



Tom Longo

**Femdom
Vacation**



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Author's Note: All characters depicted in this work of fiction are over 18 years old, and the activities that they engage in is consensual.

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Femdom Vacation

Desperate need to be dominated

Ever since I can remember, I've secretly loved the idea of being dominated by a woman in the bedroom. It was sadly something that was near impossible to experience. Every woman I ever dated expressed a complete disinterest in taking charge of the activities in the bedroom, and my subtle hints were either ignored, or not even understood by them. It was a problem, and I feared that I would go my entire life without living out my dark fantasies at least one time. Something needed to happen, and that was why I decided to take desperate measures.

Countless women entered, and eventually left my life without me getting my most basic needs met. In a perfect world, I wanted to be dominated, and humiliated to the point of not even feeling like a man anymore, but my experience told me that I could not even find a woman that would let me go down on her. That was probably the hardest thing to understand. I continued to wonder how the women I got interest from had very little need or want for me to provide them with pleasure. It just confused me, and I could not understand the logic behind it. Frustrated, I began scouring the web in search of a professional dominatrix that could provide me with the experiences that I craved. My dreams of finding a dominant wife to marry were not looking feasible.

Living in a small town has its perks, but finding a dominatrix is not one of them. The closest one that I could find was located in a big city, and all of the costs associated with going there, staying there, and the actual cost of the woman's time were far too great. Additionally, the women on these websites were very clear in their advertisements stating strict conditions such as "no intimate body worship," or "clothing remains on." Add those terrible conditions to the fact that I could only afford to take them for an hour or two, and it was a recipe for a subpar experience that would only leave me wishing for more. I realized through my research that I could easily take a vacation to a cheaper place, and stay for much longer. That's when I stumbled across the beautiful Philippines, and began giving it serious consideration.

The Philippines had always been a place on my radar. Due to the American military presence in the nation's history, English is one of their official languages. Research told me that the average citizen may not have a perfect grasp of the language, but that the odds of finding women that could speak an acceptable level were higher than other countries in the region. I started to browse the forums and websites, so that I could find a local dominatrix, and surprisingly there were quite a few. It appeared that years of western travel had brought over the concept to their society, and some industrious women were catching on to the game.

That is how I found Mistress Darna. She was a beautiful Filipina lady, and her profile told me that she stood at five foot seven inches, tall for a woman in that country. She had tanned skin, and a beautiful face. I just did not see women like her in my town as the the Asian population was pretty much limited to my local Chinese restaurant, and the people that owned that business were all married and too old to be attractive to me. She was a princess in my mind, and I would browse her website constantly trying to learn more about her, and fantasizing about what it would be like to have a session with her. She appeared to be ruthless in the way that she dominated men. Her site was filled with pictures that showed me enough of her to want her, but not enough to prevent me from wanting to dive deeper into her world.

I looked up the name Darna out of curiosity, and I discovered that it was a name based on a popular character in the Philippines. Darna was a superhero, and she was a being from outer space. I wondered if she had chosen the name, or if it was given to her. Either way, it was a fitting name for a woman that dominated men for a living.

Her prices were reasonable, but one thing in particular stuck out to me. She offered a package deal that she called a "femdom vacation." It was an all inclusive package that would take care of all of the food and accommodation, and it offered to give femdom experiences that did not even seem possible to get in the big cities in America. It was something that I had my eye on, and admittedly, I masturbated several times just from reading the ad. It gave me ideas, and feelings that I had never received from watching videos or reading erotica. It was an experience that seemed to be the most humiliating way a man could be treated by a woman.

The service, as described by her website, would have her pick you up at the

airport in Manila. She would then take you to a room that she had access to where you could shower and freshen up. All sorts of surprises happened in that room, and then she would take you to her rural village. Apparently, you would spend three days completely dominated by her there, and the people in the village were all aware of what she was doing. One particular activity that got my attention described a level of humiliation that one could only dream of. If I chose this option, I would be sissified and paraded through her village where all of the people would see me as a pathetic human being. Thoughts of being placed on a leash and collar as I walked two steps behind a gorgeous Asian dominatrix filled me with lust. That very idea stuck with me, and it probably was one of the primary reasons I stopped researching other local women. I knew, at that time, that if I was going to go anywhere in the Philippines, it was going to be with Mistress Darna.

The fact that the villagers were all aware of her service was interesting to me. On the one hand, you did not have to worry about being randomly photographed or dealing with people that would find the whole thing to be offensive, but on the other hand the element of “what is going on?” was not in the picture. They would all know about my femdom fetish, and they would see me as a submissive man just by being in her company. In a weird way, that was more humiliating than some random person looking at me with a confused look. That random person might try to rationalize the behavior, or simply ignore me, whereas the villagers would be pointing and laughing. Surely, they got a kick back from Mistress Darna as her ad assured readers that everyone was on aware and okay with the activities.

The day came when I finally decided to go for it. I clicked on all of the menu options to take me to where I could pay the deposit, and I found that she had a list of services with boxes that I could check. This was her way of understanding your wants and needs, and the options were vast, and just knowing that she had typed these activities out made my cock hard. I could not believe there were women out there that knew about this type of stuff.

One option stood out in particular. She was offering the service of another mistress, but this one was not like her at all. She was a beautiful transgender woman, that stood at about the same height as me. I had never seen such a beautiful being before. I could not imagine what people back home would say if they knew that I had been dominated by a futa in the Philippines. I stared at the screen as I tried to process the reality of choosing the option. My cock was

telling me yes, but so many thoughts were going through my mind. Eventually, I decided to go for it, and I never looked back. I did not care what it would mean about my sexuality to be on my knees before a woman with a cock that was likely the same size, or bigger, than mine. I just cared that I was going to experience a vacation that I never thought was possible. I submitted the form, along with the payment, and I tried to occupy my time as I waited for a response. Admittedly, I was concerned that the whole thing could have been some sort of money grabbing scam.

After the initial period where I stared at the screen waiting for her reply, I told myself that I would not check my email until the weekend. It was one of the hardest things for me to do, but I wanted to focus on the logistics of the vacation. I put in the request to get time off from work, and it was granted without any issues.

The most challenging thing was coming up with an elaborate lie as to what I would be doing with my time off. I told my boss that I was taking a week off to visit friends on the other side of the country. I was going to tell them a version of the truth at first, but I learned from online forums that admitting to your coworkers that you are going to the Philippines is often a bad idea. People draw all sorts of conclusions if you are a solo male traveler. In my situation they would not be that far from the truth.

Opening up my email was when reality began to settle inside of me. Mistress Darna had replied, and confirmed the booking of my femdom vacation. Seeing that text on the screen sent my cock into a mode where it was hard to focus on anything. My eyes glazed over, and I looked off into the distance as I stroked my cock. My thoughts were filled with nothing, but an image of what I thought it would be like to bow my head to the floor in front of her. Thirty or so minutes passed before I finally snapped out of it, and reread the email.

“Dear Tom, I am emailing you to let you know that we have received payment and that we have an opening for you on the requested dates. Please make sure that you enter the country through Ninoy Aquino Airport located in Manilla. We will be there to receive you as soon as you get off of the plane. It is recommended that you only bring a carry on bag as any items you need will be provided by us, or they can be purchased locally at a cheaper price than your home country. We can’t wait to humiliate you! Thank you, Mistress Darna.”

I was thankful that she did not get to see my real name, Jack. The payment processor said that the merchant would not be able to see my name, but I was still worried. I quickly booked the cheapest plane ticket for the date that I had asked her for, and I sent Mistress Darna the information that she had requested. I felt such a relief to know that I not only had someone to dominate and control me, but I also had someone that would essentially hold my hand through the process of exploring a strange foreign land with a culture that I knew little about. My adrenaline was pumping as I started to look at videos and pictures of the Philippines. No one in my social circle had ever taken such a risk by going to a developing nation. Furthermore, the fact that I was keeping this vacation a secret only added to the level of excitement that I was feeling at the time.

The craziest thing to me was how meeting with Darna, and her transgender friend in a foreign country was so affordable in comparison to inferior services that I could find at home. All of the humiliation that I would happily endure would also be contained in the Philippines, and the odds of any of it coming back to haunt my real life was slim to none. The entire concept of a femdom vacation was genius, and I wondered who came up with the idea for Darna. Was she a natural entrepreneur, or was there some savvy foreigner behind the scenes feeding her ideas, and handling the business from the backend?

There was a huge internal debate going through my mind. The idea of preserving my virility by not masturbating seemed like a good idea to help amplify the feelings that I was going to experience. However, it was clearly stated that I would not be having sex with her. I even elected to be placed in chastity for the trip, but I had no idea for how long that would be. Checking those boxes when I signed up for the vacation was like being a starving man in an all you can eat buffet. I chose practically every service save for a few things that were just a little too extreme for a beginner such as myself.

There was not that much time until I would be on that airplane flying across the ocean on my way to be picked up by two beautiful mistresses that knew all about my submissive needs. I had decided that I could not prevent myself from masturbation as the nights were long and filled with anxiety as I thought about the trip. Thinking about the two of them humiliating me in front of other people was enough for me to spill my load, and eventually relax enough to fall asleep. Getting through the work days proved to be even more of a challenge, but I kept reminding myself that time continued no matter what. The only thing that felt different was my perception of it, but the day would come when I finally would

fulfil my crazy fantasies.

Arrival in Manilla

Stepping out of the airplane, and into the humid airport of Manilla made feel like I had teleported to a new world. The sounds of the locals chatting to one another in their native Tagalog, and various other languages served as a reminder that I was no longer in the United States of America. This country was raw, and from the looks of it unfiltered. Life felt cheaper, and I knew that beyond the exit of the airport was a country rich in culture, but very poor in terms of their economy. I was thankful to know that I was being dominated, because with that domination came protection.

“What is the reason for your visit sir?” Asked the clean cut immigration official. He looked like a nice guy, probably in his thirties, and I could tell right away that this guy was nothing like me. He did not look like he would even lick a woman’s pussy if she begged him.

“Vacation,” I said. I had come across posts on the internet that advocated for you to keep your answers short and sweet to immigration officials. It was not wise to tell them that you were there to be treated like a beta male. That would only bring further questioning.

“Enjoy your stay!” He said with a bright smile as he stamped the visa exemption inside of my passport. It looked like he had already mentally moved on to the person waiting patiently behind me.

“T-thank you,” I said as I took my passport from the desk and walked towards the large groups of people that were standing around picking up travelers like me.

I had already paid, but I had one more chance to back out of the arrangement. Neither Darna, or her friend knew what I looked like, but I could pick the two of them out immediately. Among the hordes of people waiting for their friends, stood two beautiful women with long black hair. Both of them were wearing all black, thin leather like materials. Nobody seemed to be paying any attention to them except for me, and that is when my eyes locked onto Darna’s for the first time. She smiled mischievously, and she knew that she had me picked out. At

that point, I knew that I was along for the ride.

“Hello,” I said as I approached the two gorgeous ladies. “I’m, uhh, Tom.” I quickly corrected myself as I held my hand out to shake Darna’s hand. It felt like a wise move to protect my identity just in case.

She just looked at my hand as if I committed some act of aggression, and she looked over at her beautiful transgender friend. They said something in their native language, and it was followed by laughter. I realized right then and there that my vacation would be full of these types of moment where they could share information with each other right in front of me without even a small chance of me having a clue of what was said. My face grew red as I removed my hand from her personal space, and my eyes started to move towards the floor until they stopped when I saw her pretty toes sticking out from her black high heel pumps.

“Nice to meet you Tom,” Darna said as she looked carefully at me. Her eyes felt like they touching me. Her examination only lasted seconds, but it felt like hours, and I was oblivious to her friend until she finally decided to speak.

“Hi,” her friend said. Her voice was feminine, and nothing about her appearance would signal to me that she had a cock. She held her hand out for me to take, but her palm was facing downwards, and her wrist was slightly bent. Something told me that she wanted me to kiss her hand, and I did. Laughter came from both of them.

“Good,” Darna said, “he’s smart enough to understand what is expected of him. Come with us, our taxi is waiting for us.”

The two of them started to walk ahead of me, and I followed them with my backpack. My eyes were bouncing back and forth between their bodies as I thought about which one tasted better.

“It’s best not to be thinking like this,” I thought to myself when I realized that I was objectifying them in my own mind. “I’m here to be subservient to them, not to judge them.”

They led me to a parking lot where a Filipino man was standing outside of his car with his back resting against the driver’s side door. He was puffing on a cigarette, and he smiled at the three of us when he noticed the sounds of women

wearing high heels walking across the pavement. I thought that he was a mad man, because he was wearing long sleeves, and pants. I knew about the Philippines being a very hot country, but I did not understand it until I was outside of the airport, and I was already sweating profusely. These people were just going about their day, and the heat was nothing special to them. They probably thought it was chilly judging by the number of locals I saw wearing, what I consider to be, unnecessary clothing.

“Hello Joe,” The taxi driver said. He seemed comfortable with who he was. This was his homeland, and he was an expert at everything whereas I was a confused newbie with two female handlers.

“Joe?” I looked at him with utter confusion. It was getting confusing already trying to stick to my alias Tom, but now this guy was throwing another name at me.

“Don’t worry about it,” Darna said, “here in the Philippines all foreigners like you are named Joe.”

“What?” I was confused, but I let the issue go. I was more focused on the subtle look of condescension in the taxi driver’s eyes. I had a feeling he knew all about my depravity, and at the very least he probably saw me as some sort of degenerate sex tourist. He would be right, but if he did not know the full scope of it all, he was ignorant to what level of patheticness I was currently at. I had traveled around the globe to be sexually submissive to the local women.

“I’ll sit up front,” Darna said as she circled around the car to get in the passenger’s seat. “You can get to know Jenny,” she said with a smirk.

Jenny got in, and I followed her from behind. I was so amazed at how beautiful she was. If she were a resident in my home, I would proudly walk hand in hand with her, and men would not be able to keep their eyes off of her. Her appearance, her voice, her mannerisms all pointed to a person that was nothing but feminine. One could have even made the argument that she was more of a woman than Darna, even when that same person was aware of the cock inside of Jenny’s pants.

“So, uhh, is Jenny your real name?” I asked her as she looked at me seductively. I got the feeling that she found me really attractive, and I was not seeing her as a dominant person. She looked almost like she wanted me to bend her over, and to

ram my cock up her ass while she screamed my name, but I knew that I was just dreaming. She knew all about me, and she knew that I made a special request just to be in the same room as her.

The two of them said something in their language, and they laughed again. Even the taxi driver had a chuckle. Jenny looked at me, and she licked her lips.

“I’m going to fuck you if you keep asking me questions like that.” She bit down on her lip, and Darna’s laughter got even louder. The taxi driver probably could not understand, but he laughed as well. I soon realized that even a language barrier can not fully conceal the context of a situation.

She never did answer my question, but I decided that it was not really important. I also did not know what to think of her saying that she was going to fuck me, because I did elect to have her present, and I sort of was hoping that she would consider it. Even though I wanted it, the way she said it was scary for some reason. It was like she knew that she was above me, and that my ass was going to be spread wide open so that she could fill it up with her come.

“I wonder if she’ll be gentle,” I thought to myself as I diverted my attention to the sights and smells of Manilla. Some parts of the town looked better than America, and other parts looked horrifying. It was a strange place.

We pulled into a large residential condo block, and my heart began to race. The taxi driver pulled up to the door, and the security of the condo came out to greet the three of us. They were nice and full of smiles, but I was struggling to know if people were smiling at me for any particular reason. I was walking with women that looked like they were professional dominatrixes, but I had no idea if the locals knew that fact about them or not. It could have just been good service, but the fact that I had signed up for such a humiliating vacation meant that every smile potentially had a double meaning. That alone was enough to make me feel shy, and weak, and I could tell that the two ladies could pick up on my insecurities.

“This way,” Darna said as she led me to an elevator. I was holding my backpack in my hand, and I noticed sweat pouring out of my hand. It was not all from the heat. I knew that the room we were going to was going to be the start of it all. I tried to focus on my breathing, and Jenny was smiling at me as she rubbed her hand gently on my back.

“It’s okay,” she said in a low whisper. “Relax, you will have a good time.” Jenny was taking much more of an interest in me physically than Darna.

I was led into a small studio apartment with very little furnishing aside from a bed, some boxes, and a rack that had all kinds of clothing and costumes hanging from it. It looked like the room was under Darna’s control for the long term, and that its purpose was to serve as a storage container.

“Take a shower,” Darna ordered as she pointed to the bathroom.

“Okay,” I said as I walked into the bathroom with my bag.

“Yes Mistress,” she said sternly, “is how you address me!” I turned back to see an angry woman trying to cut me with her eyes.

“S-sorry,” I said, “yes mistress.” I was shaking and trying to prevent the two of them from noticing. I knew what I signed up for, but I never experienced anything like her tone from a woman before.

I found it relaxing and refreshing to finally have water and soap on my skin after traveling for so long. Typically, I am in and out of the shower within ten minutes, but this time I found myself trying to stay in the safety of the shower for a long time as I thought about the two women waiting for me. My anxiety was in full gear as I contemplated the “surprise” that was waiting for me. Eventually, I summoned the courage to present myself to them.

“Do you feel better?” Darna asked with a smile. She was holding something behind her back, but I could not see what it was.

“Yes,” I said, “thank you mistress.”

She revealed what she was holding in her hands, and it caused my cock to grow quickly. She had two items, a metal chastity device, and a butt plug. I was breathing heavily as my eyes stared at the items in her hands, and when I looked up at her face I saw the look of a woman that knew she was winning.

“We need to tame you first!” She said with sparkle in her eyes. “Jenny,” she said, “pull his pants down!”

Jenny walked right up to me and roughly put her hands on my crotch. She smiled

at me when she felt my hardness, and she quickly unbuttoned my pants. She pulled them down, along with my clean boxers before she circled behind me. She pressed her crotch against my ass, and I could feel the lump in her pants. As the seconds passed, I could feel her cock hardening against my ass. She reached her hand around and touched my cock.

“That’s it?” Darna said as she looked at my eyes with disappointment. “Why is it so small?” There was a part of me that wanted to argue about my size. It can’t be that small!

Darna walked towards me, and she dropped down to her knees to examine my excited cock more closely. Jenny was stroking it, and pulling it slightly as if to make me look as big as I possibly could, and Darna held the cage part of the chastity device to my stiff cock.

“Hmm,” she said, “this one is no good.” Darna got up, and walked over to the other side of the room, and began going through a cardboard box. “I’ve never had to use the little one before, so this might be fun!” She was laughing as she walked back to me with a sealed package in her hand. She quickly opened it to reveal a much smaller version than the chastity device that she initially had. “I find it so funny that a lot of the women in this country think you guys have big dicks,” she said, “I’ve always thought that they weren’t that big, but I also never saw one as small as yours before!” I knew that she was a professional, but her comment served as a reminder that I was nothing special to her. She had had several foreigners bow to her as a goddess before in the past. This would never evolve into a legitimate relationship!

Jenny was laughing, but she continued to stroke my cock. I felt her slightly humping me from behind, and I wanted to know if hers was bigger than mine. I had a feeling that it likely would put mine to shame.

“Yes,” Darna said as she compared the size of the chastity device to my hard cock, “this will do the trick.”

The device was smaller than my erect cock, so it was clear that she wanted to remove my ability to get an erection. I had never been placed in chastity before. It was a dream of mine, but the implications were starting to set in as I stood before them with a rock hard cock. Once that device was on me, I knew that I would not be experiencing the same feeling that I was as Jenny stroked my cock.

She stopped stroking me right at the point where I felt as if I could come. It was like she knew my cock better than me.

“In the cup,” Darna said as she handed me a glass. “Get on your knees. Now!” Her voice was filled with not even the slightest hint of a joke. She was serious on all accounts.

“Yes mistress,” I said as I quickly dropped to my knees with the glass in my hand. I could feel Jenny’s cock pushing against the back of my head as I brought the glass to my cock. I knew exactly what she wanted me to do.

“Jenny come here,” she said. Jenny circled around me and the two women stood right in front of me. I found it hard to look either of them in the eyes. “Follow my instructions,” she said, “you do not want to get me angry!”

“Yes mistress,” I said as I swallowed a huge gulp of my own saliva. “No mistress, please don’t get angry with me!” I was trying to be an obedient sub. It was, after all, the whole purpose of my trip.

“Stroke yourself,” she said, “slowly.” I started touching myself immediately, and I felt a rush of sensation.

“Such a small dick,” Jenny said to Darna, “so crazy to see a man with a little cock like him.” I was getting more confident that Jenny was packing something much larger than me.

“Yes, it’s like he isn’t even a man.” She said and with that one comment sucked all of the confidence out of me, “stop!”

I removed my hand from my cock, and it started to bounce up and down on its own. The two of them laughed as they looked down at my cock. They continued to talk about how small and weak it was, and how it was a good thing that I was going to be put into a chastity device.

“Bow to us,” Darna said, “bow to us like you are worshiping a goddess!” She was speaking as if there was a crowd observing us. I suppose being a dominatrix is similar to being an artist giving a performance to the masses.

“Yes mistress,” I said as I set the glass down to the side. I put my hands together in prayer, and then prostrated myself right in front of the two of them. My cock

rubbed against the carpet, and it added stimulation as I felt Darna's heel on the back of my head. I resisted the urge to hump the floor.

"Do you want to come?" She asked as she pinned my head to the floor with an increasing amount of pressure.

"Yes mistress," I said, "please." I was begging for the privilege. It was the way a man like me should when in the presence of such perfection.

"Then you must drink it," she said. Jenny started to laugh loudly.

"Yes," Jenny said while she was laughing, "small cock man must do!" I could hear the sound of her clapping. She was clearly less experienced than Darna as a dominatrix, but her seeing a lot of these activities as a novelty made me feel like even more of a beta male.

"Yes mistress," I said, "I will do as you wish." I was breathing heavily. I was okay with it in that moment, but I knew that once I ejaculated, I would not have the desire to do such humiliating acts.

"Stroke," she said as she lifted her foot from the back of my head. I shifted my weight back onto my knees, and I quickly grabbed the cup. My cock was throbbing as I pointed the tip into the glass.

"Wow, so little come!" Jenny said as my face contorted and my cock shot all of my built up sexuality into the cup. "Why so little? Because small dick?" I could not tell if she was just acting for the sake of making me feel bad, or if she was honestly curious. Perhaps she never had seen such a weak load before.

I looked up to see two Asian women laughing at me as I finished. I was still getting used to their exotic look. I was not used to being in the presence of such beautiful Asian goddesses, and their personalities were so much different than what I was accustomed to. For a moment I thought about the fact that I had paid good money to come to this country, and to have experiences like this. Personal friends, if they knew the truth, would probably dishonour me for the simple fact that they would never want to be associated with a weirdo like me.

"Drink it!" Darna shouted right as I tried to forget about my obligations. "Do it now!" She must have known from experience that men would cringe at the thought of doing so after releasing their sexual energy into a cup.

“Yes mistress,” I said as I held the cup in my hand. I tried not to look at my come, but it was hard to miss. My hands were shaking as I brought it to my lips.

I tipped it back, and I looked down the glass to see it slowly dripping. It was not coming out fast enough, and the anticipation was making it even more difficult to deal with. Jenny came over, and put her hand under the glass.

“Drink faster!” She said as her efforts caused the come to slide down the glass and into my mouth at a faster rate.

It was disgusting, but it was likely because I had just released myself. When I was masturbating, the idea of doing it was actually hot, and it aided in my cock’s ability to spill its load. I tried to consume it without it touching my tongue, but preventing myself from tasting it was pretty much impossible.

“Never ask a lady to swallow,” Darna said as she looked down at me, “now you understand how fucking gross you really are!” I didn’t have any way to argue with her!

I set the glass down and I looked at the floor. The two of them were speaking in their language, and I zoned out as I saw myself from the third person for a second.

“What the fuck are you doing?” I thought to myself, “you’re a fucking joke!”

“Chastity,” Darna said as she interrupted my thoughts as if she knew that I was slipping deeply into my own mind. “Now it’s even more small!” She said as she pointed at my softening cock. They thought it was small when it was hard, so I imagined they saw me as nothing more than a beta with a micropenis now that it was soft.

“Welcome to Manilla!” Jenny said as she playfully kicked the side of my body with her pretty foot. “No more come for you!” The two of them broke out into laughter as the chastity device was placed in my hand.

Feeling shameful on the way to more shame

Darna gave me instructions on how to put the chastity device on. I had to put my

testicles, one ball at a time, through the ring first before trying to slide my cock inside. She told me to use a little bit of my saliva to help lubricate the top of my soft cock, and it worked well as it slid right through the loop. I put the cage over my cock, and it connected to the ring.

“Bye bye tiny cock!” Darna said as Jenny waved goodbye to my cock. She ran a padlock through the hole that connected the two pieces, and snapped the device shut. “Was it worth it?” She asked.

“What do you mean?” I said, “mistress.” I quickly added to avoid ridicule.

“You flew all of the way here just to masturbate,” she said something quickly to Jenny in Tagalog, “and now your cock is in chastity for the rest of this trip. This,” she said as she produced a tiny silver key, “is all it takes to truly tame a man like you!” She put the key, that was attached to a thin chain, around her neck.

Her words hurt more than any slap to the face ever could. My mind was clear from having just had an orgasm, and I realized that I was not going to be having endless sex like most of the guys that vacation to the Philippines do. Like an idiot, I came to this country to put my cock inside of a cage to feed my desire to be humiliated. I was silent as I considered how pathetic I was, and I even began to question my manhood in that moment. For the same amount of money I could have probably fucked more women than most men do in a lifetime!

“And this,” she said as she held up the butt plug, “will get you ready for Jenny.” She laughed.

“Bend over!” Jenny said as she bit down on her lips, “it will make your ass more big for me!” I was nervous as it was the first time anything or anyone had ever gone near my asshole. More evidence was stacking up in favor of Jenny having a large cock.

Nervously, I got on the bed by using my hands and knees to hold myself up. I was told to relax as Darna applied a small amount of lubrication to the outside of my ass. She spread it around by using the tip of the butt plug, and Jenny came over and began to rub my head as my ass received the plug. I closed my mouth shut, and mashed my teeth as I endured the initial feeling, but when the pain went away I was told that it was in place.

“Very good,” Darna said as she gently slapped my ass. “Put these on,” Darna said as she threw a pair of pink women’s underwear at me.

Everything felt so tight below the belt. I had an object stuck inside of my ass, and my cock locked in chastity, and to top it off my privates were framed by a pair of tight underwear. Jenny was watching me carefully. It felt like she was sizing me up, and thinking about what it would feel like to thrust her futa-cock deep inside of my ass. The butt plug was preparing me for that moment.

“For now,” Darna said, “put on your regular clothes. You’ll become a sissy once we have made it into the safety of the village.”

I obeyed Darna’s command, and got into a clean outfit. I looked in the mirror, and it was literally impossible for anyone to notice that I had so much going on underneath my pants. It was like a secret that only the three of us were aware of, and it made everything feel more exciting. The two of them, however, proudly walked around in public with their dominatrix attire. It was hard for me to not think about what others thought. The average person probably thought they were some strange goth-like women, but anyone aware of femdom probably could identify what was going on from a mile away.

It was the first time in my life that I had worn women’s panties. I knew that they would be something I would wear when I was home without a woman to touch. The way they felt against my body made me wonder if I could get erections by just feeling the fabric against my skin. Even though they were not visible, they made me feel weaker and less manly. I loved the feelings that they gave me.

“The people in the village are going to love you,” Darna said with a bit of enthusiasm, “believe it or not, you’re probably the best looking guy that has ever signed up this. I’m sure they are going to wonder how a guy like you found himself in such a pathetic position in life.”

Her words fed my ego and hurt it at the same time. It was like she was hinting that I was a man that she would almost consider dating, but because of my desire to pay for this domination she could, and everyone that knew about me, could never respect me as anything more than the pathetic white man in chastity that I was.

Like two women that could communicate using only their mind, they got up and headed for the door. I took a deep breath as I followed closely behind them. I had

signed up for all of this to happen, but I still knew that there were elements of surprise to come. My ass was plugged, and my cock caged, my ego was in the gutter, yet I was feeling on top of the world in a country that is known to be dangerous. To many of my peers, I knew that this scenario would be likened to hell on Earth, but to me this felt like a way I would want to live my life forever. If only I could find a way to fund this sort of lifestyle, and live it for the rest of my days.

The hot sun felt different with so many feelings going on under my waist. I feared that my lower half would become drenched with my sweat, and it would be trapped inside of the tight panties to only linger for however long it would take to get to their village. I was led to another another taxi driver that was already seated in the front seat of his cab. This guy was smoking as well, but it was clear that he did not care about following any sort of rules or care about his customer's thoughts on the matter. My two masters said something to him, presumably instructions and some negotiations, and we were off to the village, and again I was seated in the back with Jenny. As we pulled out, my eyes met the taxi driver's in the rear view window, and he smiled at me with his crooked teeth.

“Joe like lady with dick?” He laughed at me and Darna turned back to smirk at me. She knew that the driver was having a laugh at my expense. Jenny found his comment more funny than offensive.

“Y-yes sir,” I said as I tried to move my eyes. I did not want to keep talking to the man as he was laughing at me based on my choice of company. I had no idea what is position would be if he knew the full scope of what was going on.

“Very good,” Jenny said as she stroked my leg. “I fuck you soon,” she was licking her lips, and I could hear the taxi driver erupt into more laughter as he swerved the car. I held on for dear life as we sped down the road, our lives in the hands of this laughing maniac.

Laughing villagers

The village was apparently so secluded that the taxi refused to take us all of the way. Mistress Darna was on her phone, and she quickly informed me that she had arranged for a couple of men from the village to meet us at the highway with

motorbikes to take us the rest of the way.

“I’ve never been on one before,” I said. I was feeling nervous, and a little shaky about the prospect of hopping on the back of a motorcycle while a man drove us deep into the rural tropical jungle of the Philippines.

“It will be fine,” she said, “Jenny will ride with you. She’ll take really good care of you.” She smiled at me, but Jenny seemed even more pleased with the arrangement.

We got out of the car, and two very handsome looking guys were waiting for us. They looked at me, and their smirk told me that they too were in on the game. They were speaking to Darna as if they wanted to fuck her based on the body language that I observed, and she smiled and flirted back by touching them gently. These guys were the type of men that got to put their dicks inside of beautiful women, and they knew that I was the type of guy that wore women’s underwear while my cock was locked up. They were there to remind me of my low value in the eyes of women.

“Let’s go Joe,” one of the guys said as he started up the bike. I could not help but look up to him as a true man even though he looked younger, and shorter than me.

“Y-yes sir,” I said as if I was subservient to him as well.

The seat was small, and I could not imagine two people riding on the bike let alone three, but I followed the instructions and sat down as Jenny got behind me. I was sandwiched between the two of them, and I could feel Jenny’s futa-cock rubbing against my back. The motorbike was vibrating and interacting with the butt plug, and I quickly realized that the chastity device was actually a blessing in disguise. If it were not on, it was possible that I would have a raging erection digging into this man’s back, and I was not sure how a guy like him would take it, and I was glad that I did not have to find out.

Getting to the village took about half an hour, and I knew we were there immediately when suddenly the empty jungle turned into a small community of houses. Locals emerged from their tiny boxes, and they were all looking at us as we got off of the motorbikes. Many of them went up to hug Darna and Jenny, and after their greetings were exchanged, the focus became on me, the foreigner that they were all aware of.

Nothing but laughter could be heard as I was ushered into a small hut off to the side of the action by Jenny. I tried to avoid eye contact with each passing villager as I soaked in what was about to happen in that hut. She had already told me that she was going to fuck me, but I couldn't believe that it was going to happen so soon. We walked into the dark hut, and she closed the makeshift door behind, and flicked on a cheap looking light. I was amazed that these people even had electricity out here, but Darna's clear wealth from being a professional dominatrix probably afforded this particular village a relatively high standard of living in comparison to their less fortunate neighbors.

"Time to make you pretty," Jenny said as she took a seat in a chair. She grabbed what looked like a tackle box and started to pull out various tools for applying makeup. "Get down!" She pointed at the space between her knees.

"O-okay," I said as I quickly obeyed her command. Interacting with Jenny was strange for me, because I was starting to understand that her English ability was not as good as Darna, and she relied on using direct words and gestures to get her point across. That, in a way, made her more dominant.

"You not say mistress?" She looked at me with an evil eye. It looked like she was ready to slap me across the face for disrespecting her.

"Sorry!" I knew I had to rectify my misstep. Her language ability made me feel as if the rule was not applicable to her in a one on one. "Sorry Mistress Jenny." I pressed my hands together before bowing at her feet. I could hear her laughter, and I only lifted my body from the ground when she demanded that it was time to make me "look like a lady."

She started by brushing some sort of powder all over my face. She was so gentle, and it almost felt like she loved me, but I knew that the end result was going to not make feel the same once I was seen by everyone. Just looking at her full lips as she focused intently on trying to make me the most beautiful man possible was entertaining. I wanted to kiss her.

"Look over here," she said as she held her hand out in the top right corner of my field of vision. "Don't move eyes."

She started to put black eyeliner on me, and it was uncomfortable at first. Having people playing around near my eyes always psyched me out, but she was so gentle and professional. Her experience putting on makeup was evident, and I

almost wanted to ask her if she was ever a makeup artist, but I knew to keep silent and allow her to work without my petty distractions getting in the way of her work. She did the other eye, and then she did my eyelashes with mascara.

“So long eyelashes,” she said, “you make very pretty lady.” She laughed to herself, and I wondered how I would look if I went full on to make myself look like a woman. I knew that without surgery and any kind of effort putting into making the transition that I would only look like the pathetic man that I am, but with makeup on my face to make it easy for the villagers to entertain themselves with copious amounts of laughter.

“Lipstick.” She said as she held out a few colors for me, “pick one.”

I grabbed a light shade of red, and a smile instantly appeared on her face as she praised me for picking the “most pretty” color. She made me feel good when she praised me. I wondered what she would have said if I had picked a different color. Would she have punished me for choosing wrong?

“And now we have this for you!” Jenny got up excitedly and walked over to a plastic container, and opened it. My heart sank when I saw what she was holding, “looking so cute! Put it on!”

It was a short, tight looking, bright pink dress, and she was holding a black wig in her other hand. My chest was pounding at the thought of making the full on transformation into a sissy, but I took the items from her hands and carefully put them on after getting out of everything but my panties as she watched me intently.

“Give me,” she said as I was struggling with the wig, “you are stupid lady!” She was laughing at me, but she was nice enough to put the wig on properly. I felt nothing like a man, and the feeling was tripled when she finally pulled out a small mirror for me to see myself. “Good?”

“Oh god,” I said as I looked at myself. In the privacy of my own room with two goddesses I could see myself being dressed like what I saw in the mirror, but I knew that all of the men outside were going to berate me in their native tongue for the rest of the night. I could not believe that I had signed up for such a thing.

“What?” She said in a stern tone when she noticed I was not answering her.

“Yes mistress,” I said softly, “everything looks good.” She smiled at me as she grabbed me by the hand to lead me outside to the villagers. I almost wanted to beg her to fuck me in the ass instead, but I kept silent.

The entire village was standing outside. I was surprised that they had been silent the whole time, but as soon as they saw me, laughter was all that could be heard. I was positive that nearby villages could even hear the hysterics as they all pointed and laughed at me.

“Look like a lady!” One man said, “you want husband?” Another said. They all knew enough English to insult me in one way or another, and the laughter was magnified when I was told to bow before both of my goddesses and publicly kiss their feet to show my full submission.

Bowing to them while people were watching was significantly more humiliating than all of the other times. I could never know exactly what everyone thought, but the laughter and body language told me that they all thought that I was a joke. They were certainly getting their entertainment for the evening.

“Very good,” Darna said followed by something to the crowd, “it’s time to eat!”

I was led to the front of somebody’s home and everyone was sitting around with plates of food. I wondered if the villagers were eating better this night because of the money that Darna had made by me signing up for the femdom vacation. I could not help but notice a metal bowl sitting on the ground, and I had a hunch that I was going to be eating out of that to further separate my status from the rest of the group. One of the villagers through some food in the dish, and Darna confirmed what I had already known.

“No hands,” she said, “when you are finished, we are going to bed.”

“Yes mistress,” I said as I dropped to my hands and knees and starting eating with only my face. I felt so weak, and the villagers seemed to never get bored of watching the foreigner play the fool while wearing makeup and a dress. It was the first day of my vacation, and I was nervous about the following day as Jenny continued to look at me with lust in her eyes.

Fucked by Jenny

After showering and having breakfast, I was led by my two queens into the same room that I had first been made a sissy. I was so pleased to be able to stand up, and not be stuck in the small cage that they had prepared as my bed. I slept alright, but I was restricted in my ability to toss and turn like I typically do.

Breakfast had been on the ground again, eating out of my bowl, but I was more strong emotionally this time when the villagers made fun of me. Some of the women looked at me curiously, and I believed what Darna had said about how I was apparently pretty handsome in comparison to some of their previous customers. There was that tiny alpha male inside of me that wanted to fuck all of the sexy women there, but the chastity device served as a painful reminder whenever my cock began to harden. It was futile, so I resigned myself to my masters.

In the tiny room, I was told to strip and to get down on the floor. With a body that could not stop shaking, I obeyed the commands, and I quickly found out that Jenny was removing her clothes as well. Darna remained clothed, but she walked in front of me and turned around.

“Kiss my ass,” she said as she quickly turned her head off to appear as if she was ignoring me.

I was thrilled to have my face near her perfect bubble butt, and she swayed slightly to the left and right to ensure that I kissed every square inch of it. The desire to beg her to present me with her naked ass was strong, but silence was the only appropriate choice, at least until I felt Jenny’s hand on my naked ass.

“OH,” I said feeling surprised by the contact. She carefully pulled the butt plug from my ass, and I could see her shadow holding it the air. Darna turned around and took it from her.

“Thank you Jenny,” she said as she turned around and squatted in front of me. “Open your mouth,” she was holding the plug that had been in my ass for an entire day in her hand. “Suck on it, I know you love it.” She giggled and watched as I sucked on the plug.

Before I could react to sucking on it, I was distracted by the coolness of a lubricant being spread on my asshole by Jenny. My asshole felt different without the plug being inside, and as I felt her futa-cock pressing against my hole I realized that the plug had effectively trained my asshole to receive her cock in

full.

“Feel okay?” Jenny asked as Darna pulled the butt plug from my mouth.

“Yes mistress,” I said with obvious nervousness. I was ready to be fucked.

Her cock was only partially inside of me, and upon hearing my answer she shoved it in deeply. My face contorted, and I let out a cry, but not a painful cry. It was an eye opening experience, and I opened my eyes to see the beautiful Darna looking at me curiously. She sat back, and pressed the bottom of her bare foot to my face.

“Worship my foot!” She shouted, and I obeyed her demand. “No woman will ever respect you Tom. Get used to this treatment, because this is how women really feel about you!” Her words stung, but there was likely nothing but truth behind them.

Her feet were unable to take my mind from the sensation I was getting from Jenny’s giant futa-cock. Jenny was grunting as she ravished my asshole with all of her strength. She slapped my ass, and she seemed to just get bigger, and more thick as she grinded against my inner walls. Her grunts turned to moans, and I could feel her futa-cock twitching rapidly inside of my ass.

My own cock was pressing against the confines of the cage, and I was curious if it was possible for me to come. My cock felt like it could, but it just never reached that point, however, Jenny shot her load deep into my ass while laughing. Apparently she enjoys taking men in the ass for their very first time.

“How does it feel?” Darna asked as she removed her foot from my face, “do you like having come in your ass?” She was smirking at me, because she could tell that I was desperate to be let out of chastity. Jenny was pumping her cock, but at a much slower pace. I guess my tight ass caused her to come very fast.

“It feels good mistress,” I said as I quivered like a pathetic, and desperate bottom. “Thank you Mistress Jenny,” I said to ensure that I did not anger my other master, the one that did all of the work. “Should I beg to be set free?” I thought to myself. After considering it for a split second or two, I decided to keep my mouth shut.

Jenny ripped her cock from my ass, and I let out a sound that caused the two of

them to laugh. Jenny's laughter was louder, but she was trying to breathe reasonably at the same time. She had been fucking me with a great speed, and she had to catch her breath. She slapped my ass hard before standing up, and I was ordered to turn around. It was the first time that I had ever seen her futacock, and it was a reminder that she had just used it on me. I looked at it as it shrunk to its normal size, and my own cock started to shrink as I realized that she was indeed significantly more large than I. I could not understand how she had such a large cock.

"Clean my cock," she said as she put her hands on her hips. "Do it now!"

"Yes Mistress," I said as I assumed the position.

My cock began to make another go at the cage, and it was then that I realized that I really did have a thing for futacocks. I never thought of men as anything remotely sexual, but I guess the penis is not mutually exclusive. I tried to push all of my confused thoughts to the side, and focused on the task at hand.

Jenny was looking intently at me as I brought my lips to her softening futacock. The smile on her face as I tasted it was one of pure joy and dominance as she further solidified her sexual standing as I licked the bits of come that were still on her cock. Darna came up behind me, and I could feel her put her hands on me as she started to guide me up and down on her friend's cock. The come that was deep inside of my ass was slowly dripping out of me. Some of it landed on my feet.

"That's right," Darna said, "all you're good for is to serve us women. You don't deserve any other life. You were created for this." Her words were cold and calculated. It made my cock feel something more.

Then something magical happened. Jenny's cock started to grow, and my eyes lit up. I could never imagine getting an erection so soon after spilling my seed, but she was somehow able to produce one.

"Suck me," she said as she put her hand on the top of my head. "I want you to drink my come!"

Darna laughed as she grabbed my elbows and connected them behind my back. Jenny placed her hands on my head to get leverage as she began to thrust her cock in and out of my mouth. It was hard for me at first, but I soon discovered

that I lacked a natural gag reflex. It became obvious to me that I was destined to suck cock in one form or another, and I continued sucking until her cock started to vibrate. I knew that she was ready to pop.

“That’s a good cock sucker!” Jenny said as her eyes closed. She was in pure heaven as she released her load into my mouth.

It tasted sweet. It went against everything I knew about the flavor of come from having just tasted my own. Most accounts reported that women hated to taste men’s semen, yet Jenny’s tasted like some sort of candy for me. I easily consumed her load, and I held some of it in my mouth to get the entire flavor before swallowing it. I felt like I was absorbing some of her dominant energy for a moment, but that was soon taken away when she pulled her cock from my mouth and shot one more gob of her come on my face. It started to run down my face, and she giggled at me with her hand over her mouth.

“You look so pretty!” She said jokingly. “Good makeup!”

“Thank you Mistress Jenny,” I said to gain favor with her, “it tastes so good!” I was not lying at all, and neither of them seemed surprised. It would appear as if I was not the only man to express this opinion on the matter.

I felt like a fool, and my cock, if it could talk, would be cursing me out for allowing it to be placed into chastity. I did not have to elect that option, but I did. I was so turned on by the thought of being in chastity that I forgot that being in it meant that I would not be getting off. It was a fucked up place to be, but I dealt with the cards that I had given myself. I had every opportunity to stack the deck in my favor, but my desire to be ridiculed and used was too strong, hence my fate as a come eating fuck toy to this beautiful transgender queen.

“Don’t wipe your face!” Darna said. She had given me the use of my arms back, and I could not help but try to clean the come from my face. “Let’s show the village what we’ve done!”

I got up, and was led back into the main area where everyone was hanging out. The laughter hit me like the heat hits one stepping out of an air conditioned car as the sun beats down on them. They pointed and laughed, but mostly because my lower half was exposed. Jenny shouted something in their language, and several of the women from the village stood up and ran over to gawk at me.

They were all beautiful women, and their eyes were on my caged cock. Some of them bit down on their lips as if they were turned on by the idea of being able to control their men's ability to get hard, and others were clearly looking at me as if I was anything but a man. One woman in particular, about twenty-five, came up to me and put her hands on my caged cock.

“So small cock,” she said. Her friends erupted in laughter, and someone shouted something to her as if they were giving her an idea.

She turned towards me, and I thought she was going to kiss me, but instead she spat in my face. The crowd erupted with laughter, and Darna looked at me carefully. She could tell that I was nervous, but she could also see that I was turned on by the experience. My cock twitched, and the padlock clinked against the metal. The villagers noticed the arousal I got from being spat on, and that encouraged four other women to come up and do the same. They all fed off of one another's energy as they took turns spitting on me and insulting my cock. Some of them could not speak English, but they easily could hold their index finger and thumb up to let me know that they were not impressed with my small size. The come on my face did not even get noticed as the collection of their spit became the most prominent feature of my face.

Darna took a seat a few feet away from me. Her feet were bare, and she held them up towards me. I knew what she wanted, and I did not need to hear it. I got down on my hands and knees and crawled towards her feet, her smile getting wider with every inch I moved in her direction. The village women were all impressed with her ability to have me perform the most humiliating tasks, and I closed my eyes as I began to lick her feet clean. Other women sat next to her, and it sounded like they were asking my mistress if it was okay to have their feet cleaned as well. It sounded like Darna had given them permission, and my thoughts were confirmed when the first woman that spat on me put her foot to my mouth.

“Lick it!” She said, “you small cock man!”

The village erupted with laughter, and my libido was trapped in bondage. It was the most shameful experience of my life as I licked the feet of nearly every woman in the village. I have no idea how many feet I licked and kissed, but the exercise went on for hours as the men in the village observed. None of them were jealous of another man worshiping their women as I was clearly not even

being looked at as a threat to their dominance.

After the impromptu foot party with the females, I was informed that we were going to partake in a barbeque. In the Philippines, they call this “lechon,” and I was amazed at how delicious the food was. I was fed a generous portion, but it was consumed, once again, on the ground while everyone else talked and sat above me. I was probably the one that paid for the whole feast, but it was Mistress Darna that was gaining the points with her friends. She looked proud, and I felt happy for her to be able to show her ability to provide a wonderful standard of living for the people that she cared about. It reinforced my belief that I had made a good call booking this sort of vacation. Darna did not seem to be the greedy type, and that made my submission to her that much easier.

“Don’t fill up too much!” Darna snapped as she took a break from the conversation with the rest of the Filipinos. “I want you to stay hungry.”

“Yes mistress,” I said. I did not know what she was talking about, but I was quick to agree. I did not help myself to another serving as I patiently waited on my hands and knees. Eventually, I was led back into my cage for sleep, and I was left with thoughts of why she had wanted me to remain hungry. The last day of my vacation was coming, and there had to be a reason for me to be hungry.

The grand femdom finale

When dinner was finished, Darna took me back to the shed. This time Jenny would not be joining us, and I was excited to have my first one on one with the beautiful Mistress Darna. I crawled behind her, much to amusement of everyone, but I did not care. I had a perfect view of her beautiful ass. I loved it when I was kissing her ass, but I had wanted more. I wanted to taste her asshole, so that I could leave this Earth knowing that I had tasted the hole of a goddess. To just hear her moan one time in approval to my oral service would make the trip much better to me as it would fill my unconfident head with some sort of submissive pride.

“Lay down on your back,” she said.

I kept my mouth shut as I got into position. Darna was standing with her back to me, and I watched her get undressed. It was the first time that I had seen

her naked, and I was pleased with what I was seeing. Her skin was tan, and her butt was small, but large for an Asian woman. I wanted to spring forward and wedge my face between those glorious butt cheeks, but I remained strong. This trip had made me a much better man in that way, and obedience was crucial to being permitted the right to taste her ass.

“Do you love my ass?” She asked. Darna knew the answer; she just wanted to feed her ego even more.

“Yes,” I said, “your ass is beautiful mistress.” The dirty thoughts were swirling through my head, but I held back once again. My true desire was to confess all of the nasty things I wanted to do to her. Fucking her ass with my tongue was at the top of the list.

She turned around, and I got a look at the front of her body. Her breasts were large too, and her nipples were hard and brown. She was confident in herself, and had no need to cover herself as she walked up my body with her feet on either side of my body. She stopped when her crotch was in line with my face, and she looked down at me with no expression. Suddenly, Darna squatted down quickly and her pussy was thrust into my face. I moaned as I sniffed her perfect pussy, and she grinded up and down on my face as if it was a toy.

“You know,” she said, “I used to just get fucked like every other woman until I had my first foreign man. He was a nice guy, and I was surprised when he told me about his secret desires to be what he called “a submissive man.” She said. I was struggling to focus on her words as I tried to incorporate my tongue into the mix. “He taught me everything I know about being a dominatrix. And then,” she said with a sinister laugh, “I did my own research, and I realized that I was feeding this creeps addiction for nothing more than some help to survive. I realized that most of you foreign men are weak, and destined to serve women like me.”

I was breathing hard as her speech was almost as hot as the fact that I was experiencing her pussy on my face. Our eyes met and she smirked.

“Open your mouth,” she said. Once open, she shoved her pussy into my mouth, “suck on it, and flick your tongue on my clit. I want to get off.”

If I could have spoken I would have verbally accepted her challenge. I interpreted this as her taking a liking to me. Licking a dominatrix’s pussy is very

intimate, and I read many ads online that stated the women were not interested in “intimate worship.” That was one of the reasons I found Darna’s service to be so amazing, and her pussy was amazing. The flavor of it is still something I think about when I stroke my cock in the darkness, and safety of my own home.

She pulled her pussy away from me, and I took a deep breath. She sat down again, but instead of resting on my face, she began to bounce.

“Keep that tongue out!” She shouted at me. She was using the firm tip of my tongue to go in and out of her wet hole. “I recommend that you practice licking pussy as much as possible. If you ever want to get married, you need to understand that your cock is too small to please a woman. They may lie to you, and tell you that it’s big or that it’s okay, but trust me, it’s not a very nice cock!” She laughed as she used her body weight to cover my lips. The only revenge I could get on her was by making her moan with quick use of my tongue. I was successful, and she looked down at me with a sweet smile. “Good job,” she said.

Darna got up, and I was left wondering if she had achieved climax. That moment made me realize that I was not even sure what a woman looked like when she had an orgasm. I thought I knew, but as Darna had told me, it was likely that my cock had never provided enough pleasure to a woman to get her to that point. She turned around, and my thoughts left quickly and my cock made an attempt an escape. Her beautiful ass was plopped down on my face, and I groaned in joy as I she wiped her butt up and down on my face while laughing.

“Lick my ass,” she said. She put her hands on her ass and spread her cheeks wide.

“Thank you mistress!” I said happily. The first lick of her crack sent me into a frenzy. I wanted to beg, and I was almost to the point of begging, but I did not want to ruin my moment.

“Do you want out of your chastity device?” She asked. “Can you convince me?” Darna leaned forward slightly to let me speak.

“Yes mistress,” I said, “please, please.” I was so happy, and the only thing that stopped me from continuing from saying please was her thrusting her ass back down on my face.

“Well-” She stopped talking, and I could hear the door open. “What’s up?”

“You’re playing without me!” I could hear Jenny’s voice. Her words if read in a transcript would sound as if she was upset, but it had more of a flirtatious vibe to it.

“Yes,” Darna said, “but I could use you right now. Our little toy here,” she rubbed her ass aggressively in my face as she spoke, “has warmed me up.” The rest of her conversation was moved to Tagalog, as it was apparent she wanted me to be going crazy wondering what was going to happen next.

I could not see anything, but her ass until she lifted it from my face. Darna got on all fours, and her body was hanging above my face. She looked down at me, and commented on how my face smelled her butt. Unsure, I remained still, until I felt Jenny’s body slithering up mine. She paused at my caged cock, and I could feel her warm tongue teasing me. I whimpered, and put my hand over my head as Darna looked into my eyes. She smiled at me, but when she opened her mouth, she started to let her spit drip onto my face. It landed all over me, and it was a sufficient distraction for Jenny to mount her from behind. It was the first time I saw a submissive expression from Darna, and she cheered on her friend as she took her massive futa-cock.

“This,” she said, “is why I wanted you to stay hungry. My little cuckold needs to clean up the mess!”

My eyes lit up as I realized that I would taste not only her pussy, but Jenny’s sweet come again, but I was still sad as it seemed like there was a possibility to come. Had it all been planned? Did they orchestrate all of that just to get my hopes up?

Jenny seemed to last much longer in her than she did with my ass, but that is likely due to the fact that my asshole was likely the tightest hole that futa-cock had ever seen. When Jenny came, she got up quickly so that she could look at my eyes as Darna saddled my face.

“Suck it out of me like a vacuum cuck!” She said as she pressed her pussy to my mouth.

Like a suction cup, I opened my mouth and sucked. Gobs of come rushed into my mouth, and I struggled to swallow it all as the next wave came. There was a seemingly endless supply of Jenny’s come, and she stood there laughing as her cock slowly died down. She seemed to enjoy watching me humiliate myself,

perhaps even more than Darna.

“I love you Jenny,” she said.

“I love you too,” Jenny crouched down, and her dick rested on my forehead as they shared a passionate kiss.

That’s when it clicked. They were dating, and they both were from this village. I had no idea what was going on. They had seduced me into submitting to the two of them, and they humiliated me in front of everyone, and in the end, they turned me into a cuckold to fuel their love. They were not even providing a service. They were doing what they loved.

“Let’s see how you did,” Darna said as she lifted her pussy from my mouth. She ran her finger between her legs, and she looked to see if I had done what I was supposed to. “Very good job,” Darna praised me. “Maybe if you come back next year, we’ll let you come!”

Epilogue

The journey to the airport was long, It was just like the way we came, but this time I did not have to wear the butt plug. Still in chastity, I was concerned that they were going to attempt to send me on the plane with it on. I had kept quiet about the issue, as to not upset either of them, but I knew I could not board the plane with the thing on. The security alarms would be ringing, and I would be dragged into a room where it would be discovered that I was wearing a metal cage around my cock. I was not even sure if they would let me board the plane, or if I would just be mocked out of the country.

“Here Jenny,” Darna said from the front seat of the taxi. She handed her the silver key, and I felt better about it all, but still nervous. The taxi driver was going to see what was going on, and he was looking back at us through the mirror.

Jenny ordered me to pull my pants down slightly, and I followed the instructions, in addition to pulling down the pink panties. She unlocked the device, and I slowly worked it off of my cock. It felt so freeing to be set free after three long nights, and my cock was already trying to grow when I got the ring off. Jenny placed the device into her purse, and surprisingly the cab driver seemed pretty ignorant to what was going on in his car.

“Tom,” Darna said.

“Yes mistress,” I answered. I was not in bondage, but I still felt that I owed her my subservience.

“Are you comfortable going through the airport on your own?” She said, “we can walk to your gate, but I really don’t feel like having to call another cab.” I thought for a second before answering.

“I’ll be fine,” I said, “thank you mistress. The service was wonderful.”

“Great,” she said as the taxi pulled up to the front of the airport. “You can email me any time. I do sessions via webcam if you’re feeling frisky.”

Jenny leaned over and kissed me on the cheek. She whispered something in Tagalog in my ear, and I had no idea what she said, but it made my cock rock

hard. I said my goodbyes, and got out of the cab with my cock tucked in my waistband. Upon entering the airport, I beelined straight to the bathroom. I had to masturbate. All of this money and time spent, and it was all so that I could jerk my tiny cock and come twice. It was a reminder of who I was, and who I would remain for the rest of my life.

About the Author

Tom Longo enjoys writing stories about female domination, and the men that crave it. Reading a story written by him is like being transported inside of his mind where the thoughts of being dominated are prominent.

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