

I Blame
Quentin Tarantino



B. J. Frazier

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“I BLAME QUENTIN TARANTINO”

By

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This book is a work of fiction

Adult Reading Material

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Author's Note

This book contains erotic fiction with graphic sex and is intended for mature readers only.

My sincere and devoted thanks go to Thomas Antonson for his editing acumen and his uncanny ability to understand which word I really meant to use.

Please visit my website: bjfrazier.com

I know there are a lot of books for sale, and I thank you for choosing mine.

Happy reading,

~B.J.

Severe Content Warning: B.J. Frazier books contain *plots* and *well-developed characters*

Enjoy!

“I Blame Quentin Tarantino”

I need to tell someone, and you're the only one I can tell.

I know you probably want to get right to the stroke part, but I need you to know more about me first.

I've never done this in my entire life. Paid for sex, I mean. It's humiliating...and I may do it again.

I was brought up that the man is the breadwinner. He takes care of everything, sets the rules, doles out the punishment, and leads in sex.

And I want you to know that I am that. Dominant, I mean. The alpha-male.

If you met me on the street (which you won't, because I can't tell you exactly who I am), you'd be shocked by my story.

I was the quarterback in high school. My girlfriend was the head cheerleader. Hell, I fucked most of the cheerleading squad.

I went to college on a full ride to play football, and I was legacy'd into my frat, where I reigned as president. My smarts carried me through, but my sights were on the millions I'd make by playing in the pros.

Scouts were all over me, and all I had to do was choose my team. Until I played in the--well, I'm just going to say "bowl game".

I've watched the films so many times, I can see it in my head...and feel it in my knee. I have two fucking scars down the length of my knee.

That first cut ripped out my dreams. The second one made sure I'd never play again. To this day, I think that bastard did it to me on purpose.

But that's another story.

Like I said, I'm smart. I moved on with my life, did the whole American dream thing--I married a beautiful blonde, and we have four kids. Teenagers. Two are in college.

I took my degree and went to--I'm just gonna say "an agency", where I'm a managing partner at my firm.

Guys like me don't go to Dominatrixes. We don't even think about being submissive. Right?

Shit, I forgot to tell you what I look like. I'm six-four, and the scale said twenty-two this morning. Aside from the two fucking scars, I look exactly the same as I did in college--I can even wear the same pair of jeans!

No difference, except now I'm fifty-four. Okay, I've got a few grey hairs. And a few wrinkles. But I'm tellin' ya, I could play today.

Yeah, aside from the fuckin' knee. I get it.

I've got a deep voice, which makes people afraid of me. Maybe not afraid-afraid, but they don't question me. If I make a suggestion at work, people always run to make it happen. If I tell my wife something, she does it. If I look sideways at my kids, they fall in line. My whole life, this is how it's been.

I lost my virginity when I was fourteen. You wanna know how? I told the neighbor-lady that she wanted to fuck me. I was six-two at that point, and my voice had already changed. So, I looked and sounded like a man.

She was hot, and married. My mom had sent me over to help her with some dumb thing.

It just sorta happened; I didn't plan it. My dick had gotten hard, and I wanted to see how much I could get away with. And guess what? She did wanna fuck me!

She loved to be ordered around. I'd read my old man's Playboys and was able to fake my way through my first time. Only she didn't know I was a virgin. Imagine that!

So yeah, that's pretty much how sex has been my whole life.

Oh, I'm hung, too. I reach nine inches when I'm hard. I'm not bragging; it's just a fact.

And girls talk. You know what I mean. I'm sayin', I didn't have to do much to bag 'em. Yeah, I cheated. C'mon. I just told you what I look like. Tell me what guy in his right mind is gonna refuse offers?

I don't think I've ever been faithful.

I actually think I might have a problem. You know, like a sex addict. I can get hard just minutes after coming. Even at my age!!

But my wife, she's petite and demure, and just a fucking puppet when it comes to sex.

She's the love of my life, don't get me wrong. I know I'd never survive without her. And we're great together in everything...except sex. I gotta cheat so I can keep her.

I mean, she's strictly vanilla. If there's a level lower than vanilla, she'd be that. What is that, even? Maybe the ingredients. Ha! That's it; she's just ingredients. She doesn't even make it to vanilla.

I mean, y'know how you just need to go out and fuck sometimes? Like, skip the chit-chat and just get naked. I'm talkin' pounding, balls-to-ass fucking, y'know? I can't do it with her.

She can't take it. Literally. I'd hurt her.

So I get that elsewhere. I think of it like I'm keeping the family together, y'know? And it's not a big deal. I mean, it's not something I need to get off my chest, like this Dominatrix thing. Like I said, I've cheated all my life.

I'm careful, though. I use protection, and I don't exchange personal stuff. Y'know, names, phone numbers and such. And I never see 'em again.

I travel a lot for my job, so it's easy pickings. I'll be at the hotel bar, and I'll have chicks drooling all around me. One of 'em will usually have enough alcohol to approach me and make a slurred offer.

In front of the co-workers, I'll loudly tell her I'm married and I don't fool around. But then I'll bump into her by the bathrooms and give her my room number, and tell her I'll meet her in a few minutes.

Then I'll make an excuse to leave. Y'know, call the wife, etc. And I'll find her leaning against my door. I'll pound her good, and we leave. I go back to the bar, and no one is any the wiser.

So, I'm a pounding, dominating fool on the road. And at home, I'm a dominating, vanilla schmuck. I always gotta initiate it.

But it's fine. I mean, I don't want you to think that sex with my wife is horrible. It's not. It's good.

But I have other cravings. Other fantasies, pleasures, wishes, whatever.

I can't tell you exactly when I started having these other thoughts. Maybe in my thirties. Maybe when life started getting formulaic. I don't know. You know, like, kids, bills, work, all the same, day in and day out. I was a machine.

It's what I was taught. The husband's responsibility, yadda, yadda. Maybe it was then that I started to think, what would it be like if someone else was in charge?

It started small. You know, like, maybe someone else could go to work for me for a day. Or maybe take the kids to practice. Or maybe tell me what she wanted me to do in bed.

And it grew from there.

I remember the first time it emerged into a full-fledged fantasy was right after I saw "From Dusk Till Dawn" back in the '90s. I was with my wife, and we saw it in the movie theater. Y'can't go wrong with Tarantino.

But man oh man, when Salma Hayek put her bare leg and naked foot on George Clooney and told him he'd be her slave...fuck, I nearly came on the spot--in the theater, fully clothed and everything!

Then the camera pans up from his perspective, lying on the ground. And you see her tits spilling over her skimpy bra. Shit, I was so horny, I reached over and grabbed my wife's tit. She gasped and muffled a scream--she's vanilla, remember.

Pretty sure she hit me, too.

But I think that's when it started. After that movie, I started to masturbate while envisioning a female was ordering me around.

Back then, just the thought of it would get me off. After a while, I needed more. And then I'd have to create the next scene, where she'd shove me on the bed and slither her body on top of mine. That's all it'd take to get me to erupt.

But it didn't last. I kept needing the scene to evolve. Envisioning the woman riding me cowgirl did it for a while. Like, sliding all the way down my cock. My wife can't make it all the way down. She's too petite, y'remember.

Then it turned into hitting. I actually got off to the idea of some chick smacking my face while she was sliding down my cock. This was all back in the beginning.

Back then, it was only a delicious hint of an idea. An idea I kept locked away.

I mean, I didn't need more than five minutes to think about it and get off, and then it'd be gone.

Gone, like, it didn't consume my thoughts. It was like a late-night snack I'd indulge in every once in a while. It helped me to get through the rest of my dominant days.

At some point--and I don't remember exactly when--things changed. The little, hidden idea wouldn't stay locked away. It showed up to play more and more.

I needed more of the scene. I needed more time to get off. I needed more.

It even began infiltrating my daytime thoughts. I'd be sitting at my desk at work doing--well, working. And out of nowhere, I'd see a flash of a hot chick slapping my face, pushing me onto my back, climbing on top of me, ordering me to eat her--fuck!

I wrestled with it, of course. I mean, these flashes would happen anywhere: at work; watching my kids' games; watching TV. Hell, it even happened once while I was in vanilla mode making love to my wife!

That last one was horrible. 'Cause there I was in missionary with my dick halfway into my beautiful wife's hole. And it was like *bam* I ran into a wall with this image. I couldn't prevent my body from responding.

I pummeled her for a coupla strokes before I felt her little fists pounding my chest. 'Cause I was hurting her. For a brief second, though, I let myself believe that she was a Dominatrix beating me as she rode me.

I don't hafta tell you what restraint and control was required to pull out at that point and take a breather, am I right? I mean, have you ever been going full blast and been told to come to a complete stop? I hope not. It's painful, man.

But I did it. I was able to concentrate on my wife's pleading face. She pulled me from the vortex. 'Cause I do love her, y'know.

But I knew something had to change. The flashes were coming too frequently. And I was afraid I'd get so sucked into the fantasy that I wouldn't be able to stop--with my wife, I mean. I couldn't risk being in that situation again.

Because, y'know, afterwards, she wanted to talk about it. She wanted to know what I was thinking. What was going on. And I mean, what could I say? I couldn't tell her what I was thinking!

I can't tell anybody.

So I did what anyone would do in that situation: I lied. I told her that she looked really hot that day or something. I mean, I made it seem like it was all about her.

Women. They're all about talking and feelings until you make it about them.

She bought it, of course. And, well, I apologized, too. I went overboard with that, actually; making sure I didn't hurt her, shit like that. Cradled her in my arms. Coaxed her into the most tender of vanilla moments after that.

But that night, after she fell asleep, I snuck outta bed and went into my study. I went online for help--I seriously tried to find a way to shut out these feelings. 'Cause I was scared, man. Scared I'd lose my family and everything I'd worked for. I couldn't have it happen again and not be able to stop!

Fuckin' Google, man. I know you know what I found. It's why you're reading my story. Maybe you've found it, too? Maybe I'm a few years ahead of you, and you're searching for the next phase but wanting to read about it first?

It started with stories. Right? Stories about women dominating men. All kinds of them! Oh my god, if my ceiling had parted with rays of light and the choir sang its "Ohhhh!" chord, I wouldn't've been surprised.

I musta sat at my desk for damn near four fuckin' hours.

Reading.

And jacking.

And coming.

Holy shit, I wasn't prepared. But there was no way I was gonna take my eyes off the screen. There was so much fuckin' cum I had to clean that night!

Cleaning it brought me back to reality. Plus, the time. I barely made it back to bed before my wife got up to make breakfast. I pretended to be asleep. I mean, I was exhausted but my body was shaking. Here I'd been taking baby steps; only playing with my deviance in short bursts.

I hadn't realized it'd been gradually building.

But the mishap with my wife and the mounds of femdom stories brought this thing front and center. Still, I tried to ignore it. I cleverly told myself I'd gotten it outta my system. I mean, when's the last time you were able to sustain four

fuckin' hours of jacking off?? Surely, that was a good enough fix, right?

It worked.

Maybe it was my work deadlines. Maybe it was the exhaustion. Maybe it was the overload. Maybe it was the panic of losing my life. But it worked. I was "normal" again for about a month.

Don't get me wrong, I still made love with my wife. Strictly vanilla, but we still had sex. But I didn't need anything more.

I didn't even think about anything more. In fact, the flashes went away. The actual urge went away, and I thought I was fine.

But I was just kidding myself.

A coupla weeks later, the wife took the kids to her parents for spring break. They live on a farm, and the kids always love going there. I love it, too. And I was supposed to go. But work prevented it.

Or maybe I let work prevent it.

Shit, as long as I'm telling you this, I might as well tell you everything. I could've gone with them. It would've been tight but I could've managed it.

I didn't want to!

I wanted more time with that computer so I could read more. To have the house to myself to explore without worrying about being interrupted.

An entire week! It was going to be heaven!

Well, I mean, at first it was only gonna be one day. I told her, you go on ahead, and I'll catch up with you tomorrow. But after the first day, I had to have more. So, I told her work wasn't going well, and I needed to stay back. It wasn't a complete lie; I did have work to do.

But it was the computer I wanted, and the luscious new world I'd just been exposed to.

The first three days, all I did was read stories and come. Seriously. I actually lost six pounds! Oh, and I learned from my mistakes: I brought a towel with me so there was nothing to clean up.

After the first three days, though, I felt guilty again. What the fuck was I doing? I thought maybe I was having a mid-life crisis. I'd just turned fifty then.

Maybe it was just about my own mortality, I thought. I told myself it wasn't healthy, and that I shouldn't be doing it. That I should be at my in-laws' with my family.

What grown man cowers behind a computer with a fucking kitchen towel in his lap?

I even packed a suitcase! Seriously. I called my wife and told her I'd be there for the weekend. Called her from bed, while I was slowly stroking my cock.

I tried to have phone sex with her, but she balked and said the kids would hear. The walls are thin. But I know it's really because she thought it was too dirty. She's vanilla, y'know.

Not even vanilla--she's just ingredients!

Afterwards, I thought maybe if she would've had phone sex with me, it would've ended there. I would have driven to be with the family that weekend.

But I know that's not true.

As much as I'd like to blame my wife, it's not her fault. I know that now. But it's important that you know that I did go to sleep that night--after coming again to visions of domination--fully prepared to drive to my family.

The next day, work was stressful, though. And there was a problem with a--something that required me to stay late. My whole team had to stay late. I didn't make it home until eight-thirty, and I didn't look at my phone until I sat on the toilet. Yeah, I took my phone with me. It was the only down time I had.

There were texts and missed calls from my wife. I called her--yeah, right on the toilet! I didn't even think. I heard myself tell her I wasn't gonna make it that night. It was true, too. I was beat. But I'd be there in the morning because I couldn't make the drive that night.

That wasn't true. I could've made it; I just didn't want to. The computer was calling. I needed a good stress reliever after the shit day I'd had.

Naked, I padded to my study, towel in hand. But guess what? I'd already read all the femdom stories that had high ratings! I tried to read the lower-ranked ones, but they were shit. I mean, really shit. I couldn't get off.

I tried some other types of stories, but it's not what I wanted. So I went back to my trusty Google search. I'm sure you've already discovered this.

Porn! Femdom porn! Talk about a stress reliever!

Needless to say, it's why I didn't make it to my in-laws' that entire week. It's a wonder my cock didn't fall off. I mean, it was pretty chafed...but I'll move on.

So, that was four years ago.

And for the past four years, my life has been the same. The same as in, I make love to my wife. I pound random women on business trips. And I watch a lot of porn. A lot.

At first, I tried to get random women to tell me what they wanted, to direct me, to domme me. No one could. No one wanted to. They saw my height and body, and were spread eagle at my command.

So I decided that I'd have to pay for the experience.

I returned to my trusty friend Google and learned the best place was Amsterdam. So I had to plot. A lot. When the idea first took hold of me, the mere thought of it set me off.

Bringing myself to the point of actually doing it took a while.

Have you ever planned your fantasy? Actually took a fantasy and lived it? It's an amazing process.

Plus, for me, the added thrill was the deviance of it and the fact that it had to be kept private. I researched the history of the Red Light District. What the various items in the window were and what the colors of the doors meant. Here's an interesting fact. The Netherlands provides pensions for workers in the Red Light District!

Selecting the place was one thing; getting there was a whole other ball of wax. The timing had to be perfect. I had to somehow create a business trip that I could back out of at the last minute but use Skype to attend a few meetings.

My wife talks to people at my work. So, I allowed myself five years to make it happen.

But it only took four.

As luck would have it, a new client was referred to us, and guess where they were located? You guessed it; Amsterdam! It's a place my wife and I have wanted to visit together, so I purposefully scheduled the trip during her busy time when she couldn't possibly accompany me.

But there were more plans to be made!

The brothel I chose was very modern and internet-accessible. I had to provide medical tests, fill out a questionnaire and select add-ons. The tests weren't a problem, since I was going overseas. And the questionnaire was basically crafting the fantasy session itself. Well, telling them what I liked and didn't like, essentially. They crafted it.

The form was in-depth, and I spent days on it. They asked my height, hair length, flaccid cock size, cock size when hard, whether I had any piercings. There were pages of lists and checkboxes. It was like an a la carte menu. I chose things I wanted for the scene as well as set hard limits.

When I glanced over "chastity cage", I audibly gasped. That would be the ultimate denial. I've seen it in porn clips and read about it in stories. It's the quintessential domination!

I was both aroused and frightened. I'd had to put down the form and return to it a couple days later. Then, I decided: I wanted to be caged. My cock throbs every

time I think about it.

You've gotta keep in mind, I've never done anything like this in real life. I'm the dominant one. I do what I want, when I want; and my cock's always been free.

I'd kinda considered a cage when I watched porn, but not too seriously. But when I saw it on the form, it was kinda challenging me; daring me to go for it. So, I checked the box.

I'd read up on it; other guys' accounts. I wasn't sure if I could handle the pain. But I knew that I wanted to be totally controlled. Once I'd decided, I was in it all the way.

There were also lighter choices to make. They had this brochure kinda thing, where I could pick the outfit I most associated with my Dominatrix. I got to tell 'em what my ideal woman looked like. I went with the opposite of my wife.

Said I preferred brunette or black-haired and tall, given my height. I also told 'em I didn't think I could handle a harsh accent, like Russian, German or Dutch; that I'm partial to American, British or Australian.

The final thing was an open prompt for me to say anything else that might help with my experience. That's where I told 'em that I was tired of being an alpha-male. That I was really looking for someone to take control, order me around,

and let me be in the back seat, so to speak.

After I submitted my application, I was on pins and needles for two days until I got notification that I was accepted. Then, I worked out the timing of the trip and booked the appointment. Of course, I had to pay in cash when I got there so it wouldn't show up on the credit card statement.

Telling my wife was the most difficult part. She tried like hell to figure out a way to accompany me, and I had to conceal my excitement or she'd suspect something. She's like a hawk with that kinda stuff. But I managed it.

There were four of us from work on the trip. Everyone was planning on partying every night. I had to put in my time socializing or they'd get suspicious.

But the day of the event, I feigned sickness after lunch. Said my stomach wasn't feeling right, and I pretended to get worse as the day went on. Sure, I was able to carry out my meetings, but I just wasn't up to going out with them that night.

Truth is, my stomach was upset! I won't lie to you; I was nervous as fuck. But excited, too.

I'd cased out the location beforehand. It was pretty close to the hotel, so I walked over. The place is hard to describe. Imagine a posh-boutique-hotel-lobby kinda thing, but hidden away, like, not in the public eye.

I went to check in, as everything had been prearranged, and they knew I was coming. I was asked a few questions in a different room, away from the lobby. That room was more like a private reception area but still pretty posh.

I spoke with a different girl than my Dominatrix. I guess it would kinda dispel the mystique if she handled the administrative stuff.

Basically, she went over the rules, expectations and outcomes. I was instructed that the safewords were “coconut” for stop, “cinnamon” to pause, and “crystal” to stop a particular thing. If I was gagged, then I was to wiggle my wrists.

It was confusing, you know, in the moment. I concentrated on the crystal one, ‘cause that seemed like it’d be the most helpful, should I need it.

Going over the rules suddenly made the entire thing seem real.

Once that was done, I was told to get changed down to my boxers. They checked the fit of the chastity cage, and they needed to see my cock flaccid or at least semi. It made me laugh a little, because it was the most awkward part of the whole event, really.

It became clear why, though, when they gave me a cage called “the curve”. I should say they fitted me for it. It took a coupla attempts to get the right size for my cock.

Then they had me put my boxers back on, and I was taken to the room that the session would take place in. It was plush but kinda sparse, though there was an assortment of BDSM implements on display, including one of those St. Andrew’s cross things.

I think that’s what it’s called. You’ve seen it before--it’s that life-sized wooden X with metal bracelets and anklets. Only the one in the room had rope for the bracelets.

As soon as I saw all the equipment, my stomach lurched--and my cock throbbed. I was freaking out inside. The past ten years of secret debauchery came to a head in that second. No pun intended.

It was surreal. You know the feeling, right? Like, something you’ve been awaiting forever finally arrives, and it doesn’t really seem real?

I took a deep breath and told myself to just live in the moment and experience everything. And to try to remember everything so I could always have my own internal porn clip to watch.

I was instructed to wait in the middle of the room on my knees, hands clasped behind my back, with my head down. I wasn't to lift my head for anything.

Then the person left, and the door closed behind her. And everything went silent.

You gotta picture this six-four, beefy dude on his knees in the middle of a medieval torture chamber, staring at his own boxers. Willingly!

My heart started to race. I tried to slow it by taking deep breaths, and I inhaled thick leather and deep wood smells. In an attempt not to think about my wishes, my expectations or anything, I concentrated on the room. On feeling my knees against the floor. On the smells. I noticed the floor was nicely padded to prevent discomfort from kneeling.

I knelt there for probably five minutes, but it felt longer. Then I heard her walk in behind

me.

I heard the click-clack of her boots. She walked in front of me. I'm still in position. All I can see is a black boot.

Then, rather firmly, she told me to kiss it. She had a British accent, which threw me, but I'm not sure why.

I obeyed and leaned in to kiss the top of her boots--whatever that part's called. She instructed me to kiss them, to lick them.

“They're dirty, and I need a useless slave to clean them properly.”

Oh man, her voice--the firmness, the denigration, the confidence, the power! It got my cock's attention, that's for damn sure!

The boots were dirty. They had little flecks of mud on them. I kissed and licked them, not even fully realizing that I was licking dirt. But I didn't taste it; I only sought to please her. When I finished one boot, I licked the other.

Then she lifted a boot so the bottom was facing me with the heel pointing toward my mouth.

“Suck on the heel like you're sucking a dick.”

I obeyed again, automatically. Despite her words, I didn't think of it like a dick; I just wanted to please her.

“Suck my cock, bitch. Take it down.”

She said “cock” but her heels were thin and two to three inches long. It was the demeaning part that got to me. ‘Cause like I said, her heels weren’t like a dick, so.

When I had sucked to her satisfaction, she instructed me to look at her for the first time. Fuck, she was sexy. Her name was Mistress Anna. She was in the shiny, black leather corset I’d chosen, and her boobs were threatening to spill over. She was a brunette with her hair tied back in a tight ponytail. I’d say it must’ve been medium length. I gauged her to be about five-ten.

Do I need to tell you that I was captivated?

But she had a look that told me, don't fuck with me today. It’s weird, because I got into the submissive mindset right away. I knew I needed to. You gotta remember that I’m six-four and built. No question I could’ve taken her.

But equally, there was no question that she was going to overpower me.

She sat down on a throne-like chair. I mean, it wasn’t over-the-top at all; it was perfect. Everything about her was perfect.

She glared down at me. “Kiss and lick the soles of my boots, pig.”

She lifted a boot to my face while pressing her other heel lightly against my cock. Then she began tapping it, like you’d press a gas pedal in your car. Fuck, that sent a shiver through me. It was so fucking hot!

So I worshipped her shoe. And all the while, she’s talking to me in the way I’d requested. Y’know, that I didn’t want to be an alpha-male. That I wanted the tables turned. It was pure humiliation.

She laughed at me. “How’d you find yourself in this predicament? You, so used to fucking women over. So used to flaunting your height and your looks and making women do your bidding. Look at you now. All this time, all you really needed was to serve a woman!”

I knew enough to keep quiet when she was denigrating me, so I concentrated on my licking. But I heard her words. Goddamn if they didn’t make me leak precum!

When she said I needed to serve, I said, “Yes, Mistress Anna.” I think she liked that I said it, but she didn’t acknowledge it. You know, I mean, without having to be instructed on how to address her.

She swapped feet. “What the fuck did you get on this boot? Did you stain my boot with your pissant precum?!”

“Yes, Mistress Anna. My humble apologies, Mistress Anna.”

“I don’t accept your ridiculous apologies. Lick that fucking shit off right now! And you can expect punishment for that!”

“Yes, Mistress Anna,” I told her. I set about licking that shoe and my precum. It was the first time I’ve tasted my own juices, and it wasn’t something I would’ve considered doing before. But in the moment, it was incredibly hot.

She proceeded to tap my cock with her other boot. And this went on for a while-her tapping and me licking. Then she took her boots off.

“Kiss my feet, lowly slave. Lick them and suck my toes. You should be worshipping the feet of the woman who’s superior to you. In all things.”

“Yes, Mistress Anna.”

I forgot to tell you that I have a bit of a foot fetish. My wife has very dainty feet and tiny toes. After watching femdom porn, I tried to kiss and lick them, but she pulled away, declaring it to be “too gross”. She said that I shouldn’t want to put her feet in my mouth. I’ve tried a few more times in the hopes that she’d get used to it.

And also because I wanted to feel her feet in my mouth so badly. I’d gotten to suck a couple of her toes individually before she’s shrieked at me. I haven’t tried again. Maybe it’s the denial that makes me crave it so much.

Anyway, I included it on my wishlist as one of the top things I wanted to experience. To be forced to do it was even more of a thrill!

Her feet were clean and a little warm. Wearing boots will do that. I was so aroused, it was amazing. I worshipped for what felt like a long time.

Then she stood up. “I’m sick of looking at your cock. Rise and walk to the table. Then sit down.”

It was like a medical table but with padding. I lay down, and she shackled me. My cock was fully erect by this point.

Mistress Anna disappeared. I can’t tell you how long she was gone, but when she came back, she was wearing heels; not boots. And she was carrying the cage.

I moaned involuntarily.

She ignored my moans. “I enjoy caging even decent-sized cocks, like yours.”

I watched her, kinda panicked about being put in the cage. I mean, I was straight-up hard as nails, and I was pretty sure I wouldn't fit. Plus, it was out of my control what she would do or say. And I was kind of afraid of her admonitions, not to mention the pain.

“All men are weak in the face of a dominant woman. They can't control themselves. They turn to mush. That's all you are, is mush. Aren't you?”

“Yes, Mistress Anna.”

“Say it.”

“I'm just mush, Mistress Anna.”

Like I said, she never told me to speak to her in a deferential tone. I think that she was impressed that I automatically did it. I mean, it was, after all, my very first submissive experience.

“Hmph. You’re worthless. Just like all men. Women are the superior gender.”

“Yes, Mistress Anna.”

She moved her head close to my cock, and she flicked her tongue right near it. So near yet so far. I mean, she wasn’t coming in contact with it, and it was driving me fucking wild! I could feel her warm breath, and it was torture; it really was.

My cock pulsed and tried to get into her mouth. Of course, she made sure that didn’t happen.

I knew to keep my mouth shut.

My eyes were on her, until I had to shut them tightly.

It was too much.

I wanted her mouth to slide down my cock so badly. But, at the same time, the

torture was exquisite. It was really a strange sensation.

She teased me for quite a long time before she left again. When she returned, she was carrying a large bag of ice--like a large ice pack--and she placed it directly on my aching cock.

Fuck, that was cold!

Next, without warning, she clipped bulldog clips to my nipples.

It was bad--a real mix of two different pains mixed with extreme horniness. I've never experienced anything like it; it's hard to describe.

I actually cried out.

“I told you that all men are weak. You have zero control over yourself. Were you given permission to utter, to speak or to cry out?”

“No, Mistress Anna.”

“No, you weren’t. You’re a worthless piece of crap, slave. You don’t even deserve to be in my presence, as superior as I am. Because of your lowliness, you’ll be gagged.”

And she affixed an O-gag into my mouth and snapped it behind my head.

The ice, of course, was to erase my erection. Once she was satisfied my cock was flaccid, she removed the ice pack and slipped the cage on. She did it quickly, like an expert would.

The cage was a plastic curve, like I said, with a large O-shaped ring behind the balls. The ring wasn’t a true cock ring but a holder for the lock. It was a snug fit but nothing like the pressure from a cock strap, which can only be worn for a half-hour. I know this because the in-take woman explained it to me before I disrobed.

The curved cage part went over my cock, and the click of the plastic padlock was the beginning of my true loss of control. It made me moan out loud...and I was chastized again.

Once locked, my cock immediately started to grow again...until it couldn't.

And fuck me, that was intense! It strained so badly and hurt at first.

It was about thirty to forty minutes into the session when the cage was put on. The first hour with it on it was bad, but I got used to it at the end. But like I said, fuck me, that was quite an experience with it!

It was scary. I'm lying there with my mouth propped unnaturally open in an O, and my cock trapped in a confining space, and there's this circle around my balls. The whole experience went to a new level, and I was a bit panicked, I'm not gonna lie.

But at the same time, it was also such a thrill.

So once I'm caged, she released me from the table--caged, nips clamped, O-gag on.

“Drop to your knees, worthless slave, and crawl behind me. You're not fit to walk upright, especially in my presence.”

So I dropped to my hands and knees. That position fucking hurt, especially with the clamps! They were kinda weighted, which I didn't feel lying on my back on the table. But while crawling, they were upside down, if you will, and gravity pulled the weights.

She led me into a side room off the main one, where there was a bed.

“All right, slave. You wait at the foot of the bed with your head lowered, like the lowly scum-sucking douche that you are.”

She disappeared again for a few minutes.

When she came back in, she was wearing a strap-on!

My eyes widened. I was kinda freakin’ because I didn't agree to anything involving anal. But I remembered to go with the flow. I took some deep breaths through the O-ring to settle myself.

“Suck my cock, slave,” she orders me.

And before I can think about anything, she pushes it in through the O-gag. It wasn't too wide or large but enough to be uncomfortable.

At this point, I remembered reading something about how the brothel used strap-ons in conjunction with humiliation. And I had agreed to be humiliated--no, I'd specifically asked for it.

I had no choice but to suck her cock. But let me be clear here. I didn't have any fantasies about sucking another guy's dick or anything bi. I'm not into that. I wanted to be dominated, but by a woman.

This might sound weird, but I think I wanted to be forced to suck her dick. In that moment, I wanted to suck it because it was a woman who was forcing me. It was in no way a gay thing.

I know you might think I'm protesting too much but, fuck, I've been completely honest with you. And it's important to me that you understand this point.

I think it's so important because it took me a long time to figure out just what it was. You know, why I liked doing it, and everything.

“Look at that! Who knew you'd be such a good little cocksucker, huh? Then again, high and mighty men like yourself always seem to be the best, natural cocksuckers. You get my cock nice and wet, you hear?”

I tried to say “Yes, Mistress Anna” while still sucking her cock, but it came out all muffled.

“Shut up, slave. No one told you to speak. You were told to get my cock nice and wet. Get it all lubed up! You want to make sure this cock is good and lubed, boy. It’ll hurt if you don’t.”

She was teasing me, making me think it might be for me. Obviously, I was getting nervous as all hell at that point!

It may sound like I had control of sucking her cock. I didn’t.

Rather, she was shoving it into the O, and I was doing my best to take it. I took it down a few times and gagged. Because I was having difficulty, she was careful not to shove down so far.

It was the little things like that that reassured me throughout the encounter. I mean, she was definitely in control of me, but she was also an experienced professional who knew exactly what she was doing.

I never thought to use the safewords because I felt secure in her humiliation, if that makes any sense.

Anyway, once she was satisfied that her cock was good and wet, she crawled onto the bed very seductively and suggestively. My cock was aching so badly, I can’t even begin to tell you how difficult and painful it was...but at the same time, it was such an incredibly amazing feeling!

Still, I needed to get out of that cage!

While she's kneeling on the bed, she began to strip. Teasingly. I mean, I know you've watched clips of porn stars stripping. This was exactly like that.

Only, in person!

Once she was naked, she called Mistress Kathy into the room, who had a slight accent that I couldn't place. She might've been a local. Anyway, she was naked with long and flowing blonde hair. She was a good complement to Mistress Anna.

Mistress Kathy crawled onto the bed and kissed Mistress Anna passionately. I mean, this is every guy's wet dream, right? Two hot chicks makin' out within inches of me!

Shit, the ache was extreme at this point.

I've never been denied before.

While I thought I was gonna die, I also couldn't take my eyes off of them. There was a part of me that wanted it to continue forever.

Time kinda fell away at that point. I couldn't even tell you how long they stayed lip-locked.

Alas, my reverie was broken when Mistress Anna turned to me, while caressing Mistress Kathy's arms and tits, and delved into my cuckold fantasy.

"Do you know why I brought Mistress Kathy in here, you worthless pile of flesh?"

"No, Mistress Anna," I said, but it was really hard to talk with the O-ring on. I shook my head vigorously to emphasize my response.

"No, I'm sure you don't, 'cause you're pathetically stupid. I had to bring Mistress Kathy in here because your worthless ass is unable to satisfy me, even with that cock of yours!"

I'm pretty sure I let out a gush of air, like I'd been punched in the gut.

No one's ever attacked my cock before.

It's only received praise and awe.

My cock banged itself against the cage, so eager to prove her wrong.

Fuck, there were so many things going on at the same time. I was overloaded. Yet I couldn't look away, and I couldn't do anything to change my situation.

I think it was at this point that I fully realized that I was not in control.

And that realization kinda made me dizzy.

“Don't you fucking lurch your body at me, you piece of shit. I don't want you or any man. No man can please me the way a woman can. Because women are the ultimate lovers. That's why I need the touch of a woman.”

The whole time she was cucking me, she was squeezing Mistress Kathy's breasts; casually pinching and pulling the nipples. She trailed her hands downwards but they never actually touched Mistress Kathy's pussy.

It was both painful and mesmerizing to watch.

“That’s why you’ve been put into chastity, bitch. Your cock is worthless.”

Oh my god, it was so fucking harsh!

I felt like she had punched me again.

“I’m going to fuck Mistress Kathy now, in front of you, pig.”

Still, I couldn’t do anything but watch. And because my mouth was being kept open with the O-ring, my saliva was dripping out and dribbling down my chest. And I didn’t even care!

My eyes were glued to the pair on the bed.

They moved into doggy style--both of them were in front of me, staring, smirking and giggling.

Laughing.

At me!

It was horrible yet so fucking good at the same time!

“Bend forward and press your head to the floor, bitch.”

I complied, which meant I was prevented from watching. As soon as my forehead touched the floor, the moans and groans got louder. Then, the bed started shaking.

I thought it was excruciating before, when I was made to watch and not touch, but this was worse! To know they were pleasuring each other, to hear their moans, to feel the bed shake--and I couldn't see any of it--fuck!

Periodically, Mistress Anna would order me to look up, and she'd let me watch for a couple minutes before ordering me back down. When I was allowed to look, I caught glimpses of Mistress Anna fucking Mistress Kathy from behind, and Mistress Kathy pushed her tits together as Mistress Anna's cock plowed into her. Both of them were in ecstasy.

I never thought something could be agonizing yet delicious at the exact, same fucking time!

It felt like a constant pull-push thing. I can't really describe it.

But man, I can feel it. I mean, the times when I was allowed to watch, I felt completely satisfied. Like I'd gotten my money's worth...even though I was far from satisfied, y'know?

They were toying with me. I knew it, but it was okay.

Then, Mistress Anna took it to a new level.

"I'm gonna give you some instructions, bitch, and you're gonna listen very carefully. If you don't follow everything to a T, I'm going to punish you severely. Do you understand me?"

I mumbled my agreement to the floor and wagged my head ferociously.

“You think it’s been difficult to hear and watch us intermittently? I was about to give you a bit of relief because I felt so badly, but then I remembered how you got precum on my boots earlier!

“It’s time for your punishment, you worthless piece of man meat! Crawl up here slowly.”

No one had ever spoken to me like that before.

No one had ever dared.

I mean, I told you, people are afraid of me, but I’d never do anything to hurt anyone. I can’t convey how the confidence in her voice went straight to my abused cock.

I slowly rose to my feet--and I was shaky! I slowly put one knee on the bed before the other. I didn’t want to give Mistress Anna any reason to lash out at me. I had a burning desire to please her. When both of my knees were on the bed, she spoke again.

“Get behind me.”

Man, was she right--I had no idea what pain was before I climbed behind Mistress Anna. I could see it all: Mistress Anna's long, thick cock penetrating Mistress Kathy's ass. And this was the first time I suspected that there was an added dildo part going into Mistress Anna's cunt as well.

The sloshing noises of the pummeling filled my head, and the smell of sex permeated the entire room. It was intoxicating.

I thought for a moment that I'd pass out, but I refused to let a second of the experience go to waste.

Mistress Anna picked up the pace, and a pulse surged through my abs because I know what it's like to fuck someone that hard. I mean, I've only done anal a few times because of my size. But I know the feeling of that pace. Of just thrusting to out-and-out fucking.

My cock pounded against the cage.

But here's the really weird thing.

I didn't want to be balls-deep in anyone and relentlessly fucking just for my own benefit!

I never thought I'd say this, but I wanted to be used!

The pain in my groin surged with that realization.

“Stop your fucking whimpering, you worthless piece of shit!”

I wasn't even aware I'd made any sound.

“Redeem yourself, bugger. Worship my ass.”

When she removed the O-gag, my mouth was numb. I rubbed my jaw as I opened and closed it. She looked back at me for half a second.

“Fucking get on with it, douchebag!” She lengthened her strokes so that her ass flared in my face on the back-stroke.

I was in tremendous pain.

All over my body.

And my mind was a wreck.

But I was given an order by an exquisitely superior goddess. I pressed my tongue to her ass, and I licked and kissed and worshipped.

I know I've said this before, but my cock was at its worst in this part, I think.

So, I'm eating her ass out, which wasn't on the agenda specifically. I mean, I hadn't said no to it when I filled out the forms, so I thought maybe it was an added bonus.

Or maybe Mistress Anna likes her ass eaten, so the bonus was hers.

I'd like to think it was. I thought it then; that she was treating herself with my ass-licking.

I remember, too, that her ass was so clean. It was like any other part of her body-

-hairless and so inviting.

And I was finally allowed to participate!

And I was doing it to please someone else.

And she'd commanded me.

So I ate her out. And soon after, she and Mistress Kathy came. Really loudly. I'd like to think that I'd sent Mistress Anna over the edge and, from there, it had a rippling effect on Mistress Kathy.

Mistress Anna pulled her long cock out of Mistress Kathy's ass before she turned to face me with her cock pointing directly at me.

"Clean up this mess," she demanded.

Without hesitation, I cleaned her cock. I tasted the mixture of lube and Mistress Kathy's ass. I exaggerated my flicking movements with my tongue. I think it really got to Mistress Anna because she quickly unbuckled her strap-on, grabbed the back of my neck, and pulled me into her sopping sex.

I don't think I've ever enjoyed eating pussy as much as that moment.

Aside from actually fucking her, tasting her was the final sense yet to be experienced. Yeah, my cock was bruising itself against the cage; and yeah, my knees were trembling. But I felt like I was being revived by her juices.

I know that sounds asinine, but it's how I felt. My muscles were reawakening, blood thrummed through every vein, and I was so completely in the moment.

Bottom line; it was heaven.

I really got into it. I mean, I'm fairly talented with my tongue, and I used it like a cock. I probed it into her. Really deep, I mean; like almost impossibly deep.

Mistress Anna grabbed me by the hair and yanked my head back. "Your orders were to clean not to eat!"

She placed my head against her again, and I licked around the outside of her opening. I went at it slowly and softly. But soon, I pushed the limits again. Not to be a dick--my orders were to clean her, and I wanted to make sure I cleaned everything.

She smacked my face with an open hand in warning a few times--her other hand was still clutching the strap-on--but it didn't stop me.

I'm not sure if she came because of my tongue, but I'd like to think so. There was a lot of juice, and I was parched. I drank like I'd been in the Sahara for a week.

Mistress Anna grabbed my hair again, and I glanced up at her while licking my mouth.

"Now you'll clean Mistress Kathy," she kinda whispered. And again, I'd like to think it was because my tongue work had gotten her frazzled.

She shoved my head into Mistress Kathy's drenched hole, and I went back to work. She moaned--or maybe that was me. I honestly couldn't tell you.

Mistress Anna found her voice, though, while I was busy with Mistress Kathy. "This is all you're good for--cleaning up the messes of women who know how to actually fuck!"

I nodded into Mistress Kathy and made some kind of utterance, all without

ceasing my cleaning.

Two pussies in a matter of minutes. Fuck!

“You’re so used to bossing us around, aren’t you, you swine? Being in control of women? Now look at you!”

She laughed maniacally, though it sounded beautiful. I once again performed my head-nod and mumblings.

“It’s time to realize exactly what you are: a slave to the superior sex. You don’t know how to do anything. Okay, so you were blessed with a bigger-than-average dick, but it’s not bigger than mine!”

She smacked the strap-on against my cheek. “Girls can get dick anywhere, and we know how to use it a lot better than you can ever think to!

“I wish you could see yourself right now; so hungry to lick and serve. To clean and obey. Don’t forget what you are. Don’t forget your worthlessness.”

She continued berating me--which began to sound like music--and I continued to

attend to Mistress Kathy.

After I'd finished my duties, Mistress Anna paused in the scene, though she never broke character. Mistress Kathy left the room, and she never returned.

Mistress Anna gave me a drink of water and ordered me to drink. Then she stepped out.

I didn't realize how much I needed a break and some water until the liquid touched my tongue. I guzzled it down. Then, I wiped my face with the back of my arm.

This was a momentary pause, mind you. No more than three to four minutes. And calculating afterwards, it was about two hours, maybe two and a quarter hours into the session. I'm still naked and caged.

Then, I instinctively got back into position: kneeling, hands behind my back, head lowered.

Mistress Anna came back in and giggled at me. "I see you're learning your place. You're a good boy for assuming the position. You may look at me."

I beamed under the praise!

She was wearing crotchless underwear, a red corset--and her tits were heaving! I'm pretty sure they were natural because they moved more than fake tits would. And she had a crop in her hand.

“Follow me, slave.”

I crawled behind her without being told to crawl. It felt natural--or maybe I've watched a lotta porn.

We go back into the main room where she led me to the X-cross thing.

“Stand up.”

When I obey, she grabbed me by the cage and forced me towards the cross, facing forward.

“Spread your arms and legs, bitch.”

I'm face-to-face with this wooden cross. It's kind of shiny or maybe it was the light reflection, but I remember thinking that I was going to add my sweat to the cross. I'd leave something of me behind...something for Mistress Anna to remember me by.

My arms and legs were spread, and she shackled me in. Well, my wrists were in ropes, so I could move them if I had to. My back was to her. She walked away and gave me a few moments' anticipation and panic, like the slowing of a roller coaster at the top of a hill.

She walked up behind me. With each sentence she spewed, she alternated leaning left and right, so the sound coming at me from both sides.

"When you ate me out, it was pathetic, bitch. You couldn't even do that properly."

I've gotta take a time out right here and tell you that this was the only time in the whole encounter that I had the impression she didn't mean it.

I mean, she didn't say it with conviction. It just came across like acting.

All the demeaning aside, I know how to use my tongue. And like I say, I'm pretty sure I made her come.

Anyway, as she whispered these things in my ears, she caressed my legs with the riding crop. Then, she proceeded to lightly spank me; at first. Just above my ass.

The very next second, without warning, she gave me one hard swat. It completely caught me off-guard, and I yelled out.

She grabbed me by the hair--pulling my head and chest away from the cross--and said very firmly, a little louder but not yelling, "Did I tell you to fucking scream, you stupid prick?!"

"No, Mistress. Sorry, Mistress."

She let go of my hair and walked to the other wall and returned with a ball gag.
"Open wide."

I took it in.

"I chose the bigger one for you, to shut your big mouth up," she laughed.

As soon as it was in my mouth, she swatted me again.

Repeatedly. Harder. Faster. Lower back. Back of thighs. Back of calves.

The calves hurt the most, and I had to wiggle my wrists.

She stopped after a few swats. I didn't like it, and she knew, so it wasn't done again.

Instead, she turned her attention to my ass. She went to town smacking my ass with the crop.

Fuck, it was bad. But I loved it.

She was relentless with her words as well. It really played to the scenario. Like, she was teaching me a lesson, that kinda thing.

At this stage, my cock was used to the cage. It was pressed as far as it could go, and I had a constant, dull ache in my balls.

When Mistress Anna became bored with the riding crop, she retrieved a flogger. The flogger on my ass was a different kind of pain. It hurt more on the sore skin.

I was grateful for the gag at this point, actually.

She continued the flogging for a bit. Then she released me, turned me around and reshackled me. So I'm facing her now. I felt the rough wood against my ass, so I learned to pull away slightly and not lean against it.

She reached down and grabbed the curve. There was an opening at the tip to let air in.

“Look what you've done, bitch!”

I looked down and saw that my cock had leaked precum on her hand. She brought her palm to my nose and made me breathe it in.

Then she ran it through my hair!

She smirked at me before she dropped to her knees and teased the tip of the cage with her tongue, tracing it over the plastic. I couldn't feel her tongue but I did

feel her warm breath. Plus, I could feel the vibration of the plastic as she tapped it.

I watched her.

It's really hard to describe. But fuck me, it was arousing. And she teased me mercilessly.

“Oh, do you want me to release you from this cage? Do you want me to suck on your cock?”

All kinds of questions like this. At one point, I moaned, “Yes.”

At which point, she got up and kicked me in the crotch. Not too hard, but it didn't need to be hard.

It hurt like fuck.

“You weren't given permission to speak!” she glared at me.

My balls ached after this 'cause she'd caught 'em with her foot. In fact, they still hurt a little now. I didn't request CBT because they actually offer it as a full, separate session. Like, just CBT.

To be fair, though, I said I wasn't adverse to it, so it wasn't a limit.

I'm sure you want to know if it's a limit now! I'll tell ya to ask me after the dust settles. Ha.

Really, my balls aren't too bad. It was the immediate pain that was the worst.

Actually, my ass is the worst! My nips are sore, too. But I'm getting ahead of myself.

So after the kick, she teased my nips. She put a weighted string between them. That hurt like hell. If it was bad for a guy, I can't imagine what it would be like for a woman.

I mean, that thought played in my mind, too. I had the occasional dom thought during this experience. But it didn't really seem compelling compared to being a sub.

So she's toying with the weight and the string. How much weight can I handle? How far can she pull the string? Throughout the play, there was an overwhelming seduction going on.

I've never been teased--hell, I've never been in that position at all! No female has had her way with me. So the denial is front and center.

But more than that, remember, I'm facing her. I've got a clear view of what she's doing. And she's in my space. Her shoulders brush against my sides and my arms. Her fingers "accidentally" caress my chest. Her breath envelops me. And I can smell her. Not just her regular scent but her scent-scent.

I know I've said this before but this may have been one of the most difficult positions to be in. Honestly, though, I really can't distinguish. Every aspect of the encounter damn near had me at an eleven.

I was moaning involuntarily again, and my cock was leaking. Mistress Anna rose and glared at me.

"You'll need to be punished again, of course. You weren't given permission to moan or get messy. I'm not here to please you, sub. You can't seem to keep that in mind. So this time, I'm gonna make it painful."

That scared me, because I was already in a lot of pain! Before I could

contemplate anything, she yanked the clamps off...and I know I've talked about excruciating pain before, but this topped everything!

I couldn't breathe, and the ball gag wasn't helping.

She smacked my nips as a further admonishment but it helped with the blood flow and, after a couple minutes, the pain had subsided.

Then, she cut me loose. "Get back to your lowly position, scumbag."

I returned to my knees again, with sore nips and a glowing ass.

Mistress Anna went into the room with the bed and came back. I could only hear her click-clacking heels; I couldn't see her.

She slipped a collar on me and snapped it around my neck. As bound and helpless as I was in the cross, the collar somehow felt far more confining. I think it's the psychology of what it represents, maybe.

She attached a chain to it and led me to the bedroom. Her walking; me crawling.

I know people have fetishes for pup play and animal stuff. This wasn't that. This was strictly owner and slave, and it was a huge power play. I felt more "put in my place", if you will, with each snap of that collar. I can't really describe it.

Like I said, she led me to the bed and stood in front of me. Her crotchless panties were right above me. I know, because she pressed them against my face as she removed the ball gag. I inhaled deeply as I felt the mixture of skin and satin.

Once Mistress Anna removed my ball gag, I instinctively reached up and moved my hands behind her ass. She slapped them down.

"Did I tell you to use your hands, prick?!"

She walked behind me and cuffed my hands behind my back. In that position, it was really hard to remain upright, and it was uncomfortable.

Her cunt was a little higher than my head, as she was standing in heels. So I had to crane to reach. It wasn't easy, which I'm sure was the point.

But I managed to lick her. Then, she made it trickier by slightly pulling away, causing me to strain further, which made me lose my balance. My head and torso

would crash into her hip, and she'd use her thigh to push me upright.

“Get control of yourself, slave. You're only allowed to use your tongue to touch me. I don't want the wretchedness of the rest of your body getting on mine.”

I mumbled my apologies. But she ordered, “Lick!”

So I strained and made contact. I licked her up and down--she was soaked already. I think it's 'cause she liked what I had done earlier and was anticipating my tongue work. Though, to be honest, I'd told them that I wanted to be made to eat and worship at a Dominatrix's sex.

She tasted amazing, and she stood there for a while with me servicing her cunt. Then she slunk onto the bed, and tugged on my hair, pulling me onto the bed. It was firm but not too hard.

Once she slithered out of her panties, she guided me exactly where she wanted me and then pulled my face to her cunt.

“Now fucking eat me,” she purred. Seriously, her words came out as a vibration. My cock responded in its cage.

Of course I obeyed! She pulled really hard, really holding me to her sex while I worshipped her cunt. I get her going nice and good.

After a while, she yells out, “Make me fucking come hard, slave!”

I really went to work on her clit then. I flicked it with my tongue and sucked on it. Then I scraped my teeth against it ever so slightly, and she came on the spot.

“Let’s see if you can do that again, pig.”

Again, though, her “pig” didn’t come out sounding entirely demeaning. I don’t think making her come again was on the agenda--I think she was really into what I was doing and improvised another go-round.

So I resumed my licking; really lapping up her arousal and worshipping her dominant pussy. At this point, she held me with both hands and put her legs around my head.

Once she’d been pleased a second time (in this section), she ordered me to sink down before the bed. At this point, I could no longer see her but I could hear her shuffling around.

I sensed we were nearing the end.

She commanded me to look up at her, which I did, and saw her sitting on the edge of the bed, facing me. She rested one foot on my shoulder and the other on my face.

“You’re going to worship my feet again, slave.”

I had to hold in a moan--careful not to upset her.

Her feet were warm and a little dirty. I started by sucking each of her toes individually. I sucked one in and slid my tongue all around it, and in between the other toes, making sure to get in all the crevices.

While I concentrated on worshipping her foot, she teased me with the other one. She brushed it up and down my neck. Over my torso. Over my cage. She continued the teasing until we reached the end.

All the while, she also teased me with her voice. “This is your place now, slave. Below women’s feet. To serve and obey.”

She went on like this, constantly reminding me about my place, and telling me how lowly and worthless I am. That I can only be worthy if a superior female is directing my every action because I don't know what to do on my own.

Again, I have no idea how long I was made to slave over her feet but, afterwards, she silkily told me, "This is the end of the session time."

I wasn't startled, and I wasn't wanting more--I mean, sure, I probably could've lived there. But I knew it was going to end, and it just came organically.

I got to my feet, and I was really weary at that point. My ass and nips hurt, and my balls hurt even more.

She took me by the hand and smiled at me in a way that she hadn't throughout. "You did really great today."

I know we're "out of the scene" and all, but her praise still had an effect on me. And I guess I was still in the moment, 'cause I automatically replied, "Thank you, Mistress Anna."

She smiled again in that same way and didn't admonish me. I flushed at my mistake.

“I’m going to help you with the cage removal.”

I’m not sure if I told you, but the curve had a plastic lock that had to be cut off with pliers. They don’t reuse the locks, which is a good thing. They’re plastic with numbers on ‘em, so I guess you’d know if they were tampered with.

She led me into the room that she’d previously gone when she changed, which was actually a small corridor. We went into another room, which was like a changing room. It was small, not for public use. It was more private, y’know? I’m guessing it’s where Kathy got ready and undressed.

Mistress Anna reached for some pliers on the side. Oh, there was a jug of water with two glasses waiting for us. So, they were prepared throughout.

She cut the lock and removed it from the cage but she told me to wait a minute or two before taking the cage off as my cock was still partially in it.

She poured each of us a glass of water. I drank mine down and had another immediately.

Then she gently worked the cage off.

Fuck me, it felt good to have freedom!

She removed the O-ring from my balls, too. My balls ached a lot.

I think I must've moaned 'cause she started to gently massage 'em. It felt painful but nice. I was kinda frozen, not wanting to ruin the moment. Looking down, I took it all in, and my cock stirred hesitantly, as if it was waiting for the walls to close again.

She gently started jerking me.

I moaned again and didn't protest. I mean, I couldn't have protested even if I had wanted to.

She soon had me hard, and then she sunk to her knees. She engulfed my entire cock in one gulp.

Fuck, it felt good!

I didn't last long.

I mean, after that entire time of being teased and denied, denigrated and abused, I exploded. I probably spewed for longer than she'd sucked. It felt like I erupted gallons.

She swallowed it all. Then, she stood up and smiled at me--it was the first time she looked at me since removing the cage--and whispered, "I think you needed that."

She reached for a tube of salve and applied it to all of the places that I wasn't cognizant were hurt. I'm not sure if it was the lotion or her touch that provided the most relief.

Then she handed me my boxers. After I got them on, she led me to another room at the end of the hallway. It was the room I'd started in.

When I got dressed and came back out, she was waiting for me. She didn't change into "regular" clothes 'cause I think that would've ruined the effect. But she wore a satin robe that came down to her mid-thigh.

The hint of naughtiness was there with the indication that the session was over, if you get what I mean.

I thanked her, and told her the entire experience had been incredible.

It was. They really paid attention to my wishes, desires--both stated and hidden--and respected my boundaries. I honestly couldn't have asked for a better encounter.

"It was my pleasure," she told me.

I think she probably says that to everyone. Probably to get a bigger tip.

But I don't think she blows everyone.

I think she liked my cock, even though it was her "job" to denigrate it. I kinda got the feeling that she had wanted to play with it and make it explode just as much as I needed to have her do it.

I also say this because of what she said next. "You should come back before you leave. You know, for straight-up sex."

I didn't know.

I had to ask. She told me that the company had a “normal” brothel close by, where she also works. There was a glint in her eye--I kinda want to call it a hunger, y’know?

I feel like, after having spent hours with her performing, I kinda knew her, y’know? Like, the episode we shared was good, and it was professional, and she was amazing. But that she was putting on a show.

Afterwards, though, it was her-her. The way she really is.

That “hunger” in her request made me hard again. I don’t know if I can explain this, but after being used and tortured--both mentally and physically--it really got to me. And after her blow job...I got this overwhelming desire to fuck her.

Like, really fuck her hard.

Not like I’d take her on the spot. And really, the complete idea didn’t hit me until later, at the bar.

I drank and relived the whole thing. Then, I got this sickening feeling that she only knows me as a sniveling sub. She doesn’t realize that I could’ve actually

taken her at any point during that scene.

But then I thought, maybe she does know that, and maybe that's what she wanted when she asked me to come back for regular sex.

I mean, hell, she didn't invite me back for another D/s scene, did she?

No, but she did want me to fuck her!

I know because of what happened when I went to pay.

So, I told her I'd think about it. And then she showed me the way back to the reception area, where I paid.

I'm not going to tell you how much I paid. It doesn't matter, really, because it was worth every fucking penny, and I probably would've paid double that amount. I tipped her an extra sixty euros.

While I was at the desk, a worker came from the back to tell me the location of their other establishment. I think Mistress Anna told her to remind me about it.

So like I say, I left and went to a bar, and had a couple of drinks to digest what I'd just experienced. And that's when I decided--no, that's when I was compelled to return to her the next night and fuck her hard.

I was only in town for a short time, and it would be my only chance to do it. I mean, I can't just skip off to Amsterdam again.

Y'know, women don't think men have the ability to "plan" or to "think ahead". But we do. At least I do. I'd purposefully made my dutiful call to my wife before I left for the Red Light District. When she asked about the timing, I told her that I was going to have a drink or two followed by an early night. That I had to get used to the jetlag and all. She understood.

When I got to my hotel room, I inspected my body. They'd given me a tube of the salve and told me to apply it every so often. My skin was broken a bit on my back, and my ass was bright red and very sore. It hurt to sit but it hurt worse to walk around.

The movement of my boxers and trousers against my ass and balls was nearly unbearable...and I carried the pain like my delicious secret.

I called the "normal" place the next morning, but Anna wasn't working that day. They told me that she only had an hour the following day. I knew I'd do anything to make it work.

I had to prove my dominance to her!

I went through my business meetings the following day with the constant reminder of my night of debauchery. Naturally, I was professional and closed the deal--actually brought in thirty percent more than what we were hoping for!

That night, I went out with the guys, but they were itching to hit the Red Light District. One of 'em's married and the other one has a steady girlfriend. I tried to keep the sanctimony outta my voice when I told them that I was happily married.

I called it a night fairly early as it had been an exhausting two days. And I was glad Anna couldn't meet me until the next day.

My appointment with Anna was from nine to ten at night. It was easy to slip away from the guys because they'd planned another Red Light night. I left earlier than them, claiming I still wasn't accustomed to the time difference.

The other place looked straight-up like a brothel. It lacked the bells and whistles of the first place, but I wasn't looking for that. It just cut to the chase, which was perfect.

It cost a lot less since the encounter wasn't as detailed. I mean, it was strictly pure, lusty, hot sex.

She only mentioned our first encounter once but it was enough: She told me I made a very good switch.

Without going into detail, I'll tell you the sequence of things. I ate her out to get started. Then I took her kinda missionary but with her legs over my shoulders, where I made her come, but I didn't. Next, I flipped her into doggy, where it was more rough, and we played more.

I pulled her hair, sucked on her tits and massaged her clit. It didn't need swatting; it was throbbing. She was in heat.

Then, we both came.

Afterwards, we cooled down. And she gave me a blow job at the end, and I came again.

Like I said, I think she really liked my cock.

Then she told me that time was up. I don't know if she had another client or not.

I'd like to think she purposefully saved me 'til the end, 'cause I think she wanted to experience me.

And I fucked her my way; hard but not too rough. I controlled the pace, and I demonstrated my expertise.

I could've gone bareback as I'd sent in my medicals, but I didn't want to. Maybe I thought it'd lessen the impact, the guilt or whatever.

The fucking session was different than our D/s encounter, for sure. It was also different from my one-night stands. She was able to take my cock. Every single, throbbing inch of me.

And at one point, she whispered in my ear that she liked the way I controlled the situation.

I think she was surprised. I mean, it had to be done. Wouldn't any domme want to be shown?

I kid. Seriously, though, I had to do it for myself.

At that point.

I was going through a kind of mental break.

I tipped her an extra thirty euros this time--it was an expensive trip...and it felt a bit awkward to get my “bill” for sex, y’know?

I mean, fuck, I’ve never had to pay for sex.

Ever.

But I gotta say, this wasn’t just sex.

I’ve felt strange since then--and that was about a week ago.

I’ve been on the “high” of my experience. For sure. But it’s weird. It’s why I had to write, to tell someone.

Part of me feels happy that I did it--okay, a large part. But there's also a part of me that feels guilt.

But not guilt as in I cheated on my wife. Like I say, I've always cheated on her.

No, it's guilt from the deviance of it all.

I guess it stems from having to pay for sex--and not just sex, but for a fantasy I basically created. I can't explain it.

But there's also this non-descript feeling of unsurity, if that's a word. And I can't really tell you what I'm unsure about, hence the non-descript aspect.

It's why I needed to write this, to try to figure it out.

When I first set about to hire a Dominatrix, it was always with the knowledge that it was a one-and-done thing. I'd go, get it outta my system, and that'd be it.

But now--well, I'm getting ahead of myself again.

Like I said, my ass was pretty sore. I had to force myself to sit as rigidly as possible on the plane, where I wondered about my wife; whether she'd be able to tell there was something different about me.

Because even though I couldn't quite figure things out, I knew I was different.

Something had been altered in me.

I can feel it.

Anyway, I knew my wife would have something planned. She always does after my business trips.

It's the closest thing she gets to initiating.

She'll make one of my favorite dishes and have a nice family meal. Then she'll get into a slinky--but definitely not slutty--lingerie set. You know, like a babydoll thing. Sorry if you're into that. I mean, it's fine as far as lingerie goes, but it doesn't do anything for me on a sexual level.

Not like leather corsets!

And don't get me started on the boots and heels. Like I said, I'm six-four, and my wife is petite. But do you think she owns any heels? Nope, they're far too impractical for her.

And it's not really something I cared about before. 'Cause like I said, I get my sexual satisfaction elsewhere.

Anyway, so I knew my ass wasn't going to be a problem, 'cause it'd be missionary.

It's nearly always missionary.

And it's practically always the exact same. I mean, if someone were to time our sexual coupling and then make us do it again, only that time in various places, ask me for the time on the stopwatch, I could probably tell you down to the second.

Don't get me wrong; I enjoy sex with my wife. It's fine.

But that's why I knew she'd never see my ass nor suspect anything was wrong with me...at least physically.

As predicted, I walked into the house and smelled roast beef and mashed potatoes. She let the kids crowd me first; the ones who were home, anyway. One of 'em actually came home from college for dinner.

It's a nice gesture, don't get me wrong. And I love my kids. But I know they're mainly after the gifts.

I hugged them individually while looking at her. She was leaning against the wall with her arms folded, and she was beaming at the sight of her kids greeting their dad. And me, too. I mean, she was beaming at me, glad I was home.

She was wearing an apron that was stained from cooking, which covered pants and a blouse; her normal work attire.

Whatever the opposite of turned on is, that's what I was.

Still, I love her.

Dinner was great, and it was nice to have the older kid home. Luckily, there was so much chattering at the kitchen table that no one noticed how glued to my seat I was.

I mean, no one really noticed anything about me.

I don't know that anyone in my immediate family truly knows me. Or outside of the family, for that matter. It's why I'm writing to you.

I want to be understood.

After dinner, the kids chorused excuses to leave.

Then, my wife smiled in her typical way and recited the mantra she uses at these times: that she's not going to do the dishes because it's an important night, and she wants to spend the important moments with those she loves.

I mean, it's a great sentiment. I can't fault her for it. And it makes me feel good...but teddy-bear good; not turned-on good, y'know?

I waited to ease myself out of the chair until she unloaded an armful of dishes at

the sink. 'Cause she can wait to clean them, but she can't wait to clear the table. There are lines to be drawn, you see. Boundaries.

Then, she shyly took my hand, and we walked up the stairs together, my arm around her shoulders. Yeah, after thirty years of marriage, she's still shy regarding sex.

And that gesture--her walking and taking my hand--that is the beginning and end of her assertiveness.

As we climbed the stairs, it's well assumed that the male, the alpha-male, the all-knowing sex god will lead us both to climax.

So that's what I did.

For one of us.

I took off her clothes and told her to lay in the center of the bed. Then, I ate her out--this was my treat, 'cause she doesn't really enjoy it. I don't go down on her regularly anymore except for when I get back from business trips. It's become our unspoken routine. It's when I assert my needs.

'Cause I love eating pussy. I love how I'm the one responsible for making a woman move the way she does when she's being pleased, and I love the feel of her juices sliding down my face.

I do it for her--well, with my wife, I do it for me. I don't really understand what her problem is, because I can still get her off. So she likes it, but whatever. Or maybe she's just fooling me.

After she's good and wet, I go to work. I've got to work my cock slowly into her 'cause, even after all these years, her pussy still needs time to adjust. Even when she's open, I still have to go slowly. She can't take all of me, like I said.

So we were in missionary, and we were moving. For a split second, I thought, shit! she's gonna chafe my ass. But then I remembered that she doesn't even move her legs when we make love. At least not onto me. They kinda move side to side under me.

Like I said, I've got our sessions timed. And *bam* she comes. Right on cue.

I slowed down and waited for her to recover before I started pumping slowly again, and I neared my cue to come.

But guess what?

I wasn't anywhere close to coming!

Seriously, my mind was all over the place. My cock was in a wet pussy, and I couldn't get off!

That was a week ago.

I've been trying to figure it out. And I've been trying to block out what I did. But I've gotta face it: I have to tell someone.

I was pumping, when she looks up at me with this weird expression, 'cause she knows I've blown my cue!

I saw worry creep into her eyes, and I know we're gonna have to have a talk about this after if I don't do something quick. But man, I tell ya, my balls were on E. I had nothin'.

So I smiled down at her, and she smiled back--hesitatingly reassured but still concerned. I moved my face into the expression I hoped I look like when I'm getting ready to come.

It worked, 'cause I saw the concern leave her eyes.

Like I said, I know our sequence to the exact second, and I pretended to build up like I normally do.

She bought it, and she started to move the way she normally does and moaned the way she thinks I want to hear.

Everything was going according to script.

Except I wasn't actually having a crescendo. I was pumping empty. But she couldn't find out.

Then, I did it. I had to. I had no choice.

I actually faked my orgasm!

Immediately afterwards, I ran to get a washcloth and made like I was taking care of my wife nicely, 'cause she doesn't like the wetness afterwards. But really, I

did it to cover the fact that there was no wetness; not from me, anyway, and that's where most of it usually comes from.

She went right to sleep, like normal, inside my spoon. And I held her, like normal. But inside, I was panicked. I wondered if I could ever have another orgasm again; with my wife.

Would I have to fake it forever?

I desperately wanted to leave the house right then. It was early enough that I could've made it to a bar and picked up someone and fucked her rough. That would tell me whether I could come again.

But I couldn't leave. So I stayed awake most of that first night and panicked.

I couldn't go to work the next day: I needed answers. No one needed convincing of my illness; it was plain on my face. She offered to stay home with me but I convinced her all I'd do is sleep and stay in bed. Eventually she left.

I ran to my study, hoping that my trusty pal Google would be able to help me once again.

I searched for ejaculation problems, and discovered there are many different kinds. Too fast, too slow or not at all? The common thread, aside from a medical condition, was psychological. And I read that it can be caused by stressful situations.

Y'think? Thanks, Google!

No real cure for not ejaculating. Apparently the majority of us guys don't have a problem with it. The majority of us can't get it up. And let me tell you, there are tons of ED meds out there!

Google was not my friend that day.

So, then I tried to get off by myself in bed with no one around, in a silent house. Every time my mind went to Mistress Anna, my hand sped up. But I didn't want to use that to get off.

I forced myself to think about my wife. At one point, I actually lost my hard-on.

Panicked that I'd never come again, I allowed myself to think about my Amsterdam scene, and I came in record time. The panic, anxiety and stress all went away. I was back to myself and feeling calm. I even went into work after lunch.

That night, I grabbed my wife in the kitchen. The kids could've seen if they were paying attention. Maybe that's why I did it; for the thrill. She was at the sink rinsing the dinner dishes, and I came up behind her and pulled her midsection against my crotch.

At first she played along but then she chastized me for being frisky so soon. Normally, I'd back off. But I needed to come with her.

I'd never make it the rest of my life faking it.

That night, I was more forceful. I half-shoved her onto the bed, and she kinda balked. At entry, I wasn't as careful as I usually was. She squirmed and whined under me. Whatever small distress I caused, it reverberated in my balls.

I was unscripted that night, and she knew it.

She looked at me questioningly, and that sent me over the edge. It wasn't really an intense come so much as a satisfying one.

I could come with my wife!

I was so relieved, I rolled over before sending her over the edge.

It's not the same for women.

She happily curled up next to me and put her head on my shoulder, and I held her.

I slept well that night. But I woke with a start in the middle of the night.

What if I could only come if I was dominant and pushing the limits? What if the limits kept getting pushed farther back?

She wouldn't put up with that!

The next night I tried to encourage her. "Do you know that women are the superior gender?"

She laughed in my face.

I told her, “No, I’m serious. Women are what make this world work so well.”

She listened then, ready for a political discussion, but I veered it towards sex. I tried to empower her and encourage her initiation, without really coming out and saying it. It didn’t work.

She didn’t understand. At one point, she flat out told me that women are the better sex for many things, but the act of sex is still the man’s domain.

I think she actually used those words.

I didn’t even try to touch her that night, and I think she was surprised.

You understand that I couldn’t touch her, right?

I didn’t know if I’d wind up faking it or hurting her. Because I knew I wouldn’t be able to come with her.

All I thought about the next three days is that there’s something wrong with me.

I've found times to get off on my own. Each time, I had to think about Mistress Anna. And it's not like I'm in love with her or anything; it's the fact of being dominated. Each time, I told myself I've gotta put it outta my head.

I mean, this is ruining my life.

I don't want to leave my wife, but I can't be with her, either. Physically, I mean.

Last night, my wife kinda hedged around mentioning sex. That was her way of initiating it! I knew I had to make love to her or she'd want to talk about it. I forced myself not to be aggressive, 'cause I knew we'd have to talk about that, too.

So I went with the script but I wasn't into it. The second I allowed myself to think about Mistress Anna, though, I was able to get back on track.

And I came on cue.

I didn't know what it meant last night. And that's why I had to write this.

Because I understand now.

I'm a sub.

Sure, I know how to switch-hit. But deep down in my heart, I want to be a sub.

My wife can't fulfill this need for me, and I can't go to Amsterdam regularly; especially not without my wife.

I just took a break from writing and went back to my bud Google. Do you know what I found?

Nevada has brothels!

And I planned my trip to Sheri's Ranch next month.

And in a coupla hours, I'm going to make love to my wife.

According to script.

I've lived a duplicitous life my entire sexual history, so this is doable.

Like I said, I'm six-four and built. There's no way to get around being anything other than dominant during the day. And at night, with my wife.

As long as I can be put in my place regularly, I'll have my happily ever after.

Thanks for helping me get there.

THE END

If you enjoyed my book, I'd be honored if you left a review at your favorite retailer.

Many thanks and happy reading,

~B.J.

About B.J. Frazier

B.J. Frazier is a published author of erotica from the U.S. B.J.'s professional résumé includes time spent as a high school English teacher, advertising executive and business owner. B.J. draws on all three backgrounds to create believable and relatable characters and stories.

B.J. also writes from personal experience in Femdom, which adds realism to the stories.

Readers often comment, "you're so readable." B.J. never gets tired of hearing that.

The stand-out comment is from a very vanilla reader, who said, "I don't mean to be insulting, but I think 'Mistress Managed' can be mainstream!"

Books by B.J. Frazier

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