You have to go, but before you do...”

She turned and pushed down her sweatpants.

“Kiss.”

I knelt and kissed one butt cheek, then the other. She reached back and pulled her cheeks apart.

“Get your nose very close to me and sniff.”

I put my nose right up against her asshole and sniffed. I recoiled. She hadn’t done a great job wiping. I wondered if that were purposeful. I got to my feet and she threaded her arm through mine as we walked to her door.

“Get changed and I’ll see you Thursday, Fartface. Oh! I almost forgot.”

I put my clothes on. It seemed like longer than twelve hours since I last wore them. Mistress came back with a dildo. She put it in a cloth bag, then put the cloth bag in a plastic shopping bag and handed it to me.

“Wash it before you use it. It’s silicone, so boil it in hot water for two minutes. Don’t use silicone lube with it, or any lube. Clear?”

“Yes Mistress.”

She held my chin and gave me a quick peck on the lips. It was quick and casual, but it still made my legs weak.

“Practice your cocksucking for 15 minutes a day. Work on your gag reflex. You suck cock for real on Thursday.”

“Yes Mistress.”

She ran her fingertips down my cheek and smiled. Her smile was infectious, and I was grinning all the way to the subway. The bag with the dildo was too big to fit in my pocket, so I held it in my hand. You couldn’t tell what it was, but I was still self-conscious. I held it tightly, so I didn’t accidentally drop it on the subway and have it roll to a stop against an elderly woman’s foot.

Session 6

That evening, Mistress emailed to check in on me. I told her I was fine. I didn't want to tell her that I was seized by the fear that she was laughing at me, that this was all a joke to her. And even if it weren't a joke, was this *really* something I wanted? If I were a stronger man, would I cut off all contact? Or would it be stronger to just say fuck it, I like this and it doesn't matter?

A day later, of course, I was desperate to see her again. My cock was aching in its chastity prison and I had taken to holding it around the sides of the metal when I got really horny. More often than not, it made things worse. I emailed Mistress about it.

You are such a slut, slutface!

I don't have a penis, and I've never been in chastity, but my ex grew to take more pleasure from his ass and prostate when he was locked up. You have my dildo, but maybe it's too big for you. Get a butt plug and play with your butt for sexual pleasure. That's now part of your homework. Do it tomorrow. Go to a sex store and ask the person behind the counter for help. Then email me and tell me how it went. For the record, I don't mind that you're aching :)

Unfortunately, I won't be able to meet on Thursday, as I have a work thing. But there's a fetish party Saturday night that I'm taking you to.

I was relieved I wouldn't have to suck some guy's cock, but I'd been hoping to see her Thursday, and I really wanted to cum. But she was taking me to a fetish party! That was promising! The next day I went to Purple Passions, a sex toy and bondage gear shop in Chelsea, and walked out with an Njoy stainless steel butt plug and some Elbow Grease lube. That night, I put a towel down on my bed and tried it out. It was a little awkward getting it in, but not terrible. It didn't take the place of regular masturbation, though. In fact, it just made me more horny. I wondered if Mistress knew that was going to happen. That night, I sent her an email.

Hi Mistress,

I'm very excited for the fetish party and to see you again! I was curious about some things, though. I haven't ever played in public, so I was hoping we could talk about limits and what you'd expect out of me. I'm also curious if there are any protocols I should know, such as how to greet and interact with other dominant women, how to greet and interact with other subs, if there's a dress code I should know about or any other preparations I should make before coming? Also, how should I act in relation to you? Do you want me to always walk a few steps behind you, or crawl? Eye contact?

You know, just a few questions. :)

-Slutface

She sent me a one-word reply

Relax

The next day, she emailed to tell me I had to paint her friend's studio. Her friend was doing her some favor that she didn't elaborate on, and this was a thank you. She sent an address and detailed instructions. I showed up at her friend's place and was let in by her boyfriend. The furniture was already in the center of the room, so I just put down tape and drop cloths while the boyfriend sat and read. I wondered if he were going to ask me questions I didn't want to answer, such as why was I doing this and how did I know Veronica. I listened to a podcast on my headphones and did my best to silently communicate my wish to be left alone. It worked, probably because he didn't want to talk to me, either. Painting took a long time, as it always does, but afterward I felt the good kind of tired, and I was happy that I had done something for Mistress.

On Friday, I got a haircut, then went back to Purple Passions and bought a fetish-y leather top that looked like a biker's vest. It had studs and some chains hanging down. I thought it was pretty cool. I wore it with a purple shirt and black pants to Mistress' apartment on Saturday afternoon. She squinted when she saw me.

"You're wearing *that*?"

My mouth dropped open. I started to stammer out an explanation, but she laughed.

"I'm just fucking with you, Slutface. You look very handsome."

“Thank you, Mistress.”

“You should have seen your face.”

“I bet it was very funny.”

“It was.”

I knelt and kissed her feet.

“Do you have my oat milk?”

Oh fuck! Mistress had texted me to bring her oat milk and I totally forgot! Shit! Shit! Shit!

“I’m so sorry, Mistress. I forgot. I can run out now.”

I looked at her. She wasn’t happy.

SLAP!

“Clothes off...come.”

She patted her hip and walked to her couch. I rubbed my face. When I was naked, I crawled to her. She took my chin in her hand.

“We’ll get to you ignoring my request in a minute. First, a fetish party is for fun. I get the feeling you’re overthinking it.”

“I am. I just don’t want to mess anything up. I like this, and I want it to go well.”

“You like this? What’s this?”

“Seeing if I could be your slave, or kind of slave, and...you know...seeing if we could...um...you know....date?”

Jesus! What was I saying? Mistress enjoyed my stumbling.

“I’m sorry Mistress. I think too much, and I’m doing that now.”

“Would it make you feel better if I let you know how I feel about you?”

“Yes.”

She held her hand flat and tilted it from side to side.

“You’re ok.”

I laughed. She joined me.

“You’ve done well following commands, oat milk non-withstanding, and you’re fun to be with. Keep doing that.”

“Thank you.”

“Try to work on your personality, though.”

“I’ll do what I can.”

“As for the fetish party: you’re going as my pet, which means when I tell you to do something, you do it. When I greet a dominant woman, stand

with your head down until I tell you how to greet her. I may have you kiss her feet, but not everyone likes that. It depends on who it is. I'm definitely going to punish you at some point for forgetting my oat milk. Otherwise, it's a lot like us playing in private. If I ask you to do something you're not comfortable doing, just say your safeword and we'll discuss it."

"Ok...that makes me feel better."

"Good. It's time to get you ready."

I followed her to the other room and knelt as she fastened a thick black leather collar around my neck. It felt meaningful. She handed me a pair of crotchless pink panties and a pink petticoat.

"Put them on. I want to see how you look."

"Am I going to wear these in public?"

"You'll put them on at the party."

I got dressed. Mistress gave me a frilly pink and white shirt and a long brunette wig. She led me over to the mirror.

"What a pretty girl you are! Someone's going to want to fuck you; I just know it. We'll see if I let them."

I didn't want to ask if she were kidding. Mistress took my hand and brought me over to the spanking bench.

"Get on."

She grabbed a crop, then pushed my petticoat up over my back and pulled down my underwear.

Whack!

Whack!

Whack!

"When I tell you to do something, you do it. Understand?"

"Yes, Mis-"

Whack!

"Oww!"

Whack!

Whack!

She rubbed my butt, then knelt in front of me.

"You're going to do what I say at this party. You will not embarrass me. I don't have to worry about that, do I?"

"No Mistress. I promise."

She walked behind me.

WHACK!

“OW! FUCK!”

WHACK!

WHACK!

WHACK!

“OW!! OW!”

WHACK!

WHACK!

WHACK!

“Oh my God! Please Mistress! It hurts!”

I heard her footsteps walk to the corner of the room, then back. I felt something thin and wooden tap my butt.

“This is what will happen to you if you disobey me tonight.”

CRACK!

I lurched up and to the right. Fortunately I was holding on, or I would have popped off of the bench.

“Yellow! Yellow!”

She put the cane down and rubbed my butt. Holy fuck that hurt!

“You have two more.”

CRACK!

“AAAHHHHH!”

CRACK!

“ARGHHHHH!! God! God! God! God!”

She rubbed my ass again. It burned where she had hit me.

“You’re such a wimp.”

“I know.”

“Come down and thank me by kissing my feet. Then fold up your pretty sissy clothes and put them in my bag with your collar. Get dressed in your regular clothes. I like your vest, by the way. It’s sexy.”

Mistress had me wait in the cage while she got dressed. It took her a long time, as expected. When she came out to unlock me, my jaw dropped.

She was wearing thigh-high black leather boots, fishnet stockings and a black leather mini skirt with a red leather corset and black gloves that came up to her elbows. Her hair and makeup looked professionally done. She was a fetish fantasy come to life.

“Mistress! You’re beautiful!”

She smiled as she unlocked the cage.

“Behind me. Kiss.”

She lifted up her skirt and I kissed one butt cheek, then the other. She pulled her thong to the side and spread her butt cheeks.

“Sniff.”

I smelled her asshole. It was cleaner this time, but it still smelled like an asshole.

On just the walk from the front of her apartment building to the cab, Mistress got three comments from random dudes. When we got in the cab, she reached over and took my hand in hers. I smiled. I just couldn’t believe this person liked me. It hit me that part of my surprise was because I didn’t think of her like a human being, as someone who had wants and needs and insecurities. I was treating her like an actual Goddess, which was fine for a session but not fair for a relationship. I gave her hand a squeeze.

“You really do look wonderful.”

She smiled and squeezed my hand back.

The entrance to the fetish club was through a parking lot and then down a set of stairs. As we approached the entrance, Mistress put her hand on my back and pulled me close to her.

“From now on, speak only when spoken to.”

“Yes Mistress.”

We waited silently in line. When I got to the front to show our tickets, the guy recognized Mistress and waved us through. He turned and watched her as we walked by.

The party was full without being crowded. Nine Inch Nails was playing, of course. There were a lot of dommes, most with slaves. The women were all decked out in fetish gear. The men were either in fetish gear or naked or in revealing or ridiculous outfits. I saw two guys with the same vest as mine. Shit. There was a group of single guys at the bar, trying to look content. They all stared as we walked by.

There were play spaces all over, some occupied by dommes and their

slaves. Even in this scene, surrounded by beautiful and scantily clad women, Mistress turned heads. She was just so ravishing. She led me to a corner.

“Clothes off.”

She reached into her bag and pulled out my sissy gear. I folded up my vest and shirt. I had a moment of panic that someone would know me from outside, and I kicked myself for not asking for a mask. But after a moment, I realized that if someone I knew were here, it meant they liked this kind of thing, too, and they’d keep their mouth shut. And what was I worried about anyway? I ran my own business, and my company wasn’t tied up with my name. I was fine.

When I was dressed, Mistress pulled out makeup. She straightened my wig and put pink lipstick on me, followed by blush and light blue eye shadow. It took a long time, or seemed to, anyway. When she was finished, she showed me my reflection in her pocket mirror. She’d really caked on the make-up.

“You’re beautiful, sweetie.”

She touched my nose with the tip of her finger, then pulled out the collar from earlier and put it on me. I loved the feel of her collaring me: the soft leather against my skin, knowing it was her that was doing it. She cinched it tight and attached a leash.

“Come. Walk slightly behind me.”

She tugged on the leash.

“Should I keep my head down?”

“So you can bump into me? No. And I thought I told you no talking unless spoken to. That includes stupid questions.”

“Sorry Mistress.”

“Let’s go.”

I followed her as she walked into to a small room off the main floor. A group of three women were standing in a circle talking. Two men stood at attention and a third waited on his knees. One of the women turned.

“Veronica!”

The other two women turned and they all kissed hello. I stood behind Mistress with my hands clasped behind my back.

“And who is this lovely thing?”

“This is a new potential. Slutface, come say hello to Mistress Jade, Domina Elise and Mistress Ka.”

I said hi to all three by name.

“Kneel and kiss their boots.”

Mistress Ka stood a little farther back than the other two, so I had to reach for her foot. When I got close, she pulled it away and I almost fell. The mistresses all laughed. It was kind of funny, to be honest.

“Stand up you pretty little sissy. Let’s get a look at you.”

I stood. Mistress Jade held my hands out to the side.

“Oh, Veronica, she’s beautiful.”

“She’s a total slut.”

“Really? My slave is a slut, too. Do you think they’d like each other?”

“I think so. Slutface really wants to suck cock tonight. Isn’t that right, Slutface?”

I knew my cue.

“Yes Mistress.”

Mistress Jade clapped her hands in front of her chest.

“Fantastic!”

She called her slave over. He was slightly taller than me and muscular. He wore only bikini briefs.

“Aaron. Show this nice sissy your cock.”

He pulled out his cock. It wasn’t hard yet, but it was already pretty big.

“Get it hard.”

He began stroking himself. His hard cock was over seven inches. Mistress came behind me. I felt her fingernails stroking the back of my neck.

“Isn’t that a beautiful cock, sissy? Don’t you want to kiss it?”

I stared at his cock for a moment.

“It is a beautiful cock, Mistress. I would like to kiss it.”

“I know, sweetie, but not just yet. You haven’t earned it. You ignored one of my commands earlier today, so you need to be punished.”

I exhaled. Punishment. That was better.

“Ask Mistress Jade if you can suck her slave’s cock later.”

I looked up at Mistress Jade. She was attractive, probably in her late thirties, with black hair down to her shoulders and dark brown eyes.

“May I suck his cock later, Mistress Jade?”

“Of course you can, sweetie.”

She stroked my cheek.

“Would you like to help me correct his behavior, Jade?”

“I would. We can use my cane.”

Shit! I looked at Mistress with wide eyes. She tugged on my leash.

“Come.”

I followed them to a spanking bench in the corner. I got on, and they tightened straps around my ankles and wrists. Mistress pulled my skirt up and my underwear down.

“Oh my! Someone was bad, weren’t they?”

“Yes, Mistress Jade.”

I felt Jade’s hands on my back.

“Look at this body!”

“Yes, Michael here keeps in good shape.”

Mistress Jade patted my butt.

“You have a very nice butt, sissy.”

“He knows it.”

She tapped my ass with the cane.

“Don’t you, Michael?”

“I do, Mistress.”

“Shall we warm him up?”

That was Mistress Jade.

“Yes.”

They spanked me with their hands, standing on either side of my waist and alternating whacks. Being in public made me nervous, even though I knew I was surrounded by kinky people. The upside was those nerves made it easier to take pain. After about 20, they stopped.

“Enough warm up. These will be hard. And fast.”

Whap!

Whap!

Whap!

Whap!

Whap!

Whap!

Whap!

“Unnnngghgh!!”

They weren’t hitting me as hard as Mistress had earlier, but they were coming quicker, and I couldn’t use my breath to disperse the pain.

“I’m sorry Mistress! I’m sorry!”

They ignored me and kept spanking, 25...30...40...50. They must have given each other a silent signal, because they both stopped at the same time. Mistress knelt down and rubbed my cheek.

“I’m going to give you 10 with the cane, and then Jade’s going to give you 10 with the cane. And that’s it.”

Oh fuck! I didn’t know if I could take that.

“Yes Mistress. Thank you.”

“I’ll check in. If it gets too much, tell me.”

“Thank you, Mistress.”

She walked behind me. Mistress Jade stood in front of me and held my head.

“Veronica told me you’ve never sucked a cock before.”

“Yes Mistress Jade. I haven’t.”

“Are you nervous?”

“I am.”

“I can tell. His cock’s big, too.”

Crack!

It hurt, but it wasn’t terrible. I realized that the earlier cane strokes were to send a message.

Crack!

Crack!

Mistress was spacing them out, giving me a chance to breathe between each one. After the fifth, she rubbed my lower back. I was starting to sweat, and I was jumping after each blow.

CRACK!

“OW!”

That was number 10. I was breathing quickly. I didn’t know if I could take 10 more. Actually, I did. I knew I could; it just wouldn’t be pleasant. Fortunately, Jade hit me lighter than Mistress. Maybe she could sense that I couldn’t take much pain.

When they were finished, they left me tied to the spanking bench and walked back to Domina Elise, Mistress Ka and their slaves. I was worried someone might take advantage of me, but I was pretty sure Mistress wouldn’t put me in that position. After five minutes, she came back and untied me. I kissed her feet, and she reattached my leash and walked me around the party. People greeted her kindly. It was clear that she was respected in the community.

“Mistress?”

She eyed me.

“Yes?”

“May I use the bathroom.”

“Yes. Hurry back.”

I walked quickly to the bathroom. After I peed, I was washing my hands when a humongous guy came in and stood next to me.

“Hey man, I’m Big Sub.”

“Mike.”

“I won’t shake your hand cause that’s weird in a public bathroom.”

“Good call.”

“Hey, who’d you have to kill to be with Mistress Veronica?”

“Just three or four dudes. No big deal.”

He laughed.

“I’m sure they had it coming.”

“I assume so. I didn’t ask.”

He laughed again good-naturedly.

“Nice to meet you. Enjoy the party.”

I found Veronica near where I’d left her. She was talking to a beautiful but sour looking Asian domme. Her slave stood behind her with his head down. I looked past them to the corner, where a domme had a slave locked in a pillory. She had a crop, and she alternated between hitting him and rubbing him softly.

“Slave. This is Mistress Ava.”

“Nice to meet you, Mistress Ava.”

She looked at me and her frowned deepened, as if I said something disappointing. She was wearing a red and black latex bodysuit, which looked good on her. She seemed unhappy, though, and I wondered if she were one of those dommes who thought being dominant meant you had to be upset all the time.

“Wait here, slave. I’m going to say hi to someone.”

She headed across the party. I looked back at Ava.

“Your mistress is very kind to let you accompany her. She could have anyone, you know that? I wonder why she chose you.”

It was going to be like that.

“I don’t know, Domina.”

“Her last boyfriend decided that he couldn’t serve her the way she

wanted...after years together.”

She looked at me like she expected an answer, as if I were responsible for her ex-boyfriend. I didn’t respond.

“I care about Veronica deeply. All of us do. If you know you can’t be her slave, don’t pretend. Tell her now and spare her the time and energy.”

With heroic strength, I kept from rolling my eyes. I looked around for Mistress, but I didn’t see her.

“I’ll take that into account, Domina.”

She looked at me sharply. I guess I hadn’t quite kept my tone neutral. Mistress appeared at my side.

“I was telling your slave how lucky he is.”

Ava looked at me, and I knew another short lecture was coming.

“Mistress always gets what she wants. See that that continues.”

She walked away, her slave in tow.

“What were you two talking about?”

“She lectured me on how lucky I was to be with you. Then she lectured me about it, again.”

Mistress seemed like she was holding back a smile.

“Did you know she was going to do that?”

“I know her, so I knew she’d do something to annoy you.”

She smiled outright.

“You’re a true sadist, Mistress.”

“I know what will get the taste of that last conversation out of your mouth. C’mon.”

She pulled my leash.

“It’s time for you to suck cock.”

She led me to a private room just big enough for a queen-sized bed and a couple chairs. She took off my chastity cage and had me kneel. Mistress Jade and Aaron came in shortly after.

“Ok,” Mistress began. She nodded at me and I stood. “We’re going to have a contest. You two are going to suck each other’s cocks, and whoever lasts the longest wins. If you both last 10 minutes, you both win.”

“I want to see some foreplay.” That was Jade. “Move together.” She looked at Aaron, then at me. “Run your hands over each other’s bodies. Kiss. I want to see tongue. I want to see *romance*.”

She made a hand gesture as she said romance, then laughed. Mistress did, too. If I weren’t so nervous, I would have found it funny. Aaron and I

stood almost chest to chest. He seemed ok with all of this, and I got the impression he'd done it before. I knew I was going to have to suck a dude's cock eventually, so why not now, with a guy who would be sucking mine, too? This didn't have to be a big deal, and it would make Mistress happy.

I ran my fingertips up Aaron's sides. He put his arms over my shoulders and rubbed the back of my neck. Our eyes met, and I blushed at the intimacy of it. I hadn't expected that. He leaned in and we kissed. I put my hand on his cheek.

"Tongue!"

I hadn't kissed a guy before. It was unpleasant, to be honest, or maybe it was just Aaron and his stubbly face, but I pushed through.

"Mike, trail your hand down his chest to his stomach...Good, now lower...good, stay there, just above his groin. Tickle it with your fingertips."

"Aaron, hold his face with both hands."

He held me as we kept kissing.

"Aaron, get him naked."

I lifted my arms and he pulled my shirt over my head. He hooked his thumbs into my skirt and pulled it down.

"Nice panties!"

"Thank you, Mistress Jade."

Aaron sank to his knees and took my panties down. I stepped out of them.

"Stand up Aaron. Michael, take down Aaron's briefs."

I dropped to my knees and pulled down Aaron's underwear. As I pulled them off, his dick popped up and touched my cheek.

"On the bed. Aaron, on your back. Mike, straddle his face. Now lean forward close to his cock...good."

Aaron's cock was laying on his stomach. Mistress went behind me, and I felt her stroke my asshole with her fingertip. At the same time, I saw Jade run her hand over Aaron's cock. I got hard, and I felt Mistress slide a condom over my dick. Jade put one on Aaron. Then the mistresses switched places and Mistress came by my head.

"Kiss the tip, Michael."

I could feel her excitement. I held the base of his cock and gave the tip a slow kiss. I felt Aaron kissing up the side of my cock.

"Now lick it."

I started licking the underside. His cock was warm: I could feel it

through the condom. I licked from the base up to the tip in long strokes. Aaron stroked me as he licked the head of my dick. I felt Mistress' lips near my ear.

"Lick his balls. Take his balls into your mouth."

They were salty. I put his cock in my mouth and tried to take all of him, but I could barely get halfway down.

"Relax your throat."

Mistress put her hand on the back of my head and gently pushed. I let her control the rhythm. I could feel Aaron sucking me, and I could hear Mistress Jade whispering instructions to him. He kept his hand around the base of my cock and pumped as he sucked. I moved my finger to his ass crack and began lightly rubbing his asshole. He squirmed a little. I started sucking him harder. I wanted to make him cum for Mistress. I felt her pushing on my head as I bobbed up and down. Then she let go and stood up. I heard her and Jade in the corner, but I couldn't see what they were doing. I kept sucking.

Mistress Jade walked in front of me. She wore a strapon harness with a realistic-looking cock sticking out of it. She ran her gloved fingers through my hair, then pressed my head down and held, gagging me on Aaron's cock. I gasped and coughed. She squirted lube onto her finger and rubbed it on Aaron's asshole. At the same time, I felt Mistress' finger, rubbing up and down my opening. Jade put one finger, then two inside of Aaron. He was loose already. I wondered how long he'd been serving her and what she was like as a mistress.

Aaron wasn't bad at cocksucking, but he wasn't great. I was going to last 10 minutes, for sure. And then Mistress found my prostate. I jumped.

"You like that, don't you slut?"

I moaned. Oh Jesus! If she kept rubbing like that, I would cum.

"You're squirming, Slutface. Are you afraid you'll cum?"

I closed my eyes and took a deep, slow breath. Mistress took her finger out of me.

"Ready?"

"Ready."

I looked up to see Jade push her cock into Aaron as Mistress penetrated me. I moaned. Jade grabbed Aaron's hips and pulled him back toward her. I felt Mistress move in and out of me, and I fought to keep my attention on sucking Aaron's cock. Jade kept one hand on Aaron's thigh, and reached up

with the other and grabbed my hair. She and Mistress seemed to have the same rhythm. I wondered what we looked like, two guys in 69 as their mistresses fucked them. Mistress pushed all the way into me. It was right on the edge of painful, and I grunted. Jade was speeding up. She pushed into Aaron until her stomach hit me. She pushed my head down.

“Suck sissy!”

I sucked as I rocked forward and back with Mistress’ thrusts. At one point I came close to cumming, but I clamped down hard and held it back. Eventually both mistresses pulled out.

“Ok, lovers. That’s enough.”

I didn’t make Aaron cum, but he didn’t make me cum either. Both mistresses inspected our cocks. Mistress pulled off my condom. Aaron knelt at Jade’s feet.

“Looks like they both won...and lost.”

“Not Aaron.” Jade patted his head. “His mission was to make Mike cum, and he failed. Didn’t you, slave?”

“Yes Mistress.”

She took hold of his collar.

“He has a date with my cane. Would you like to help?”

“No thanks. Slutface here just sucked his first cock, and he didn’t cum, so he gets a nice reward: something I know he’s been wanting.”

That made me perk up.

“Fun. Ok, darling. Come find me before you go.”

“Of course.”

They kissed cheeks. Jade ran her fingers through my hair as she walked by.

“You’re a good cocksucker, sissy.”

They left.

“Wow! Suck a guy’s cock and he doesn’t even say goodbye.”

Mistress looked at me curiously.

“That was a joke.”

“I know. I’m surprised you’re in a joking mood. You look happy.”

“I am.”

“Why?”

“Because I did something I was scared to do and it wasn’t bad. And I made you happy.”

She rubbed my cheek.

“You did.”

“It helped that it was another sub, and that he was sucking my cock, too. It wasn’t like he was domming me.”

“You don’t want another guy to dominate you?”

“Definitely not.”

She nodded.

“And he has a nice cock.” She smiled.

“He has a very beautiful penis.”

She laughed.

“Would you like your reward?”

“Yes Mistress.”

She went to her bag and pulled out a small plastic Tupperware container and opened it. I looked at it, then at her.

“It’s peanut butter.”

She locked the door, then pulled down her underwear and stepped out of them. She came back to me and stood very close. I could feel her breath. She reached out and stroked my cock.

“You were such a good slave for me: kissing a man for the first time and sucking his cock. And you didn’t cum. Although, I think I could have made you if I kept stroking your prostate.”

“Yes, Mistress.”

She was right. And her hand felt amazing. I got hard.

“I’m going to let you lick my asshole now. I know you really want to.”

She was right about that, too. She kept stroking me lightly, running her fingertips down the underside of my cock. I moaned. She moved closer until she was whispering in my ear.

“You want to be my slave, don’t you?”

Her lips touched my ear, and I shivered.

“Yes Mistress. More than ever.”

“Will you be brave for me?”

“Yes Mistress. Anything.”

“Good.” She kissed me. “Make me happy, and I’ll do this until you cum. Now on your knees.”

Mistress took two fingers-full of peanut butter and wiped them around her asshole. She pushed some inside her, too. She climbed onto the edge of the bed on her knees, then reached back and pulled up her skirt.

“Get to work!”

Her ass looked like she had just gone the bathroom, but I was so turned on I didn't care. I crawled to her and began licking. It was just peanut butter. I cleaned around her asshole first. It was just peanut butter. It was just peanut butter. After a minute, I forgot what it looked like and lost myself in worshipping her. I licked up the sides of her ass crack, teasing the sensitive area near her asshole.

"Oh, *fuck* yes!"

I licked from the top to the bottom. I spread her butt cheeks and pushed my tongue into her. She moaned and bucked forward. I licked and sucked as I tried to get my tongue as far into her as possible, as if it contained something precious and essential.

"Ohhhh!"

Mistress jerked back against me. From behind, it was hard to tell what she was doing, but then it hit me she was masturbating.

"Oh, yes, you dirty fucking slave! Oh my fucking *God*!"

Her hips spasmed and she pushed back into me with three quick pulses.

"That's right you fucking shit eater! You know that's where this is going, don't you? You're going to eat my shit! Don't...oh...don't pretend you don't want to. I fucking know what you want...Oh...FUCK!"

Her hips were bucking wildly. I licked frantically, lost in passion.

"Oh! Oh! Oh!"

She gradually slowed down.

"Get on the bed! On your back!"

Mistress lowered herself to my face, pulling her ass cheeks apart before she made contact. I pushed my tongue into her. She leaned forward and stroked me.

"I could tell the first time I saw you. You won't admit it, yet, but I know you want it. You want me to make you do it! You want to make it seem like you didn't have a choice!"

I could feel my orgasm coming. Her hand on my dick, and her words, boring into me. I couldn't take it.

"Cum for me! Cum for me *shiteater*!"

I came like a volcano, shooting volley after volley of cum. All that went through my head was Oh my God! Oh my God! Oh my God!

Mistress lifted off of me, then turned and smiled at me from above. Her face looked kind. She was holding her hand out, palm up. For a second I was confused, then it hit me that she had caught my cum.

“Open.”

She poured it into my mouth. I swallowed and licked her hand clean. She leaned down and kissed my forehead.

“Mistress?”

“Yes?”

“Will you lie next to me? Just for a little bit. Just for 10 seconds. Please. It doesn’t have to be long!”

She rubbed my cheek, then lay next to me. I scooted over, and she rubbed my chest. She leaned her forehead against the side of my head and kissed my ear. I couldn’t speak, afraid that if I tried I would break down. We lay like that for a while, five minutes, maybe longer, until I calmed down just a little.

“Let’s go home, Michael.”

In the taxi, Mistress was silent. I couldn’t tell what she was thinking, but I was pretty sure she was coming down from the party. I know I was. Now that I knew her a little better, I knew she was an introvert and she would need to decompress, most likely alone, from being around a big group of people.

Mistress gave the taxi driver a different address from the one I knew, and it hit me that she didn’t live where she held sessions. That made sense. It made me feel good that I had passed whatever test was necessary to see where she lived for real. I stared out the window, and after a moment it hit me that the feeling in my chest that I was struggling to recognize was happiness.

Mistress’ apartment was modern and clean. It felt expensive, and I wondered what her other job was. She still wasn’t in a talking mood, though. She took off her clothes and went to the bathroom. I got her a glass of water and set it on the nightstand. I hung up her clothes. When I came back, she was lying down.

“Would you like me to leave, Mistress?”

“Did I say that?”

“No Mistress.”

“Just lie on the bed with me but don’t touch me and don’t bother me. I want you here, but not if you’re going to be needy.”

That stung a little, but the fact that I was here, and that she wanted me to stay, made me feel like jumping up and down. I lay on the bed a little apart from her. I badly wanted to put my hand on her side, to softly stroke her back until she felt better, but I realized that the best thing to do was what she said.

This was what she needed. If she wanted something different, she'd tell me.

We fell asleep. She woke me up at 8am the next morning and asked me to give her space. I got dressed and kissed her feet. She gave me a warm hug and told me to put my chastity cage on as soon as I got home.

Session 7

Mistress emailed me that night to check in. I told her I felt fine, and I did. I kept waiting to feel guilty for giving some random dude head, but it never came. I honestly didn't care. It got me thinking about my beliefs. A lot of them were formed when I was young — before 20, definitely. If I were starting over, would I still believe them? If I got amnesia, and I had to create myself all over, would I choose to believe that sucking someone's cock was a terrible thing? Why did it have to be a big deal? What did it matter?

I had been a judgmental and closed-minded kid, and a lot of my beliefs made no sense. I remembered in high school thinking a girl was a slut because she liked sex. Jesus. I would have fucked literally *anyone* who would have had me, and I was looking down on her for having sex? Ugh. I didn't believe that anymore, obviously, but was I still clinging to other beliefs that were just as dumb? Wasn't it time for me to let go of all the judgment and just embrace what I wanted?

The thought made me feel really good: giddy, almost, and the person I most wanted to tell was Mistress. I wondered if she were still in a funk. Would I be bothering her? I decided that it wasn't healthy to be afraid to email someone I was maybe dating.

Mistress,

I hope you're doing well. I got the feeling that you needed some downtime to recharge. The following is a stream of thoughts I had this morning about desire and shame. Read it when you're ready. I'm curious about your thoughts.

Best,

Slutface

I cut and pasted my thoughts from earlier and hit send before I could think too much about it. Mistress wrote me back the next day.

Michael,

I adored your thoughts around forced bi and sexuality. Bring those thoughts, and your slutty self, to my studio tomorrow night at 6. We're having

dinner and then playing.

Mistress Veronica

I reread her email about a half dozen times. Then I got scared. She said on Saturday night that she was going to shit on me! She said that I was going to eat her shit!!

I started pacing. Was she serious? I had originally thought that we were both just swept up in the moment. She'd done that before. But she sounded like she meant it this time. What if she misinterpreted my email as a green light to make me eat her shit!

I realized that I was being ridiculous. If she wanted me to do that, I would say no. It was as simple as that. She liked edge play and extreme talk. This was just that, talk.

I was at her place at 6 the next day with a bottle of wine. My heart felt happy. I entered and kissed her feet. Mistress turned and lifted up her skirt.

"Kiss."

I kissed her cheeks. She reached back and spread her butt cheeks. I put my nose in her asshole and sniffed.

"Ouch!"

"Oh, no, your poor penis is trapped!"

"It's a prisoner of conscience, Mistress."

"For what cause?"

"Um...for chastity, Mistress."

"Really?"

"Until all cocks are locked up, none of us are free."

She smiled and shook her head.

"Goofball."

I took off my clothes.

"Come."

She patted her thigh and walked into the other room, where the toilet box was already out. My fears from the night before returned. Was she planning...?

"I haven't farted in your face for a while, and I know how much you miss it, so I had a lot of dairy for lunch. Aren't I nice?"

She reached down and stroked my locked dick. I pushed my hips back, which was the total wrong thing to do because it just made her reach for my

dick again, and then again, laughing at how much discomfort it caused me.

“Stop! Stand up straight. Hands at your sides.”

She lifted my cock and balls. With her right index finger, she stroked the top of my cage.

“Mistress...oh. Ow. Can I talk to you about something?”

“Of course, Fartface. What?”

“The night of the party, you said you were going to...shit in my mouth. I don’t want to say no to you, but I can’t do that.”

“I know, Michael. I like to talk dirty. It’s a huge turn on for me. I told you that before.”

“Ok.”

“I’m not going to shit in your mouth tonight.”

I waited for her to say something else, but she didn’t.

“I just want to ma- wait. Can I hold your hands?”

She held her hands out and I took them in mine.

“I like you, and sometimes I feel like I can’t stop myself when I’m with you. I like when you push me. I just get scared because I get caught up in the moment and I’m worried I’ll do something...extreme.”

“I thought you had this big revelation about doing what felt good?”

“I did. But sucking someone’s dick and eating shit are different.”

“Are they?”

I couldn’t tell if she were joking.

“I get to have some boundaries, Mistress.”

She smiled.

“I know. I’m just teasing you. I know that’s a hard limit for you. I respect that.”

“Thank you.”

“Get in the box.”

When my wrists and ankles were cuffed and locked, Mistress looked down on me through the opening in the top.

“I told you before that these sessions are about my desires, and my desire tonight is to have you in my toilet box, smelling my farts all night. So that’s what you’re going to do. And I had a lot of dairy for lunch, so it’s going to be nasty.”

Oh Jesus! I’d felt like I was going to pass out the last time, when she hadn’t purposefully overloaded on dairy.

“I thought we were having dinner, Mistress?”

“I changed my mind. If you’re good, I’ll let you lick peanut butter from my asshole again.”

She straightened up and put her hand on her stomach. Her face turned serious, as if her stomach hurt. It passed and she looked down at me.

“Not yet.”

She lowered the toilet seat, leaving me in the dark with my thoughts.

Eventually, she came back into the room and knelt between my legs. She took off my chastity cage and gave me a slow stroke.

“You get so turned on smelling my farts. It’s only fair to let you out of your cage.”

“Thank you, Mistress.”

She walked out of the room.

A few minutes later, I heard her footsteps, then light flooded in as she lifted the lid. She sat and put her feet on my chest. I smelled her lavender soap. She inhaled and held it, then farted: a slow, mostly silent blast that I could feel on my face. I waited for the smell...one...two...Oh God! It was horrible! Holy shit! No pun intended. My face contorted as I tried to shake my head back and forth. It was like I could feel the rotten-egg smell around me. Oh Christ! If that’s how bad one fart was, I’d never survive the night. She farted again, this one squeaked out. It wasn’t as bad as the first, or maybe it was just eclipsed by the first’s atomic odor. Mistress got up without saying anything and closed the lid. I breathed through my mouth. I wondered if I’d get to cum later.

A few minutes later, she was back. First light as she opened the lid, then darkness as she sat down, then her feet on my chest. I could hear her breathing. She farted. This one was a little louder. It added another level of stench on top of the first two. I saw Mistress adjust her seat, then she farted twice more before getting up and closing the lid.

Nothing happened for a while after that. Was this what it was going to be like all night?

Mistress came back, sat quickly, and farted. Then she got up and left. I tried to clear my mind and treat it as meditation. I’m not sure there was anything in Buddhist literature about fart meditation, though.

Footsteps, seat up, then Mistress’ ass coming into view, sitting down

and blocking out the light. She farted, a long, low blast. It was horrendous! I tried to kick my feet and jerk my wrists, but the bonds held tight. I heard what sounded like a laugh. Mistress didn't get up. She sat there for a little while longer. Another fart, this one silent. The air was getting saturated. I started to feel panicky. If she kept farting, would her farts make it impossible for me to get enough oxygen? Was this safe? She farted again. I squirmed. I could feel my face turning red. I was nauseated, and I was afraid I might vomit. I was on my back! I didn't want to choke on my own vomit! She farted again, this time a really long one.

"Yellow! Yellow Mistress! Please!"

She got up immediately and knelt down.

"Are you ok?"

"I need air! It's too much! I need to get out of here. I feel like I might puke!"

She quickly undid my wrists, then unlatched the seat and raised the front. She held me behind the head and helped me sit up. I breathed in cool, clean-ish air as she rubbed my back.

"I'm sorry, Mistress. I just couldn't take it anymore."

"Don't apologize. It's fine. You did well."

I put my head in my hands. Mistress went to the kitchen and came back with a glass of seltzer. It helped settle my stomach. I sat for a while just breathing. Mistress untied my ankles.

"Ok. I'm ok."

"Lie back."

I wasn't sure what she was going to do. I couldn't go back in the toilet box! I looked at her with wide eyes.

"Don't worry. You've had enough of the box for tonight. I just need to prepare you."

She stood.

"For what, Mistress?"

She didn't answer. She pulled a box out from under a table and retrieved a pair of Depends.

"Lie back...now lift your hips."

She spread out the Depends underneath me. When I lowered my hips, she fastened them around the front. She rubbed my crotch.

"Do you like your Depends, slave?"

"Yes Mistress."

I didn't, but I liked her rubbing me, and this seemed like the best way to get her to continue. I got hard.

"Good boy."

She stood.

"Come, crawl. I'm putting you in the cage."

I crawled after her. She opened the cage door and I crawled in. She locked it behind me.

"Turn around, hands through the bars."

She locked handcuffs around my wrists.

"I don't want you touching yourself."

I was on my knees and forearms, my hands through the bars and cuffed together. It was uncomfortable. Mistress walked to the other room and brought back a blanket.

"I don't want you staring at me."

She put the blanket over the cage.

I'm not sure how long I was locked in there, but it felt like forever. Finally, Mistress pulled off the blanket and uncuffed me. She opened up the door.

"Come." She patted her thigh. "On the bed. On your back."

As I crawled to the other room, I snuck a peek at the clock on the oven. I had been in the cage for half an hour. It felt longer. Mistress put my chastity cage on me. My dick started growing, and she locked it just in time. She walked to the other room, then came back and tossed me my clothes.

"It's time for you to go."

"Yes Mistress."

I tried to keep my disappointment to myself. I had thought we were going to have dinner and play, and all she did was fart on me and lock me in her cage. I took a breath. I needed to think of her needs. This was what she wanted for tonight, and I had provided it for her. I made her happy, I think, and that should be enough for me.

At the door, I knelt and kissed her feet.

"Thank you, Mistress."

"You're welcome."

Her tone wasn't friendly. If this were any other relationship, I'd ask for an explanation, but that felt like a bad idea here. I stood. She opened the door, then closed it quickly as soon as I walked through.

I thought about what to do when I got home. I needed something to

distract me, or I would obsess over Mistress all night. I paced. Every 30 seconds my thoughts came back to her and what tonight meant. Maybe it didn't mean anything. Ok. Stop thinking about it. I wanted more than I got tonight, and I'm just upset and trying to find some other explanation for it. Sometimes, serving someone is hard, and this is one of those times. Buck up...Maybe I should have stayed in the box longer? Ugh. This wasn't going well. I had to get out of here. I checked the movie listings and found something I could just make if I hurried. It was a dumb action movie, but it promised an escape for a couple hours. I headed to the theater. As I got inside, I got a text from Mistress.

Come back immediately.

I was 90% sure this was a good thing. 10% of me worried she'd take back her chastity cage and tell me she didn't want to see me anymore, but I mostly blocked that out of my mind on the taxi ride there. When I got to her place, Mistress looked stern.

"Take off your clothes."

"Yes Mistress."

"Is that how you greet me?"

"Sorry Mistress."

I knelt and kissed her feet.

SLAP!

"Spanking bench. Now!"

I forced down my smile. In the cab ride over, I'd gotten it into my head that she might end things, but punishment meant that that wasn't happening. She gave me five hard lashes with her crop, then I kissed her feet and thanked her.

"Come to the bathroom."

I knelt in front of the toilet as she pulled down her underwear and sat.

"Chin on the seat. When I say get in position, this is what I mean."

"Yes Mistress."

Maybe this didn't have to be such a big deal. Maybe it was just another fetish, like foot worship. Mistress put her hands on my head and rubbed her fingers through my hair.

"Come closer."

She pulled on the back of my head and I scooted forward, so my throat was on the seat and my face was looking down into the bowl. She farted, and my nostrils filled with putrid odor. I felt her body tense, and I could just see her shit coming out of her ass. I had worried she would have diarrhea, and thankfully, she didn't. It fell into the toilet with a soft plop. I instinctively tried to pull back, but her grip tightened.

"There's more."

A jet of soft shit shot out of her ass.

"Oh fuck!"

I started to panic, but I calmed myself down with some deep breaths. Her shit didn't smell as bad as her farts had, thankfully. Mistress held my head for about a minute, then stood and wiped herself. After the fifth wipe, she showed me the toilet paper. It was clean. She moved to the sink and washed her hands.

"Lick my asshole."

I knew I was going to do this, but I needed a second. She had just gone to the bathroom. The toilet paper had been clean, but still. I held her hips and slowly kissed each butt cheek.

"I said lick, not kiss."

Her voice was impatient, irritated.

I spread her cheeks and gave her a quick lick.

"That's the way, Shiteater."

I blushed, but I kept licking. After a minute, I forgot everything and lost myself in the joy of worshipping her. Licking her asshole was such a wonderfully intense mixture of intimacy and degradation: just like our relationship.

"Enough."

She grabbed my hair and put my face back in the bowl.

"Breathe in through your nose. I want to hear it."

I stared at her shit. I wondered if I were going to get nauseated again. Mistress sat on my back and pulled my cock back through my legs. She began rubbing my testicles and lightly stroking my asshole. I tried to concentrate on her shit to keep from getting hard with my cage still on me.

"Do you want to cum, Michael?"

"Yes, Mistress. Please!"

"What are you going to do for me?"

"Anything, Mistress! Anything!"

“Be careful what you promise. I’ll hold you to it.”

She kept rubbing me, and my cock tried to stiffen.

“Ow!”

“I know, poor baby. It hurts.”

I was taking in deep breaths, which just made me smell her shit more strongly. She finally took pity on me and unlocked me. My cock sprang to life.

“Wow! You really love smelling my shit.”

I didn’t answer. Mistress squeezed my testicles, hard.

“Ow! Sorry Mistress. Yes, I love smelling your shit!”

She didn’t let me go.

“I don’t want to play this game, Michael, where you pretend not to like this. You knew exactly who I was when you first came to see me. That’s why you came. I know you want this, now say it!”

I squirmed in pain.

“I love that you make me do this, Mistress! I love your dominance! And I like this! I do!”

“One day, you’re going to drop all this self-conscious bullshit and just be yourself. You’ll be amazed at how good it feels.”

She rubbed her thumb on the underside of my dick, just below the head. It felt incredible. Oh my God! It was like she knew exactly where to touch me to give me the most possible pleasure. She rubbed in slow circles, until I was moaning and jerking my body, desperate for just a fraction more stimulation to send me over the edge.

“Oh God! Please Mistress! Please! I’ll do anything! Anything!”

“Anything?”

“Almost anything, Mistress.”

She stopped.

“Please! Please Mistress!”

“What are you going to give me if I let you cum?”

“What do you want, Mistress? Please just tell me!”

“I want you to go back in the toilet box.”

“Tonight?”

“Yes.”

The thought scared me, but I needed her to keep touching me. I had to feel her hand against me.

“Yes Mistress.”

“Good boy.”

She started slowly milking me, rubbing her thumb below my head. Soon I was jerking back and forth.

“Oh God! Oh Mistress!”

“That’s right, Shiteater. Give yourself to me. Submit to me.”

She didn’t speed up or grip me harder; she kept going with the same pressure. I was desperate. She let go of the base of my cock and put her palm in front of my penis. Then, she increased her pressure and sped up just a little, just enough.

“Oh God! Oh Mistress! Please let me be your slave! Please let me serve you! I’ll do what you wa- OHHHHHHHHHFUCKKKKKK!!”

I screamed as I came. Mistress kept slowly milking me as I shot my cum into her palm. It was so exquisite that it was almost painful. She kept stroking until I shuddered and gave one last spasm. Then she grabbed my dick and stroked me hard and fast.

“Ow! Please Mistress! It hurts!”

“It’s supposed to.”

I tried to push my hips away from her, but I was trapped. My dick felt raw and sore.

“Oh! FUCK! OW! Please Mistress!”

“Not now, but later, I’m going to put my finger in my ass. If you agree to suck it clean, I’ll stop. If not, I’m going to continue for another 30 seconds.”

My penis was aching. It was pure torture.

“I can’t! I can’t. I’m sorry.”

Mistress kept stroking me. I screamed and begged for her to stop. After 30 seconds, she pulled me up by my hair.

“Open.”

She poured my cum into my mouth, then I licked her hand clean.

“Come. Crawl.”

She patted her hip and I crawled after her to the toilet box. My heart started beating and I had to force myself to breathe deeply. Mistress closed the top and latched it. She then unclipped the seat from the top and turned it around. She sat down facing the opposite direction from normal. I saw her peer down between her legs.

“Open your mouth. I have to piss.”

I soon felt her pee hitting my face. It was warm, and I could smell it. She

adjusted slightly and it went into my mouth. It tasted bitter, but it was a turn on, too, even in my post-orgasmic let-down state. I swallowed as quickly as I could, but some still ran down the sides of my face. Mistress cut off the flow.

“Swallow.”

I swallowed what was in my mouth and took a big breath. She started again, filling my mouth three times before shifting position so she could pee on my face. It felt wonderfully dirty. When she finished, she shut the toilet lid and left the room. I wondered what time it was. It had to be almost midnight. I sat there, soaked in her piss, smelling it on me and tasting it in my mouth. I could still see the image of her shit falling into the toilet. Finally, Mistress came back and freed me.

“Would you like to take a shower?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“You know where the towels are. Then come to my bedroom.”

She was waiting on her bed when I got to her room. She patted the space next to her.

“Come.”

I lay down, and Mistress cuffed my arms and ankles and tied them to the bedposts. She moved between my legs.

“You’re half hard, slave.”

“Yes Mistress.”

“You recover quickly for a guy in his mid-30s.”

“Thank you Mistress.”

She started rubbing my cock softly. I was fully hard within 20 seconds. She pushed my penis up to my stomach and spit on it, just below the head. She stroked me.

“Oh, Mistress...that feels amazing!”

“I know.”

She kept stroking, but her touch got lighter, until I could barely feel it. I lifted my hips to try to press my dick against her, but she moved her hand away.

“Happy?”

“Sorry Mistress.”

She moved upward.

SLAP!

“Who’s in charge?”

“You are, Mistress.”

“I decide how much pleasure you get, not you. Do it again and you won’t cum for a month!”

“Sorry Mistress. It just felt so good.”

She started again. I closed my eyes and just concentrated on my breath.

“I’m going to ask you again, slave, do you want me to put my finger in my ass and then in your mouth?”

“I’m sorry, Mistress. I’m not ready for that.”

“I understand.”

She kept stroking me. I could feel my orgasm coming from far away, as it always did the second time.

“Are you close, Michael?”

“Yes Mistress!”

“Beg me to cum, promise you’ll do anything to cum.”

“Please may I cum, Mistress! I’ll do anything! Just please, please let me cum!”

She took her hand away.

“No.”

I moaned, which made her laugh. All I could do was stare at her. She looked at me calmly, then got up and made herself tea. When she was finished, she put my chastity cage back on. She leaned forward and gave me a kiss on the lips.

“I want you to know that I don’t trust people easily. I’ve been lied to and hurt a lot. But I like how you are with me, how you handle my needs. I can’t promise you anything, but I like being with you.”

She untied me.

“Get dressed and kneel before me. I’ve got a goodbye present for you.”

She untied me and I quickly got dressed and knelt before her. She ran her hands softly through my hair. My dick still felt supercharged. She kissed me, her lips soft against mine. She looked radiant standing above me, and powerful.

She turned and pulled down her panties. Then she licked her finger and slowly inserted it into her ass. She blew me a kiss over her shoulder as she moved her finger in a slow circle. I got that scared and excited feeling in my chest that made it difficult to breathe deeply.

“Mistress?”

My heart was pounding.

“Yes?”

“You can put your finger in my mouth.”

“Really?”

“Yes.”

“You still don’t get to cum.”

“I know.”

She pulled out her finger and held it in front of my face. It was shiny. I opened and took it into my mouth. It tasted dirty. I didn’t want to think about it more than that. I looked up at her as I sucked it clean.

“Thank you, Mistress.”

“Stand up, Michael.”

I did, and she gave me a long kiss on the lips. It made my heart jump.

“Down on your knees.”

She put her finger back in her ass and moved it around, then she lifted my chin and wiped it on my upper lip. I smelled hesitantly. It was really strong. Mistress kissed my forehead.

“No washing your face until tomorrow morning. You’re going to smell me all night.”

I couldn’t speak. It was all so overwhelming. I kissed her feet again, then stood and we hugged. I walked down her stairs in a daze. Somehow, I made it home.

Session 8

The next day I woke up in a panic. Oh my God! Oh my God, what had I done?! How could I let her do that? She's probably lost all respect for me! Oh my God! I started imagining the worst possible outcomes: her laughing at me, telling me yesterday was a test to see if I had any self-respect, and I'd failed! What if she recorded it? What if she had a video camera hidden somewhere?! Oh fuck! Oh fuck! Oh fuck! I sucked on her shitty finger! I got some of her shit in my mouth! I ran to the bathroom and washed my face over and over. I had gargled twice the night before and I did it again, three times. I needed to speak to a doctor. I grabbed my phone and saw that Mistress had sent me a text. It was a picture of her in lingerie on her bed.

Playing with you last night got me so hot I had to take care of myself as soon as you left. See you soon!

Ok, maybe she wasn't laughing at me. But could I have caught some disease? I called a hospital, and after getting transferred around, finally spoke to someone who could help.

"Hi, my name is Bob, and I work with young kids. I'm afraid that one of them may have eaten poop and I'm not sure what to do".

"That's unfortunate, but it's not the first time it's happened. Do you know if it was their own poop or someone else's?"

"Someone else's."

"Another child?"

"I'm not sure. I don't know the whole story because I wasn't there. It was just relayed to me. I know that they didn't eat much, if they ate any."

There was a slight pause. I was afraid she was going to call bullshit.

"Keep an eye on the situation. If the child...was it a boy or girl?"

"Boy."

"If he becomes sick over the next few days, you'll want to bring him in."

"What could he have caught?"

"It depends. Hep A and C can be transmitted through fecal matter, as

can E. coli. Basically anything bacterial, viral or parasitic. If it came from a person who was healthy, it'll be ok. He may experience symptoms similar to those of food poisoning, usually within 4-24 hours, but keep an eye on him over the next few days. Make sure he drinks a lot of water this afternoon. If he experiences diarrhea and vomiting, he may have an infection and you, or rather his parents, should bring him to his doctor."

"So, if it's from a healthy person, it's ok?"

"We're not totally sure, to be honest. Humans ingest feces more than people think, from contaminated foods or people not washing their hands after using the bathroom. In large quantities, however..."

"You wouldn't make a hobby out of it?"

"What?"

"I was joking."

"Just keep an eye on him. Go to the doctor if symptoms develop."

"Thank you. Have a good day."

That made me feel better. I felt fine today. I didn't think I had to vomit. I went to the kitchen and downed two pints of water. I filled up a third, then texted Mistress.

Thanks for the sexy picture! So...I woke up in a little bit of a panic about what we did yesterday. I'm worried about disease and I don't know how to ask this, but are you sick in any way?

My phone rang. It was Mistress.

"Hi Shiteater."

"Hi Mistress. Thanks for calling."

"You're freaked out. I can hear it."

"Yeah...I just realized that there are diseases I can get if..."

"If you suck on my shitty finger?"

I blushed.

"Yes."

"Don't worry. I get checked for diseases regularly, and I wouldn't engage in risky play if I were sick."

"Ok. I just know that you can pass on viral and bacterial disease through feces."

"Right. If you're unhealthy, you can pass on all kinds of things. Do you

feel sick now?”

“No.”

“Good. If you were going to have a bad reaction, you’d probably have had it by now. It’s the first 8 hours mostly, but give it 24 hours to be safe. Drink a lot of water today. I eat a very healthy diet and rarely eat meat. When I do, it’s organic and humanely raised.”

“Ok.”

“Just so you know, my ex-boyfriend ate my shit almost once a week for a year. He’s fine.”

“Seriously?!”

“Yes.”

“Every week?!”

“We ritualized it. But that’s another story. I have to run, but let me know how you feel tonight. Ok?”

“Thanks Mistress. And Mistress?”

“Uh-huh?”

“It was really hot, what we did. I don’t want you to think it wasn’t. I’m just freaking out a little.”

“I know. You’ll be begging to lick my ass later today.”

“Maybe.”

“Wanna bet?”

“No.”

“I didn’t think so. Good-bye Shiteater.”

“Good-bye Mistress.”

Jesus! Her ex ate her shit every week! I wondered what type of ritual that was. I guess I could stop worrying about her losing respect for me. Still, though, what did this make me? Why did I find this exciting? Why couldn’t I have a fetish for supportive women who loved sucking dick? What was wrong with me?

I could feel a dark mood coming, so I did something I hadn’t done in a while: I meditated. I used to meditate pretty regularly. Not every day, but three or four times a week, more during good weeks. I had gotten out of the habit. It was difficult. Sitting still for even 15 minutes was always the last thing I wanted to do. But I did it now. And like always, it grounded me. I reconnected with the epiphany I had the other day. This is who I was. I wanted to be her slave and her boyfriend, and I wanted her to use me as she

saw fit, with some exceptions. I sent her an email.

Hi Mistress,

I hope you're doing well. I was struggling with what happened yesterday. I know we talked about the health issues, but I was struggling with what it meant, and whether you'd lost respect for me. I know I talked about how I was going to go after what I wanted, but last session really pushed me, and I guess there was a little pushback.

That said, I've sat with my feelings, and I've realized that I want to serve you. I've never met anyone like you. You make me feel alive. I was drawn to you because you're beautiful, and because you seemed cool and fun, but I'm discovering that you're so much more. You are beautiful straight down to the bone.

I know I still have to prove myself before you can accept me, but I am rarely overcome with emotion as I am now, and I wanted to share it with you.

I look forward to seeing you Thursday.

-Michael

I debated not sending it. I wrote things like "I know this sounds corny," and "I never thought I would use phrases like this," but I realized that was just my fear of being laughed at. Fuck it. If it was too much, it was too much. Playing it safe would never win her over. Mistress emailed me back that night.

Michael,

Thank you for this email. It meant a lot to me.

Looking forward to Thursday,

M

The next day I texted her.

Hi Mistress. I hope you're doing well. I'm going dancing tonight and was curious if you wanted to come. Maybe we could get dinner before? I have a call late that night with a business partner in Hawaii, so I have to be home by 10, but it would be nice to see you. :)

I checked my phone every five minutes for the next hour, until I heard a

text arrive and saw her name. She said yes! She would love to go dancing! She couldn't make it for dinner, but she said I would make it up to her by buying drinks.

We had an amazing time. She really was a great follower, and it made dancing with her feel easy and light. She was also funny, and when we weren't dancing, we kept each other laughing. She didn't tell me I had to do anything, and I didn't ask for special permission. I figured if she wanted to domme me, she would. I imagined it must be difficult for her to hang out with subs because they'd expect her to be dominant all the time. I didn't want to put that pressure on her.

It was easier for me to be confident and relaxed with her while dancing, and I realized it was because I felt valuable. I didn't need validation from her, because I knew I was giving her something she wanted instead of just taking. I started thinking about how I could be that way with her more often. I needed to be more aware of her needs, and I needed to be more confident. At the end of the night, I walked her to a cab. She rubbed my cheek.

"Thanks for a great time."

"My pleasure."

I thought she might kiss me, but she didn't. I grabbed my own cab and relived dancing with her the whole way home: the feel of her body against mine as we danced, the long looks into each other's eyes. It made my heart feel both heavy and light at the same time.

The next morning, she emailed.

Michael,

Thanks for a fun time last night. Would you like to come over Sunday morning?

Mistress,

Yes. I would.

She sent me the address to her real apartment and a sizeable list of food she wanted me to pick up. The next day, my dick was practically bursting out its cage. I kept pressing myself into things, trying to get stimulation. It hit me what a powerful tool chastity was. Without it, I would have masturbated myself blind, but now I was forced to sit with my longing as it became almost unbearable. I was so desperate that I had vile and disgusting fantasies about

what Mistress would make me do.

Sunday morning, I was up early. I meditated again, then went for a run and did push ups. I showered and went to a food coop to pick up food. I left myself plenty of time and was outside her apartment 20 minutes early. I walked around her neighborhood. I was feeling more confident about our relationship. I didn't think it was a done deal or anything, but I'd been handling things well, and I didn't think it was wrong to acknowledge that.

Mistress smiled as I came through her door. She was wearing a black silk robe which came down to her mid-thigh. After I kissed her feet, she turned and lifted the back of her robe. She pulled her thong to the right as she spread her cheeks.

"Smell."

I brought my nose to her asshole and sniffed. Oh, wow! She needed a shower.

"Are you hungry?"

"Yes Mistress."

"Good. Sit at the table. It'll be ready in a few minutes. You want coffee, I'm guessing."

"Yes Mistress."

She made fried egg sandwiches with onion, turkey bacon and avocado. When it was ready, she served us.

"This looks delicious."

"Oh, your coffee."

She filled a mug halfway and held it out, but when I reached for it, she pulled it back. She gave me a dirty smile, then put it on the floor in front of me.

"Watch."

She squatted down and pushed her panties aside, then peed in my coffee, filling my mug the rest of the way.

"Get me a mug from the counter."

I hustled to the cabinet and grabbed her a large mug. She filled it half-way before her pee slowed down to a trickle, then stopped. She stood up, then pointed to three or four splatters on the floor.

"Lick it up."

When I was done, I sat at the table. Mistress smiled.

"Let's eat."

Breakfast was really delicious, even with my piss-flavored coffee. A few minutes into the meal, Mistress put her bare foot on my chair between my legs. She patted my crotch.

“How does it feel?”

“Agonizing. But it keeps me from masturbating. And it makes me sit with my desire, which makes it stronger.”

“I like that about chastity. Otherwise you’d probably have masturbated last night.”

“I would definitely have masturbated Friday. I may have stopped myself last night though, to save myself for today.”

“You think you’re going to cum today?”

“Not necessarily, but it makes me feel more submissive when I haven’t come for a while.”

“I love that you think two days is a while. We’ll see how you feel in a couple months. But keep talking. Why does it make you feel submissive?”

“I feel like you’re controlling me all the time, and that’s hot. And the fact that you’ve locked up my cock and control when I orgasm...when I really think about that, it’s insane. And it’s just a natural thing for you.”

“It is.”

She took a bite of toast.

“It’s hard to say no to you.”

“Why would you want to do that?”

“I don’t. But it’s strange to feel out of control.”

“You’re not out of control. You’re very well controlled, by me.”

“At times I feel like you’re in my head, controlling me.”

She smiled a devilish smile.

“Your email made me happy.”

“Why?”

“Because I know the other day was hard for you, but you pushed through it, and you didn’t do it in exchange for anything. You did it to please me.”

I nodded.

“You didn’t run away, either. A lot of guys disappear when it gets intense, when they start getting their secret fantasies fulfilled.”

I could understand that. She made her demands in such a natural way, and she was so intoxicating that it was easy to get swept up in the moment. She was relentless, in a friendly way, and she made it seem like she was just

doing what you wanted. I could see how guys would regret their actions and bolt afterwards.

“You look like you’re doing some hard thinking over there.”

“I was curious about something.”

She tilted her head.

“You peed in my coffee,” I nodded to my coffee cup, “and you ordered me to lick up your piss in such a relaxed way, as if you were telling me to grab you a fork.”

She didn’t say anything.

“Maybe not like grabbing a fork, but like another domme might order someone to kiss their feet.”

She kept staring.

“That’s all.”

“Is that a question?”

“No. Fair point. I guess I’m just curious if you feel there’s any difference.”

“Why should there be a difference between telling someone to kiss your feet and telling them to lick up your piss?”

“Well, one’s more extreme than the other.”

“Really?”

“Yes. Foot worship is a basic, low-key fetish activity.”

“Really?”

“I think so. But licking up piss is more extreme.”

“I don’t look at it that way: ranking things, putting things into boxes like basic, normal, extreme. That’s always a precursor to judging someone or shaming them. I do what turns me on, and I tell my slaves to do what turns them on. You’ve still got judgment around what you want; that’s your problem.”

No point in denying it.

“I do.”

“You should get over it. You’ll have a lot more fun, and you won’t look back in 20 years and kick yourself for being such a prude”

“How do I do that?”

“Leave it to me.”

“Really?”

“Yeah,” She smiled. “I can think of some basic, low-key fetish activities that will help.”

I cleaned up after breakfast, then joined Mistress on the couch. She turned sideways and rested her elbow on the back of the couch behind my head.

“I want you to close your eyes and breathe deeply. Will you do that for me?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“Good boy.”

I felt her fingers run through my hair.

“Let your mind go blank and just listen to my words. You don’t have to think that they’re orders and you must follow them.”

Her hand went to my knee. My dick started to stiffen and I shifted uncomfortably.

“Would you like me to unlock you?”

“Yes Mistress, please.”

“What are you going to do for me?”

Her hand moved up my thigh. I struggled to focus on my breath and keep my mind blank.

“Whatever you want, Mistress.”

“You can do better than that.” Her fingers lightly tickled the back of my neck. “Prove that you really want to be with me.”

“I’ll lick your asshole, Mistress.”

“You want to do that. I want you to do something you’re uncomfortable doing. Push yourself. Show me that what you said earlier was true and not just some line. Show me that you’re thinking of *my* pleasure, too.”

She held my chastity cage.

“It hurts, Mistress!”

“I know.”

I didn’t know what to say. Or rather, I knew what to say; I just didn’t want to say it, and I couldn’t think of anything else. Mistress rubbed her hand over my lower stomach and down my thighs. I was panting.

“I’ll suck your friend’s dick. Your stud friend.”

“Really?”

“Yes Mistress. For you.”

“But you like sucking cock.”

I looked at her. She laughed.

“I’m teasing. I’ll call and see if he can come over.”

She walked to her room and came back with the key to my chastity cage.

She unlocked me and gave me three soft, wonderful strokes. My cock was rock hard. She called her friend.

“Hey handsome. What are you doing?...Really? As in you could come over for a potential?...Great!...Yeah. I have a slutty little girl here who’s dying to suck a big cock, so I thought of you.”

She reached over without looking at me and grabbed my dick.

“When can you come over?...That quickly? Super!”

She held the phone to her chest and looked at me.

“He can be here in 20 minutes.” She put the phone back to her ear.
“What? No, don’t shower, all the better. See you soon. Bye.”

She looked at me.

“That was Chris. He’s a stud.”

I looked down.

“Michael, look at me.”

I met her eyes. She seemed to sense that I was sinking into myself.

“You’ve done this before.”

“I know Mistress. It’s just...”

I didn’t know what to say. She turned to face me.

“Michael, there are people who think what you’re about to do is disgusting. Who think sucking cock makes you gay, and that being gay is a crime against God. Do you believe that?”

“No. Of course not.”

“There are people who believe that kissing someone’s foot is wrong. That if you kiss someone’s foot, you’re a freak. Do you believe that?”

“No.”

“But at one point in your life, you did. You thought that kissing someone’s foot made you a freak and that sucking someone’s dick made you gay, didn’t you?”

“I did.”

“People told you that, and you believed they were right because you didn’t know any better.”

I nodded.

“That’s a natural thing for a child. They believe what people in charge tell them. But you’re not a child anymore. Those voices in your head telling you that what you want is wrong, they don’t belong to you: they belong to people you don’t agree with, people you don’t like or respect. Think of that the next time I push you: that you’re listening to those people instead of your

own desires; you're letting those people control your pleasure. Wouldn't you rather have control for yourself?"

I digested that. After a minute, she stood up.

"Come. Let's get you dressed."

She pulled out a short black dress.

"This is perfect for sucking cock. And if I want him to fuck you, he'll have easy access."

I looked at her. She looked back without smiling.

"If I say you're getting fucked, you're getting fucked."

"Yes Mistress."

"Say it."

"If you want him to fuck me, he'll fuck me."

"Good girl. Lets get a bra on you, and some breasts."

She handed me a pink matching bra and panty set, then she put in breast pads. They were medium-ish sized, a B or C cup. I put on the dress.

"One of these days, we're going to have to shave you. In the meantime, you'll wear dark stockings."

Mistress led me over to a row of wigs. She looked at them, then at me, then back at the wigs. She grabbed a brunette with curls and put it on me just as the door buzzer rang. I jumped.

"So eager!"

My mouth felt dry, and I must have looked at her in a panic, because she squeezed my hand.

"I'll be here the whole time. Understand?"

"Yes Mistress."

"You want to make me happy, don't you?"

"Yes Mistress."

She kissed me, and for the first time she pushed her tongue into my mouth. Her hands held my face, tenderly. She smiled, and as she pulled away, she trailed her fingertips down my chest to my stomach.

Chris looked different than I thought he would. I figured he'd be around 6'3" and muscular, with a fuck-off, I'm-the-alpha-here vibe. The first parts were true: he was around 6'3" and in great shape, but his vibe was friendly. Mistress brought him over to me.

"This is my slutty friend, Mary."

"Hi Mary."

"Hi Chris."

Mistress stood beside Chris. She had one hand on his bicep and the other on his chest.

“Mary here is desperate for cock, and she was hoping you could help.”

“Of course.”

Mistress grabbed his crotch and looked at me.

“Chris has a big dick. It’s perfect for sucking.” She looked at him, “show him.”

Chris slowly undid his belt.

“Wait. Mary, get down on your knees. I want you to unzip him and pull out his cock.”

“Yes Mistress.”

“Look in his eyes and ask to suck his cock.”

I knelt and looked up at Chris.

“May I suck your cock?”

“Yes Mary. You can.”

I pulled down his zipper and slid his pants down to his ankles. I could see the outline of his cock through his underwear. It was even bigger than I thought it would be. I traced my finger around it, then held it, feeling its mass. I slowly pulled down his underwear, and his cock bobbed in front of my face.

“Hold on.”

He kicked off his shoes.

“Take my pants off.”

He lifted his feet one at a time and I slid off his pants and underwear. Then I was kneeling before a naked man and his big dick. He hadn’t showered today, and maybe he hadn’t showered yesterday either. He smelled strongly of musk and cock smell. Mistress handed me a large-sized condom and I rolled it on. I felt a pang of something, maybe shame, but only for a second. Mistress was right: I could try to please her, or I could try to please the people who made me think all this was wrong, who made me think I was damaged. Fuck them. I held his cock around the base and gave it a slow kiss. I felt Mistress’ stare. I kissed him again, then put the tip of his cock in my mouth and softly sucked.

“That feels nice.”

I pulled back and kissed down his shaft. When I got to his balls, I licked back up to the tip.

“Let’s move to the bed.”

Mistress handed me a pillow for my knees and I knelt between Chris' legs. Mistress crouched down behind me and whispered in my ear.

"Put one hand around the base of his cock and hold his balls with the other."

I did what she said, then took him back in my mouth. His cock was almost fully hard now. It had to be eight inches long. I couldn't get even half-way down. I massaged his balls as I took him as deep as I could, feeling him against the sides of my mouth. Mistress rubbed my back.

"Good girl."

Suddenly, I just wanted to please Mistress as much as I could. I wanted to be her slutty girl she could use however she wanted. I sped up as I jerked his cock from below.

"That's my good slut."

I pushed my finger underneath Chris' and pressed lightly against his asshole. He put his hands on the sides of my head and pushed me down. I gagged a little, but I recovered quickly and kept sucking,

"Put your finger back on my asshole. That felt good."

He was starting to get into it. I heard him moan a little, and his cock got a little harder. I lost myself in the rhythm of it, of the feel of his hands on my head, of Mistress' hands rubbing my back, of the depravity of it, of the pleasure I was giving Mistress. This was who I was. This was what I wanted.

I couldn't make him cum, and after a while, he gently pushed me back and stood. He took off his condom and started jerking himself. He put his hand beneath my chin and raised it so I was looking at him.

"Wait."

That was Mistress.

"Mary, take off your dress and lie on the bed on your back. Chris, straddle his head and finish on his chest."

I lay on the bed. Chris brought one leg over my head.

"Lick his balls."

I lifted my head and licked. His balls tasted salty, and I could smell his asshole. I heard him stroking. He was getting into it.

"Oh yeah fuck! Yes! FUCK!"

His hips were shaking. This guy had a career in porn waiting for him if he wanted.

"Oh, fuck here it comes!"

I put my head back and he came on my chest. It didn't feel like much,

but I heard Mistress moan. Chris moved off of me. He was breathing hard. I looked at the cum on my chest and stomach.

Mistress put on a rubber glove and rubbed in his cum.

“Mary?”

“Yes Mistress?”

“How much money do you have on you?”

“I don’t know, around \$140.”

“Give it to Chris.”

“Seriously?”

She gave me a stern look. She should’ve told me this before. I got my wallet and handed my money to Chris. He folded it up and put it in his pocket in a way that made me think he’d done it many times before. Mistress gave him a hug.

“Next time, you can fuck her asshole.” She turned to me. “Won’t that be great, Mary?”

“Yes Mistress.”

Chris squeezed my shoulder.

“It was nice meeting you.”

He smiled and flashed his bright brown eyes. He was definitely a male prostitute.

“Goodbye Chris.”

“Go rinse out your mouth, then join me on the couch.”

I sat between her legs with my back to her. She rubbed my chest. She asked me how I felt, and I tried to find the answer.

“I wish you would have told me I was paying him.”

“You didn’t know?”

“No.”

I could tell without looking that she was making a face.

“I haven’t done this before.”

“But you had to think that if I-”

She took a breath.

“You’re right. I should have told you. You were good to go along with it. You made me happy.”

She kissed the back of my neck. I could feel Chris’ cum drying on my chest and stomach.

“It looked like you were getting into it.”

“I was. I thought about what you said before, about who I was doing this

for. I decided I wanted to make you happy and those other people can go fuck themselves.”

“Get down on your knees and face me.”

I did. I wasn’t sure what I’d said. But when I looked up at Mistress, she was smiling and looking at me tenderly. She trailed her fingers down my cheeks and over my lips.

“Thank you, Michael.”

“For what Mistress?”

“For giving me space. For not asking me what I know you want to ask me.”

I just let that comment wash over me. We sat in silence for a few minutes.

“You’re doing well in this part of your training. I’m pleased.”

I smiled.

“Take a shower, then clean the bathroom and the guest bedroom. There are cleaning supplies under the sink. I have some work to do.”

I had hoped to spend time playing with her, but there’d be time later. I got up and cleaned her bathroom and the guest bedroom. I dusted the molding and around the windows. I swept and then mopped. Mistress came in for a second and told me to clean her bedroom, as well. It took a couple hours, but I did a good job. Her apartment felt a lot cleaner. I showed Mistress my work.

“Take off your clothes and lie on the bed.”

She lay next to me and held my cock. She began slowly stroking me.

“This work is going to take longer than I thought, so you’ll have to leave after this.”

“Yes Mistress.”

I wasn’t crazy to hear that. I had pushed myself earlier, and it would have been nice to spend some time together.

“Remember, Michael, it gets harder. Soon you won’t get everything you want. We’ll see how you feel then.”

I couldn’t imagine how she thought I was getting everything I wanted, but my logical brain was fast succumbing to the feel of her hand. I squirmed.

“Can you handle not getting everything you want?”

“Yes Mistress.”

I was getting close to cumming. I knew I wouldn’t be able to hold out for long.

“Are you sure?”

“Oh God! Yes Mistress.”

“Good.”

She let go of my dick, right before I was about to cum. She stood up.

“Get dressed. It’s time for you to go.”

She left. I felt like just one more touch from her, anywhere on my body, and I would explode. I even thought about finishing myself off. I didn’t, obviously, I’m not crazy. But that’s how desperate I was that that thought popped into my head. My breath was ragged. I felt shaky, and a little irritated. She invited me over. I sucked her friend’s dick, paid him, then cleaned her apartment and she denies me and throws me out? If this was a test, it was a rotten one.

My thoughts continued to spin in that direction. What was the lesson here? That it didn’t matter if I pushed myself, she would still be cruel? What was the point of this? By the time Mistress came back, I was in a foul mood.

“How do you feel?”

“I’m fine, Mistress.”

“Fine?”

“Yes. Fine.”

She looked at me.

“Is something wrong?”

“No Mistress. Why?”

“The look on your face.”

I didn’t respond.

“Would you like to talk about what’s upsetting you?”

“No.”

“Great. Goodbye.”

Why the fuck was she upset? I’m the one who deserved to be upset. A small part of me wanted to tell her to go fuck herself, but I knew that was idiotic. I took deep breaths as I walked to the door. She wasn’t being very nice. She was being shitty, to be honest, but that was her prerogative. She owned my orgasms, and she was within her right to withhold them.

“Today was challenging, Mistress. I got riled up and then all that energy had no place to go, so it turned sour.”

She squinted.

“Is that it?”

I almost said yes. I wanted to leave and work this out on my own, but

that was what I did with all my past relationships, and probably one of the reasons they didn't work out.

"I know you're testing me, but it feels cruel to test me after I pushed through a boundary for you."

She nodded.

"I get that I won't always get to cum and lifestyle is different from sessioning, but it feels like you're so worried that I'll feel entitled that you're punishing me for no reason."

"Not letting you cum every time I see you isn't punishment."

I knew she was right, but I couldn't stop myself.

"It feels like you're blaming me for other guys' actions."

"Oh really?"

"Yeah. It does! And it feels like you're following a script instead reacting to what's actually happening!"

"Bullshit! You're upset you didn't get to cum, and you're searching for a way to blame me."

"You wanted to know how I felt, so I told you. I was happy to leave, but you kept asking."

"And that would have been better? You lying to me about being fine?"

"I wasn't lying."

"Yes you were! You said you were fine!"

"That's not lying; that's just not being totally honest."

"Are you seriously arguing semantics with me right now?! You're throwing a fit because I didn't let you cum, even though you promised right before that you could handle it!"

"So I don't get to have feelings? I can't feel upset when I'm not appreciated?"

"Not appreciated? Are you fucking kidding me?! You're the one begging to be my slave, not the other way around. I told you what that meant, and you swore you wanted it. What you're doing now proves that you're just a selfish little prick!"

I wanted to tell her to go fuck herself, but there was still one small part of me that wasn't triggered, and that part knew I was being irrational.

"Can you wait for a second?"

I looked at her. Her eyes were wide, and angry. I took a few deep breaths.

"You're right. I'm upset because I wanted more attention than I got, and

it's not fair to you."

She looked at me without speaking.

"I didn't think I was allowed to be upset about that, so I tried to get out of here without talking about it."

She took a breath.

"We're done talking. You need to leave. We'll discuss it later. But for the record, I don't ever have to justify myself to you. If you can't handle that, then don't bother ever coming back."

"Yes Mistress."

"Go."

I walked out and she slammed the door after me. Fuck. On my way home, I kept having the same nagging thought run through my head: "you asked for this." I had. I wanted to be a slave; I shouldn't be upset when I get treated like one.

Session 9

I sent an email to Mistress when I got home. I admitted that I hadn't handled the situation well. I wasn't overly apologetic. I still didn't like the way she treated me, but I kept that to myself.

I didn't hear from her all day, which made me nervous. I spent more time than I wanted thinking about all the ways this morning could have gone differently. None of it made me feel better, but I couldn't stop doing it.

Mistress emailed me that night. She didn't address anything I'd said; she just asked for my address. The next morning, she showed up at my apartment at 9am. I hadn't showered and my apartment was a little messy, but I had a feeling the point was to catch me in my natural state. I hung up her coat.

"I'm not sure of the protocol at my apartment, Mistress."

"As long as we're in private, you greet me the same way."

I knelt and kissed her feet.

"Clothes off."

I looked up at her.

"If you want to be my slave, you're my slave everywhere, including your own home. Take your clothes off."

I stripped. Mistress saw that I'd put my chastity cage back on. She nodded.

"While I'm here, you're not allowed to use any furniture. You can sit on the floor if you need to."

"Yes Mistress."

She looked around.

"Give me a tour."

I showed Mistress around my apartment. I told her the stories behind the artwork and some of the photos on the walls. She was inquisitive, and she asked good questions.

"What's the story behind that?"

"It's an old toy, called a weeble-wobble."

"I know what it is."

She sang the theme song: weebles wobble but they don't fall down.

"I get overwhelmed sometimes, and when I do, I get down on myself, and I feel like I'll never feel better, even though I always do. So I got that as a

reminder that I can bounce back.”

She rubbed my back.

“Come, I’m going to sit on the couch and we’re going to talk.”

She pointed to the ground in front of her. I knelt.

“I was annoyed at you yesterday.”

“I know.”

“I could tell you were pissed off, and you weren’t honest about it. That bothers me.”

“I’m sorry, Mistress.”

“Don’t say that if you don’t mean it.”

“I do.”

“You don’t even know why it bothered me.”

“I know it wasn’t right, and I *am* sorry. I was thinking about it last ni-”

“Let me talk.”

I nodded.

“I told you before that being with me wasn’t easy. You serve at my will, and your first thought needs to be my happiness. You didn’t do that yesterday. You thought of yourself.”

“You’re right.”

“You’ve cum every time we’ve been together, just about. I have rarely ever denied you, and when I did yesterday, you acted like it was your right to orgasm.”

“I hear you. Can I explain my side?”

“You explained yourself last night. I get it: you pushed yourself for me. You wanted more attention. This isn’t a barter system, where you’re owed something for doing what I tell you. You doing what I tell you is the standard.”

I nodded.

“I know it’s difficult to get close to cumming and not cum: that’s why tease and denial is so much fun. It’s going to happen again, maybe when you think you most deserve an orgasm. I may deny you for a whole month. If you can’t handle that, we can’t be together, so think about it.”

“I want to be with you, Mistress. I want to be your slave boyfriend, or whatever you want to call it. I know that without thinking.”

“You don’t know what that means.”

“I don’t. Or at least, I don’t know how it feels. I know that I’ve wanted this type of relationship as long as I can remember.”

She didn't seem convinced.

"I know I acted poorly yesterday, but I can improve. I promise."

"What are you going to do to show me that you want to make my life better and not just yours?"

I thought about it.

"I'm not sure Mistress. Can I think about it?"

"You can. I'll think of something, too."

That sounded ominous.

"Yes Mistress."

She kept eye contact with me.

"Guys think they want to be with a dominant woman because the only time they think about it is when they're horny. But it's different serving all the time. You need to take joy in the actual service, and you have to accept that you're not going to get what you want all the time. If you can't do that, then you don't want a dominant woman, you want a kinky girlfriend, and I don't feel like putting energy into a guy who really just wants a kinky girlfriend. I don't want to wonder in six months if I'm not a good domme because I can't make you submit like you used to."

"That sounds upsetting."

"It is. And yesterday made me wonder if you were really submissive."

I took that in. I acted entitled yesterday. I could see that now.

"I have to protect myself. Do you understand?"

"I do, Mistress. And I see how my actions yesterday were entitled. Regardless of anything else, please believe that. And I do apologize."

"Good. We don't have to dwell on it."

"Thank you, Mistress."

"I'm finished talking about this. Get me a drink of water."

I hustled to the kitchen and came back with a glass. We sat silently for a moment.

"Mistress, what were you like in high school?"

"Mostly like I am now. I was more naive, obviously, and more temperamental."

"Did you have an older boyfriend?"

She looked at me like I was an idiot.

"Of course I had an older boyfriend. I was 5'8" with big tits at 13. I got hit on by 40 year olds."

"Jesus!"

"I lost my virginity in 8th grade to this asshole. He was 17. I wanted to have sex and I didn't know that I deserved to be treated better. Anyway, we had sex and then he dumped me the next day. He was supposed to take me out to dinner, but he never showed. When I called, he told me to leave him alone."

"What a dick!"

"Yeah. He told everyone about it, too, so I got branded as a slut. I learned after that to be more careful. I didn't have sex again for a while."

"How long?"

"Almost two years. I decided that if I were going to sleep with somebody, they were going to earn it."

"How?"

"Pleasing me first, doing things to entertain me."

She smiled one of her wicked smiles.

"What were you just thinking of?"

"The quarterback of the football team. I was a sophomore and he was a senior. I made him lie on his back with his legs up and jerk off onto his face. He was so humiliated!"

Her eyes were bright. It was clearly a fond memory for her.

"And he just did it?!"

"A high school boy will do anything if he thinks you'll touch his penis."

I nodded. She was right.

"I told him he had to let me fuck him with a strapon before he got to fuck me. He said no way, but a week and a half later he was begging me to do it."

"How did you know about this in high school?"

"The internet. I didn't really know what I was doing, but none of the guys I was with did either."

"Were all your relationships domme-sub?"

"Not like now, with protocols and rules, but I made sure a guy did what I said before I let him touch me."

"You must have been a terror!"

"I could be really cruel. At 16, I met a mistress who taught me how to control men, or I guess she improved my already considerable skill set. I was a straight up nightmare for a couple years after that."

"How so?"

"Teasing men. Making them beg. Denying them. I could tell which guys

would do what I wanted and which wouldn't, and I stuck with the former. I did a lot of experimenting with how much power I could have over someone. I crossed some lines."

"What about scat? When did that start?"

"My senior year of high school, my boyfriend and I were fooling around, and I had to fart, so I made him kneel and put his nose in my ass. It really turned me on!"

"He didn't resist?"

"By that point, he did everything I said. The mistress I met was into toilet play. and as soon as I turned 18, I started as her apprentice. I shit on a guy two weeks later."

"What was it like?"

"It made me feel so powerful! I've always loved breaking taboos, especially around toilet training and scat."

"Why?"

"I just do. I don't like the way women are expected to be prim and proper, and to not like sex but to be great in bed and all that misogyny that's just accepted. That's part of it. But I like it independent of that, too. It gets me wet to do that to a guy. It's the ultimate in domination."

I didn't know what to say, so I just nodded. Mistress stood up.

"Speaking of, I have to shit right now." She patted her hip. "Come. Crawl."

I crawled after her to the bathroom.

"Take off my boots, pants and underwear."

She lifted one foot at a time and I removed her boots. Then I slid her pants and underwear off and placed them in the corner.

"Position."

I put my throat on the seat, and she held the back of my head. She didn't say anything or rub my back. I stared down into my toilet.

"Smell me."

She pushed a wide log of shit out of her ass, bit by bit. The smell wasn't as bad as usual. I wondered if I were getting used to it and what that meant. A minute went by and she pushed out another. This one was smaller and lighter in color than the first, and it made a crackling noise as it came out of her. It smelled horrendous, and a part of me was relieved. Mistress held me there for a minute before she stood and wiped her ass. She tossed the toilet paper in the toilet. One piece hit me on the top of the head and stayed there.

“Don’t move.”

She grabbed her clothes and walked out of the bathroom. I stayed with my head in the toilet, smelling her shit, a dirty piece of toilet paper stuck to my head. She came back after a couple minutes.

“I’m setting your phone timer for 10 minutes. Don’t move before then. This week’s session is canceled. I’ll see you a week from Thursday. In the meantime, think about our conversation. If you want to be with me, then I own you. I own your cock and any pleasure you get from it. You do as I say and you don’t expect a medal every time you think you do something difficult, and I don’t owe you anything.”

She left. I gave a quick check that my front door was closed and then went back to the toilet. There was something about it happening in my apartment that was different from when she did it at her place. I would use this bathroom every day, and the memory of it would stick with me. I wouldn’t be able to forget that I stuck my head in my own toilet as Mistress took a shit.

My alarm finally went off. I took a shower and washed my hair four different times, scrubbing my head each time.

The next week and a half felt like torture. Physically, my balls were super sensitive, and by Friday they were aching. I guess this was what blue balls meant. I’d heard people talk about blue balls for years, but I’d never gotten them because I’d never gone more than three days without cumming, not unless I was sick. Now I’d been without an orgasm for...I didn’t even remember, and I had to count back through the days to find out. Emotionally, I was anxious to prove myself to Mistress. Not seeing her for a week and a half reinforced how deeply I cared for her and how insecure I was in the relationship. I buried myself in my work, which was the only way I could avoid obsessing over her the whole time. This felt like a harsh lesson, but it was effective, and I understood why Mistress did it.

On Thursday, Mistress texted me to come to her real apartment. I signed in with the doorman and rode the elevator with a well-dressed woman in her 60s. I wondered if she knew her neighbor’s secret identity.

Mistress was wearing tan pants and a low-cut top. She looked incredible. She smiled when she saw my flowers.

“How sweet!”

I knelt and kissed her feet, then she pulled her pants down and spread

her cheeks. I put my nose in her asshole and sniffed.

“How are your balls?”

“They ache, Mistress.”

“I thought they might. If you’re good and you impress me tonight, I may let you cum.”

“Thank you, Mistress.”

“You’re going to have to earn it. You’re still ashamed of your desires. I want that to stop. From now on, you’re proud of your kinks.”

“I’ll try, Mistress.”

“You can do better than that.”

“It’s not that easy.”

“I didn’t say it was easy. I just told you to do it. Come. Crawl.”

She patted her hip and walked toward the closet. She brought out cleaning supplies.

“I’m going to order Mexican. What do you like?”

“Everything. A chicken burrito with everything, guac and chips.”

“Clean the kitchen. How good a job you do counts toward whether you get to orgasm.”

“Yes Mistress.”

She walked into her bedroom and shut the door. I started with her drawers and cabinets. Most people never clean those, and it looked like Mistress was one of those people. I emptied them out one by one and wiped down the insides. I took out the silverware holder and cleaned it. Mistress came out.

“You’re cleaning the drawers? I don’t ever do that.”

“I know.”

She smirked.

“Remember that comment later.”

She was smiling as she said it, so I wasn’t that worried.

“Do you want a beer with dinner?”

“Yes. Please.”

She went back to her room. I cleared off the countertops and wiped them down, then cleaned the stovetop and swept and mopped the kitchen. As I was finishing, the food arrived and I paid for it. Mistress came out and saw the wet floor.

“We’ll eat in my room. Get plates.”

We sat on her bed and ate. She asked me about my former girlfriends

and why the relationships hadn't worked out. I was honest, letting her know all the times I hadn't been upfront with my feelings, the times I wasn't careful with another's heart, and the times I'd been dumped.

"You seem pretty self-aware."

"I've done a lot of personal growth work; everything is so much easier if you take responsibility for your situation."

"Was that difficult for you?"

"At first, yeah. I had a big ego when I was growing up, so I had to be right all the time."

"That's a tough way to be."

"Very tough."

"I can tell you don't feel that way anymore."

"Thank you."

"You're very comfortable being wrong, like *a lot*."

She laughed. I did do.

"You were really a shitty boyfriend when you were younger."

"I was."

"You're not worried that I'll think you'll be a shitty boyfriend, still?"

I shrugged.

"The only alternative is lying, and I don't want to do that. I'm also 36 and single; it's not hard to guess I'm not awesome in relationships."

She nodded.

"Mistress?"

"Yes?"

"Would you like to know my real name?"

"Sure."

"It's Evan."

"Evan."

She thought about that.

"I'm going to keep calling you Michael."

"Ok."

I didn't ask for her real name. She'd tell me when she was ready.

"I'm sorry about the other day. You're so wonderful that I sometimes forget you can't read my mind."

She leaned forward and gave me a quick kiss on the lips.

"Clean up. We'll see how you did with the kitchen."

Mistress was impressed with my cleaning.

“I want to watch a movie. But first, I have a surprise for you.”

She pulled out the key to my chastity cage and unlocked me.

“You should see your face right now. It’s like I’ve just given you the most amazing gift.”

“You have, Mistress.”

“You just wait.”

We watched an old Italian film. It was really slow moving, but I got into it. Also, Mistress was rubbing my thigh, and I had a huge erection. About halfway through, she patted my cheek.

“Grab me that blanket... kneel between my legs, chin on the edge of the couch.”

I put my chin between her legs and she put the blanket over top of me. It was stuffy and dark. She lifted her hips and farted. I heard her laugh. Just like in her toilet box, there wasn’t anywhere for the smell to go, so it hung in the air, plastering my face. After a few minutes, it still smelled like her fart. She lifted her hips and farted again.

“Oh, God!”

“How is it down there, slave?”

“Like roses, Mistress.”

She lifted up the blanket and looked down at me.

“I’m glad you thin- Oh wow! That’s awful! That’s really disgusting!”

She put the blanket back over my head. I felt her tense. She raised her hips, but then quickly put them down.

“Oh! I almost had an accident!”

She pulled the blanket off of me.

“Come. Quick.”

She hustled to the kitchen and grabbed a large mixing bowl from under the sink. She set it down on the bathroom floor.

“Get on your knees and put your nose on the edge of the bowl.”

Mistress took off her pants and underwear and squatted down over the bowl with her back to me. I was very close to her, and I was afraid she’d shit on me. She didn’t say anything, but I heard her exhale. Oh fuck! It came out quickly! It was soft, and it made a mushy pile at the bottom of the bowl! Oh my God! The smell was horrendous! Oh my God! It was one thing to smell her shit when it was in the water, but in a dry bowl was ten times worse! She stood and looked down at me with her hands on her hips.

“I told you you were going to step it up today, slave. This is what I

meant.”

She wiped her ass, dropping the toilet paper on top of her shit. Then she knelt down and slid the bowl under my face. I tensed up. She put her hand on the back of my head and gave a slight push. No way.

“I’m kidding, Michael-Evan. I’m not pushing your face in it. You’re just tensing all your muscles, so I knew you were afraid I’d do that.”

“Yes Mistress.”

“It turns me on that you’re afraid. It makes me want to do it. It lets me know you expect me to.”

“Maybe one step at a time, Mistress?”

She didn’t answer. She sat down on my mid-back and reached between my legs. She grabbed my dick.

“If I look back and your head’s not in that bowl, you don’t cum for a month. Got it?”

“Yes Mistress.”

My face was maybe three inches away from her shit. It was so unbelievably disgusting that I thought I might panic. Despite her promise, I was worried she might push my head down, so I stayed tense and vigilant, at least until Mistress started stroking my dick.

“Smell my shit, Michael-Evan.”

Her touch was magical. I started leaking precum almost immediately.

“Oh my God, Mistress! That feels amazing!”

I looked down at her shit.

“One day, slave, you’re going to beg to eat my shit. If you’re lucky, I’ll let you. And when you’re done, you’ll know that it was your idea.”

I started moaning. The feel of her hand, combined with my horniness and the raunchiness of what she was saying, was overwhelming.

“Think about that, slave. You’re kneeling behind me with your hands together, watching as I fill them with my gift. And then I guide your hands to your lips, and you give it a quick kiss.”

My hips started twitching.

“The next time you’ll kiss it, then give it the lightest of licks, just touching your tongue against it, barely enough to get a taste. That’s how it starts. It ends with me shitting right in your mouth.”

“Oh God! Oh God!”

“That’s right, Michael. Cum for me! Cum for your owner!”

She grabbed me around the base of my cock and gave me hard, fast

pumps.

“FUCK! FUCK! AAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!HHHHH”

I exploded, shooting over a week’s worth of cum into her waiting hand. Oh my God it felt amazing! I breathed in deeply, getting two nostrils full of her shit. Mistress kept stroking my dick.

“Ow Mistress! It hurts!”

“It’s supposed to!”

Her voice was cheery, like she was giving me a gift. She kept stroking, coming up over the tip and rubbing the head. I started jerking.

“Ow! Ow! Please Mistress! Please stop!”

“I’ll make you a deal. I can keep stroking your dick for another minute, or you can lean your head down and give my shit a nice kiss.”

I couldn’t do that. My dick was in pain, but I couldn’t do that.

“I can’t, Mistress.”

She stroked my dick fast and hard, and I wailed and cried and pleaded with her to stop. A minute felt like forever, and I was almost crying by the time she stopped.

“Sit up.”

She showed me the cum in her palm. It was thicker and whiter than normal.

“Open.”

She turned her hand to the side, and it fell in globs into my mouth. Oh God it was disgusting!

“Lick my palm clean, then mix it around. Don’t swallow until I tell you to.”

She watched me, her eyes bright. I heaved at one point and she laughed.

“Ok. Swallow.”

I leant forward and kissed her feet, then I rested my forehead on the floor. My thoughts were spinning and I felt like I might panic. I felt her hand rubbing my upper back.

“Take a breath.”

I breathed deeply and my head cleared. I’d been holding my breath and I didn’t even realize.

“Pour the bowl into the toilet and flush it. Then clean it. There’s a spray bottle under the bathroom sink. When you’re done, find me in my room.”

I lay on my back on the bed. Mistress lay next to me. She stroked my chest.

“I’m really happy with you, Michael. This is what I meant by step it up. You did well tonight.”

“It was difficult, Mistress. It smells worse when it’s not in water.”

“You’ll get used to it. You’ll even crave it.”

I didn’t think that was true. I wondered if this were really going to be a regular thing, or if it were a test, too. I didn’t want to ask. Hearing that I had done well and her touch mixed with my post-orgasm bliss to send me into a comfortable stupor.

“Do you have anything you need to get home to?”

“No Mistress.”

I want you to sleep here tonight.”

“I’d like that.”

We were silent for a minute.

“Mistress?”

“Yes?”

“Can I hold you?”

She considered it.

“Ok.”

I turned on my side and slid my arm under her. Her lips were close to mine. I was afraid to open my eyes. I didn’t want her to see how infatuated I was. I loved her, and I was afraid that I was just another guy who fell for her too quickly. It felt almost impossible not to say it, so I kept my eyes shut as I held her, and then we were kissing and I felt like I was where I’ve always wanted to be. We kissed and then lay silent. Soon, we both drifted off to sleep.

Play Party

The next morning, I made us breakfast.

“What are you doing tonight?”

“Seeing a band I like at the King’s Theater on Flatbush. Would you like to come?”

“No. There’s a private party tonight in the West Village. I’d like you to go with me. How important is seeing your band?”

“Not important.”

“Good. Meet me there at 9. I’ll text you the address.”

“Great!”

“You sound excited. You like public play now?”

“I liked it last time. It was fun watching everything happening, and it felt good to be there with you and to meet other mistresses. So yes: I’m looking forward to it.”

“Great. Pass me your coffee.”

She spit in it, then passed it back to me and continued eating.

After I cleaned up, Mistress put my chastity cage back on and walked me to the door. I knelt and kissed her feet. She pulled her underwear to the side and I sniffed her asshole.

“Stay on your knees.”

She licked her index finger and worked it into her butt. She took it out and held it under my nose.

“Smell.”

I recoiled.

“When I do this from now on, you smell my finger, then wait for me to snap. That’s the sign for you to suck it clean. Clear?”

“Yes Mistress.”

She held it beneath my nose for a count of five, then snapped. I took her finger in my mouth and sucked it clean. I ran my tongue around it, tasting her asshole on my tongue.

“See you tonight.”

“Yes Mistress.”

I arrived early at the party, 8:45. It was in a private house on one of

those streets where New York loses its orderly, grid formation and devolves into romantic curves and sweeps. I'd walked down the street many times before, and each time wondered who I had to kill to live in one of these houses. Tonight, I'd find out.

I walked around for 15 minutes then rang the buzzer to the outer gate. A security guard found my name on the list and waved me inside. I could tell just walking up the path to the front door that the house was magnificent, and the inside was even better. The front hallway had a marble floor and a large hanging chandelier. I turned into a grand ballroom that opened to the second floor. There were bookshelves across one wall that were 20 feet high, and a rolling ladder to reach the highest shelves. The carpet was deep and lush and expensive, and white Christmas lights were strung up all over. There was a full bar and a bartender dressed in a sharp black suit and a black eye mask. Some bondage furniture was scattered around the room, as well: a whipping post, stocks and spanking horses. I wondered if this party were going to get weird, and then I realized that I had crossed that Rubicon some time ago. If the party got weird, it'd probably be me who made it so.

I got a whiskey and looked at the art on the walls. There was actual Mondrian! The owner must be even richer than I thought. I walked closer and studied it. An attractive woman in a black corset came and stood next to me.

"Do you like it?"

"I do. I've always liked Mondrian."

She seemed impressed that I knew the artist. I was going to tell her everyone knew Mondrian when it occurred to me that she didn't, and it would land as an insult.

"Are you an artist?"

"No. You?"

"I sing."

"What do you sing?"

"Mostly jazz, and a little pop now and then."

"I love pop. I like jazz, too, but more live than recorded."

"It's better live. Not that many men admit they like pop."

"We all do. Some are just afraid to admit it, and they're worse off for it."

"Is that so?"

"It is. But that's ok, we don't need them."

She smiled, then turned her body toward mine.

"I'm Mistress Annabelle."

“Nice to meet you. I’m Michael. Would you like to look at the other paintings?”

“I would.”

We moved slowly to a Basquiat. Whoever owned this place had great taste in art. Mistress Annabelle hadn’t heard of him, either, and it hit me that she must be younger than she looked. I explained who Basquiat was and his impact on the art world.

“Do you know the owner of the house, Mistress Annabelle?”

“I don’t, but I’m friends with his Mistress. He’s a banker, I believe.”

“Shocking.”

“Right?”

We walked to the next painting, which was I didn’t recognize.

“Who’s this?”

“Van Housan. He was a Dutch Master. He had 11 cats, all of whom he named Lucy.”

She looked at me.

“I don’t know who it is. I made that up.”

She smiled and squeezed my arm. We walked around looking at the other paintings. She was telling me about her next jazz performance when suddenly Veronica was at my side.

“Oh, Mistress! You’re here!”

“Yes.”

She looked at me, then at Annabelle.

“This is Mistress Annabelle. Mistress Annabelle, this is my Mistress, Mistress Veronica.”

They gave each other polite, but not friendly hellos. Veronica rubbed the back of my neck.

“What were you talking about?”

“Art. Music. This house.”

“We were getting to know each other.” Annabelle said casually.

Veronica turned to me.

“Michael, how do you greet me?”

“Oh...”

I looked around. There were scattered people around in fetish outfits. This was a fetish party, clearly. I knelt and kissed her feet.

“It was nice to meet you, Michael.”

When I looked up from the floor, Annabelle was already walking away.

“Get up.”

Mistress took my arm and walked me to the corner of the room.

“What was that?”

“What?”

She looked at me like I was an idiot.

“What were you doing with her?”

“We were talking. Am I not supposed to talk to other dommes, Mistress?”

“You’re supposed to know when another domme is hitting on you.”

“She was hitting on me?”

“You seriously couldn’t tell?”

“What? How?”

She shook her head.

“She was giving you a dozen clues.”

“Like what?”

“Like how she was leaning close to you. How she was talking. I saw her touch your arm. Do you not recognize social clues at all?”

“I thought she was killing time till her date got here. It didn’t mean anything, Mistress. Honest.”

“You’re not allowed to talk to her again.”

“Yes Mistress.”

She still seemed upset. I knelt before her.

“Mistress. You’re the only one that I want to serve. There’s no other woman but you.”

She softened a little bit.

“Get up.”

Mistress found a few friends and I got them all drinks. They introduced me to the owner of the house, who was dressed as a dog and was being led around on a leash by a drop-dead gorgeous Mistress who looked half his age. She saw Veronica and came over. The owner had mittens on his hands and feet that made them look like paws. He was holding a rubber bone between his teeth, and there was a shaggy tail buttplug in his ass. His Mistress had that haughty, don’t-approach-me look that beautiful women are forced to wear in public, but she smiled as she came over and gave Veronica a big hug.

“Michael, this is Goddess Ebony. Goddess, this is Michael, a potential slave.”

“Hello Goddess.”

She looked me over, then turned to Veronica.

“He’s cute. Is he bi?”

“Maybe. Why”

“My dog here misbehaved earlier.”

Veronica looked down at the man on all fours, then knelt and held his chin.

“Is that true, boy? Did you misbehave?”

He woofed.

“He’s getting a beating soon, but I’d like to see him get double teamed. There are a few studs here tonight.”

She motioned to me.

“Your potential could fluff the studs, if you want.”

Mistress looked at me. I said a silent prayer that she not make that my punishment for my supposed flirting.

“That’s tempting, but I’m not sure slave here gets any pleasure tonight.”

“Oh, did he misbehave as well?”

“He did.”

“There’s a full arsenal of toys in the upstairs playroom. You remember where it is?”

“I do.”

“I’m going to do a lap with bitchboy here,” She yanked on her dog’s leash. “Come find me later.”

“Of course.”

She walked away, her dog in tow. Mistress looked at me.

“I may change my mind about you fluffing two studs.”

I looked down. I didn’t think she would really make me do that, but I certainly wasn’t going to test her.

“Get down on your knees. Keep your eyes on the floor.”

“Yes Mis-”

“Shut up.”

Mistress talked with her friends and ignored me. I felt good about Mistress’ jealousy. She wouldn’t have gotten upset if she didn’t care about me. I marveled, not for the first time — or the tenth — at how insecure I felt about her feelings for me and how different it was from normal dating. Veronica was definitely bringing out some deep insecurities in me, specifically my belief that I wasn’t worthy of someone so wonderful. I knew

I had a lot to give, and that Veronica had wants and needs like anyone else. I had to believe that I was good enough for her. I had to lead, if only in that one area.

I thought about all this as Mistress ignored me. I wondered what was happening around me. I guess this was part of my punishment. It was boring. After a while, I looked up to see what was going on.

“Head down!”

I looked down quickly.

“Anise, may I borrow your crop?”

“Of course.”

Mistress came around behind me.

WHACK!

WHACK!

WHACK!

WHACK!

WHACK!

I was able to keep myself from screaming, but just barely. No warm-up, just five angry, hard whacks.

“Keep your head down and don’t move until I tell you!”

“Yes Mistress.”

She went back to her friends. I listened to them chat about everyday things, about their work, about clients and their inability to follow correct email protocol. I wished I could at least look at them. Mistress eventually got my attention and had me follow her to a corner of the room.

“Do you see where these two walls meet?”

“The corner?”

“Yes. Good boy. The corner. Put your nose as close to it as possible. I’ll come back when I’m a little less irritated with you.”

I’m not sure how long I waited. It felt like a long time. I tried to imagine what was going on based on the sounds I heard. Someone was definitely getting beaten. Someone was getting fucked. Beyond that, I couldn’t tell. I knew one thing, though, I wasn’t going to talk to Mistress Annabelle again.

Mistress finally came and got me. She was smiling and her eyes were bright. I wondered what she’d been doing.

“Having a good time, Michael?”

“Yes, Mistress.”

“Really?”

“Being ignored by you is better than being fawned over by anybody else.”

“C’mon smooth talker. I’m taking you upstairs.”

We walked through Grand Ballroom. The socializing phase of the party was ending and people were playing or heading upstairs or to the basement. A large, muscular man had bent his thin slavegirl over the side of a couch and was fucking her hard from behind. Her hair was in pig-tails, and it flopped forward and back as her master plowed into her. Her face was twisted in pain and ecstasy.

In a corner, a mistress was whipping her slave. His hands were bound and lifted overhead. I could see the red lines form on his back as she hit him, the whip cracking against his skin.

I followed Mistress to one of the playrooms on the third floor. There was a bondage bed and a bunch of spanking implements on a side table. Mistress grabbed a hairbrush and sat on the edge of the bed. She patted her thigh.

“Come.”

I placed myself over her lap. She grabbed my hip and adjusted me upwards, then rubbed my ass with the hairbrush.

“You can’t flirt with other dommes.”

“Do you really think I was flirting, Mistress?”

“I think you liked the attention she was giving you. Am I wrong?”

“No Mistress, but I wouldn’t call that flirting.”

“What would you call it?”

“Talking.”

“Talking with someone who wanted to steal you from me?”

“Steal me from you? How is that possible?”

I was genuinely confused. The thought that anyone would be better than Mistress was insane.

“I’m sorry Mistress. I didn’t realize dommes steal slaves.”

“Not many. But some poach guys from other dommes because they figure they can trust them.”

“Really?”

“Yes, really. Did you think we were all friends?”

“Actually, yeah. I did.”

“I get along with most other dommes, and I respect anyone who’s trying to invert the status quo, but some women are only out for themselves and

they don't care who they hurt."

"Good to know."

"Some women are bitches."

"I heard it here first."

"I think 30 with the hairbrush is an appropriate punishment, don't you agree?"

"Yes Mistress. And Mistress?"

"Yes?"

"I know I deserve to be punished, but please believe that I would never cheat on you or flirt with another domme. You're the one I want. No one else comes close."

"I believe you, but you're still getting punished. Just because you're clueless doesn't mean you didn't break one of my big rules."

Mistress lifted the hairbrush. Her hand gripped my side.

Whap!

"Ow!"

Whap!

Whap!

Whap!

Whap!

"Ow!"

She rubbed my butt for a few seconds.

Whap!

Whap!

WHAP!

WHAP!

"OW! Please wait! Wait! Please, Mistress."

She waited. Oh my God the hairbrush hurt! I assumed it would be less painful than a crop or a paddle, but it really hurt!

WHAP!

WHAP!

WHAP!

"Uhh! Fuck!"

WHAP!

WHAP!
WHAP!
“Unnghghh!”

WHAP!
WHAP!
WHAP!
WHAP!

WHAP!
WHAP!
WHAP!
WHAP!

“Aarrgghh! Please Mistress! Please!”

“Shut up.”

WHAP!
WHAP!
WHAP!
WHAP!
WHAP!
WHAP!
WHAP!

She pushed me off her lap. I sunk to my knees and kissed her feet.

“I’m sorry Mistress! I’m sorry! I’ll never give you a reason to think I’m flirting again.”

I kept kissing her feet. My butt stung.

“All right. Enough. Kneel.”

She pointed between her legs. I crawled forward and she took my face in her hands.

“You’re really not a pain slut, are you Fartface?”

“No Mistress.”

“That’s too bad. Fortunately, you’re good for other things. Get up on the bed. On your back.”

Mistress took out her chastity key and unlocked me. I sighed in relief.

“Don’t think you’re getting to cum tonight.”

She climbed onto the bed and sat on my stomach. She ran her hands over my chest and up my arms, pinning my wrists to the bed.

“You *are* good for other things, aren’t you Michael?”

“I hope so, Mistress.”

“Like what? What do I like to do with you?”

My dick started getting hard.

“You like to make me wear girly clothes.”

“I do. But that’s not the main thing, is it?”

She pursed her lips and gathered up her saliva. I opened my mouth and she let it fall into mine. I smiled.

“You like to make me smell your asshole, Mistress.”

“Only I like that? You don’t like it?”

“No Mistress. I like it, too.”

“Tell me how you like to please me.”

“I like to take your strapon, Mistress.”

“Uh-huh, what else?”

“And I like that you control my cock. That makes me feel submissive to you.”

“What else?”

She moved her finger to my lips and pressed into my mouth. I sucked.

“Tell me.”

“Oh! I like when you put your finger in your ass and then rub it on my lip.”

She reached behind her and grabbed my dick. Her voice came out like a purr.

“I like that too. What else?”

“And...and it makes me excited when you make me watch you go to the bathroom.”

I blushed as I said it. I looked at Mistress and she smiled, but it wasn’t her normal, sweet smile. It was more like a predator who realizes she’s captured her prey.

“I know you like that. You get so excited.”

She stroked me. It felt heavenly.

“We’re going to keep doing that and stepping up the intensity, ok?”

“Yes Mistress.”

I would have agreed to anything. Mistress let go of my cock. She turned around and straddled my head.

“Smell me.”

She spread her butt cheeks and lowered her ass toward my face. I lifted

my head and sniffed. She smelled strong.

“How do I smell, Michael?”

“Wonderful, Mistress.”

“Lick.”

I reached up for her, but she lifted away from me. I put my head down.

“C’mon. Lick.”

She lowered back down, but when I tried again, she moved away.

“Poor wanna-be slave, can’t reach.”

When I tried this time, she sat back on my face. I licked her from the bottom of her ass crack to the top. I licked her again, tasting her dark, earthy flavor.

“Who owns you?”

She lifted her ass an inch.

“You d-”

She sat quickly on my face.

“Keep licking.”

I speared my tongue into her and licked.

“Ohhhh, that feels nice.”

She gave my cock slow strokes as I licked her.

“Enough.”

She lifted off of me and grabbed her strapon harness and a purple dildo from her purse. The dildo wasn’t that long, but it was thick. She rolled on a condom, then threaded it through the hole in the front of the harness. She locked eyes with me as she stroked her dildo.

“You look so incredibly sexy, Mistress.”

She got on the bed and straddled my chest. She rubbed the dildo over my face.

“Do you like my cock, slave?”

“Yes Mistress. It’s thick.”

“You like my thick cock?”

“I do.”

“What do you want to do with it?”

“I want to suck it, and then I want you to fuck me with it.”

“Good girl.”

She held the base of the dildo and angled the tip toward my mouth. She rubbed it over my lips.

“Kiss it....good. Again...Open for me.”

I opened, and Mistress guided her cock into my mouth.

“Look at me...that’s right. You look so sexy with your mouth full of my cock. Suck it.”

I closed my lips and sucked her cock. I could see the lust in her eyes. I could feel it through her fingertips as she held my head. She moved her hips forward and back, pushing the dildo against the back of my throat and then pulling back. I kept looking at her, imagining that the dildo was a part of her, hoping that I was pleasing her the way she wanted. She pulled all the way out of me and grabbed a pillow.

“Lift your butt.”

She slid the pillow beneath me, then slowly opened my asshole with her lubed-up finger. She put two fingers in me and moved them in a circle.

“Are you ready for me slave?”

Her voice seemed deeper than normal. I nodded. She rubbed lube onto her dildo and put the tip against my asshole. She slowly increased the pressure until my ass yielded and she pushed inside me. It stretched me, and I arched my head back.

“Oh, Mistress! Your cock is so big!”

“I know, Michael. Relax for me.”

I breathed slowly, carefully.

“Open your eyes. Look at me.”

She looked beautiful. Radiant. I couldn’t believe I got to serve this woman. I felt a tug on my heart. My asshole relaxed and she sunk deep into me.

“That’s right.”

“Ohhhhhh.”

“Stay open for me.”

“Yes Mistress.”

“Say it again.”

She pulled her dildo out a few inches and then pushed back in, until the front of her thighs met my ass.

“Yes Mistress.”

“Again.”

“Yes Mistress. Yes Mistress. Yes Mistress.”

My head was near the headboard, and when she thrust, she bonked my head against it. She grabbed under and around my thighs and slid me down the bed six inches. She started pumping harder and faster, until she was

pounding me, digging her fingernails into my sides. She gritted her teeth, and I saw a sheen of sweat on her face. She closed her eyes and inhaled deeply.

“You *fucking* slut! You think you’ve done some nasty shit; you just wait!”

She raked her nails down my sides.

“You’re mine. Do you understand?”

“Yes Mistress!”

“You belong to me. Say it.”

“I belong to you, Mistress. I’m yours.”

SLAP!

She was breathing heavily through her mouth as she kept staring into me.

SLAP!

“If I ever catch you flirting with another *domme*, you’re in real trouble. You won’t like your punishment.”

“Yes, Mis-”

SLAP!

She let go with a primal yell as her eyes closed and she jackhammered her cock into me. I wrapped my legs around her waist. I wanted her to devour me. I wanted to submit to her with every ounce of my being. I would do anything she said if she would just let me serve her. She kept pumping and I closed my eyes and just let go.

Mistress slowed down, then stopped and caught her breath. She moved forward and kissed me on the lips. I felt tears fall from eyes down my cheeks. Mistress wiped them with her finger. I tried to stop myself from saying what I said next, but I couldn’t. It’s like the words forced their way out of me.

“I love you, Mistress. I do. I don’t expect you to say it back, but I love you.”

She kissed me again. She didn’t return my proclamation, and I worried I’d said too much. We lay together for a while before Mistress pulled out. We cleaned ourselves up and crashed back into bed, laying side to side and holding each other. We didn’t say anything else, and after a while, Mistress rubbed my cheek.

“Let’s go home.”

“Yes, Mistress.”

We didn’t talk in the cab, but Mistress took my hand as we walked inside her building and she held it as we went up the elevator and then down the hall to her apartment. We cleaned up and got into bed.

“Good night, sweet Michael.”

“Good night, Mistress.”

The Morning After

I woke with a knot of anxiety in my chest. Mistress was already awake, sitting up against the headboard. She looked at me.

“Good morning, Fartface.”

“Good morning Mistress.”

“How do you feel?”

“Worried.”

“About?”

“What I said last night. Telling you I love you.”

“Why?”

“I’m afraid I’ll scare you away.”

She turned.

“I like men who take risks. What you said took courage.”

I nodded. I still felt anxious. Mistress pushed me onto my back and climbed on top of me. She kissed me softly.

“You’re worried because I didn’t say it back.”

“I am. You don’t have to. I hope you know that. Wait. That came out wrong. Obviously you don’t have to. You know that. Sorry. I’m just worried. I don’t know how to explain it.”

She looked at me without speaking for a moment.

“Would you like to know my real name, Evan?”

I nodded.

“It’s Anya.”

“Anya?”

“Yes.”

I looked at her.

“I can see that.”

She got off me and I sat up next to her. She took my hand.

“I like you, Michael. I’m not in love with you, but it takes me a while to let someone in. It doesn’t mean I won’t fall for you.”

“It feels vulnerable.”

“I know. It’s sexy when a man’s vulnerable.”

“Really?”

“Yeah. You don’t know that?”

“No.”

“For a smart guy, you really are stupid sometimes.”

“I’m smart?”

“Somewhat.”

It felt good to smile after worrying all night. She leaned over and kissed me, then patted my cheek.

“Today you’re mine. We’re going shopping, because I want a new shirt and some files for my office. Then we’re going to come home and play.”

“I would like that.”

“First, though, breakfast and coffee. And brush your teeth: your breath is awful!”

“Yes Mistress.”

After breakfast, Mistress sat on the couch and I massaged her feet. She wasn’t running away from me, as I had feared. Before I fell asleep, my mind had constructed a horrible reality where she told me that she needed to be alone today, followed by not returning calls and cancelling our planned Thursday session, eventually leading to a long text where she told me that she really cared for me as a person but didn’t feel we had long term potential. It made my stomach hurt, but I couldn’t stop thinking about it, filling in the details, pushing into all my tender spots. The fact that that wasn’t happening helped me unclench my shoulders and jaw, which I hadn’t even realized I’d tightened.

Our day was wonderful. As we were walking between shops, Mistress reached over and took my hand and we threaded our fingers together. It felt momentous, and I smiled like an idiot. Even watching her shop was fun. We stopped for lunch at a Peruvian restaurant, and it was one of the best meals I’ve ever had. I suspected the company had something to do with it.

We got home around 4pm and sat together on her couch. Every 30 seconds, I wanted to ask her if we were boyfriend-girlfriend yet. And every time I knew it was a bad idea...until I couldn’t resist it anymore and asked. Not in those words, but I asked what today meant to her. As usual, she saw right through me.

“You want to know if we’re going steady.”

She smiled as she said it, mocking me good-naturedly.

“I do, Mistress. I have a number of fan clubs, and they’re very interested in my romantic life.”

“Is that so?”

“Yeah. A couple news organizations are curious, too.”

“I’m going to be serious now.”

“Ok.”

“I like you. But if you want to be my boyfriend, there are certain things you have to do. I won’t force you to do them, but if you don’t, we can’t be together. They’re fetishes of mine and I won’t be happy without them.”

“Which ones, Mistress?”

She looked at me like I already knew the answer, which I did.

“Stop pretending you don’t want it as much as I do.”

I felt my chest buzzing, but I was afraid to admit to myself why. She turned her body to face mine.

“I could tell what you wanted the second you stepped into my apartment.”

I looked down. I couldn’t speak. She put her finger beneath my chin and raised my eyes to hers.

“Michael. My website clearly states what I’m into. I know why guys like you contact me. I know you want it, and I know you’re done being embarrassed about it.”

She stood.

“Come. Crawl.”

She patted her thigh. I felt like I weighed 1,000 pounds, and it was hard to breathe.

“Michael. Now.”

Her arrogance dislodged whatever resistance I was feeling. I crawled after her to the bathroom. She lowered the lid to the toilet seat and sat on it.

“Don’t make me wait like that again.”

SLAP!

“I’m sorry, Mistress. It won’t happen again.”

“Take off your clothes. Lie on your back.”

I watched as Mistress took off her jeans and underwear. Everything seemed very still and full of meaning. She was just wearing her socks and her tan, angora sweater. She stood, her feet on opposite sides of my chest, facing away from me. She squatted down and brushed her hair back over her head.

“I want you to watch my asshole, then watch my shit as it lands on your

chest.”

“Yes Mistress.”

My voice came out as a whisper. This was, admittedly, what I’d been hoping for since the day I saw her website: that she would give me no choice but to be her toilet. Time slowed down. Mistress put her forearms on her thighs.

“Here it comes.”

I watched as her asshole spread and opened. A brown tip appeared and slowly grew as it pushed out of her and moved steadily toward me. I felt it land on my chest. It was warmer than I thought it would be. My mind went blank, as if I couldn’t comprehend what was happening. Mistress grunted, and another log pushed out of her, this one thicker. It fell and landed above the first on my chest. Mistress stood and looked down at me. She looked so beautiful. She wiped herself, letting the toilet paper fall on to my stomach.

“Open.”

She spit into my mouth, then moved between my legs.

“You’re such a good boy for me, such a good little toilet.”

She stroked me slowly.

“You’re so brave.”

I leaned my head back and closed my eyes.

“No, Michael. Look at me. Look at yourself.”

I opened, and she smiled kindly at me. Her eyes were bright and her cheeks were a little flushed.

“Good boy.”

She let go of my dick and moved up to my head. She lowered herself onto me.

“Taste me. Make me cum.”

For the first time, I tasted her pussy. It was strong and sweet, and she was sopping wet already. I licked her slowly. I could still smell her shit, and I could feel it on me, but I concentrated on her.

“Oh, yeah! Right there!”

I licked her steadily as her breath grew louder and she started moaning.

“Oh you disgusting fucking pig! Just wait until you eat my shit! Wait until I shit on your face and leave you there all- all night. I’m going to force your face into a...oh, fuck! Into a pile of my shhhhhhiiiiittttt fuuuuuuuucccccckkk! Oh! Oh! FUCK! YES!”

Her hips spasmed and she ground into me. I reduced my pressure to

where I was just barely brushing her. She stayed on top of me as she caught her breath.

“Oh, fuck! You’re good at that. Holy shit!”

She lifted off me.

“Thank you Mistress.”

She rubbed my cheek, then traced around my face with her finger. She rubbed over my lips.

“Open.”

I opened and sucked on her finger.

“Good boy.”

She stood up.

“Put my shit in the toilet and flush it. Then take a shower.”

She left the room. I looked at my chest, at the pieces of her shit on me. How had I gotten here so quickly? How long had it been since our first session? I was simply powerless against her! I wasn’t sure how to get her shit to the toilet without touching it with my fingers, which seemed vitally important to me, ironically. I scooted back toward the bowl and grabbed some toilet paper. I wrapped it around my fingers several times, then very carefully lifted the first log into the bowl. The second wasn’t as cooperative. It was too soft, and it collapsed as my fingers pushed through it. I had to pick it off me bit by bit, and it left a large smear on my chest. I flushed and quickly got in the shower without looking at myself in the mirror.

Afterwards, I found Mistress in the kitchen. She had put on panties but not her jeans. She handed me a glass of water, which I drank down quickly. She reached forward and took my hand.

“Come.”

She dragged me to her bedroom, then pulled my towel off of me and pushed me back on the bed. She took off her panties.

“Get yourself hard.”

She watched me stroke myself. Her stare was full of lust. She crawled on top of me and kissed me, pushing her tongue into my mouth. She looked down at my cock, then took my wrists and pinned them against the bed.

“Don’t move!”

She brought my cock to her opening and sunk down onto me. She peeled off her sweater and unhooked her bra. She started moving slowly forward and back.

“That was so sexy of you in the bathroom, so brave. You make me feel

like I can trust you.”

“I love you, Mistress.”

“I know.”

We moved together. She pushed her body down against mine, touching as much of me as she could. I wanted us to merge together into one person. I would do anything for her. She was my Mistress and owner.

“I love when you push me, Mistress. I want to do dirty things for you.”

She nodded. but didn’t speak.

“I want you to shit on me whenever you want. I want to lick your ass clean when you’re done. I want...”

“What do you want?”

I shook my head. I didn’t want to say what I almost said, and the feeling of her around me was overpowering. Mistress smiled. I think she knew what I was holding back. She pushed up and rolled her hips forward and back.

“Are you going to cum for me?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“I want you to hold it for just a little while longer. Can you do that?”

“Yes Mistress.”

I squeezed my pc muscle as hard as I could.

“As you cum, I want you to look at me and tell me you’re my slave. I want you to scream it.”

“Yes Mistress.”

We moved together, until the feeling grew so strong that I thought I would pass out. I made strange grunting sounds.

“Hold it.”

I felt her muscles squeeze me. She smiled.

“Please!”

“Cum for me slave! Cum my little shit eater.”

“I’M YOUR SLAVE! I’M YOUR SLAAAAAAVE!!!” My hips pumped uncontrollably. It was one of the best orgasms of my life. Mistress kept her hands on my chest. Her hair fell over her face and she shook her head to clear it away.

“I knew you’d be good in bed.”

“Really? How?”

“Intuition.”

I let that land.

“You know what you’re going to do now, right?”

“Fall asleep?”

She shook her head, smiling.

“You’ve made a big mess in me, and you’re going to clean it up.”

She pushed off of me and put her hand on my chest, then swung her knee over my head. I saw my cum splattered around and in her pussy as she lowered herself to my face. I licked it up, obediently.

We lay next to each other for a while until we both nodded off. When we woke, it was close to 8pm. Mistress put my chastity cage back on me and we ordered dinner. As we ate, we talked about normal things. Mistress told me a little bit more about her work, and she asked about mine. It was just a normal conversation between a man and his girlfriend who had earlier that day shit on his chest.

The next morning, Mistress nudged me awake around 8.

“Make us breakfast, slave.”

“Yes Mistress.”

I blinked the sleep out of my eyes and went to stand, but Mistress grabbed my wrist.

“Wait.”

She pulled me toward her and kissed me on the mouth. I must have looked surprised.

“What?”

“Nothing, Mistress.”

“We’re boyfriend-girlfriend now, so that’s going to happen a lot.”

I smiled.

“I like that.”

I made us eggs and toast and coffee.

“Mistress?”

“Yes, Michael.”

“I’m curious how our relationship is going to be. I know I’m your slave, but is there anything specific I should know?”

Mistress took a sip of her coffee.

“Every relationship is a little different, so we’ll have to figure out the specifics as we go. Generally, we’re a lot like a normal couple. You do all the chores, obviously, and if I tell you to do something, you do it. If you need to talk about something, we’ll talk about it, and if I want to take away one of your privileges, I can do that, too.”

“Like what?”

“You know what I mean; you just want to hear me say it.”

I smiled. She was right.

“I can take away your right to use furniture in either of our apartments, or I can make you eat all of your food out of a dog bowl. I can forbid you from using the toilet.”

“How would that work?”

“Depends.”

“Oh.”

She laughed.

“So we’re like a couple, but you’ll tell me what to do when you want to.”

“And I have final say on all decisions. You can state your preference, but when I decide, that’s what we’re doing.”

“What about finances?”

“What about them?”

“Do you have control of them?”

She opened her mouth to speak, then stopped as if listening for something from far away.

“Put your coffee down...come.”

She stood and walked to the bathroom.

“Clothes off, on your back.”

I looked at her. I knew she would shit on me again; I just hadn’t thought it would be right away.

“Slave. You have five seconds to start taking off your clothes or you’re going to regret it.”

I got naked and lay on my back. Mistress took off her robe and underwear. She didn’t even look at me as squatted over me. I could see her asshole and her long hair flowing down her back.

Oh God! Her shit came out fast in one disgusting plop! It was soft, and the smell was like a bomb had detonated! I could feel it all over my chest! Mistress exhaled, then farted, and a small string of shit fell on top of the larger pile. She waited a moment to make sure she was finished, then grabbed the toilet paper and wiped her ass, letting the paper fall on to my stomach and chest. She closed the lid to the toilet and sat on it.

“It’s best for us to keep our finances separate for now, just like a normal couple. I think you’re thinking long term, though, right?”

It took me a second to realize what she was talking about.

“Yes.”

“That’s a conversation we can revisit, but I don’t foresee having full control of your finances. That’s just not a good idea.”

“I agree, Mistress.”

“You would have to ok any large purchases with me, though, and maybe I would limit what you could spend.”

She thought for a moment.

“That might be fun, to make you pack all your lunches because I don’t allow you enough to eat out.”

She stood up.

“Stay there. I’ll tell you when you can get up.”

“Yes Mistress.”

She walked out and closed the door.

We spent most of the next three days together. Everything was exciting. She still had some sessions, so I wasn’t able to be with her all the time. It was probably better that way. I needed to get work done, too, and that was hard when I wanted to worship her every minute of the day.

Mistress had plans on Friday, but I came over Saturday morning. I greeted her as always, kissing her feet and smelling her ass. She looked at my hands.

“Where is it?”

“Where’s what?”

“My oat milk.”

Oh fuck! She’d asked me to bring her oat milk in her text last night, and I totally forgot! Shit!

“I’m sorry, Mistress. I forgot.”

I looked at her face. She was not happy.

“I can run out now.”

“No. Come.”

She patted her hip. I crawled after her into her spare bedroom. She unfolded a rubber sheet and laid it on the floor.

“There’s a toilet box in the closet. Get it.”

It was the same kind as in her studio, but the wood was dark brown instead of black. I placed it on the rubber mat.

“Get in.”

Being suffocated by her farts seemed a little extreme for just forgetting oat milk, but this was the second time I’d forgotten it, and my first

transgression as her boyfriend, so I knew she'd want to send a message. I positioned myself on the pad, and as the top closed and the latches clicked, I realized that there weren't blocks beside my head in this one: I could turn from side to side. Mistress attached my wrists to the side of the box and secured my legs. She looked down at me and smiled her sly smile. She had something in her hand.

"Lift your head."

I could just lift my head an inch. Mistress reached through and put something over my head and pulled it over my eyes. They were safety goggles. It suddenly hit me what was happening.

"Mistress!"

She ignored me, turned and sat.

"Mistress, please! Wait!"

She leaned forward and shit on my face.

I had a moment of total panic. I jerked my arms and legs, but I was trapped. I could feel her soft shit piled on top of my nose and mouth. Some had fallen onto my safety goggles. My mind went blank. I just couldn't believe it.

And then it was like something broke and a new part of me opened up. I liked this! This wasn't real punishment, and Mistress knew it. She was happy I'd forgotten the oat milk, and I was too. I almost laughed, but I didn't want to open my mouth. I felt lighter, like a plastic coating I hadn't even known I was wearing had been removed.

Mistress stood and wiped, dropping her toilet paper into the hole. Some of it landed on my face. She looked down at me.

"I trust you'll take my commands more seriously in the future."

She closed the lid. The smell was so horrific. I shook my head to get some of the shit off of me. It slid down my cheek, leaving a smear I could feel. After a minute, I felt Mistress' hands on my cock, and then my chastity cage was unlocked and removed. Mistress sat on my stomach and stroked me to hardness, then put me inside of her. It felt exquisite. I felt her hands on my chest as she engulfed me, her muscles squeezing and stroking me. It was insane what was happening, and at the same time, it was just two people sharing their fetish, taking joy in what they found exciting. There was no need to ask why or understand further. There wasn't anything I had to do or anyone whose opinion I needed to worry about except the woman on top of me. It felt like a wave had crested and broken, sending torrents of pleasure all

through me. Mistress orgasmed and gradually slowed down. She pulled off of me. The lid to the toilet opened.

“Are you ok.”

I nodded. I was afraid to open my mouth. She smiled.

“Don’t go anywhere.”

She closed the lid, leaving me in the dark, chained to her toilet box, face covered in shit, my cock still rock hard.

Mistress took me out for dinner that night. We ate at her favorite vegan restaurant and talked like a normal couple. Halfway through the meal, she reached across the table and held my hand. She didn’t say anything, and we ate in mostly silence. Afterward, we saw a movie, then got a drink at a bar near her apartment. Later, we lay in bed together. She had removed my chastity cage, and I was hard, but we just held each other.

“Thank you, Mistress.”

“For what, slave?”

“For helping me move through my shame. For helping me accept who I am.”

I yawned. I was tired.

“Bored?”

“So bored.”

She leaned over and kissed me.

“Good night, slave.”

“Good night, Mistress.”

In the morning, I started getting out of bed, but Mistress grabbed my wrist.

“Where are you going?”

“To the bathroom, and to brush my teeth.”

She let go of my wrist. I hurried back to bed when I was finished. Mistress pulled me on top of her and we kissed. She put her hands on the top of my head and pushed. I got the message and moved down between her legs.

I licked her slowly, tasting every inch of her. I licked her like she was the most important thing in my life, which she was. I licked her as if this was the last time I’d ever get to be with her. I licked her like she was the only woman on earth.

She came, thunderously, screaming and pulling the sheets up off the corners of the bed. She pulled me up to her and kissed me.

“I love you, Evan.”

I smiled.

“I love you, too, Anya.”

We stayed in bed all morning, talking and laughing. I got up to make coffee. She went to the bathroom, eventually, but didn't take me with her. I guess I had earned a day off. I thought about the last time she went to the bathroom on my chest, the sight of her squatting down, her hair falling down her back. My dick twitched. For just a split second, the old me came back and I tried to explain it away: this wasn't me. I didn't really want that. But I stopped. It was me. I *did* want that. From the very beginning, I had wanted it. That she loved it was why I sought her out to begin with. I loved the humiliation and degradation and intimacy of it, and I was done being ashamed of that. I got out of bed and walked to the bathroom. Mistress was brushing her teeth. She looked back at me.

“I thought you were going the bathroom.”

She spit.

“I'm about to.”

A slow smile spread across her face. She knew why I had come to find her. She nodded toward the floor.

“On your back.”

“Yes Mistress.”

THE END

About the Author

Thimble has been interested in femdom since before he knew what sex was. He creates stories with full, rounded characters and mostly believable stories that are still sexy and fun. At heart, he's a romantic.

Look for his other titles on Amazon at:
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