

Incels in Cells

By

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The Predators' Pet

It's just a classic strap-on. Unlike the newer designs that eschew the harness, the cock I'm using to sodomize Swine 43 has no secondary extension for my pussy to grip. There's no textured saddle to grind against my clit, no bulbous probe to stimulate my g-spot. It's a less sensuous connection for such sensual excess. That doesn't matter.

I'm not wallowing in any orgy here or making meaningful love to my wife. And with such deliciously stiff resistance to the sheer size of that prodigious pig-pegger, combined with the power of the vibrator enlivening its thick, heavily-ribbed twelve inches, my clit isn't exactly starved for stimuli as I hammer frantically, fanatically away at that fractious captive.

Anyway arousal isn't even my main motivator here. I'm not even training anybody today. Except matriculated Domestics, all we have left in residence here at *Upraised Spears* are these last four Incurables – pigs we've given up attempting to redeem and are just fucking to destruction. Number 43 here is our current worst.

A spitter and pisser and a smearer of feces, psychotically determined to resist correction to the end, undaunted by shocks or even punitive amputations, we seldom bother to remove him from his cage these days. Instead I've opened an access hatch, one of two opposing waist-high feeding-fellating-and-fucking windows set in the otherwise closely-spaced steel bars. Of course 43 would never voluntarily present for me, never back up and thrust his butt through for the cruelest of skewering. But then refusal has never been an option for any of our despicable boars.

Each of the dozen cells down here, each an identical five feet on a side, has its own winch set in the soundproofed ceiling. Rather than depending from his cable by the neck, arms, feet or thumbs (or feet *and* thumbs), 43 dangles in a special compression harness.

With tough leather straps looping together the upper thighs and small of the back, as well as cinching under the knees and around the shoulder blades, this pig's hips, shanks and folded-over torso all form a compact horizontal package. While wonderfully cramping the lungs and diaphragm, this compressed suspension allows ample access to the boar-hole at either end. With the lower legs left hanging down straight, the forelimbs pulled likewise vertically alongside them have been bound elbows-to-knees and wrists-to-ankles, the latter shackled and dangling an iron disk weight. Add how piggy's ring-gagged and snubbed-up snout is drawn way back by its own stretched harness of black leather straps and 43 is powerless to do much of anything but blink, bleat and breathe (with ever-increasing difficulty) and occasionally eliminate.

Actually, since he forfeited a lot more than meal privileges a while back, even this last expression of defiance is beyond the swine. There was certainly no way he could prevent me from pulling that doubled-up ass back through that two-foot hatch, or from snapping his testicle fetter to the steel frame to tether him in place. Nor could he do anything effective to protest my smirking and inserting. Now an hour and a half on he just drools and wheezes, sobs and slobbers and gasps out endless garbled curses as I use that most punishing prick we possess to bugger his guilty asshole as viciously as my upright posture permits.

The yanking on those bloated balls alone must be agonizing, accounting no doubt for his regular retching. Good: hate is my main motivation here, that and indulging my unquenchable thirst for revenge. And if anyone deserves my worst it's 43. Before his capture he had a stockpile of guns and well-advanced plans for committing a massacre. Yet to be completely honest, even pursuing my life's work with all my usual zeal here isn't entirely what this is about.

There's an unwelcome tension I'm trying to dispel. A bit of not-quite-jealous envy that it's Tawny's turn this time torments me while she's busy getting ready. I know it's only chance that we decided to try for something finer after I'd carried out the last capture. But that lucky ducky is going to have so much fucking fun!

Two years my junior at twenty-eight, my alluring and exciting mate is my polar opposite in lots of ways. Tall and whipcord thin, beautifully fit, she has golden-tanned skin and short, sandy blonde hair that's wonderfully raddled with sun-bleached highlights.

While we both have large, mobile features (big expressive eyes and mouths) Tawny's lovely face is rather angular and spare while I have the cherubic look of my mother's forbearers. Along with full cheeks my lips and nose are thick and broad; hers are thin and pointy respectively. And of course I wear my hair in braided extensions that reach all the way past my hourglass waist. Shorter and rounder with the big butt and boobs so popular these days, I'm volatile and fiery compared to my more deliberate and educated soul-mate, a college graduate and former decorated athlete.

Gorgeous Tawny is the spawn of an ordinary middle class family. I was a downtrodden child of rape, a victim of racist and classist cruelty and entitlement. Conceived in the kitchen of this same expansive mansion, my mother was an African immigrant housemaid and my father the literal patriarch: the male head of house, owner and ruler of the entire estate.

You'll be aghast but not surprised to learn that his abuse was habitual. In any case, Tawny and I have both been victims of child rape ourselves. And that's where our similarities begin trivializing all those surface differences.

We're both bisexual nymphos with a preference for powerful women. We're both committed until the end, to each other of course, but also to our most deeply shared passion: punishing deserving swine. Yet while both of us find solace for our traumatic pasts in such retributive sadism, we don't abominate all men indiscriminately. That would be senseless bigotry. We even have a shared capacity for coddling and cossetting those we've successfully corrected (at least if they're cute and devoted enough). Most have shown sadly lacking.

Though we avoid leaving online evidence, Tawny and I also enjoy using the internet to select our subjects for collection/correction. And we agree the optimal targets are to be found at alt-right sites catering to white supremacists and their like, or within the 'gamer' and 'incel' communities whose extreme misogyny so often serves as the incubator for such generalized hatred. It is this last group in particular that has lately proven most fruitful.

"That's right, squeal like a stuck suckling, piglet bitch! This is what you wished upon every woman who dared to reject you, isn't it? Well, what's good for the goose is even better for any asshole gander!

"Say, did you ever stop to consider sincerity? You know, actually trying to get to know a girl, instead of incessantly scheming to deceive them? Or maybe just adjust your standards to a more reasonable level. Everyone can't be and bang alphas, or even betas. And if you never look beyond a person's looks, how can you complain when others do the same? Anyway, there are far worse fates in the world than 'involuntary celibacy' wouldn't you say?"

Wham-bam-wham-wham-wham-wham-wham!

As I've indicated, we've given up on 43. I'm not training so much as berating him here, as I simultaneously escalate my assault toward orgasm again. I doubt my words have any more effect than that nut-crushing shock-fetter or the monstrous depth and diameter of my rampantly ream-ramming erection. Still I can't help pig-pegging away any more than I can keep from expressing my contempt for Swine 43 and all of his filthy ilk.

For those blessed by the bliss of social media ignorance, the identifier ‘incel’ is a contraction of ‘involuntarily celibate.’ Originally established for the depressed, disabled, socially inept or otherwise unavoidably lonely to commiserate and share their experiences, these online societies quickly descended into appalling cesspits of hate and cynicism.

Surprise, surprise: catering to the worst in human nature proved irresistible.

Before long every such forum was overrun by failed ‘PUA’s – ‘pick-up artists’ whose shared deceptions for seducing women hadn’t succeeded. Bitterly entitled, venomously misogynist pigs lamenting their inability to rape with impunity gathered in their myriads to blame both women and the sexual revolution itself for their unendurable place in the pecking order.

Contemptibly pathetic, I know. But these being members of the coarser gender, a certain percentage inevitably became radicalized enough to turn more than usually blindly violent. I won’t amplify their infamy, but those who committed massacres quickly became heroes that inspired others to do likewise.

Of course since these *are* white men who are murdering indiscriminately, the law enforcement community could care less about such gender-centered terrorism. Far from devote appropriate resources to the problem, they consistently dismiss it or as usual impugn the victims. Hell, American cops won’t even enforce a gun-forfeiture or restraining order. You see women slaughtered by their partners and/or stalkers every day.

Clearly vigilantes are needed to intervene. Fortunately Tawny and I are ideally equipped. Besides having the skills and passion for the task, we have the requisite resources. Scandalously financially secure, we own over a dozen properties besides this fabulous antebellum mansion here in the suburbs outside Atlanta.

I consider it a fitting inheritance.

Better it should come to me than the original owner’s son, the late half-brother who followed our father’s example by similarly abusing me for much of my childhood. Peeping, recording, beating, binding and raping; keeping me locked in a tiny closet; you name it and he did it. Thankfully my mother was finally pushed too far by this.

A bit of unexpectedly clever extortion combined with an untimely death or three (only one at all lamented) and I was suddenly the sole beneficiary and eventual owner of the estate. Extensive modifications since have turned the lowest level here into the perfect private dungeon. With a hog farm of *real* pigs out in the country, we have all we need for keeping and re-training those we deem an unacceptable threat to society – and for erasing the remains of our failures. Luckily these have been few indeed, especially considering our targets’ innate shortcomings.

Naturally we always focus on budding terrorists on the verge of violence.

Spewers of vitriol, worshippers of murderers, collectors of weapons and domestic arrests, we consider it a public service to preempt these threats. And after each seduction/abduction and forced redemption, those who graduate from their cages to serve their endless sentences of domestic and sexual service under us usually do so with genuine repentance.

Such universally beneficial outcomes make for a vastly more rewarding capture than even brutally using up the most dangerous of the Incorrigibles. Yet even our most splendid successes have only whetted a certain shared appetite we’ve lately developed together. That’s what makes tonight’s excursion so different, so much more exciting than ordinary. It’s rather ironic, or at least perverse in a way. As I finally furiously hammer out my latest viciously retributive climax into the very worst of those utterly irredeemable assholes, my fantasizing revolves around opposing impulses of the gentlest tenderness.

“Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes! YES! You see what pointless bitterness begets? You could have skipped extremism and correction completely and sought such sodomy from the beginning. You might have learned to love it that way. Now you’re condemned to suffer it terribly ‘til the end!”

Pulling out and switching off, I disengage the testicle fetter

Swine 43 swings away from me. Then he swoops back, sobbing like a fleshly pendulum. Between all these tears and the endless dripping slaver it’s clear he’ll need serious rehydrating before being ignored for the next indeterminate stretch. Tugging the harness from my crotch I drop it and catch the stinking swine on his next swing.

Quickly I spin him vertiginously about. Pressing my pudenda to his ring-gagged gape, I generously gift him my system’s rejecta. Noxious and concentrated as it is, salty and ammoniac, enough life-giving liquid sizzles in to keep 43 grunting and squealing a little while longer. Why not? Once again he’s served his purpose despite his insane defiance. He may do so again in any number of other ways if necessary.

A check of my watch shows that it’s almost time for Tawny to leave.

I’ve made it through the afternoon without jealously pestering her. Of course I’ll get to remotely monitor most of her capture, not to mention join in the indoctrination soon enough. But the temptation to coach (or kibitz) even after all of our planning has been maddening. Now all I need to do is wish her success and endure the interminable interval until her return – hopefully with a more appreciative sort of quarry.

Toweling off the sweat I take the elevator back upstairs. Big enough to carry a gurney, cleverly disguised and code-locked for security, the car disgorges me into the lavish master bedroom suite. Heavily shackled and prettily petticoated, a pair of Domestics is just putting the finishing touches to Tawny’s knockout ensemble.

27 is dusting her nose with a makeup brush while lucky 13 zips up the back of a just-tongue-polished, shiny-as-vinyl thigh-high boot. 13 plants a last reverent kiss on the steel-capped toe-tip and then suggestively fellates the stiletto heel. Indulgently Tawny pushes back the little lace maid’s cap to teasingly tousle carefully coiffed curls. Looking up she greets my appearance with a dazzling smile.

“Precious Jayde!”

“Semi-precious, you mean.”

“Not to me. To me you’re worth more than a satchel full of sapphires, a roomful of rubies, a mile-high pile of diamonds!”

This is a favored routine between us, what with jade being classed as a semi-precious stone and all. My own irreplaceable treasure waves a hand to dismiss the help and gives me a fiery titty-squeeze along with her kiss.

“I can’t believe the time is finally nigh. Are you sure you don’t want to come along for the ride, maybe sit up front with the driver?”

“What, and lock down the rest of the Domestics?”

“We kind of want them out of the way for this prey anyways.”

“I thought we were going to let our prospective pet get a glimpse or two on the way up to the bedroom.”

“A hint of what his destiny holds for him, I know.” Tawny gnaws on a slender but still supremely kissable lip. “And you were supposed to lay down a rose-petal path to the mattress.”

“It’s your turn!” I firmly aver. She regrets my envy, bless her. “Go get him, tigress. Or cougar I guess. Just don’t devour him all at once. Leave some scraps for me.”

“I promise to follow the plan. Only a little while now until it pays off in particularly potent pleasure – or at least in something superior to doting on dopey Domesticos or torturing horrible Incorrigibles. I’m a bit bored with both!”

“Well, here’s to more inherently pliant prey.”

This time I’m the one kissing and pinching, even finishing by twisting that always pointy nipple-tip. “In addition to using those last four boars as warnings, maybe we’ll soon be able to present future swine with a more consequential, even providential route to redemption in the living, willing example our special new pet provides.” I step back, before I have to tear the tight leather bodysuit right off her. Tawny grins her greedy agreement.

“Let them see how the virtues of worship are rewarded in the place of hatred.”

“I hope this Phillip proves as optimal as he seems – both at representing the correct identity and fulfilling our own emotional needs.”

“Time to finally find out!”

Jesus, I’m so nervous that... No, scratch that. I’m worse than nervous. Worse than uptight or anxious or any other silly synonym. I’m scared supremely shitless.

For a twenty year-old virgin on a first-ever date, this shouldn’t seem extraordinary. For a skinny little shrimp with a pitifully piddling prick and even poorer interpersonal prospects, it’s more like perfectly normal. What if this one fantastic chance collapses into laughs? It could be fatal for my already foundering sense of self-worth.

To be honest I’m finding it hard to believe this liaison will even proceed.

Why me, of all possible peons? What could such a supremely desirable and obviously wealthy woman find to prize in a self-described super-loser too timid to score even a date to a high school dance? Who could want a five-foot-six, hundred and twenty-pound weakling who’d admitted to dreading every gym class? It’s entirely too miraculous to imagine.

There I was, supposedly working at home (jerking to porno) when the doorbell rang. I almost ignored it in favor of my fevered fantasies. Instead I stumbled over all flushed and sweaty to find the most alluring *real* female I’d ever seen standing casually on the veranda.

Introducing herself as Tawny Pantera, this athletic older blonde in a classy black suit claimed to be a graduate student in social psychology. Her thesis concerned changing cultural mores, and she asked if I would please participate in a rather in-depth survey.

Who could refuse such a vivacious, beautifully sexy lady anything?

Not this manliness-challenged sap. With obsequious eagerness I settled her in the most comfortable seat and made a pot of herbal tea.

Soon the interview was well begun. And without warning I found myself divulging more about my past and what truly made me tick to this total stranger than I’d ever admitted outside of anonymous internet forums. It was like each subject she broached was cunningly chosen to progressively expose more and more of my fundamentally insecure core, the weaknesses both innate and created in me that had led so inexorably to my social isolation.

Topics ranging from the physical disciplining of children and the prevalence of spousal abuse, from bullying in schools to acceptance of gender fluidity often seemed to infer rather feminist political objectives. I must admit I did all I could to ingratiate myself accordingly with my answers. The honesty of these beliefs aside, that’s hardly surprising. The portrait that quickly emerged of me was of a consummate giver, a compulsive people-pleaser.

Yes, I grew up cringing from daily physical and verbal abuse. I watched my father beat and berate everyone daily. Consequently I learned a placatory subservience, a heroic endurance and a visceral aversion to conflict. And yes, my size and this instinctively needy generosity saw me humiliated and ostracized as a ‘sissy’ all throughout my socialization. Underdeveloped and slender, pathologically unassertive, accused of effeminacy for every expression of intelligence or sensitivity, I was forced into the role of pariah (and assumed queer-boy) early on.

Yes, I was desperately interested in women but still a virgin. (Blushing furiously under those kind green eyes.) Convinced of my inferiority, too socially inept to attempt approach, I’d given up on the dating game without ever daring to play. By the time Tawny arrived to draw all this out of me I’d become so awed/daunted by the finer sex that my perceptions/conceptions of them had become hopelessly idealized. If only I were worthy enough to worship one so wonderful!

Such a sweet, sympathetic ear was offered to hear! How serendipitous this, to have a free therapist just show up and coax one into opening up! Even better, as an amateur analyst she presented no messy questions about professional ethics. There was nothing to stop lovely Tawny from putting down her pen and leaning toward me with flabbergasting frankness.

“Poor Philip! You don’t have to be lonely forever you know. There are plenty of women out there (and even in this very room) who’d value your appreciative attitude. Why waste your days unproductively online, arguing with assholes and masturbating to fantasies? Let me take you out tomorrow evening and all that unhappiness will end.”

Was it really that obvious what I did with all my time? And did this Tawny maybe even glean what kind of fantasies specifically obsessed me? I heard myself agreeing to the conditions for her proposed meeting in a kind of dazed dream. Keep it strictly between us, and just walk north from my door a few blocks or more? Say at around six? Expect her Mercedes limousine to appear and collect me? Whatever you say, my beautiful student of cultural attitudes. Just please don’t wake me from such a paradisiacal impossibility...

So far she hasn’t. A day later the dream persists, at least provisionally. Dressed in my very best I move step by tentative step away from the safety of home and into a very dubious future. As I notice that my route north moves me ever further into the decrepit outskirts, and away from credible potential witnesses or even security cameras, I can’t help developing certain suspicions.

Tawny showing up like that, her way-too-fortuitous questions and reactions, the way she seemed to intuit my internet habits, the degree of secrecy decreed, even her ambiguous promise to ‘take me out’ – everything about the situation screams of a setup. Paranoia battles impatience to keep me glancing constantly over either shoulder. Still my greatest terror remains being stood up, and the ignominious end of this brief sweet dream of worthiness. So it is with more giddy-thrilling relief than can be believed that I greet the sudden appearance of my destined deity.

As I approach a defunct funeral parlor, a dusty garage door goes up. Out backs a gleaming black limousine. Stopping, it bars my path forward. A long door swings open, blocking egress to the street and effectively cornering me. Out of the sumptuous space beckoning ahead peers Tawny, dressed as if straight out of my most fetishistic video collection.

“Get in here, my delectable incel. Enter submissive heaven or regret it forever.”

Okay, she definitely knows *entirely* too much about me. And the sweeter and more seductive the dream, the greater the likelihood it devolves into a nightmare at some point. Still there is no way I can allow such an irreplaceable opportunity to pass me by, to let this euphoric present and paradisiacal potential dissipate into the miserable mists of history. Haven’t I fantasized almost exclusively about women like this since earliest adolescence? After just a hitch of hesitation at that loaded salutation I practically dive into deeply cushioned luxury.

The hottest woman I've ever met (by many a metaphorical mile) pulls the door closed. An electronic lock thumps home and we immediately purr into a turn and take off. With the windows adjusted opaque and the slide between compartments raised it's impossible to tell where we might be bound. That's okay. For the moment I have eyes only for spectacularly attractive Tawny.

As slim as I am yet taller and far more fit, the slenderness and strength of her torso and limbs are emphasized by the tightness of her ridiculously skimpy bodysuit. Super-thin, supple black calfskin polished as shiny as the thigh-high dominatrix boots (and bicep-high gauntlets) she sports, this barely hides her arresting breasts and is cut up high enough to expose most of each perfect buttock to boot. Most breathtaking of all though, that flawlessly lovely face is full of natural high color, infused with the honest exhilaration of a fresh, hopefully exceptional (sexual) adventure. Formerly so sweetly sympathetic, those outsized, fiery green eyes now out-gleam her outfit with a smirking, positively perverted, derisory glee.

"How fabulous it is to capture you at last, Philip! Thank you for succumbing to my predatory attentions. Everything's going to get so much better for you now – or at least be more challenging and rewarding. No longer will your potential go unspent. I see you're trembling however. Are you an alcoholic perhaps, or just intimidated by aggressive women?"

"Aggressive women turn me on beyond any others, ma'am. It's compulsory, a totally uncontrollable vulnerability in me. But I'd be lying to deny that I'm also terrified. After yesterday you surely know why."

"I do. First of all, you've never been kissed, never been with anyone much less a vastly experienced, seriously kinky older girl. Second, you finally begin to suspect the extremity of my intentions. Most of all though you worry that you won't measure up to gendered expectations. I'm going to see the infantile size of your manhood and dismiss it from further consideration."

"My shame about that is so overpowering. It torments me night and day."

"Of course it does; it should. Shame is absolutely appropriate for an unmanly male – not to mention crucially useful. But that's beside the point. We can have a lot more fun with even the runtiest stub than you might realize. Not to mention with the rest of a tender young boy-man's naïve anatomy. Boring old vaginal intercourse isn't everything you know, and the more adventuresome of us can render it irrelevant. So let's quit delaying and get the shaming underway. Show me how futilely puny you are so I can get on with ruthlessly ridiculing you."

"I'm sorry...you want...what?"

"I said get your clothes off, Philip. Every stitch. You won't need garments ever again."

"Um...I take it we're not going to any nightclub or restaurant then."

"Idiot virgin, the next and last stop is our fortified retreat. The master bedroom awaits your defloration. So I'm not telling you again to take off all your clothing. Do you really think it's advisable to try testing my patience so early in our relationship? Where's that adoring devotee who wants only to worship someone who amazingly accepts his service as worthy?"

Trembling worse than ever, actually wishing for a stiff drink as fervently as any alcoholic, I get the message and swiftly begin to strip. Somehow I make my dry mouth croak out sounds.

"You know so much about me already. Beyond what I confessed about my tendencies."

"I know enough so that the shamefully un-endowed and underdeveloped flesh you possess can hardly further lower my opinion of your virility. And perhaps it's not the masculine ideal that we're seeking in you. So quit your impertinent chirping and show me what you haven't got. Let me see at least enough to be fitted with a collar and lock."

This mistress is acting like she owns me already, as if my slavery is a *fait accompli*. And how could she know about my secret domination fetish, or recognize my utterly inability to deny her kind anything? Heart pounding with excitement (still spiked with terror), face flaming with that knee-weakening shame, I pull off my briefs last. With expert alacrity Tawny is extracting my wallet and phone. Tucking these away she lowers her window long enough to stuff my socks and briefs, shirt and pants (belt and keys included) and even my shoes out into the slipstream.

Goodbye, pointless old existence.

So why does this ominous symbolic disposal make me so madly horny? With some kind of Rubicon clearly crossed, I can only slouch back buck naked and spread wide my downy-haired thighs to display my dual humiliation: the diminutive inch and a half which is the best I can project coupled with the visibly quivering intensity in which her blithe deprivation of my possessions has left me. Damn, I'm so outrageously, even painfully rigid!

"Damn you're so childishly tiny!

"Look at that offense to all of femininity – oh wait, let me get a microscope first. Goddamn, Pip, I've sucked on bigger clits! Who could even feel such a stubby nubbin rubbing in their cunt, or even their butt? Does it even have maturity enough to spurt? Prove it to me, sissy! Play with that teensy toddler's toy! Show me how you spew your stinky-sticky loser's goo. You do it every day, don't you, skanky wanker? You drool over videos of your female superiors and wring that pitifully insignificant thing until it jets out your worthless genetic essence."

Confession is good for the soul – as degradation is the libido.

"Yes, ma'am. In fact that's exactly what I was doing when you came to my door yesterday. Thank heaven I paused it long enough to let you in to get to me!"

Somehow I make myself take myself between fumbling forefingers and thumb and begin to clumsily fondle and pump. My face is baking, radiant with mortification. I know better than to break eye contact but the light of sadistic scorn raving from those big green orbs torments me worse than her damning, damaging judgment.

"No wonder I didn't see any bulge. Honestly, how *dare* you want to use that living stigma on an actual female! You know what a sexual appendage that insultingly small deserves? Nothing but endless retributive torture. An entire lifetime collared into unrelenting impotence, agonizingly afflicted with each erectile impulse, providing purposely punitive pain in place of any sexual pleasure or performance whatsoever forever and ever..."

Who can explain why these horrific threats so erotically affect me?

It's like my accusing balls agree, and they want to hurry and empty themselves before I lose my always illusory capacity completely. Toes curling, arches knurling, my bare feet lift up even as my suddenly manic pace further accelerates. Demeaned beyond belief, keening pleadingly, now using my free hand to rub my tingling testes, I feel myself building up toward orgasm faster than ever before. Naturally I almost cry out with anguish when Tawny wickedly halts me.

"That's enough. Cease with that pitiful insult. I enjoy a shameless exhibitionist, but it's time you demonstrated some discipline. You don't touch that nubbin ever again or even try to rub it against anything without explicit permission. I'm going to test your self-control now by giving you a little taste of what my loser swine has been so pathetically pining for all this time."

Cat-like, Tawny sidles lithely in on me. She looms over my nude timidity. Her black-sheathed hands make contact and begin to roam, measuring meat against fat and testing muscle tone. Palms cup and caress my face and neck. Fingers comb through my hair and brush it back to bare my brow. Then abruptly I'm being kissed so aggressively I can barely snatch a breath.

Oh, 'making out' is nirvana and Valhalla and seventy-two nubile cuties or whatever your definition of infinite bliss may be! Yet even as she's devouring my mouth, slurping in my lips and plundering me with her tongue, Tawny pulls out a set of chromed-steel handcuffs.

I feel her fitting a metal bracelet about my wrist and do nothing to resist. When she yanks that arm around behind me I immediately mirror it with the other. Tightly my captor manacles my hands at the base of my back.

Bondage, she's placed me in inescapably chained bondage! And according to her orders I've covered my tracks; no one has the slightest idea where I am. Now my undisputed new ruler can do whatever she chooses to her too-willing prisoner. And immediately the vicious minx crushes me back into that leather-covered plush. Ignoring the contorting of my arms and torso she continues to maul me silly using only her tongue and teeth, hands and lips and firm, pointy tits.

Talk about living out an unbelievable dream! Yet never could my subconscious have boasted such invention. Even between my lips and gums runs the tip of that probing tongue. Breaking suction only to gnaw gently on my nose or ears (sticking that slathering tongue in the latter) before smacking every other inch of my face with emphatic kisses, Tawny batters on me like a lamprey repeatedly, starkly marking my throat with a livid necklace of burst capillary patches. Then before I've even commensurately appreciated any of this ecstasy, those gauntleted fists are buried back in my hair and those exceptional breasts have been brazenly bared.

Firm, oh yes! Exquisitely springy is the flesh pressed and ground so contemptuously against my disbelieving features and cheeks. And pointy! Better than overly big and destined to be droopy, Tawny's boobies are perfectly proportional and beautifully protuberant, curving up and out almost like horns. Indeed the peg-shaped nipple-tips that cap naturally conical aureoles the size (and hue) of hothouse strawberries feel hard and sharp enough to blind me. I have to squinch and wince defensively as Tawny squashes and scrapes those founts all over my face before forcing one into my own frantically slobbering suction.

"Not so urgently, idiot pig! You men are all so unsubtle in bed. Take long, slow, deeply sustained sucks, as though truly seeking to draw sustenance from me. And remember what I said about unauthorized stubby-rubbing!"

Oh, but it's so damn challenging! Not only is being mauled like this sending my excitement constantly skyrocketing. Every moment or so (surely not by chance), a shift of Tawny's position causes either one of her fuck-me boots or (oh my heavens) the bare thigh above to *barely* brush against my unprecedentedly intense tumescence. Every iota of me yearns to lift upward in response, to maximize that madly tempting contact until I somehow miraculously slip into heat. Oh if only I was just an inch or so longer!

Of course then I wouldn't deserve this torture. And torture it is, if of the most deliciously permissible sort.

The longer I'm soul-kissed oblivious, or allowed to suckle (and with sufficient initiative to lick, flick and nibble) those extraordinary nipples, the more demanding that battle with my self-control grows. Gasping, groaning, whimpering and writhing, euphorically glorying in heaven yet desperate for it to end before I fail this possibly hugely consequential test, I become increasingly convinced that just one more silken, incidental caress might trigger the most damning premature ejaculation in history. So it is with as much rueful relief as renewed terror and arousal that I sense the stops and starts and sounds of opening and closing gates and garage doors. Not until we've stopped entirely and the engine shuts down though does Tawny pull back and tuck those delectable breasts back under thin, skimpy leather.

“Beautifully endured, Philip. I didn’t think you could withstand that. I was ready to lock you down on the spot for spouting. But you’ve proved worthier than I’d heard, obeying me impeccably. So no Kali’s Teeth for now. However, we *do* have a rule about never allowing pig-imals onto the estate without proper fail-safes. You’ll have to be fitted with this special electrical testicle fetter if you want to enter our femdom heaven.”

“I see. And what if I decide I’ve changed my mind?”

“Resist me? Don’t be silly, wimpy sissy. You know you’re congenitally incapable of such defiance. And it’s way too late to chicken out anyway. Your former life is over; Philip Burke has gone missing forever. Hold still now while I apply this more permanent bit of bondage...”

What could one do? Try to deny self-evident truth? Sorry, not a Republican or on Fox News. I can only bob and throb ever harder as my gorgeous new jailor locks an adjustable metal collar about the base of my scrotum. Palpating the balls now bulging below, her threatening squeeze is heeded if unneeded. I can see the shock box and receiver on one side of the collar as well as the ring welded opposite.

Surely a mere word from her can now electrocute my testicles, ensuring complete and unquestioning obedience. And where nut-crushing weights might be hung or sack-stretching bondage tethers attached, Tawny snaps a short silvery leash of elegant chain link. The tug she gives this comes with a downright coquettish grin.

“Come if you can, my specially selected incel. The reward for your admirable public attitude is imminent. A few minutes more and I’ll be as naked and manically eager as you...”

I’ve given up wondering how this vixen knows so much. Indeed I seem to have surrendered far more than mere curiosity. My groin still pulsing plaintively despite that cold metal clutch, I scramble to gain my feet before that leash can yank at my gonads more seriously. Hands still securely cuffed, I lurch forward out the opening door and promptly sprawl at Tawny’s feet.

The poured cement floor is cool and hard, and incongruously covered with rose petals. Impulsively I kiss the metal-capped toe pushed into my face before struggling back upright.

“Don’t you wish to lick the soles clean too?”

“Anything to affirm the fervency of my service, Mistress.”

“Save it for later then, slave. After you’ve been good and broken in. Right now your bed of pain awaits, my innocent young virgin. And I have a delightful surprise or two for you too before you’re too bruised and used. I’m afraid you haven’t imagined *half* of the heaven represented under this magnificent roof. Now, on to the master bedroom!”

The petals of hundreds more roses stick to my soles and toes as I’ve marched through a door, through an anteroom, down a dimly lit hallway or two and eventually up an unobtrusive spiral staircase. Even though these are clearly servants’ passageways, everything is superbly kept and of the finest materials and craftsmanship. Still that path of petals continues upward, toward the soft yellow light of an opened door.

Tawny tugs me by the testicles up the last few steps and through that surprisingly narrow opening. Beyond is a housekeeping closet. From there that road of roses leads on through another door and at last into the most fantastically lavish bedroom suite I could ever hope to see.

Deep lush carpets, crystal chandeliers, marble fireplace surrounded by furs, silk hangings and tapestries, top-shelf wet bar; everything smacks of the most sumptuous luxury money can provide. And of course the circular bed those petals finally peter out upon is not only spacious enough to stage a dozen-person fuck-party. It’s purposely dramatically positioned under and amidst enormous mirrors, as well various colored spotlights, winches, slings, harnesses, chains and arcane devices for bizarre sexual gymnastics.

All is impressive and arousing as hell. But none of this is particularly surprising after my casual kidnapping and eye-opening limo ride. I just wish I could say the same for the quick glimpse I get of the housemaid just now mincing out into the opposing hallway.

Though coiffed and costumed in excessively feminine fashion, and ostentatiously adopting the sluttiest of gaits and traits despite the encumbrance of six-inch heels and hobbling shackling chains, this ridiculous figure is nevertheless unmistakably biologically male.

Yikes! Talk about a sissy! Yet I've barely begun to grapple with this latest derangement when the truly staggering surprise arrives. As eager Tawny pulls me by the balls toward the threatened defloration, a heretofore unnoticed figure emerges from the great shadowy Jacuzzi-equipped bathroom behind to join us. And holy goddess of the impossible but it's a woman even more intimidatingly alluring than my irresistible abductor – if that's not too impolitic to admit.

Ten sophisticated years my senior, heavier and stronger than I'll ever grow up to be, muscular yet voluptuous in perfect mix with a lively, lovely face and incredible beaded cables of waist-length braids, this fantastically attractive black lady carries herself with such supremely regal self-assurance that I want to fall on my humbled knees immediately.

Draped in a sheer sable robe alone, she has a bullwhip slung about her shoulders. Butt and lash both dangle below her gripping fists, bracketing the most fabulously enticing set of ebony-nippled tits. Darkly dazzling as the rest of her is, the inviting smile widening is as rich and gleaming as the freshest cream. Finding that I've stopped rooted in astonishment, Tawny sack-yanks me forward so cruelly that I bleat and retch and again fall cuffed and clumsy to my knees – right at this fearsome deity's feet indeed.

“Behold our hostess and indispensable benefactor! Precious Jayde, I'd like to present the prospective pet piglet we've planned so pleasurably to procure. This dick-less sissy is Pip, now officially accounted Swine Number Fifty. Pretty piglet Pip, make appropriate obeisance to your new joint owner, my kidnapping accomplice and wondrous wife for life!”

Why, lil' Pip is perfect!

His awestruck lust is entirely involuntary. Recalled to propriety by Tawny, he worms urgently forward. Through the straps of my sexy shoe he rains abased kisses on my toes and instep. Gazing enraptured up at me afterward his voice quavers like a craven.

“You are both the most potent of holy goddesses! I exist by your permissive sufferance. Solemnly now do I irrevocably vow to unconditionally cherish and blindly obey you both unto my devoted doom. Already divine Tawny has sexually blessed this contemptible specimen far beyond any imaginable merit. Please, my deities, tell me what it is you desire of me!”

“Why, we desire you to keep us from feeding you to our *real* pigs, Pip. I'm afraid that's what awaits you if you fail us: being tossed tied-up alive to a herd of very hungry hogs. We're viciously misandrous vigilantes, you see. Specifically, we're serial killers of swinish incels.”

It's really quite comical, watching those guileless blue eyes bug wide as I explain our sacred passion and basic operations here at *Upraised Spears*. Then Pip's jaw sags even lower to hear that he was chosen over his own social media posts – and related online activity.

“Don't you continuously advocate for a more positive attitude toward women within the incel community? You repudiate hate and clearly revere femininity. You relate entirely by ingratiation, never indulging in bitterness or duplicity. And you demonstrate your sincerity by frequenting femdom sites compulsively.

“You’ve admitted that you yearn to earn worthiness through purity of service. Well, you’ve been granted just such an existential challenge. Hopefully you can not only survive it but thrive, and grow in time to provide a real-life abject/object lesson to those rogue boars we bring here in such dire need of redeeming.” Tawny crouches down to reassure groveling Pip personally. Stroking a shivering shoulder she coaches, coaxes.

“You’re going have the most thrilling and fulfilling existence ever. This is your reward for being an ideal incel and gracefully accepting your fate. It’s an imponderable honor for you, becoming the subject of living, loving goddesses. More than any normal slave or redeemed Domestic, you will enjoy a privileged position here as our preferred pet. For your reflexive adulation and submission, your unstinting self-abdication, you will earn in return much more than just your further breath, board and bed – not mention this magnificent roof over your head. Keep your goddesses eased and pleased and we will coddle and cosset and kiss and fuck you and dote all over you like the cuddliest little kitten or sloppily frolicking poodle puppy.”

To 50’s agog gape I grin winningly.

“You’ll also get to live out your maddest masturbatory imaginings, your most extreme femdom fantasies, on a constant basis.” I slip a hand under a wimpy-skinny forelimb and Tawny and I draw our still trembling, still fiercely erect new erotic property back upright. Right away puppyish piglet Pip tries the old imploring eyeballs trick.

“I’ll behave for you my goddesses, I promise again! You won’t need to feed me to any hogs or even twist my arm. I swear you’ll never need this shock collar either, or the other one you brought up...” He trails off in dwindling daring as Tawny chides him slyly.

“I told you, tiny. No trust for the reprehensible gender here.

“Those scrotal collars are cleverly coded so that they can be activated individually, to chasten just one unruly male, or each simultaneously, so payment for the misdeeds of one boar is meted out equally among all. And naturally they’re also all activated automatically anytime any one passes the perimeter of the property. There will be no escapes or rebellion at *Upraised Spears*! As for the even more crucial collars, we spoke of what your bad phallic joke has earned you as well. I was quite specific about our convictions. Just channel your suppressed energies whole-heartedly into purifying your devotion and pray that you please your deities enough to eventually earn that ultra-rare release, for either the briefest of ruined relief or perhaps the most exhaustive-repulsive of forced-performance sissy-sixty-nine sucking-each-other-off-orgies.”

Oh the depths of shame and dismay, of twisted lust and horrified denial that open wide with and within those now apoplectic eyes! Yet look at his piggy stigma insistently twitch!

“I realize this is your big night Pip,” I most generously allow, “What with losing your virginity and your autonomy, everything you ever owned or would have and so much else. So you can stay goatishly (if unnoticeably) erect like you are as long you can refrain from spraying. But you soil this sanctum with your swinish spunk just once and... Tawny, why don’t you do him the favor of demonstrating that failsafe?”

“I’ve been dying to, darling! Swine Fifty, Level Two!”

Sparks and smoke and a shriek ensue.

Poor Pip collapses back to the floor. His miniscule insult persists however, revealing an expansive capacity for masochism. Better and better, my predators’ pet! Cooing approvingly, we help our new pegging pig back upright. Tawny gives a tug on those no-doubt still-tingling testes and soon we have him settled, still trembling, on the edge of our enormous bed. There she prepares a pair of flutes as I pop open the obligatory bottle of bubbly.

“Here’s to our pet piglet Pip, on the first night of his new life. May he take to impotent sissy-sex as enthusiastically as he has to divine feminine dependence! And may he never fatten metaphorical cannibals, and be shat out into a wallow for his failure.”

“Hear, hear!” Tawny cheers.

We clink and drink and mingle that tingly sweetness in a kiss. Then graciously my mate uses her gauntleted palm to tip Pip’s head back so I can pour a goodly guzzle down his gullet.

I love the facility with which he eagerly chugs it! Later we’ll see how he savors his champagne when it’s hot and frothy and stripped all of its alcohol and nutrients. Once this rather tame simulacrum foams over his chin in the end I stop pouring at last and screw the bottle back into its bucket while Tawny lights up a blunt.

We each take a few tokes and blow half-dozen shotguns into our unaccustomed virgin’s lungs. Then with his reeling senses enhanced and perspectives radically expanded it’s finally time for some good old-fashioned foreplay. One more appetite-whetting tipple for us all and we close in to begin easing our sweet young initiate into his testing sexual destiny as gently as seems enjoyable and necessary.

Bracketing Pip we each attack a half.

Leaving him seated on the edge I shove him back as flat on the bed as his manacled arms will allow. Then while Tawny tokes on and attends to his pathetic penile pretensions I envelop his helpless torso and head. Having watched remotely as my darling ravished him earlier, I was envious enough then to want to outperform her now.

Ha! The amazed moans, heavy breath whistling through his nose, the way Pip begins to engage, to dare to tongue-duel too all show his appreciation for my technique – and far more lushly plump lips. He even keens and twitches realistically as I add my own love-bites, like I’m a vampire truly feeding off his life. Before I can move on to battering and smothering him with my bosom however, Tawny’s taken advantage of her own wealth of heavily sensitive nerve-endings to insidiously distract.

I know she’s been enjoying those genitals, switching between applying competing stimuli.

Massaging then squashing those vulnerable balls, bending that tiny but determined erection in every possible direction, briefly licking then sharply flicking the tender-most tip... But then suddenly Pip squeals and lurches in my envelopment. I look to see my wife has upped the ante. She’s now using the glowing coal at the end of that thick blunt to leave circular burns sure to blister into brands all over that impudent stiffness. Soon I’m too busy subduing automatic struggling to get on with the smothering.

“Quit it, piglet!” Tawny giggles. “No resistance whatsoever, remember? And only pain rather than pleasure for this despicably shrimpy member. We need to keep you from spewing goo no matter what I might be doing to you soon. Even something as heretical as this...”

Ever the unexpected succubus, she moves to ‘soothe’ those fresh flesh wounds by taking in that teeny entirety and fellating it voraciously. Knowing even *my* titties can’t compete with a first-ever burned-boner blowjob, I decide to skip right ahead to enjoying some oral sex of my own. While Tawny bobs and slurps and grips with twisting lips I free Pip’s neck and head from the clutch of my arms and breasts and bury the latter deep between my hams instead.

Facing toward the beckoning emptiness of the rest of the bed means I only see Tawny in her several reflections now, many of those views conveniently occluded. Freed of being tempted too often to peek I find it easier to concentrate on my own responses. With my robe now hanging open and latest favorite whip still draped about my neck I grin down through my cleavage, past my belly and pubic bone at those now bloodshot, slightly unfocused baby-blue eyes.

Clearly high out of his mind, Pip still looks gripped by the most exhilarating epiphany. More than merely first exploring intercourse under the tutelage of not one but two super-hot older dommes, or finally getting a taste of the sexually-charged cruelty he's always craved, he truly does appear exalted spiritually. His expression suggests that much more than just his life rides on mastering the challenge at hand.

Good for him!

Attempting to sexually pleasure one of his deities must be a monumental challenge for his negligible self-esteem. And success is surely crucial to his future. Rather than just squash and hump, slather and smother him wantonly as I might any other swine, I coax myself carefully open and settle down gently. There we go...

"Lick me, sissy. Lap like a poodle at a puddle. Then fucking suck off my hot juicy crotch!

"You've seen enough porno to learn on the job. Let it take your attention off whatever sadistic tricks Tawny's playing on your man-bits. Make me squirt my come in you first so she can take her turn. We've agreed she can be the one to have your cherry. I'll be belatedly entertaining you with my titties. Just as soon as you can get me to spew in you..."

Tears magnify and then overspill those eyes.

Whatever Tawny's up to, it's testing enough to keep Pip twitching. Nevertheless his urgency surges, his native servility emerges and he plunges hungrily into tonguing my cunny. And whoo baby! Whatever he lacks in practice, Pip's industry easily compensates for. Suddenly I'm the one gasping and jerking spastically.

Little piglet has a long and nimble oral organ, and it seems an exceedingly greedy one!

He's not long content to just lick and flick at folds and flaps, learn every crevice and contour and worry my come-button about. Instead he quickly finds his way reasonably deeply inside me, up where his condemned pecker would never be able to reach, were I to ever even permit such an indign breach. Suddenly he begins thrusting lustily then. And I can't help but begin humping him back. So, so much for the sissy just sucking me off this time.

Let it be on your head then, piglet.

Goaded by his cunt-gluttony I go ahead and fuck Pip's face as abusively as any slave. Even buried under my body thus he must hear my climbing cries though, and know how effective his efforts have grown. Precious pet! Between my fists gripping his hair and my vulva engulfing him from the nostrils on down those eyes now shine with truly demented exultation.

Already our little incel is celebrating his fantastic new status as a provider of carnal pleasure to his sexual betters. Or maybe he gleans how close he's now coming to finally losing his sissy virginity. Perhaps it's indicative of a manic panic, as he fights desperately not to ejaculate while my wife employs her own expert enjoyments. Who knows? Maybe it's a mix of all these things. Whatever the case, seeing that derangement turns me on commensurately in response.

It appears our selection was inspired, with multiple meanings to that phrase. Casting further consideration aside (again, in more ways than one), I let go of all conscious thought and furiously fuck that lively-long tongue until at last I gush a defiling flood, shrieking and practically thrashing with the extravagance of my orgasm.

Whew! Who knew a puling loser could learn to service his new owner so well so fast?

Let's just see if lil' Pip takes to the rest of his sexual education as eagerly and ably...

I'm tempted to believe it's that impossibly potent weed. But the fantasy has somehow substantiated itself, ushering in the most profoundly confounding reality. Who knew paradise could prove so fraught with paradox?

For someone kidnapped and enslaved under threat of the messiest death, I'm celebrating like a soul sublimely blessed. This morning I was a terminally lonely daily jerk-off, pissing uselessly into the wind of my peers' prevailing opinions. Now, though I've been permanently forbidden to even deliberately rub that unforgivable original sin against anything, my unpopular positions have been vindicated in the most emphatic fashion. From solitary celibacy I've earned the acceptance and affections of the sexiest set of mistresses imaginable. And oh do my omniscient new deities know how to push all my buttons, both the built-in ones and those installed since!

Just the way they kiss me is so submissively thrilling I squirm wildly inside. Getting to nuzzle and suckle firm, perfect titties is beyond sensory nirvana; having them crushed roughly into my face flushes me with such lust I could just bust. When Jayde mounts my unworthy mouth though, allows me access to her sacred fount and then brutally fucks my tongue until she almost drowns me in her come, the simultaneous honor and abuse build up to a braincase-busting sense of exalted exultation. And speaking of competing thrills in exquisite mixture, how extreme the sensations even the teensiest penis is subject to experience! Tawny was prescient indeed in so repeatedly burning me before embarking upon her torturously adept pleasuring.

No other way could I have taken her nipping and nibbling, tonguing and suckling without loutishly spouting. She was the prophetic one about the amount of fun one could have with even such a stunted stub; perhaps she'd anticipated the bubbly bucket. Again and again my devourer popped bits of ice into her mouth before going back down. And oh that chill felt so fabulously salutary! But inevitably all relief melted beneath our incendiary ardor, and all too soon even the minimal friction of those lips was relentlessly worsening my burns again.

In the end I would have succumbed to the ravenous succubus regardless had Jayde not just now rescued (and nearly inundated) me with the timely violence of her flabbergastingly flattering climax. Oh gorging orgy of gorgeously glorious glories! And afterwards Goddess tidies me up so kindly! Smiling widely she wipes my defiled face off with a cloth, and even straightens hair mussed into spikes by all her yanking.

"That was surprisingly fine cunnilingus, piglet. You're still getting a whipping though. I told you to suck on my juicy crotch, not tongue-fuck me. You jumped a few jobs, you impertinent little step-skipper you."

"Forgive me, divinity. I couldn't rein in my mania."

Peripherally I'm aware of Tawny moving off. She's leaving my demeaning sissy-stigma to throb and twitch, the cool of her drying saliva quickly giving way to those burns' resurgence. But currently my contrition demands attention.

"Please let it mitigate that being the source of your orgasm was my greatest yet achievement, and an absolutely necessary enhancement of my chances to escape pig-cannibalism. Unforgivably selfish and disobedient of a besotted subject maybe, but surely that was worth any whipping.

"Besides, to be as honest as worshipful service promises, I've always *wanted* to be whipped by a goddess. Whipped, choked, kept caged and tied up all the time, deliberately humiliated and regularly showered with gold-tinted derision...ahhh! There's a reason I haunt those femdom sites, my deities. I have always suffered a deep-seated need to pay proportionally for the extraordinary extent of my inadequacy."

“And so you most certainly eternally will! But first we dispense with the essentials. Have you also dreamed of losing your virginity to such a vengefully domineering female? Of being righteously fucked bloody in the only manner befitting such an unmanly little sissy?”

Is she even kidding?

“I’ve been obsessed by that unobtainable prospect day and night all my life, my goddess. Of course, I never envisioned my penis being so badly blistered that intercourse itself would be the worst sort of torture...”

Goddess Jayde bursts into mirth at this absurdity. This time she’s the one to lay a consoling hand on my shoulder.

“Don’t even consider that piddling little stigma, piglet! Just continue to concentrate on not soiling us with any of that slimy swine-sperm. Lovely Tawny will be taking the top.”

Jayde shifts about so she’s above my head. In place of that impish grin I see her wife moving back in.

Though her slim limbs to above the knees and elbows are still sheathed in that sexy black calfskin, Tawny has lost the attendant bodysuit. Just *look* at those arrowhead-tipped tits, that six-pack midriff, that – oh shit! Oh fuck me, no! Oh how could I be so naïve! How could I not have seen this fucking coming? Oh my truly pitiless, pitiless goddesses...

Jayde’s peeling glee and Tawny’s evil zeal reveal my inverted, predictably perverted sexual destiny as undeniably as the surprisingly realistic prick now curving up from my abductor’s cunt. All the hints I somehow missed about my promised deflowering recur, followed hard upon by seemingly simultaneous crushing realizations of so many weighty implications.

Why, that dildo doesn’t even have a harness. It must extend up inside Tawny somehow, giving endless extra incentive to her every bugging thrust. With such established mechanics at hand, what possible reason might either of these bisexual goddesses ever have to try out my miniscule affront to their kind? Just as surely as if I’d died a solitary incel after all it seems I will never experience having my penis clasped in a woman’s warm, wetly welcoming womb-chute.

So why am I suddenly becoming so wildly excited?

It can’t just be the admittedly mind-bending weed. I mean, talk about paradoxical! As the shock wears away I’m appalled to find the most compulsive wave of arousal displacing my eviscerated dismay.

Being hurt, spited, denied, demeaned, and having my savage self-judgment validated all reliably turn me on. Start there. I’ve just been cheated out of my last fantasies of potency. No more foolish delusions: I will never, ever ‘score’ or ‘get laid’. What more quintessential male failure could there be? And so now what other option might remain for me, but to surrender once again and embrace this ultimate, apparently fated, and surely fatally necessary emasculating?

Since further life and joy (and escaping porcine mastication) depend entirely now on pleasing this pair of murderous misandrists, I can hardly be blamed for eagerly seizing the identity they expect of me, the one they insist has been destined for me. And honestly once again, after always being labeled and derided as a sissy anyway, why not go ahead and own the slur already? Especially since an undeniable part of me seems to approve whole-heartedly. Can there be another explanation for the way my pulse has begun to so insanely race?

“So I get to become your slutty little butt-bitch then?”

Jayde laughs congratulatory acclaim. Tawny’s predatory intent glints into a grim grin.

“You are our permanent new pegging pet, piglet. That is forevermore your most fundamental function.”

“Then get on with it, gorgeous goddess, I beg you. Take away my humbly unplumbed virtue. Replace it with the shamed excruciation every dick-less sissy should treasure instead. When it comes to having sex, we losers of the socio-genetic lottery have to learn to wallow in whatever indignities we’re lucky enough to swallow.”

“Exceptionally said, my *former* incel! You see? Your always admirable attitude will be invaluable around here.”

Jayde plants a doting smooch on the dome of my forehead. Tawny raises an elegantly arched eyebrow. “Did he just order me to get on with corn-holing him?”

“He begged you to do so beloved, and in a very fetching manner. Just like he begged me for the whipping upcoming, during which you’re certainly welcome to help him double his daily dose of discipline if you still feel affronted. In the meantime however...”

“The uppity bitch gets his comeuppance!” growls my seductive abductress. “Catch on his feet for me, sweetmeat!”

Leaving my butt perched on the edge of the bed, Tawny lifts my bare heels from the rug.

Smoothly she folds me up wholly onto the mattress at last, considerably worsening the torsion on my contorted torso. My cuffed, crushed arms are already killing me despite my squirrely squirming, yet together my eager owners double me over until my butt comes up and my kneecaps further compress my overstressed shoulders. In the end Jayde stretches out prone upon the huge bed above us, with my feet and ankles trapped beneath her armpits – and more than half of my head buried between her posturally pendulant breasts.

Who could possibly complain about that last, you ask?

I suppose the only drawback (beyond an intermittent bit of difficulty in obtaining oxygen for one’s mitochondria) is my inability to see anything – like that madly sexy kidnapper as she prepares to have her inaugural way with me. I can only feel with touch-sensitive nerve-endings as she applies some kind of slipperiness to my exquisitely vulnerable prick-portal, and listen to her equally arousing Tawny-taunting.

“Bid goodbye to the last gasp of your innocence, silly sissy, and to the last of your badly fraudulent manliness as well. Welcome in now an involuntary lifetime of endlessly servicing the insatiable organs of those so demonstrably more worthy of spurting. Take *this*, pegging pet, the first of truly innumerable more erections to come – inside you or all over you or both!”

In that blunt prong plunges.

There’s no slow probing or gentle easy stroking. If I’ve got a hymen, Tawny means to *destroy* it. I’m just lucky I’m yearning receptively at the exact second she impales me. Otherwise I might have been ripped-up bloody already regardless.

As it is, while the pain is great (multiple meanings again), there’s no doubt it could be exponentially greater. And as Tawny leans her gauntleted hands (and much of her weight) on my captive legs and begins pegging ferociously away, there’s also no doubt we’ll soon get to that intensity and then endless orders of magnitude more. Still as that agony relentlessly escalates I’m able to treasure this measured ascension with the same enthusiastic acceptance that fortunate first entry allowed me. Oh, Goddess, how perfectly this epitomizes our respective social and sexual status! Taking to butt-fucking like the ugliest duckling being pecker-pecked to death by a flock of gorgeous swans, I learn to crave that invasive victimization by my genetic betters nearly immediately.

What better way to reinforce my place in the primal pack, I ask. More aroused by my excruciating demeaning by the moment, I begin to moan appreciatively as well as to squeal and grunt and gasp and groan. Nor does this go unnoticed.

“Swine Number Fifty is officially wallowing in his deflowering!

“Now, I know he’s already smitten with you Tawny. And this unlocked ménage à trois is the closest he’ll ever get to any kind of wedding night. But we appear to have a serious slut-pig here. Didn’t you predict that Pip would be the perfect pet to keep perpetually pegged to our bed?”

“I knew it from the minute I met him.”

Tawny shifts from her half-upright, wide-booted stance.

Climbing up to kneel on the mattress with us gives her even better leverage with the piston-plunging bludgeon so compellingly connecting us. Jayde welcomes her increased closeness with a kiss, which briefly frees my face from her tits. Peering down as Tawny continues to rear and pound, the first person ever to grace my face by fucking and coming in it bestows yet more unfathomably lavish rewards.

“Good for you yet again, cutie. I’m so glad we don’t have to force the issue as usual. You really are an ideal addition to our collection, and deserve fit encouragement in return.

“Now, far be it from me to admit any fault to an enthralled subject. But you aren’t the only step-skipper here. I too got distracted earlier from delivering your deserved due. I haven’t had a chance yet to ravish you with my own bountifully abusive boobs.” I can only gape as Goddess Jayde breaks into a singsong cadence. “It’s about time, It’s about place, It’s about time I smacked your face!” With that little ditty she does just that, and with both big titties.

Back and forth they slap me silly, a firm, fatty attack almost fabulous enough to distract from the ongoing agony savaging my ass. Adding to this addling battering come interruptions just as stunning. Instead of slapping me to and fro those resilient globes press in from either side, a smothering embrace of fleshy death. Or they yield only to smush and smear my features and each other all over the place before at last allowing my lips to latch temporarily onto one of those big, thick, duct-nubbled nipples.

Of course I seldom get to sustain my suckling as Tawny taught me.

In addition to having those luscious tips ripped capriciously away for more of that lateral fatty-battering, I’m also continuously contending with being rocked oppositely by my inspired deflowerer’s fabulously demanding ass-hammering.

On and on that punishment-defilement-domination embodiment goes, for what feels like joyously wallowing hours, and all the while I soar ever more euphorically on the paradox at the heart of me, the marriage/conflict between shame and exaltation, self-abnegation and female violation/validation. Only divine indulgence permits these to coexist. And so honestly infinite is my submission in response that I don’t truly intend resistance at the end. When Tawny begins crying out wildly and stabbing me ever more frantically, and those breasts bury the entire front half of my head in their fleshy compression again, it’s only bodily reflex that makes me jerk and buck ineffectively minutes later after my last breath stagnates. As my mortal consciousness diminishes toward oblivion I’m completely transfixed by the vicarious sharing of my taker’s celebratory ecstasy. The equation of this with my violation excruciation remains crucial even as each scales endlessly upward and they finally drive me beyond conscious endurance. Accepting such a blessed death equably enough (this far surpasses fattening a starving herd of sows) I pass out, and later wake up gasping to find my generous goddesses kissing and laughing.

Somehow I got through all that without ejaculating. I hurt so bad everywhere, and in an especially really fantastic way somewhere specific (and not my scorched, shriveled-up vestigial stigma). After getting my breath back I squirm on my arms and twisted torso again, whimpering hopefully fetchingly. No longer trapping my legs captive, Jayde bends down and kisses me lingeringly on the mouth.

“Arms uncomfortable, darling?”

“Very much so, gorgeous goddess.”

“Like us to un-cuff your wrists before we switch, and I get to take my turn pegging the pretty new bitch?”

“Very much so, generous goddess.”

“Okay, besotted subject. But be careful what you wish for around here Pip. Words can come back to haunt you rather earlier than expected.”

Together the ladies roll me onto my belly.

They slide me easily over silk sheets to the center of that enormous bed, reawakening my erection in the process. Then Tawny removes the manacles from my wrists at last. Yet before I can more than sigh my relief, Jayde pushes my elbows in further and *these* are swiftly cuffed together.

Oh you must be joking; the pain and strain are astronomically amplified! How have I not been doubly dislocated yet? Benumbed fingers wriggle and tingle while freed forearms grope about in useless arcs. Both deities giggle at my squawking, pinned-wings wind-milling.

“Didn’t you say you wanted to be kept restrained at all times? Better start cultivating that bondage fetish properly, little piglet. This should help.”

A stout rubber strap is wrapped about the top of each thigh, right up high by my crotch. A whirring sound announces a winch lowering down, and chains are snapped to both straps and the few short links between the handcuffs. When the motor purrs anew I’m hauled bodily up into the air until my sagging belly hangs about twenty inches off the bed.

Ah cruel goddesses! The agony in the shoulders you asked about is now indescribable!

I’d better discover some more extreme synonyms soon though, because the bowing of my backbone is sure to hurt worse than even my arms soon. Hell, even my hip sockets are under ever-increasing threat of popping now, as the angles of the chains and straps conspire with gravity to pull my legs and hindquarters perpetually upward and apart.

Of course this makes my anus gape most of all, a prospect offsetting all those musculoskeletal stressors. Already I can’t wait for Goddess Jayde to bone up and wade in. Still it seems there’s a bit more bondage to accomplish, even after heavy weights are hung from my sack-shocker and clipped to my nipples. (Piercing these is postponed for a torture-only session.)

Working swiftly and surely together my owners buckle an elaborate harness of thin black straps about my head. In the end a big steel ring is wedged upright between my teeth, ensuring my mouth remains as agape as that aching empty ass-cavity. Blunt little hooks fitted into my nostrils pull the tip of my nose way back then, snubbing it uncomfortably up into what is obviously meant to be a porcine snout. Connected to the opposite side of a ring at my crown is another stout chain from above, which draws my head and neck both dramatically back as well, extending the agonizing extension tension all the way up the entire length of my spinal column.

There are also blinders to fit over my eyes, yet these are graciously set aside for the time. I can still see everything, from multiple angles and in endlessly repeating reflections, as Jayde finally erects her own beautiful big ebony pig-pegger – and my brace of boner-babes move together to bracket my helplessly welcoming suspension.

“Time to continue your oral education, little piggy. You can practice your fellatio techniques later, on your fellow ex-incels maybe.” Tawny’s cock looks so much larger right in front of my face, inches from the questing extension of my tongue. And her punitive zeal seems to have only grown (groan). “Right now we’re learning the essentials still. Like how to get gullet-fucked and not choke on your own puke.”

How can I properly appreciate the goring glory of Jayde taking over eradicating my sissy virginity, or the beginning swinging of those weights tearing at my tits and nuts with her every ever more aggressive thrust, while I'm blindly trying just to survive? It's hard enough wheezing through my snubbed-up snout like some kind of cruelly over-bred Pekingese. To have to time those whistling sniffs around the plunging obstruction of Tawny's butt-bludgeon adds quite another dimension of distress. And who can control their respiration anyway, when retching automatically in a futile attempt to repel such an unprecedented esophageal occupation?

Porn stars must practice on bananas or something. I'm afforded no such luxury. Luckily I have a strong stomach plus heroic endurance and extreme adaptability after my harrowing childhood. And I just refuse to give up on the heaven gifted me.

It takes me a nightmarish quarter-hour before I've won the struggle with my gorge. Once I've mastered the knack of subduing my natural reactions however, and my deities cheer my success, slap my cheek and can in congratulations and *really* set themselves to spitting me between their pricks, the evening's fun (and my thrilled fulfillment of my fundamental new function) has truly begun. And so the submissive heaven promised me outside the limo descends to claim me again, and for good.

Duly my deities dually use me late into my honeymoon night. Swapping pig-holes after each orgasm they more than make up for all those years of celibacy for me despite my own consistent inability to climax.

Dangling suspended with nothing but air molecules to rub against, it doesn't matter how pulsating my pained exaltation makes me. Despite a nearly continuous slow seepage of seminal fluid that sheens the tip of my maddened penis in transparent sweetness, nothing can trigger the specific spasms required for active ejaculation – luckily for me after all those orders to the contrary. But of course my owners still need their excuse to lock me up forever afterwards. And just possibly they wish to reward and honor me with one last orgasm before that inevitable collaring. In any event, their divine will is not to be denied.

After their own latest simultaneous ejaculations, Jayde crouches by my come-plated face. A single finger wiggles the ring from between my teeth, such a blessed relief! The cloth is awfully wet by now, but it suffices to wipe up my slobbery chin and mouth. Goddess gleams at me with the glee of her first smile of the evening.

"You are so beautifully obedient! Not a single spew all evening! I think I have the answer to that though..."

I see Jayde fondling that whip again. Is it time to break in my virgin skin? To add an intricate lattice of welt-scars to the blunt-branding of my nubbin? Not yet I guess...

"Didn't you also profess a wish to be asphyxiated? We use a lot of neck-suspension around here, usually coupled with being pegged onto an upright giant penis pedestal. In fact you'll surely be spending many a day and night that way, right next to this bed watching us do the most unspeakable stuff. But I believe you imagined a more coital kind of choking, didn't you, piglet?"

"Yes Goddess," I manage to rasp. Oh, my throat is so ravaged already!

"Good. Let's get it on yet again then. And we'll see if we can't squeeze the spew out of you yet, little piglet."

Jayde takes up her favored station between my splayed legs. Before seizing me and inserting herself though she loops the middle of her whip about my stretched-out throat. Holding the butt and lash in either hand like reins this time she hauls back with those powerful arms even as she drives her black monster violently back inside. Then every further backside-stabbing stroke is powered by yanking ever tighter the thin leather ligature so efficiently choking me.

Of course Tawny can't just let me be strangled undistracted. She wants in on finally driving me over the edge. Rather than sully herself by rubbing or sucking my burnt stubby again though she just engages once more with my captive face. Rather than finally allow my just-freed mouth to worshipfully service her big pig-pegger however she contents herself with more titty-taunting.

Firm yet squishy, topped by such big stiff tips, they smush and scrape all over me again. Indiscriminately Tawny rubs herself off on leather straps, the congested flesh of my cheeks, my bulging eyes, snubbed nose, quickly numbing lips and even the swollen tongue now protruding helplessly out. Picking up dripping spit there she smears it contemptuously all around. While not as tasty a degradation as some I can imagine, this certainly supercharges the arousal so radically wracking me. Dangling in incomparable agony, nuts and tits nearly ripped right off by the incessantly swinging weights, ravaged ass being savaged yet again, I'm being throttled by a whip right to the brink of extinction while some of the most divine breasts ever developed maul my throbbing-hot face. Yet that's not all that's throbbing hotly.

The tighter that ligature pulls, the harder my stigma strains. Desperate to assert itself, it pulses madly – and uselessly. Still no friction; I just need the teensiest tickle! Or perhaps not.

This time as oblivion closes in, tunnel vision narrowing down, diaphragm hitching spastically, lungs burning madly, some primal reflex kicks in. Shuddering from head to far-flung toes, my agonized spine seemingly writhing like a dying centipede, I at last begin ejaculating in completely involuntary fashion. Yet just because I didn't intend to come, that doesn't lessen the experience. On the contrary – that last-ditch evacuation is more powerful and prolonged than can ever be properly credited. It's like my collar-squashed balls truly do know this might their last chance to empty, and every single sperm cell ever generated in them is desperate to get spent.

Perhaps a part of my mind is equally cognizant of the situation's exigency. It's not until that final urgent spurt shivers out that awareness follows, and I again slip away welcoming death or whatever comes next – as long as I can continue to belong to these deities throughout whatever demanding eternity awaits me.

Yet who needs the afterlife when they've already found paradise? Not even recovering consciousness to find my accusatory stigma already collared into impotence can taint my joyous grateful transport at being the chosen pet of these equally gloriously female Supreme Beings. The fact that I'm next suspended stretched-out completely spread-eagled (with an enormous vibrating plug rammed up my ass to go with those tit-and-nut weights) just confirms my eternal blessedness. They want their whips to be able to reach every despicable inch of me!

Underground Fan Club

How did I end up crammed all cramped into this cylindrical pit, with nothing but scurrying vermin and that miserable drizzling for company? Trying to endure the clock-less darkness until I'm finally taken out for torture again, I relate repentant memoirs to the mice. Addressing as well an illusory audience of foolishly smitten stalkers, I offer the tale of my cautionary example.

I too was obsessed with a celebrity, or at least a semi-celebrity. Her name is Heather Hunter. She's a model, retired now. And even given my admittedly persistent obsession, I believe that all that ever kept her from worldwide notoriety is her size and rather outré tastes.

Known as a full-figured or plus-size model after the manner popularized by *Sports Illustrated's* Ashley Graham, Heather took the look up an order of magnitude or more. Truly this is a female of mythic dimensions. Six foot-seven and thickly built, each thigh alone is bigger around than my entire body. Next to these and a supple, bulbous, truly enormous ass her breasts are less arresting but still both wonderfully ample and firm, full of uplift yet at thirty.

Similarly her middle barely jiggles. Like those Herculean arms and Venusian hips, that hefty trunk hides tons of muscle in its big plump barrel. Hugely powerful as she is however in that lack of rolls and folds and excess flab, there's nothing unfeminine or awkwardly disproportioned about Heather Hunter either. Every graceful curve is wonderfully comely. And of course her deeply dimpled face is just breathtaking lovely, with hair the rich sheen and shade as honey being poured in a flood from a sunlit jug.

From a central peak this sweeps naturally back to fall in heavily cascading waves that reach all the way to her waist – that classic hourglass it's still a stretch too far to circle with one's arms. Yet as singularly gorgeous as I find this giantess, there's no denying that plus-size models rarely achieve more than a niche appeal, especially when specializing in lingerie.

Take that prejudice an unavoidable step further when it's fetish gear that this female behemoth particularly prefers to flaunt (every kinky kind of leather, latex, vinyl and metal apparel imaginable, complete with props like shackles, paddles, whips and riding crops) and you begin to see why John Vanilla Public might have viewed Mistress Hunter with a certain unease, or even eschewed awareness of her altogether.

In any case, there's never any accounting for taste.

Everything that banished Heather to the relative (yet still lucrative) fringes of the fashion universe rendered her (and still does) fabulously attractive to submissively smitten guys like me. I've found her simply irresistible since my first glimpse.

Unfortunately my issues weren't limited to just a compulsive fetish for both big and sadistic women. Anyone could make a discreet pursuit of such, supposedly even someone as horribly boringly ordinary as me: dirt-brown hair and eyes, one-fifty and five-nine, geeky face and gawky frame. The true difficulty grew from a disastrous penchant for blurted banalities and other social blunders. These had become so recurrent they redundantly worsened a fully justified inferiority complex until finally I learned to prefer the safety of solitude to the certainty of social exclusion. Turned a terminally lonely loser by my early teens, I took solace as most of my peers do online.

There I found enough community (and pornography) to ease me. And somewhere at the intersection of these, obsession took root when I first encountered photos of the incredible domination model Heather Hunter, and various internet platforms dedicated to her.

I'm sure I hardly need detail each predictable step in my progression: collecting every available known image and video of her, following and fawning over her every social media presence, sending adoring comments and even leaving deeply detailed personal messages for her... All this could have been considered innocent enough I guess. But then I found myself fresh out of high school and cutting my last remaining ties. I was leaving mediocrity behind to move two hundred miles to Chicago, just to be within reach of where my dream-mistress dwelt.

Catching a glimpse of her in person about her daily business was like taking a mainline hit of some aphrodisiacal stimulant. Defying my social ineptitude I schemed endlessly to arrange chance encounters, rarely succeeding and never drawing more than an unseeing glance. Lurking about every public event and spending days gazing at the high walls and gate of her estate... When does honest homage cross the blurry boundary into stalking? For me it must have been when Heather announced her imminent retirement.

What?!

No more regularly released new photos or video to jack off over every day and twice at night? Might the object of my obsession even disappear behind those forbidding brick walls for good and all? Well, as anyone frustrated by their impenetrability could tell, Heather had already earned and secured all the wealth she'd ever require. Turning thirty had impressed upon her the brevity of life and she had private pursuits she much preferred to traveling and posing and exercising all the time.

Well that was that. I had no choice but to begin pressing desperately to get her to take notice of me. I bought the most expensive birthday card and stationary I could find and wrote the most creepy-needy plea you can believe. It overflowed with fawning worship, vows to wallow unto death and beyond under her divinely weighty sway, even hints of self-harm if she rejected me.

Somehow I mustered an eternity's worth of courage and hand-delivered this to her guarded gate. And son of a bitch, in this age of digital everything, the old-fashioned approach provoked a reply. The very next morning I found a smaller card slipped under my door, no postmark. My hands shook so wildly I could hardly get it open.

Dearest Supplicant:

The naked appeal of your entreaty touched me deeply. You skew to prove perfect for my private femdom fan club. Due to public image issues this remains as secret as it is exclusive. If you'd like to become a member of this underground society, and enjoy endless hours of kinky extremes with the mistress of your dreams, you must be admitted with due discretion. An initiation ceremony will be performed this evening. Address, instructions and directions follow. If you wish to *come*, then tell no one! Present this card at ten sharp as your personal invitation. Hope you (*we*) can make it!

This was signed Mistress Hunter, with three X symbols for kisses followed by a glistening crimson lipstick imprint.

Fuck social anxiety! What obsessive could possibly resist such blatant blandishment? I couldn't get out of my own way in my eagerness to obey. And when following those rather circuitous instructions led me on foot in the end to an apparently abandoned industrial building among dozens of others I didn't hesitate to go up and knock (in the code provided) on the designated metal door.

I'd heard of raves and other illegal drug parties being held in similar settings; this aura only added to the illicit thrill. I couldn't *believe* I was really joining an exclusive clandestine fan club, and even better was about to meet the femdom behemoth of my dreams! Yet as soon as that door squalled open and I slipped inside the slit provided I did just that. And believe me now if never again my questing friends: I was *not* disappointed.

As the door slammed hollowly behind me (an echoing metallic clash announcing the automatic mechanical engagement of big iron security bolts), a single red-orange emergency beacon positioned well above it also lit up. What I glimpsed peripherally besides the high ceiling seemed exactly like you'd expect: a dusty, disused, obsolete factory with denuded work stations dimming off into an impression of vast, bloody-tinged blackness. Right in front of me however that overhead fixture threw its fiercest fiery glow onto the hulking, partly (artfully) shadowed monster suddenly looming up to rudely intrude into my personal space.

Whoa! None of the thousands of scans in my archive did this impossibly imposing colossus justice! And no imaginable modeling costume could compete with that tissue-thin leopard-print gown slit to way up high on the hip and beyond.

Damn, that whole mostly exposed side was held closed only by a row of black silk ribbon-ties! With another such loop about the neck supporting the skimpiest of paired triangles covering little more than the palm-sized nipples that they draped in sculpted relief, and an identically patterned single garter girdling that one boldly exposed thigh, this glamorously feral look was topped off by the matching stilettos that gave the beyond-formidable Mistress Hunter a quite unnecessary additional half foot of stature.

Seen suddenly up close in that incarnadine glow, like on a slam-dancing floor or while writhing in a lake of molten stone, seven feet of bulky brawn and daunting beauty looming up all statuesque perfection presented a truly hellish threat. My first qualms about the advisability of this liaison had to be squashed just as this gorgeously ferocious giantess seized and did the same to my oh-so vulnerable balls – damn, I was wearing my loosest pair of slacks and no underwear! Suddenly putty in my dream-mistress' grip, I wilted instantly about that pitiless fist.

"Gimme your invitation!"

Amplly able to be her own bouncer, Heather plucked away the shaking card.

"Did you duplicate this in any way, maybe to jerk off to over the next deluded decade?"

Save me from my captive sack, and my suddenly spiking hard-on!

Humongous Heather I deemed a downright demon, leering at me in that lurid luminescence. Believe me again, my phantom or furry friends, I hastened to placate this intimidating potentate.

"Never! I couldn't possibly defy your most implicit wish!"

"I'll get every last secret out of you soon enough. I'll dissect your submissive psyche entirely; learn you to the most worthless kernel of your subconscious responses. Admit your sinning now while you've still got fingers and toes, not to mention the nails. Tell me about this card! Is it the only evidence connecting us?"

"I swear it on my eternal un-worth! You can search my home, my laptop, my phone! I wouldn't let any idiotic dishonesty interfere with joining your wonderful underground club! And what frantic fanatic needs fantasy anyway, when immersed by the most perverse reality?"

"I swore over and over again that I was insistently driven to utterly succumb to your illimitable dominion! Please take me, break me and re-make me in whatever manner most arouses or amuses you! I'm your impersonal property now, your lower-than-cattle chattel, your negligible living trinket. I'm of lesser account than even the most disposable of your mindless, raised-for-the-butcher's-block livestock!"

“So you say, supplicant. Swear on the threat of eating these testes intact that no one knows where the former human loser you has vanished to.”

“I have no one in the whole wide world to miss me!” I wailed from the pit of that bitterly lonely, already hopelessly devoted soul. An interminable eternity passed before abruptly that monstrous leopardess was purring over me approvingly.

“Okay, my ideal prey.”

She freed my nuts from her clawed clutch and caught me by the arm as nauseated relief almost dropped me swooning at her feet.

“Come along for the first stage of your initiation then, my promising young supplicant. Not even twenty yet, are you? You’re going enjoy this part the best I guess. It’s all about providing your proprietary goddess with sensual pleasures.”

Flickering yellow flared up – Heather’s Zippo was incinerating that choice keepsake, my personalized invitation to the underworld. As it fell into ash and dispersed as smoke (along with any last hope) that possessive clasp above my elbow pulled me firmly out of that pool of laval illumination. Into the dimming, crimson-tinged shadows I was dragged, toward what looked like the door to a narrow descending stairwell.

Emerging from that musty spiral throat a floor below, it was like someone had upended the zoning code. Where the ground level was all decrepit industrial desolation, this equally deep basement concealed a lavish mix of both the commercial and residential.

Only releasing her grip on me to close and lock the third successive solid-core metal door behind us, Heather afforded me a moment to gawk about. Lights had come on again, just as automatically as before with the close of a door. Only this time their varying strengths and wavelengths exposed most of another predictably vast expanse either indirectly or through carefully focused spots. And what an unexpectedly opulent spectacle they unveiled!

The most ordinary LED’s beckoned toward a tidy corner kitchen leading into some normal if richly appointed living quarters. Otherwise however, classy backlit mirrors cast softer tones over a twenty foot-long fully stocked bar, while minimally-active chandeliers provided pools of pearly opalescence mitigating the way across the gloom to the upraised stage intended for whatever arcane ceremonies or performances were hosted down here. The majority of that ballroom-sized space not occupied by a cluster of cocktail tables was generally left as open as any dance floor, mosh pit, gaming and debating arena or similar kind of congregating place.

It was all such a stunning contrast to the grimy environs outside!

Even in dimness everything glittered; the décor looked as lavish as the most sophisticated casino. The more exotic spots and neon however highlighted the reasons for so much extraordinary secrecy and security.

Whether hung from above, tucked into niches or perched on pedestals, there were everywhere ornamental cages and other fiendish bondage devices for the confinement or restraint, torment and display of (surely exclusively originally male) slaves. Tantalizing as it was to imagine the place packed with a savagely celebratory sisterhood of sadists, and to visualize all the crosses, gibbets, cages, slings and impalement posts occupied by deliriously appreciative prisoner-submissives, Mistress Hunter’s femdom fan club currently seemed as desolate as the factory camouflage above. Indeed a thin film of dust covered everything.

“Now you can understand why I’m retiring.”

Already it seemed Heather could read me easily.

“There’s just not enough time to pursue my life’s true passion. I couldn’t even arrange a proper initiation party for you, up there on stage with the entire membership caged and forced to watch us get it on in miserably impotent jealousy...”

“You were way too portentous of a morsel to ignore however, despite the short notice you afforded me. This dirty-thirty birthday birdie may be insanely busy, but she’s never let that prevent her from accepting yet another excellent present when it insists on plunging into her clutches. So I’ll just go ahead and initiate you privately for now.

“After your supplication is formally rewarded and we get our newest ex-incel settled in (and I’ve finalized things retirement-wise), I should have all the time I like to organize the kind of big sacrificial shindig we all live for down here in Mistress Hunter’s Femdom Dungeons. You can be used or viewed communally then. Tonight we’ll settle for the couple of sissy-witnesses currently being rewarded with the cuckold’s torment. Like them, prepare to encounter the unfathomable honor of profaning my very own bedroom here, my most succulent young supplicant.”

“I can’t wait, my divinely monstrous mistress.”

Before she could grab me like an errant child again I dared to take Heather’s much larger hand. From the fifteen-inch advantage she had on me this ultimate female authority smiled slyly-benignly down upon my needy naiveté. Indulgently she led me trembling on through her home-away-from-home, escorting the timid, callow capture to the bedchamber awaiting his carnal education. And oh my untouched-by-anyone-else-ever erection was so goddamn adamant! So urgent it hurt me... Past that kitchen, a rather untidy office, a sitting room with extra-big couches arranged around a state-of-the-art TV and electronic media setup, we proceeded on around a further sheltering corner to finally arrive at a predictably spectacular bedroom suite, complete with fabulously lavish bath and all the requisite femdom amenities.

With devices and décor all designed for sumptuous comfort or inflicting torture, the deep, enormous feather bed just perfected this eclectic. Covered with furs and huge silk pillows, a winch in the mirrored ceiling above it dangled some kind of complicated bondage harness. And flanking either corner of the headboard was a prophetic window into my own pathetic destiny.

Men of remarkably similar body type to mine were posed poised up there like trophies, or living artwork. Handcuffed and hung by their thumbs while supported/impaled from below by gigantic upright dildo-posts, their stretched-out torsos emphasized the gauntness of their already ectomorphic forms. Epidermis drawn close over every visible rib and pelvic ridge spoke of habitual inanition; the skinny legs bound flexed up well off the floor waggled weakly bracketing mounting skewers of nearly equal diameter. Could I actually discern the shape and extraordinary penetration of that cock-spike from the visible abdominal bulge?

Of course the twinkling ring-fittings piercing each penis and securing it from squirting caused me no little disquiet, while the sight of heavy weights dragging at each alligator-clamped nipple and those absurdly distended scrotums conversely perversely excited me even further. (I wanted to try that!) Most unnervingly noticeable though was the deranged, degraded desperation raving from those identically hollow-eyed, red-rimmed-and-threaded gazes, and the appalling condition of their shrunken, somehow-still-contiguous skins.

Each close-to-emaciated naked corpus was covered over nearly completely by an eye-bewildering overlapping of freshly inflicted bruises and whip-welts all intermingled with innumerable previous ones still in various states of healing – along with an elaborate tracery of scarring from the same overlaid by additional intricate patterns of mostly circular scabs, burns and blisters left by the dripping of scalding and/or caustic liquids.

More old and newer burn-remnants betrayed repeated branding with both initials and various feminist insult symbols, and each of these veteran members sported at least a dozen declamatory tattoos.

Large, stark ink calligraphy injected into the scant flesh of flanks and shanks, even necks and faces blatantly labeled these fellow male failures with fitting damnations such as ‘loser’, ‘wanker’, ‘incel’, ‘swine’, ‘piss-licker’, ‘latent gay’, ‘fisting sissy’, ‘cum funnel’ et cetera. Each was kept gaping for filling by a simple steel ring, leaving them both drooling and whimpering pitifully at our appearance. Mistress Hunter greeted them cheekily.

“Here he is my devoted dears! The newest supplicant pining to join our underground society has arrived right on time.

“I hope you both enjoy sharing this stage of his initiation. Remember your own similar ceremonies so long ago? Bear witness now to his and visually reminisce about once getting to experience such incredible thrills and bliss! Convey your desperately burning regretful jealousy convincingly enough and maybe I’ll make this fresh new supplicant suck on both of your bloated, never-to-be-emptied-again testicles after he gets himself so righteously doubly fucked. Wouldn’t a slavishly faggoty tea-bagging be a real treat to compete for before going all the way back down to your cold wet holes again?”

Heads bare of all but wisps of fallen hair nodded lunatic appeal; crazed eyes welled up and overflowed with cracked hope.

I was still gaping, struggling with too many horrific implications to cope with, shirking visions too intimate, insistent, too *imminent*...when Heather jerked me back to the present. She tore the sport coat off me, parting seams with her exhilarating might. She ripped most of my shirt away too, leaving only part of a sleeve before I was able to collect myself and assist with finishing my stripping.

Leaving me to it, Mistress Hunter strode over to open what looked like a laundry chute.

The gust of heat that wafted out suggested otherwise – clearly this shaft fed directly into the building’s big industrial furnace, obviously still active somewhere not too far below. Watching my new mistress-owner-goddess toss my torn garments to the devouring blaze aroused me so keenly for some reason that I hurried to help her, even throwing in my shoes and wallet-and-keys-containing slacks myself. Glorious Heather rewarded my initiative with a relishing grin, as she tested the belt she’d just rescued.

“How about a belated first taste of bondage, my innocent initiate?”

“I may be innocent in some semantics, my goddess. But I’m still indisputably guilty. I’m guilty of almost everything printed so legibly on my fellow incels up there. So I crave and welcome bondage, the crueller the better, especially if inflicting it turns you on. To cause you to experience the tiniest sigh of contentment would validate my greatest sacrifices. To make you actually cry out and quake with climax might slay me by sheer vicarious ecstasy. So go ahead: tie this puny body you now own up into the most painfully dislocated knots you can contrive.”

Again Heather grinned almost grimly at me!

“All in good time, my eager young honey-tongue. First we must see if that tricky oral organ of yours eats as prettily as it squeaks. We’ll just restrict you the littlest bit for now, so you can continue to provide service of various kinds. Let’s try these gentle things on for size...”

Sturdy leather lined with sheepskin, the adjustable cuffs Mistress Hunter fitted me with were gentle indeed. Still they wrapped each wrist and upper thigh implacably, and when snapped together trapped my hands down helplessly by my sides. I could do nothing but shudder and writhe in surprise when my gigantic owner suddenly lifted her bodily property into the air.

“I proclaim Stage One of this supplicant’s initiation into Mistress Hunter’s Femdom Dungeons, Sublevel One’s Provision of Sensual Pleasures, to have officially begun.”

Through air given a golden glow by a hundred candles she flung me, far enough so that I bounced upon landing in the center of even such fantastically receptive softness. Awkwardly I struggled to roll over and orient myself, all while listening to this sexy giantess at least twice my size remove her shoes and follow me onto her outrageously sumptuous love nest.

“You ought to consider this an audition as much an initiation boy, as well as an overdue eradication of sinful incel virtue. The more I get off on using you, the more I may choose to. I’m sure you can understand that I have far more options than orgasms to go around, both above and below the ground. So you’d be wise to make as much of your time in the metaphorical sunshine as you can.”

Yes ma’am!

I didn’t need advising about the opposite; the price of failure was strung up like a judgment. With my existence’s ultimate test thrust abruptly upon me, I made it onto my knees just as the enormous Mistress Hunter reclined out supine atop a plumped-up mound of a good dozen silk pillows. Supremely at ease in this custom bed clearly designed with her extraordinary size in mind, still wearing that tissue-thin leopard-skin full-length gown, the professional (retired) model struck a madly provocative pose redolent of smugly regal indolence. From her near side, the one held closed by only those thin ribbon-ties, she slowly condescended to extend that garter-girdled leg, the one bared by that skirt-slit.

So gloriously formed in its enormity as to truly be the epitome of living artwork, this single prodigious limb turned about so enticingly, showing off every impossibly arousing contour. Already I could hear the anguished groaning of that audience of abject rejects. Then with the sole of that gigantic-yet-still-somehow-dainty foot elegantly arched and the painted toenails pointing an accusatory demand at me, my truly one-of-a-kind deity husked seductively.

“A hefty mistress like me gets terribly pinched feet trotting around on tiptoes and stilettos all the time. You are currently unworthy to lay your little loser hands upon me. But perhaps you can massage and bathe the pain away somehow regardless.”

Seriously?! The honor of such an offer galvanized me.

Abashed pride bursting inside goaded me more than my already rampant horniness or even the overriding drive to delay inevitable relegation. Practically weeping with gratitude at an opportunity it would be basest idiocy to waste I sprawled forward onto my face. Murmuring wordless need I wormed to within reach and began sloppily-slavishly lapping at that first of Heather’s graciously proffered feet.

Scrupulously I tongue-scrubbed between each exquisite digit.

Greedy as a babe at the teat I suckled them singularly and in multiple pairs and threes.

Gladly I gagged myself, forcing that greatest toe against my gorge so that tears and drool both poured forth for me to then lavishly slather all around. Yet more than just cleansing had been ordered! With my restricted mitts unworthy, only the rest of my face remained available to augment the massaging attempts of my overworked lips and tongue. Uncaring how spit-slippery she’d become, I rubbed my chin and nose, brow and cheekbones, even my ears, every bony or cartilaginous prominence and squishy stretch of flesh as roughly as I could against every bit of foot within reach. And thus I received that fabulously validating first expression of contentment!

Even better, giggling Heather cast that leopard-patterned skirt back and thrust her other foot upon me, doubling down on our podophilic exchange.

Being pinned giddily between those yearning/spurning feet made me squirm like a burning worm. Of course I just poured this into service, continuing to use my mouth and other facial features to provide all the liquid and pressure necessary to wet and vigorously muscle-rub both those exalting extremities. In fact a kind of frenzy overwhelmed me for a while. Shamelessly humping the bed while using this undulation to power my face-abasing ablutions, I carried on slurp-splurging ever more urgently until Mistress Hunter's crowing thrilled through me.

"Look at that, femdom fans! Did you ever go at your first chance to worship me with such gustatory gusto? I don't think so! I think this gluttonous supplicant wants to swallow me alive like some kind of South American strangling snake! Look at the virgin go at it! Maybe for both our sakes he ought to try eating me a bit more metaphorically.

"You hear me, feet-eating sweetie? Kiss my toes adieu and worm your way up here a bit further. I want to reach your back at least with this nice leather belt you brought me in offering. And I bet you want to prove you're just as useful in inducing lubricating juices too."

Did she just order me to have sex, even if only orally? Slay me with sacred exultation!

Brain reeling with immediacy, for a moment my knees only thrashed futilely, slipping helplessly against the silk bedclothes, so wildly did I strive for purchase to match my purpose. Finally I lurched up and forward, overbalancing and falling clumsily upon that mammoth haunch. In trying to gather myself I dared press my cheek to all that warm firm flesh for a bit, then kissed it in reverential awe. The sound of my belt hissing through the air warned me the instant before it smacked across my shoulder and back.

No doubt leaving the first (if fleeting) disfigurement to my own soon-to-be extensively decorated flesh, the pain was as much initiation-titillation as a goad to ascension. Heady with a sudden rush of gratified masochism I paused just a beat more to take that elastic, leopard-patterned garter in my teeth. Daringly I drew it back and let it lightly snap against Mistress Hunter's surfeit of circumference.

"Whoa-hoa!"

This time the belt *cracked* across my flank with a flash of real agony, and I cried out and writhed deliciously at the intense sensory burst.

"So you like being punished, young supplicant?"

"I crave it, my adored authority. I'm irredeemably deviant, unforgivably naughty and unworthy, not to mention sinfully impudent for ever daring to desire to sully such a deity with my slutty rutting fuck-lust. I'm patently genetically inadequate, a disgrace to my species and gender, utterly unfit to breed with real females, much less a superhuman femdom icon. I deserve to suffer your worst, most retributive abuse in return."

"You have my solemn promise. But we'll get to Discipline Appreciation quickly enough, down on Stage and Sublevel Two. So let's stick to the Stage One itinerary here. You need to orally pleasure my divine vagina.

"It's always interesting to me to see how a completely inexperienced teenager takes to his first taste of mature pussy – not to mention lifelong sexual servitude. So prepare my organs for coitus, boy! Make me ejaculate in your face in the process and maybe there'll be a bonus in it for you – beyond just pleasing me, I mean. I've got to say I like what you bring so far, as unhinged as some of your recent attentions have turned."

So she *had* noticed me! Persistence pays off after all!

There could be worse watchwords to live by, especially currently. Trying not to fight the excitement of my bondage so much, I reined back my mad scrabbling and attacked the pillowed slope before me more deliberately.

Finding the tiniest toe-holds I used my knees, fingers and feet to slither-slink my way up the rumpled, silk-covered mounds of packed goose down toward towering Mount Heather herself. Having loosed those little ribbon-ties and cast that camouflaging gown aside, even semi-reclined she loomed over me in monumental nudity, beauty. She'd also pried wide the most fabulous canyon between those truly mountainous thighs.

There at the very junction of her that miraculous cleft beckoned.

Well-spring of life, source of so much more than the reputed sluicing juices on offer, I impelled myself the last few feet needed to reach that shortcut to Olympus by clutching pillows with my crotch and lurching against that leverage determinedly. At last I landed squarely astride a beautifully plump prick-burying bolster and with my mouth and nose smacked dab right where I never dreamed I might ever actually find the least bit of me. Moaning with amazed exaltation at the fact that I was seconds from having any kind of sex at all at last, and with the figurehead of my fanaticism no less, I flung myself into worship-service even more fervently than previously.

That I couldn't help but find the taste and smell of pussy repugnant beyond experience only added urgency to my efforts.

Of *course* it should degrade and repel me to provide sexual pleasure to the femdom godhead! If only my suffering could be even more extraordinary...

Even as she was gasping at my frantically fanatical lapping, my nibbling lips discovering and suckling her giantess-sized clitoris, Mistress Hunter seemed to be reading my mind again.

"You want your goddess to be on top.

"You want to tongue-fuck my cunt and bung as I come and crush and smother you into blissful extinction. You all want that openly or latently. and in the end it's everyone's most envied ticket out of here. And I do confess to getting a bit oblivious during climax and granting a few too many early escapes that way. So that there won't be any waste of your maybe many dreadfully degraded decades, I won't be sitting on your helpless head until I've already gotten off at least once tonight. If you've just spewed too, you can swallow and slurp out all our mingled drainage when I do."

Responding to my involuntary pause at this ought-to-be-heretical prospect, Heather swatted my buttock almost affectionately with the belt.

"Don't stop now, *ex-incel*. You've been hearing me right all night. Unlike most mistresses, I believe in allowing even the lowliest of my male failures to experience vaginal sex with me at least one time.

"While I admit it can be fitting to keep a dick-less loser a miserable virgin forever, too much ignorance brings an unwelcome smidgeon of bliss. It's so much better for the permanently fettered to know exactly what he's forever missing out on. Isn't that so, my object examples? Before it's pierced and caged for good even the teeniest penis should get at least one brief taste of what might have been, of what others are wallowing in right in front of him. That makes the ensuing eternity of endlessly frustrating impotent agony really resonate."

Wails of validating dismay rose out of the constant sobbing of those no-doubt grossly ball-bloated voyeurs. Hardly needing their hovering testament, or Mistress Hunter's continued playful flagellating of my reflexively flexing ass, I fell again into a mad abandon of obsequious oral worship. As before in my subservient transport I powered my maniacal tongue-thrusting and cunt-sucking by rocking my bound arms and body, this time atop that crotch-clutched bolster.

This obvious humping earned me ever more spirited slaps of that leather strap, which only further goaded me. I suppose it was lucky that Heather at last dropped the belt entirely to clasp my head to her vulva with both hands. Otherwise I might have soiled the silks myself when she proceeded to quit just trickling down my chin and roughly rubbed herself off on me until she shrieked and quaked to the pinnacles of her many peaks, and the cleft of my damned questing gushed a sudden flood of blessings upon me.

Hallelujah!

Huge hands that palmed my skull like a volleyball, and squeezing thighs that easily enveloped the remaining entirety of me between them, only released me to breathe most reluctantly. For a frightfully long moment or so the panic of mortality made me taste the fatal thrill my owner had described/prophesized, along with whatever defiling liquid Mistress Hunter had just squirted all over and into me. Finally she dropped me gasping and slobbering frantically. Breathing pretty (prettily) heavily herself, huge Heather nevertheless pivoted nimbly away from me to again address our audibly anguished audience.

“Pretty instinctive, wouldn’t you extinct dicks agree? This teenaged initiate got me off quicker than either of you ever managed to do. Unfortunately for you as well though he sacrificed his tea-bagging bonus, at least for the time being, for humping my bedclothes the entire time. Did he think to lick his spillage from my pillows rather than swallow it out of me? Clearly this supplicant is insistent upon speeding each stage of his evening along. Well all right. I told you I was insanely busy this birthday. And since an incel only loses his virginity once (or maybe twice), let’s get on with enjoying the highlight of this tender adolescent’s life!”

Head spinning from far more than a brief bit of breathlessness, I was still in a state of suspended credulousness. I kept expecting some cruel joke, as the clearly incondign paradise promised me was snatched away at any second. My whole life felt like Charlie Brown running up to kick Lucy’s football. Afraid to get too committed either way, risking either infarction or a more figurative heartbreak, I submitted in dumb docility as Heather rolled the body I’d ceded control over to her over. A tug upward and two and I was the one reclined supine atop that huge mound of plumped-up goose down. Trapped hands groping and grasping but wimpy arms only able to pull my linked legs apart, I appeared in the mirror above like a lost waif in some fairy tale, *Goldilocks* or *Jack and the Beanstalk*, impertinently perched far above my place, just waiting to face the payment for my colossal effrontery.

Speaking of colossal, there was no need to wait for the giantess to discover me. Looming up hugely nude but for that single garter, all size and perfection in every splendidly generous ounce, Mistress Hunter took her young captive in hand. Bigger and stronger than that of many a brawny man, this once again clutched my junk – no intervening trousers this time. Though her proportions still dwarfed me, this particular disparity could have been worse.

“You’re not as pitiful as I’d have surmised. This is an almost normal-sized prick. Bigger than any of my fingers at least.”

“If only the rest of me was less innately reprehensible.”

“How truly awfully naughty are you, fanatic? If I imply that you’ll never get this penis sucked in your entire lifetime unless you climb up right now and fuck both of these reward-voyeurs in their helpless, forced-faggot mouths, how would you respond?”

“Goddess, I would beg to follow my owner’s example and postpone such pleasures until after my upcoming deflowering. Add a tasty treat later and don’t risk choking anyone with unrelieved vehemence.”

Heather burst into mirth, squeezing me approvingly.

“Touché! You are too good to be true for a twisted little teenager. We will have great fun breaking you in – I hope. Please don’t expedite things again by spewing too soon. Let what comes afterward await its proper turning. *This* is the experience you will remember forever, in solace or torment, grief or celebration. You actually had vaginal intercourse with Mistress Heather Hunter. How did you rise to that challenge, my unfathomably lucky incel?”

She needn’t have questioned. Hearing Heather’s spontaneous approval was more stimulating than her fondling in a way.

Both were unprecedented ecstasies for me. But the boost to my self-worth keened cleanly enough through me to offset the temptation to succumb too quickly to mere physical stimuli. The tears that came to my eyes as this monstrous goddess lifted a leg and swung astride me welled from absurd pride and relief equally. And though my reveling erection quivered rigidly in her guiding grip, the throbbing in my swelling breast overpowered it in significance as the divine gift was actually granted to me. Into the hot wet cleft of my immeasurably costly quest I was squeezed. Ah, magnificent, munificent heavens, no virginity was better ended! But then the real compression descended, more impressive than in my most demented reveries.

Mounted by Mount Hunter, straddled and sat upon, I plunged at once into that swamp of silk and compartmented feathers.

Oh she was so stupendously heavy it stressed my skeleton! Yet the softness of the surface under us proved less of a blessing than I first guessed. Once Heather had triumphantly settled herself, my virginity eradicated and added to her ex-incel tally, she didn’t launch into any of the ordinary copulatory mechanics. Instead with that gloating grin again deepening her dimples she tilted slowly forward atop me. Then as I felt my fluids and even viscera being squeezed from the bottom on upward like a tube of toothpaste (or sex gel), I was forced ever deeper into the slick quicksand so poorly supporting me.

Even before she dropped wholly atop my dwarfed form, with her plenty-generous breasts enveloping my head again, this time in the sweetest of clean-smelling cleavage, I was already having trouble breathing. Once she was totally prone I could do nothing but futilely struggle under her, buried utterly between nearly a fifth of a ton of fragrant female flesh and those goose-down depths.

Again I grappled with exhilarated panic.

Perversely my prick pulsed like it was fit to burst. When Mistress Hunter clutched the body she now owned unconditionally tightly to herself with arms and legs and crotch and cunt and crushed me further inward in a powerfully possessive she-bear-hug, I was the one who felt wrapped in the grip of an anaconda. Even had any air been remotely available, my body wouldn’t have been able to expand enough to inhale it. Lights were firework-bursting in the blackness between those bracketing breasts, oh I was throbbing harder and harder inside her by every labored beat of my constricted (yet not conflicted) heart! Subsumed body-and-soul, I only heard Mistress Hunter’s ringing declaration as a distant murmur.

“I hereby claim the butch-cherry of this successful supplicant! So that his devotion to his owner never wavers, let him henceforth abstain for the remainder of his days! Now, for the first and last time, enjoy the pride of being this Amazon’s birthday ride!”

Mistress Hunter shifted back upright at last, or at least partially so.

Propped on arms twice the girth of mine, hair glinting golden in the candlelight as those honeyed tresses piled upon me, breasts still pendulously threatening to close in and smother me again, Heather grinned afresh at my frantic panting. Still so compressed into the bed that it was like looking up from the bottom of a silk-lined coffin, I could only bellows for breath and gaze desperate adoration up in return, as her hugely bunching hips and haunches lurched into motion.

Oh it felt so fabulous but hurt so bad! The sense of heavily insulated friction on my unbelievably intense erection as it was rocked rhythmically inside of so much mobile heat and mass was more euphorically enjoyable than even the most resentful incel's stymied need could have creatively conceived. I'd always wondered why people banged hookers or partners who were clearly physically or morally repulsive. It was hard to argue that anything could feel so wonderful, even the most potent drugs. Yet at the same time I was so vastly overmatched here!

Mistress Hunter wasn't making any allowances whatsoever for our disparate sizes. Lunging punishingly against me with all her mammoth mass and pitiless passion, crushing and grinding me like a bug under her clutching cunt (and fifth of a ton), it felt like she was moments from collapsing my pelvis into crockery shards.

Perhaps without a meter or more of cushion beneath us she already would have. Instead her relentless pumping of that humungous butt drove me ever deeper down, constantly compacting everything under me until I was in danger of disappearing completely, a silk-sand victim slipping beneath the surface. All that kept me from succumbing to that downy clutch was the way Heather's columnar arms were propped beside my ears, holding back the suffocating folds. Clearly smothering this piece of callow boy-meat was a privilege reserved for the titties swinging and slapping and hovering just above the reach of my tongue. Or wasn't there some other service, and enveloping press supposed to be involved?

As if I needed reminding. And sure enough, after Mistress Hunter rode me so for a seriously delirious interval, then sat back to *truly* crushingly fuck excruciation into my hips and ass, thighs and hands while I fought desperately to keep both of my threatened heads up, then leaned in again to finally drive us shrieking to and through an incredibly unforgettable simultaneous consummation in which I must have not just ejaculated but *evacuated* every seminal cell ever left to me, she generously kept that pre-ravishment promise.

Blurred vision and a hundred one-inch fires cast a golden nimbus about my goddess as she grabbed me by the throat with one hand and hauled me up out of that premature silken interring. Still crushing-clutching my lower arms and body, Heather packed a few more compacted pillows back under my head and shoulders, propping me somewhat up again before releasing me. As my no-longer-choked breathing fought to ease and my eyes cleared, that nimbus seemed to retreat, or maybe coalesce into the thousands of little candle-gilded sweat beads that glistened all over that gorgeous behemoth. Seeing that I'd achieved a bleary coherence, she showed me again those gleaming teeth, those deepening dimples. Kindly Mistress Heather reminded me whether I needed it or not: it was time for an ordeal like dessert after a most Epicurean last meal.

"Are you ready for that tasty treat we agreed about? How about the chance to be buried to the last frantic gasp in my just-fucked pussy and fabulously gargantuan ass?"

"Could heaven ever get any better?"

"Ask yourself that on the other side of this most weighty task. I need to be cleaned of your hideously substandard seed."

Heather reached down between us and pinched herself together. Again moving far more easily than you'd expect for such a towering mass of flesh, she slipped off my now obsolete appendage and swiftly swiveled about, coming back down in barely a second atop my mouth.

A large and lumpy, slimy viscous mess slithered into me.

This mix of our bodily products was so revolting I immediately snatched and held a large breath as I swallowed it, trying to nullify my senses of taste and smell. That proved apt. Heather wasn't giving me any opportunity to tongue-love her this time. Even as I settled for sucking our last mingled sex-dregs out of her she was settling more firmly down atop me, her anus fitting over my tipped-back nostrils like a peg in a socket. Then the relentless compression began again, as uncounted pounds-per-square inch of gorgeous fertile woman bore down directly upon my upturned, captive face.

This time it was the bones of my cranium that seemed to creak, and threaten to come apart at the seams. Deep into silk I sank again, each of the buttocks burying me more than four times the size of my hopelessly embedded head. Only when the dreadful pressure felt truly unendurable did it at last ease up enough to indicate Mistress Hunter had at least leaned forward some. I felt her spreading my legs. Then even as she squashed the rest of my body again too I had the astonishing experience of feeling her own holy tongue caressing and probing at my bung.

What could she possibly be up to now, and how on earth or in any heaven could I deserve such personal burnishing? Before long anoxia and my traitorous mortality had me struggling senselessly again however. Heather was required to quit her attentions in favor of quelling my frantic yet increasingly feeble thrashing. A thrilling hysteria of primal terror ruled me then, until blissful acceptance descended just ahead of pitilessly crushing oblivion.

Like emerging from extended submergence, or an attack of sleep apnea, I gasped reflexively back to awareness. So I still lived; there'd been no accidental disposal. And as my system recovered enough for me to take stock of my surroundings, I learned answers far more distressing than the questions that had briefly vexed me.

Why would Heather deign to tongue me, and how could I have earned such touching? When my perceptions could be relied upon I lifted my head and looked about – only to immediately cringe in chagrin. The only thing bigger than my mistress' grin was the huge, hard rubber dildo she'd just strapped about the barrel of her body.

"Surely you knew we'd just begun to fuck. I've taken your unworthy butch-cherry, yes. Now for your far more enjoyable bitch-cherry. Surely a femdom fan understands that (exceptions aside) pegging is the only appropriate form of intercourse between an ex-incel and his owner."

"You mean from now on..."

"You will be receiving the penis exclusively. Did you not beg me to remake you? And is it really any stretch for you to accept such a sissy's destiny? In lieu of uselessly pursuing your pathetic manly ineptitude, give up and learn to treasure instead the rewards of submissive sexual servitude. You may as well, since other than torture that's all that's left to you."

And so my blessed heaven began its plummet into an unendurable perdition.

Maybe for the next mess of mice, and derisively laughing phantoms I'll continue to dwell on telling every detail. Perhaps by then I'll be able to relive how hulking Mistress Hunter used her commensurately monstrous erection to *truly* break me in, by butt-bludgeoning me bloody for the following several hours. (Again and again in either increasingly reamed end, in ever more degrading configurations, finishing with being lifted bodily up by my own gigantic impalement to perform the forced-faggoty tea-bagging she'd been unrepentantly threatening...) Let's leave it at the fact that I couldn't walk or even really crawl by the time it was all over.

Heather had to help me off the bed of my oh-so extensive defilement. Then cooing approvingly at my flagrant degradation and hard-earned debilitation she practically carried me back to and down the next flight of that spiral iron stair.

Another long, dizzying descent and another locking metal door later lights came on again. Sublevel Two proved to be a former underground gymnasium, cleverly converted so that all the workouts now revolved around inflicting strict physical discipline. There despite the hour, Heather's supposed busyness and my relentlessly worsening condition we again dawdled our way through Stage Two of my initiation, Discipline Appreciation.

Again, please don't ask me to recite how many ways was I bound out powerless, and how many different implements were used to belabor every tender bit of me. From toes and the soles of my feet right up to my already aching nut-sucker's and cock-swallower's cheeks I was beaten with slapping and spanking hands, perforated paddles, riding crops, razor strops, leather straps, rubber hoses, cables, floggers and other whips and canes of every description. I'd said I craved punishment; I got far more than I'd ever pined for, though surely no less than I deserved.

I also got a proper start on decorating my hide with scars, though the serious body modification lay ahead – or should I say below. That had been apparent well before Mistress Hunter at last declared herself satisfied with this relatively gentle testing of my masochistic limits. Yet that wasn't all she revealed

“All right, supplicant. You're one stage away from completing your initiation, from gaining membership here and losing everything else. We need to decide how you'll be labeled.”

Heather tossed aside the cat o' nine tails, the sharply-starred tips of the tightly braided whips of which she'd just finished further scoring my corpus with. Stepping up to where I hung suspended head-down, only those now mercifully numb feet bound (limbs limp as linguini anyway), she took my already liberally tortured form over her shoulder in a classic fireman's carry. Hefting my weight easily as she unhooked my ankles, Mistress Hunter knew just how to rejuvenate me from my increasingly dolorous stupor.

“Even before your birthday card, your recent sneaking around had you marked as a nut-job for me, a clearly unbalanced, dangerously antisocial incel stalker, representing a threat best preempted. Don't worry, you're far from the first such addition. But I think after we get you good and accustomed to suffering my appropriate revenge, and get you pierced and caged and your first brands and everything, we'll tattoo 'creep' right across your neck and cheek.”

Hearing of my appalling folly (or effortless success) revived my anguished adoration as I was once again carried downstairs.

Circling ever further into the earth like a turd going down a drainpipe, I soon wept more hopelessly the closer I came to that next sublevel of hell. Way before I was ready for it then (or could sink back into insensibility) we reached the bottom of that dank, musty stairwell. With Mistress Hunter breathing more heavily from sadistic excitement than exertion, I was promptly hauled like the property I'd become through yet another heavy security door to endure the ultimate culmination of Stage Three: Hardcore Torture and Body Modifying.

There was no need for automatic lighting at this depth. Down here the hellish illumination at the surface was replicated for real. Dancing across the walls and ceiling of this considerably less cavernous place came the red, orange and occasional yellow flicker of flames.

Cut up by fantastical shadows cast by gantries, gallows and similarly ominous equipment, the fiery light that played over these devices to create such a horror-show display blazed forth from the wide-open doors of the huge old oil furnace roaring away in one corner.

No doubt it had found my clothes and wallet as tasty as it eventually will the rest of me. Bypassing arcane contraptions from the archaic to sophisticated that initially bewildered me (but which I would eventually come to understand excruciatingly well), Mistress Hunter hauled me on over to the apparatus closest to that conflagration.

Once I was installed arched all agonizingly about this rotating circular rack, ready to be stretched until pulled apart or spun vertiginously about, and she'd thrust a number of brands and other iron implements into the ever-ravaging flames, my suddenly demonic goddess donned the black leather half-hood-and-mask of a professional torturer – or executioner. Matching gauntlets already protected her hands from burns, blisters, or calluses. Still her incongruously wide grin was belied by the sadistic shine gleaming through those angled eyeholes.

“Congratulations, fanatic. You’ve successfully reached the last stage of your initiation. Your irrevocable membership will soon be conferred. Then finally you’ll enjoy the extreme bondage and confinement you begged me for upstairs. So, shall we begin hurting the deranged stalker worse than he ever dreamed he might have to endure?”

I can’t lie to the mice. They were there, or at least their ancestors were. How long have I been here underground anyway? Whatever the case, that day I shamed myself unforgivably. Like a craven I heard myself begging to be spared any more torture, and even pleading to be freed in order to leave. Idiot. Such a weak-sister betrayal only inspired my new owner to torture me even more horribly than she’d planned of course. And when this initiation too was finally finished, after all the spine-wrenching stretching, the hideously dizzying spinning, the scalding oil dripping, the twisting-hot-pincers-and-branding extravaganza, after the application of my first accusatory tattoo and the piercing of both earlobes and nipples too, pitiless Mistress Hunter repaid my treacherous weakness by gloating openly as she finally pierced the super-sensitive head of my penis too, in the process of fitting it with its permanent new chastity device.

“There! You’ll never so much as erect again, chicken-shit poseur that you’ve proved to be. What a disappointment! Nevertheless, with this caging I declare your supplication successful. Mistress Hunter’s Femdom Dungeon celebrates welcoming its newest addition. Of course, like each ex-incel’s impotence, such sorely earned membership is eternal and irrevocable. This isn’t the kind of club one can quit, little bitch. So let’s get our youngest, freshest sissy settled in, shall we? Sunrise will arrive soon (though never again for any of you) and I need to nap a bit before returning to the world. Accommodations for human property are against the far wall, what I call Sublevel Four. There is a series of cells that conveniently runs right over the sewer line. Let me just get you chained up nice and snug first.”

Had I really begged for such bondage? Once Mistress Hunter had my limbs all folded up or wrapped tightly about my torso, with sturdy chains further nearly cocooning me into the most compact package, about all I could do was wiggle my fingers, toes and nose or blink. With the ring-gag back in I could lick and howl but not really speak. Or I could cry, like the other captive fanatics I could begin to hear as Heather carried me in my bonds toward my new home.

The sobbing was coming from a row of perforated manhole covers set into a perpetually wet depression. When we reached where one such lid had been slid aside I saw a cylindrical pit bored into the concrete. Less than a meter wide and two deep, the bottom consisted of a metal grating set a foot or so above a channel corralling the quiet purling of a shit-scented stream.

More water trickled from above to drizzle erratically into that pit. Mice squeaked and scattered at our disturbance. As the love of my life lowered me into that noisome hole she grinned fresh relish for my dismay.

“Be grateful to your goddess little bitch, or I’ll put you in here upside down. You can pee and poop in your own face every time. And I think you’ll find it far harder to catch enough drips to stay safely hydrated.

“Behave for me and you’ll even be fed occasionally. Pray to me night and day, and eventually you’ll be taken out for more torture, and to explore so many more degrading delights.

“So congratulations again, new member! You were a very enjoyable birthday diversion, despite turning pussy on me so early. Treasure those memories, my less-than-cattle chattel, and look forward to being fucked bloody again!”

With that gorgeous Heather slid the lid in place over my pit.

Humming smugly she strode away, leaving me in my chilly, continuously erratically dripping, life-long subterranean dungeon. And infrequent excursions upstairs aside, I’ve remained down here ever since. As Mistress Hunter indicated, the only way out of her underground fan club is through the furnace flue, whether this comes after too much debilitation, accidental destruction or even deliberate execution via a horrifically drawn-out satanic sacrifice.

In such straits, the chance for postural change and human interaction make being taken up for horrible torture and/or (hopefully) abysmally degraded sexual usage literally visiting ascending levels of heaven. When oh when will it finally be my turn again?

Erin, Unfulfilled

Holy Latina diva! My super-desirable wife is home early for once tonight! It's not even much past eleven-thirty p.m.

Deeply asleep, I'm jerked to duty by her brusquely ripping away the covers.

Still primped up ultra-glamorous, all makeup and jewelry, her amazing hair is as finely styled as ever. Yet she's now nude but for that scary black corset and boots. Her preferred beating belt already wrapped about her good right fist, she abusively berates both fickle fate and her legally-bound mate.

It's been a long day of diligently performed household chores. Consequently I'm still a bit bleary. Nevertheless of necessity sense swiftly descends.

It seems no big Black buck boasting a boner quite worthy of her divine vagina remained available for my nightly cuckoldry. Seven years my age-superior, permanent key-owner Erin grips and lifts my steel cage-encased, eternally chaste smidgeon-thing to fully expose the bulging-blue ballooned-up balls perpetually burning-boiling unbearably below.

How many dozens of months have those grotesquely distended testes gone un-emptied since the honeymoon's hypnotic sealing ceremony? Rubbing, squeezing, hefting, tugging, constantly groping that stretched-swollen scrotum, she gloats over my goatish groaning.

"If only I had an actual *man* here at home, and not a useless, deliberately-kept-impotent, spell-afflicted, miniscule-dick sissy-wimp."

That's unfair. Cursed with an infinitesimally teensy wee-wee I may be. But this impotence-imposed, wimpy white forced-femme transvestite isn't *totally* useless.

Who else can massage her feet and body so properly, impeccably pampering every sacred square centimeter of wonderful muscle and satiny skin? Whose tongue scrubs so industriously between each and every digit, and deep into her sweatiest crevices? Who can keep her property so pristine, bathe and groom her meticulously after every breakfast-in-bed, provide the prettiest pedicures (plus exhaustively expert oral servicing) and even submit to multi-daily facial scourging (and belly-swelling gullet-funneling) as her mobile, on-command commode?

Only her so-wholly-devoted soul-slave. And everyone knows it goes without saying that I also selflessly allow my spectacularly attractive spouse whatever further carnal pleasures she may require in compensation for all that my innate tininess can't supply her.

Criminally unfulfilled so far this evening, seductress-succubus-sorceress Erin spends long minutes cruelly palpating-pulping my spell-enthralled balls, those ritually collared-and-branded, now ridiculously-swollen seed-sacs, reinforcing the conjury she put upon them (*destined to never spill another single sperm cell*) before ordering me to roll over onto my belly with a familiar coercive twist. Oh, what a wonderfully wicked witch she is when wielding a whip!

Barbarously that buffed-up beauty belabors my baby-bare bottom with that belt, beating me 'til it's a beautifully bruised black and blue, both from side to side and lower spine through the bottoms of my thighs. Yippie-kiyay-yikes! Chronic erotic deprivation-depravity makes me squirm with masochistic abandon at this sizzling infusion of quasi-sexual sensation, my stymied-denied arousal an eternally furiously churning capped volcano.

"Hold still for the full foreplay, butt-bitch!"

Oh how bitterly I bite into the bedding to obey! Because of course the backdoor battery has barely begun.

Only once she's sufficiently sadistically fired-up with justified lust thus can we begin to indulge in Erin's idea of condign conjugal congress. Seething with limitless feminist vengeance she at last casts back that bitch-whipping implement – only to promptly don her favorite giant vibrating strap-on silicone cock.

“Admit you live for my brutal buggery, sissy-slut!”

A cruelly gouging violation wrenches the admission free from me in a distinctly porcine grunting-squealing. Punitively my ruling spouse pitilessly pegs her private piglet then. Reveling in a rampant rapist's raging rampage, she ferociously butch-domme-fucks my up-thrust butt much as she does every morning – and also at her least whim and throughout her most carefully planned orgiastic torture-extravaganzas. Whatever else is a simpering little lily-white no-dick seed-sealed sissy-bitch slut-hubby good for anyway? Twisty-fisting? Well, okay!

Passionately possessive, Erin pounds me down into a pile of pillows for hours on end, righteously reaming me to screaming before finally rolling me back over, weak, weepy and leaky-bleeding. Then oh my blessed beloved, before I can succumb to this sissy-abysm entirely it becomes my almost unimaginable honor to don that thick ribbed vibrator for my own unworthy self! Soon I'm actually strapped-up with a useful phallus!

Indulgent Erin both makes our marriage and most exquisitely twists the knife of my rightly blighted sex life then by moving in atop and straddling me: settling herself astride my shrumpy, meekly supine slenderness in order to make the most tantalizing possible approximation of female-superior love to me – or to at least mimic the typical marital intimacy my inadequacy so rightfully eternally denies me.

Oh but suddenly she's kissing me absolutely giddy! And then those super-succulent titties!

Oh baby, I'm buried between and being battered about by those beautifully bountiful boobies! Damn, that springy-stiff nipple nearly blinded my right eye! So aggressively rubbery-pointy... And oh but now the corset's gone and our entire torsos are writhing and grinding deliciously together in a heavenly flesh-meshing-mashing-melding!

Just feel her strong-muscled limbs overpowering mine, gripping and grappling me all about, holding me helplessly down... who needs the usual elaborately intricate bondage now? Saddled astraddle me her central split is pressing so receptively wet, yet stays so agonizingly caged-away! How mockingly my ruling rider rubs off on me, flicking her trickling clit with that little brass padlock! Then mounting that magnificent simulacrum at last Erin gasps a vast satisfaction that definitively eviscerates me, banishing any last pretensions of manliness.

Virgin stub of a stunted runt's nub, cramped forever erection-prevented into screaming-tight frustration-pain, now flatten-trapped beneath her vibrating, suddenly rhythmically lunging warm-wet-woman-weight, I can only cry out my mindless distress/ecstasy.

Aiiiiiiiiii, feel those bruised and bloated balls bounce!

Any more coherent thought throughout tonight must just coalesce around treasuring my myriad remaining blessings, while I try to appreciate/endure this all-too-priceless opportunity to provide for my demanding wife's sexual satisfaction all by my hopelessly submissive self.

After all, this certainly beats the hell out of hearing all about how eagerly she just cheated on me, with how many guys and how many fantastically orgasmic times. Especially while I'm being smothered under her sopping-sloppy crotch, shamefacedly slurping my many manly-randy usurpers' slimy semen-spurts out of the deepest recesses of her forever-forbidden-to-me nether entries – exactly as I have to do nearly every other middle-of-the-night of my entire adult life.

Like a conjured unconscious compulsion, I can hear Erin's sorcerous sonorous sound resound from inside my own besotted mind at this. Quietly cajoling, she's chiding and reminding me. And in my sissy-tizzy delirium I can only gleefully agree.

"Soon-to-be cocksucker, you're such a *lucky* young cuckold who'll never again get to come!"

Of Trees and Keys

Unlike the good old days, I'm waiting discreetly inside (and with seriously painful impatience) for my oldest friend to arrive.

She's late for our latest illicit tryst. That we can't be seen in public together is the least of the sacrifices I'm happy to make in exchange for the chance to be with fashionable, fascinating, and fantastically fascistic fetishist Anya again, however intermittently. I mean, we're talking about the lady who's put my cock under lock and key.

She's just too alluring, too vivacious and volatile to deny.

Even when we were penniless teenage neighbors she was as impossible to refuse as it was obvious she'd succeed unbelievably some day. Now that she's indeed wealthy and quasi-famous, with the resources to indulge her every least whim, I can only bless my celestial heavens (and shining lodestar Anya of course) that seeing me again regularly is one of those whims.

Of course those years we spent playing exploratory games in the huge old backyard willow grove were so powerfully formative for us both I'm flattered to think brilliant Anya still values me equally. The fact that she's been hinting that this visit might be her last, that I might get to join her life in a more permanent fashion after today, surely points that way. Such a prospect is even more enticing-exciting than the expectation of finally getting unlocked again.

Still there's also a lot of anxiety. And not just because Anya is so capricious and demanding (not to mention boundary-pushing, sadistically kinky).

Where would a humble homebody nobody, a poor broke poet like me fit into her globe-hopping glamour-girl social media star hit 'influencer' lifestyle? In a way it's not only safer but far more comfortable to wait here at the old home place, to hide and pine and hope for her to sneak by to relive old times as often as possible. Even though always jealous and generously overzealous Anya insisted on ensuring my fidelity by putting me into her custom-fitted chastity collar before agreeing to get even periodically intimate with me again, the maddening stretches of celibacy between our encounters just render them more sensational by the occasion.

There's even a blindly worshipful part of me that relishes and is keenly aroused by my iconic goddess exercising such absolute control over my erectile ability. The genital agony that accompanies every longing thought of her while she's gone, even the maddening frustration of a perpetually-prevented orgasm feels like a hard-earned penance and yearning love-offering at once. No doubt this goes back to our randy adolescence in that willow grove.

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The rear of my family's property is separated from that belonging to the lot on the next block by a stream surrounded by that thick belt of the best kind of trees there can be for adventurous kids. Not only do willows grow enormous with huge, thick limbs perfectly splayed and branched for climbing, lounging upon, playing, hanging rope ladders and swings or even building in. Their leaves hang down from long, whip-like trailers ideal for concealing everything going on behind them. With her parents moving into the opposite property during one middle school summer break (though I was unfortunately home-schooled), teenage Anya and I

encountered each other regularly within that draping foliage, beneath those hundreds of sturdy boughs. It wasn't long at all before she had me outrageously fooling around.

I'd always been shy and bookish, with no real friends. Outgoing as she was, Anya was new to our rural area and so attractive I still sometimes stammer helplessly in the face of her beauty. Tall and slender yet strong enough to excel as a high school pole-vaulter, with fiery eyes and long, caramel-colored hair that shines like burnished brass in the sun, her flawlessly-formed features can still be as cajolingly coy and kind as they can flush with unrestrained rage or twist in irrational passion. Limitlessly playful and affectionate when humored and obeyed, Anya was a ruthless terror to cross even as a teen.

Yet who could be fool enough to want to try? Her imagination was just as unrestrained as her force of personality. And running unsupervised through that sylvan glade she came up with the most thrilling, compelling games to play. Though I suppose the most influential of these were actually inspired by the YA novel and movie *The Hunger Games*.

This envisioned an ultimate competition featuring teenagers forced to stalk, fight, and eventually kill each other for the entertainment of the masses. With Anya pretending to be the heroine Katniss (naturally) there were two basic scenarios we liked to follow. And both of these involved tying me up in those big old trees.

The scenario varied by whether we were pretending to be adversaries or allies. In the first case Anya would hunt me. Using some old netting and every rope we could buy, steal or scavenge, she'd set snares and various other traps. Once I'd obligingly stumbled into these she'd pounce, wrestle me into submission with endless wedgying and at last totally incapacitate me.

After I was hogtied up completely helpless the real fun would begin. Feigning using me as bait to lure would-be rescuers, the hostage-taker would string my bound body outrageously up somewhere and 'torture' me with interminable tickling sessions – and soon whippings with those limber green willow switches. God how it all turned both us on so fucking much!

Eventually this domination-play would crescendo until Anya finally got to pantomime slowly, gruesomely murdering me. At that point she'd invariably switch to the second scenario, by turning back the clock in order to enact my desperate, last-second rescue.

Feigning not death but serious injury, I'd be helped to a position of 'safety' well up in one of the bigger trees. Anya would position me straddling some huge forked branch and secure me slouched immovably in place there, so that I couldn't fall off in my weakened 'convalescence'. And what a way to be nursed back to function, which like in the novel involved a whole lot of kissing – to say nothing of the ever-bolder groping going on in that lovely willow grove.

It goes without saying that my erection during these escapades was pretty much indefatigable. No swimsuit, gym shorts or even jean's zipper could deter Anya from investigating such an obvious bulge and with every afternoon our games grew more intimate. It wasn't long before she was stripping me totally bare before tying me up, then teasing and torturing me with both the unreasoning glee of an uninhibited child and the ruthless cruelty of a hardened prison guard. And humiliating as it all was, I couldn't get enough of this! For whatever reason, being bound and abused and overtly subjugated by omnipotent Anya thrilled me almost as much as the eventual hotly rubbing culmination.

Nevertheless, it was that adolescent introduction to making out and eventually getting off that had to prove most crucially formative in the long run. By the time her family abruptly moved away again nearly eight years ago, Anya had already taken my heart, my virginity and any possibility of finding happiness someday with a less formidable female. Yet worst (or best?)

of all, she'd also inculcated in me an embarrassing fetish that made even being put in bondage and beaten seem like small cheese. It all came back to fooling around in those beautiful trees.

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"There! How does that feel?"

"Super-uncomfortable."

"Perfect then, in other words."

Wearing only a sports bra and spandex panties, Anya's lithe body rippled with muscle as she swung around the secondary trunk she'd just lashed my torso to. Forearms wrapped overlapping behind it bowed my narrow shoulders and chest while my arms themselves and the further rope loops just below my boobs bound me so solidly I could scarcely wiggle. Spun-honey hair in a braid down her back, her eyes and smile shining in the dimness behind all those veiling trailers, pole-vaulter Anya was a vision of athletic eroticism. Agreement came from me automatically.

"Just like everything you do."

We were referring not to the curved, tilted trunk I was slouched back against but the horizontal branch my naked weight was bound straddling. Over the years as we'd lost clothing and inhibitions, and moved on from just tickling and kisses, we'd also progressed in bondage cleverness. When Anya got around to straddling me on my branch and spending hours writhing erotically atop and finally wildly dry-humping me, she inevitably discovered that the narrower the branch supporting us, the more springy of a perch it provided.

All the better to bounce upon, my captive ally.

Indeed after riding me to climax any number of times on ever more slender tree limbs, Anya had begun talking about finally breaking down and allowing me inside her soon.

So far I'd never even seen or touched her pointy little breasts – she always stayed at least minimally dressed and I was always helplessly tied up by the time she'd get close enough to grope. And though she occasionally brought me to orgasm incidentally, Anya considered my semen 'revolting'. She preferred to make me jerk humiliatingly right in front of her if she deigned to allow me to ejaculate around her at all. Thus the prospect of actually having sex was indescribably thrilling beyond the usual virgin's yearning. It sure seemed I was going to have to earn such a transcendent heaven however.

As Anya swung astride and joined me on a branch just thick enough to support our combined weight (and intended gymnastics), as her spandex-clad crotch settled hotly on my throbbing hard-on, I whimpered uncontrollably. She grinned wickedly in response.

"How's that branch feel now? And the rough bark?"

"Like someone sawing me slowly in two from below."

"Like an exquisitely splitting pain in your virgin crotch and butt?"

Anya began rocking, bouncing us gently up and down.

"*Exactly*," I groaned emphatically.

"You're enjoying it though. You like the pain in your ass that I am."

"I love it Anya. I love you and therefore whatever you choose to do too."

"Good. Then I think next time I'm finally going to let your little insult inside."

"So you always prophesy. Why not right now?"

"Because you have to prepare a proper perch for us. See, I'm only going to fuck you if it hurts you even worse than it turns you on. Because that's what you prefer and deserve from such a clearly superior girl, my little loser of a poet-loner. And this girl is growing up into a very

vengeful feminist as a woman. I want my male partners to appreciate how it feels being impaled by a rigidly upright prick. How else could they possibly relate to the females in their lives? So I bought you a big silicone dildo online.”

Hump, hump, grind, grind.

“You’re going to mount it upright on this very branch.”

Rub, twist, hump, squish, bounce, bounce, bounce!

“Then you’re going to mount it yourself – before I finally mount you. That way your tender young backside will *really* get an agonizing ride. Won’t that make being fucked for the first time extra-memorable? You’ll be getting it from above and below simultaneously, as a butch and a bitch both. Just try to imagine how incredible that will feel: Not only will you be fuck-forked over a thin limber stick but spiked upon it like an executed enemy!”

I could think of little else as Anya proceeded to hump-bounce-rub herself off on me more inconsiderately than ever yet. And the fact that I jetted against my belly in tandem with her savagely exultant orgasm at the end left me with no real argument to attempt. I could only squirm at our parting as she handed me the package.

“How am I supposed to fix this to the branch?”

“Easy. Get an oak dowel six inches long by half an inch wide. Get a drill with a half-inch bit and some superglue. Drill a hole three inches deep in the base of the dildo, pour in glue and jam in the dowel. Then you drill an identical hole at an angle back into the tree trunk right where it joins the branch. Glue the remaining half of the dowel in there. Then all you need is some Vaseline, unless you want to try to ride it dry. So don’t forget to bring some next time. That’s if you ever want to feel the inside of my vagina.”

This requirement had me sleepless and sweating even after it was achieved. Yet it also had me so hard as I drilled and hammered away that it felt like maybe for tools that inborn iron might have sufficed. I was even tempted to climb on once the job was done, to test both my handiwork and masochistic capacity. Anya had ordered me to withhold however, just as she’d forbidden any masturbation until our scheduled assignation. Let me be a virgin for her in every possible sense of the word, she’d ordered. And indeed these were the first things she asked about when we met at last, breathless beneath that huge tree on my life’s most decisive afternoon and evening.

“Did you try it out?”

“No.”

“Not even in bed or the bathtub?”

“Not at all, Anya.”

“Did you want to? Well?”

“I...yes, I wanted to. In the tree, when it was finally ready.”

“I knew you would, my little literary sissy. All that branch-straddling primed you for this, along with the wedgies and crotch-cutting hogtying ropes. Once I’m finished fucking with you, this kind of insatiable anal craving is going to define you forever. Did you jerk yourself off while thinking about riding my big erect cock?”

“No Anya.”

“Hmph! I guess I’ll have to trust you on that. But I’m going to whip you as if you’d been disobedient anyways. Just some more fun for your sensation-loving bum. Let’s call it foreplay, shall we, since I don’t want to touch your stinky junk or ever even let you see any of mine. So take your clothes off bitch, while I go cut a switch. Then lie down over that lowest limb.”

Anya tied me in place and whipped more open welts into my cheeks and the backs of my thighs than I’d ever dreamed of her daring. Usually I wallow in such chastisement, but by the

time she'd finished I was bawling like a baby. It wasn't until Anya began rubbing the lube I'd brought into my vulnerable pucker that I was able to choke back the sobs. Her gentle chiding was as soothing and insulting as her greasing and probing.

"Feeling better already, aren't you, butt-slut? Sure, now that it's almost time for me to climb onto your piddling tidbit and ride, you've suddenly stopped crying. But first you need to provide the same kind of service to mine. So let's get you run up a tree and tied atop my cock-spike. If you like it enough, we can leave you there overnight."

I did *not* like it – at first.

No, that's wrong. The first few inches I really liked, so intrusively big and slippery going in. But when Anya kept forcing me downward the agony just grew too great to accommodate. No matter. My begging, whining and renewed sobbing availed me naught.

"Don't be such a sissy, bitch. Or I don't know, be more of one. Trust me, you're going to come to love this. Just like drinking booze, it takes some getting used to. Now relax your ass more, spread yourself out wider and quit resisting so we can work you all the way down onto your wonderfully bouncy branch."

The truth is, I couldn't stop crying until well after she had me completely spiked, with all that thick silicone inside and all my weight bearing almost straight down upon both that big embedded boner and the narrow limb so hideously splitting me. Perhaps I petered off a bit while she used truly an excessive number of ropes to bind me more inescapably to our fuck-tree than ever. In any case, if struggling violently in a wildly futile frenzy didn't refresh my excitement, Anya kissing away my tears as she joined my sagging branch did. Still the excruciation of my impalement was so extreme I hardly noticed how hard my own dick-spike was until my lover gave it a testing slap. I gasped; it waggled and she laughed.

"That's one cock properly inserted and the other all ready for mounting. Any last words before I enjoy your dual virginity and destroy your ability to settle for any other lover in this perpetually unfulfilling existence?"

"Please take me, Anya. I've been your abject slave since the second we met. I only want to worship your feminine perfection forever, whatever the cost to me."

"The higher the cost, the *more* you worship me. What else do you have offer this goddess but your willing pain and fealty, my little loser of a pitiful weakling?"

"As you say, my beautiful goddess. I am not fit to bathe in your baptismal pee-stream."

"Stop giving me such fabulous ideas!" Anya laughed as she swung astride my lap.

She tugged aside the crotch of the one-piece bathing suit she wore. Then before I even had a chance to glimpse her vagina she was sliding my raging erection inside it. And thus was the goddess' wisdom made manifest: only the sudden doubling of the hurting in my innards (and bark-abraded whip-welts) as her hundred-and-twenty pounds were added to mine kept me from spurting prematurely. Oh, the battle between excruciation and exaltation couldn't be more ideal! And for some reason her murmured insults were as enflaming as the kisses they punctuated.

"So tiny inside me! So unworthy of spurting sperm in me! I can barely even feel you, bondage boy. You feel me though, don't you? Not my slippery-gripping cunt so much as my gloriously gigantic goat-cock, fucking you so much more meaningfully with every thrust of my hips, every bounce of our bodies on this branch.

"Concentrate honestly now on whether being the butch or the bitch is more rewarding for you. Decide right, and maybe you can stay tied up out here all night. Spew your loser's seed inside me and expect to see the sunrise still spiked right here regardless. Behave yourself on the

other hand, and you can use that freed hand to jack yourself off – once I’ve had my mistress’ fill of this pathetically inadequate prick. You can wank while I whip you on and supervise as usual.”

She leaned in and started riding me then. And damn it felt so fabulous!

That slick hot friction on my prick was the best sensation in existence. Instinct told me this instantly. Yet as Anya’s rhythm quickened and our branch began to bounce the agony of her erection in me went from feeling like a fencepost I’d sat upon to a pile-driver being unleashed. So overpowering was the degradation-excruciation that I wept uncontrollably again even as I throbbed up ever harder.

Of course Anya just fucked me harder right back, even laughing through her panting.

“Which is it, my instant-nympho little dual initiate? Butch or bitch? Which do you think you deserve to be whenever you’re with me?”

“Both, if it please my goddess!”

Oddly enough there was only honesty in my cry.

I could never be worthy of the sole first role, gloriously euphoric as it made me feel. I was far too inferior for that. She was right to hurt me worse in response, especially in this most emasculating fashion, so that I’d never forget my rightful place in her estimation. It was up to me to wrap that superbly intimate agony into the thrills of bondage and submission to discipline that made worshipping unstoppable Anya so compulsory.

Learn to love such exquisitely appropriate excruciation and it would love me loyally back. This I soon understood to the deepest reaches of my being. And so I did so, associating opposite extremes so inescapably that by the time my goddess was practically shaking the entire giant tree in her shrieking climb toward climax, I was glorying in my horrible goring almost as mindlessly as in the constantly quickening hot-stropping of my cock.

There was no way I could hold off ejaculating indefinitely; hell even the idea of spending the night so pitilessly spiked was masochistically adding to my runaway arousal. So when athletic Anya shuddered and bucked and super-galvanically fucked out her latest extravagant orgasm I had to give up and let go as well, spewing my substandard semen up into heaven regardless of the consequences – which began with an immediate roundhouse slap.

“Disobedient *bitch*! I warned you about announcing your preferences so messily! Start thinking about what you’ll tell your mother when I hold up your phone. Her baby won’t be coming home until well after breakfast.”

He’d be covered in more bug bites than whip welts and so stiff that walking took nearly an hour to properly master again. Still I regretted nothing, and have come to consider that ordeal-after-the-deflowering one of the highlights of my life, something to look back upon as an extraordinary accomplishment, an indisputable demonstration of supreme devotion to my deity.

Nor would I hesitate ever again when ordered up into Anya’s penis tree. Unfortunately a further consequence of my reckless insemination that day was that never again in the few weeks before she moved would goddess Anya allow me back into her vagina. Instead although I was tied-up bitch-spiked every time she would only provide a dry ride, rubbing off as before and insistently ridiculing my deficient manliness until we both ejaculated. However it wasn’t until she’d heartbreakingly vanished and then unexpectedly returned after an eight year absence that the worst consequence of jetting into forbidden flesh befell me. Yet maybe today that stricture may actually be undone.

After all, if Anya truly takes me away with her, she can keep an eye on me always. She won’t need her lock and key in order to insure that I don’t masturbate or cheat on her – she considers the two morally equivalent, see. Even better, already she’s heavily hinted that her

decision will hinge on how eagerly I respond to reliving that kind of involuntary bitch-fucking she and the tree used to provide me.

Unfortunately our perch has weathered away and Anya won't risk being outside with me in any case. All of our renewed kinky escapades have occurred indoors, away from un-shuttered windows. And though each has featured episodes of coitus I could barely have dreamed of as a naïve teen, we've still been lacking that kind of bouncy-branch active perch for the simulating spike I once again get to sit on. Maybe tonight even that will somehow be put right...

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Waiting for Anya in the same place as that night of her first return makes it hard to dwell on anything else. Her phone call out of the blue, learning that she'd become a multi-millionaire, hearing her ask if I still liked being tied up and whipped and maybe roughly fucked; it was all like some fantasy I could never have dared to entertain. She'd didn't wish to be seen with me? Fine, with the passing of my mother the house was all mine.

Anya could pull into the garage and enter that way; why the next room even served as the gym where I kept my unused weight-training equipment and workout bench. Where better to await her appearance? My giddiness at seeing a black SUV with dark-tinted windows arrive and disappear inside that first time could barely compare to the thrill of seeing her barge confidently through the back door then, dressed all in leather and wearing thigh-high stilettos like the dominatrix from hell. Carrying a satchel full of fetish gear, her brilliant smile and beyond-hearty kiss could have killed me if I'd had a weaker heart. Her first words were even more stirring.

"What are you waiting for? Get naked, bitch! I want to tie you up and do unconscionable stuff to you. I don't know how I've done without this for so long. Or don't you worship me anymore, my little loser lover, my earliest sissy-conquest?"

"You own me always my deity! I've missed you like the air we breathe!"

"Good. I see you have all these ropes and chains collected, these barbells and weights. You even cut a pile of fresh willow switches. Well done, though I've brought plenty of my own stuff. Let's get you helpless and hopelessly suffering then. Just like the good old days eh, and that night you spent forked up in the fuck-tree for me?"

"I'd do that again in a second, beloved. What other person in this world would?"

"And what other fabulously beautiful and wealthy girl would ride a timid little wimp like you, not to mention tie you so wonderfully up?"

"Clearly we were meant for each other. I am naked now, Goddess Anya."

"So I see, sissy. Enjoy that insulting erection while you can. Now go stand behind that inclined weightlifter's bench. Spread your legs and lean over the barbell. We have what, eight years' worth of whipping to catch up on? Let's get started!"

Who needs willow switches when you can afford the finest leather whips? And with real steel handcuffs manacled each ankle and wrist to a different corner of the weight bench, only one rope was chosen to bind my waist to the barbell I was bent over. Heaven descended in spectacularly nostalgic fashion then as my dearly-missed deity punished me more rewardingly than I could have imagined. And though there was no spiked willow limb to mount my badly welted ass on afterward, the greased dildo Anya jammed up there before binding me sitting only slightly reclined straddling that foot-wide weight bench was considerably bigger and equipped with a powerful vibrator. The entire time she was whipping my front, tickling me and titillating and torturing my nipples and hugely engorged genitals that agonizing stuffing buzzed angrily

away at my insides. And when she climbed on in the end to double-fuck me finally, that burning vibration almost made up for the unfortunate width and rigidity of my bitch-perch.

Regardless, I was so wrung out and extravagantly gratified by the time I again so inadvisably squirted my sperm into her own madly orgasmic throes that I could barely react when Anya produced that collar afterwards.

“Darling, if we are to be intimate again, I must ensure your fidelity while I’m off traipsing around the planet. I know you’re a wimpy little loser homebody sissy who never had a date in his life. But wanking is just as bad, a shameful waste of erotic energy. In fact, as my carnal property you are not even allowed to experience arousal without me – or at least without terrible pain, frustration and longing in my place. So from now on you must wear this between my visits.”

The little steel collar she locked about the root of my cock fits nicely and actually looks quite handsome on me. It might even pass for jewelry, like the tiny key she hung onto a jingling charm bracelet. The problem is that the inside is lined with pointy teeth. These dig in and punishingly arrest any attempted swelling. It’s a goddamn chastity device, plain and simple.

Goddess knows best. As I’ve indicated, I’ve learned to appreciate even this. Though each wait for Anya’s return tests me more sorely, the unabashed masochist in me has even come to perversely enjoy the agony that afflicts me with every erotic thought. And when my deity at last descends and deigns to free me, oh, the ecstasy of a healthily stretching erection! And the heaven of her teasing and torturing before sinking it into that hot wet compression for our special kind of sex is more mind-blowing each time. Now as I sit awaiting her most momentous return, and the possibility of a proper bitch-fucking leading to my collar’s eventual removal, I’m actually feeling ambivalent. Already naked with it biting so savagely into the semi-erection I can’t help caressing, I think of that collar as a badge of honor announcing the extremity of my servility.

As if heralded by this conceit, I hear Anya’s SUV pull into the garage, followed by the big door coming down. By the time she barges in I’m kneeling reverently to welcome her, my hands holding forth a huge bouquet of flowers and my half-hard penis bobbing its own eager greeting. Wearing a black latex cat-suit that encases her from just below the jaw to her stiletto heels and pointy toes (and is so skintight it might have been painted on) Anya’s smile is so crafty-sexy that I squirm beneath it.

“So sissy, all excited to maybe join me in my upcoming quasi-retirement?”

“I would do or endure anything to earn that honor, my goddess.”

“So you always prophesy. Let’s find out, shall we? But first let’s enjoy some always-delightful foreplay!”

As always she chains me implacably in place. As always she whips me back and front and all over, glorying in my joyous suffering. And as always she tirelessly afflicts my extra-sensitive genitals and tits. Unlike always however she doesn’t bother with the vibrator, leaving my greatest vulnerability disarmingly unstuffed as I slouch straddling that inclined workout bench, my arms bound behind it and my body secured from shoulders to waist with belts. But then the foreplay ends. And Anya lifts my feet above my head, spreading them high and wide so she can shackle my ankles to the barbell supports. Rather than unlock my badly abused cock so it can finally finish its endless agonized attempts to erect, my goddess merely lubes me finally. Rubbing grease into my now invitingly uplifted bung, she gives me that crafty grin again.

“Ready for the kind of ignominious bitch-fucking your entire life has been building toward, my mindlessly compliant sissy-slave?”

“But...but I don’t see the vibrator. And you haven’t bothered to unlock me.”

“No need for either of those patently inadequate penises, bitch. I’m the butch around here now. The only hard cock required between us is *this* one.”

Anya pulls a dildo from her bag. Except this cock, beautifully realistic and black as that cat-suit, has a curved and contoured kind of handle, which Anya slips through an opened zipper at her crotch and up into that wet-silk-tight-heat. Miraculously it stays right there (she’s delightfully tight indeed!), leaving my gorgeous owner with a fearsomely big and lifelike ebony erection jutting forth. And instantly everything fits hideously into picture.

~

Sudden wild struggling gains me nothing. Or does it? Even in this atavistic male panic, wrestling with my bondage turns me on. And begging abjectly to be spared only makes the black-clad, boner-boasting butch laugh harder.

“Give it up, sissy!

“We both know you *love* being forked over a branch and having a cock crammed up your ass. You loved bouncing on them both even more. This is way better than either. Getting properly pounded is going excite you beyond your maddest expectations. And unlike earlier you won’t have my vagina distracting you with pleasures you could never deserve. Face it neighbor: this has been our sexual destiny from the beginning. You’ll see that pegging epitomizes our personal dynamic perfectly. So don’t resist unless you want to be ripped right open!”

Goddess knows best, yes? And I *did* spend a good part of that night in the tree bouncing all by myself despite the incredible accumulating agony. It’s just...doing it like this is the ultimate in degradation, the most emasculating sexual subjugation imaginable...

Well, putting it that way, I guess she’s correct again. This experience should rather exquisitely explicate our respective roles. And if I’m so obviously not fit to be her butch, what is left but to embrace playing the eagerly receptive bitch? Especially since I’ve missed that springy limb so much... As Anya straddles the bench and aligns that big black prick with my tight puckered portal I take a deep breath and do my best to obey my owner’s exhortations.

“That’s right, relax if you can. And get ready for the ride of your life!”

Thanks to all that branch dancing and vibrator jamming, insertion is a simple matter of familiar mechanics. When Anya begins pounding in and out however, addiction is so instant that her omniscience is manifest yet again: It’s the ride of my life all right, the most consequential fuck yet, as definitive as that night tied up in the tree.

Oh silly sissy, everything leading up to this was just a slippery-slope tease! The awful agony and intrusive savagery of those pitilessly subjugating thrusts is just the ultimate culmination of carefully nurtured lifelong lusts. Masochistic submission never had a more quintessential expression! Watching the color flush Anya’s cheeks, seeing the sadistic shine in her eyes, her glistening, scarlet-lacquered lips parted with panting or snarling with exultation, feeling her crotch spanking my welted buttocks and listening to contempt drip from her every cry: it’s all of a perfect piece with that brutally piston-plunging prick.

“See, bondage bitch? Sissy sex is the *only* kind of sex for cock-locked losers like you. Soon you’re going to learn to suck off big hot fleshy erections too – maybe this very afternoon. After a while on my new private island, you’ll eventually forget all about enjoying pleasures and functions you were never worthy of, and that only seduced you into impotent ruin. Don’t you agree that vigorously vicious bitch-fucking is exclusively better than anything else ever?”

“Goddess is always right!” I cry out my mindless compliance. Damn, my collared cock screams as it swells and flops. “Fuck my slutty butt like the bawdy bitch deserves! Hurt me and hurt me and hurt me ever worse!”

“You got it, my lucky little cock-conquest. Come to my island after this and I promise you’ll get fucked this way every night and day for the rest of your otherwise wasted life!”

Was I really going to try to defy Anya for the first time, and at a time like this?

Transported by euphoric agony, face aflame with degraded shame, shuddering with exhilarated arousal, my bound body being slammed incessantly against that bench, I’m barely clinging to coherence. When she leans forward to hammer her way through her familiar long crescendo towards the afternoon’s first orgasm, I can only scream the affirmations typical of the most lubricious sissy-bitch.

“Yes! Yes! Harder! Harder! Ah Goddess, yes, take me away and fuck me this way forever!”

“I will, bitch. You asked for it. You’re going to get it!”

Of course first I get that seemingly endless crescendo.

Damn, she’s fit and strong, and more passionately driven than I’ve ever seen her! When she finally does shriek and plunge, glare and pound out orgasm number one, I get every bit of the divine agony and ignominy I’ve had coming to me and then some. Weeping with the sheer extremity of emotion and sensation overwhelming me, I suffer/soar deliriously on the rack of my owner’s ecstasy until she’s finally temporarily finished with me. Then I can only watch with meek dismay as she pulls out of me – and pulls out her phone. Wait, aren’t we going to spend the whole afternoon and evening fucking me?

“This one has succumbed wonderfully. I told you he would. Let’s get it done.”

She hangs up, and everything happens like a whirlwind. Even as Anya forces a ring-gag into my mouth and buckles it tight, the door to the garage crashes open. A large, cruel-looking black man of apparently Caribbean descent pushes in a traveling pet cage on wheels. Wire mesh, this looks hardly big enough for a beagle. Nevertheless, within minutes I’ve been freed from the bench and forced down into that cage, scrunched right up, bound and chained in place until I can barely wriggle a finger. Rather than unlock my penis, Anya has rolled on a condom-catheter, which she connects to a collection bag. Clearly I won’t be freed until...

“That should keep my prize bitch tidy we reach the island. Let’s get you out to the airstrip with the others. Once we reach the dungeons, you’ll be installed in a proper cell, with all the professional torturer’s equipment we need. Until you’ve disappeared into there for good however, it’s best we keep our newest little cocksucker quiet.”

A needle stabs my ass, and that’s that. Oblivion descends.

~

The scream of jet engines powering up brings me around.

Bleary eyes clear enough to see through the mesh of my cage. The curved walls and portholes tell me I’m in the cabin of a private luxury aircraft. An oval door stands open; steps descend to the tarmac. The floor is heavily carpeted, there is a wet bar, padded armchairs and a luxuriously appointed bed taking up the whole front half of the cabin.

Under the howling motors the sound of voices whimpering gradually impinges on me. Though I’m chained so straitly in my cage I can’t turn my face away from the little flap that opens to give access to my mouth, the entire wall between the bed and cockpit beyond is mirrored. In reflection I see that my cage is only one of six stacked and clamped in place.

Sharing the rear of the cabin with me are five other wimpy sissies, all identically restrained right to the ring-gags holding our mouths gaping open in that cocksucker's eternally receptive circle.

Tears streak hollowed cheeks while each obsolete penis is collared and cathed. Occasionally someone struggles wildly, futilely in their extremely cramped confinement, only to sobbingly subside yet again. I must do this half a dozen times myself before Goddess Anya suddenly bounds up those stairs and into the plane. That hulking bruiser climbs in behind her – and immediately starts shucking off his clothes.

“Well sissies, my lucky young cock-conquests, congratulations! You're the founding attractions of our private dungeon-harem. This is Andre. He was my bodyguard, now he's my primary lover and torture partner. He can't wait to enjoy each of you too. And why not? We've got a hell of a long flight ahead of us.”

Grinning with particularly sadistic significance, Anya strips that charm bracelet off her wrist. Only belatedly do I see that each charm is a tiny key.

“Oh, yes – we won't be needing any of these any more will we?”

She turns and hurls the erectile ability and orgasmic capacities of half-a-dozen once-men out into the weeds beside the runway of this isolated airfield. The door is shut and the cabin pressurized. Laughing wicked derision at the renewed chorus of horrified sobbing from their caged sissies, Andre and Anya barely wait until we're airborne before they hit that bed and begin royally fucking each other right in front of us.

Still too appalled and dismayed to grapple with the enormity of all this, I can only picture a tumbling die, rolling to show the ever-changing numbers of spots on its sides.

There's a one-in-six chance I'll be the first one forced to suck Andre's enormous cock clean, once he's done so extravagantly pleasuring the only woman I've ever loved. So why am I twitching with pain and drooling down my chin at those odds?

Seducing the New Recruit

“Madam Peregrine?”

It was the recently promoted monitor, nervously twisting her shock-prod. Glad of the diversion, Peg paused on the way to her office. While named after the raptor, perched on her stilettos the gregarious Madam Peregrine resembled more of an inky flamingo: tall and slender with modest breasts but a remarkably bulbous butt.

An exotic mix of Asian and Caribbean breeding made her skin almost as dark as her straight sable hair and classic black mini-dress. Contrastingly, oversize almond eyes and pearly-perfect teeth competed with her heavily jeweled rings, earrings and necklace for brilliance. Not sparing her sparkle even with a possibly erring employee, Peg poured on the warmth.

“What’s the upset honey? Is there a problem in back?”

“I guess you could say that. One of our dollar-a-job sissy-suckers just went down. Brenda’s handling the disposal, but she said to tell you right away.”

“Show me,” asked Madam Peregrine more briskly, and the younger woman led the way through the exclusive, seriously illicit fetish brothel. Within minutes they were in a kind of hallway behind one of their most reliably lucrative attractions: the dollar blow-job booths.

On one side of the aisle ahead were tucked away over a dozen small cages, the cells where her current coterie of slaves ate and slept away the four hours a day the club was shut down. The other side consisted of the row of narrow stalls where they were otherwise always installed, free to enjoy the lifetime of excessive sex for which they’d been so ironically destined.

What involuntary ex-celibate could protest? Though bound all contorted or cocooned and kept confined like a sow in a gestation crate, each deviant remained perpetually impaled upon a gigantic vibrating spring-loaded dildo-pole.

Whether made-up and cross-dressed as a Girl Scout, cheerleader, gymnast, religious initiate or other such tender young innocent, these diminutive and under-endowed failures at maleness not only got to suck off an endless succession of hot hard erections to supplement their sustenance. Whenever the latest (and basest) to have paid the meager fee to feed them their needy penis and seedy semen supersedes their most adept attentions by just forcibly fucking their defenseless faces, every gullet-plunging thrust just bounce-pounds each elaborately restrained little pervert back against his big springy buzz-spike. No admitted sissy-hussy could resist getting publically double-pumped for five-sixths of every single day!

Nothing kept them from succumbing to exhaustion however, or to embolisms from chronic immobility. Then there was disease, an inability to fatten on scanty feed or even mere ennui all taking their attrition over the years. Weaklings all, inevitably the weakest needed replacing.

Luckily Madam Peregrine enjoyed this requirement far more than merely running a kinky club. Indeed it predated and motivated that business in the first place. Before she could go out on another exciting seduction run though, Peg felt she owed it to the stock just thus lust-consumed to look upon his face and try to remember something positive about his own recruitment date. Unfortunately as he was hauled limply past her his extensively feminized appearance was so further disfigured by a smeared mixture of cosmetics, saliva and overlapping ejaculate-splats that he was only recognizable as one of her conquests by all the scarring, brands and tattoos he

carried – and complete lack of front teeth, not to mention the permanent chastity piercing only now about to be cut free (along with its harvested trophy) after all these impotent years.

Oh well. Time to *plonk* that puny cock too into the pickling jar above the bar. Madam Peregrine was going out to refill that empty stall and cell!

So first it was back to her office after all. Since the owner of any fetish brothel knew well how best to keep the overhead down, Peg didn't stint at keeping labor off the accounts. She preferred spending her time/money constantly grooming a plentiful supply of volunteers.

A few minutes spent checking her files on those local so-called 'incels' she deemed most ideally susceptible, Peg hit pay-dirt on her first call. One of her most ardent loser-worshippers practically begged to become her latest fellator replacement, though he only thought he'd been granted a clandestine domination date. After the arrangements were made and she freshened up a bit, Madam Peregrine got in her black SUV (tinted windows naturally) and left to collect him.

Tyler felt not a single conscious qualm as he climbed into the car.

The luxurious interior was just what he'd expected, and the fact that Madam Peregrine herself was at the wheel (and had thus come alone) was actually reassuring. Let the word get around that he'd sought a session with a notorious dominatrix and he'd never live it down. Thankfully the goddess he'd fixated upon was the soul of discretion.

"I'm glad I'm keeping this a secret from everybody. I'd be ashamed to have to defend being seen with you, as if on a date. You really are a shrimpy little runt of the litter, aren't you?"

Tyler self-abased without hesitation.

"All five foot-three of me. And yes, my dick is miniscule even for that. Why do you think I want a woman as fabulously beautiful as she is cruel to brutally abuse me? Enough askance glances, why not express your sexual contempt directly? Make your repudiation of my lack of attributes explicit already, since none of you will accept me otherwise."

"So you can brag about your martyrdom online with all your fellow incels?"

"Are you nuts? You know how fast I'd lose my job? I'm not letting a single bit of this go digital. And my few friends would ostracize me instantly if I admitted to a submission fetish."

"Good. Maybe that's why I agreed to meet and beat and sexually defeat you finally. You don't flaunt your obsession publically. You haven't tried to haunt or stalk me beyond a few polite, secret entreaties."

"I want you to be my dominating goddess." Tyler's voice wavered like an adolescent's. His ashamed face flamed as Madam Peregrine laughed her soft indulgence.

"You are merely another incipient sissy. You need me to both force and ease you into your appropriate persona."

"Whatever you say."

"You also wish to be utterly enslaved. You wish to have your issues with women brought viciously to fruition. But mostly you need to be punished and humiliated for lacking any mating status or stature, or any measure of attractive manliness whatsoever."

"That's why I'm here exactly."

"That's why we are here." Madam Peregrine pulled around to the rear of a sleazy little motel in the deserted outskirts. "I know the owner. And she's left my usual seduction room on the end stocked and open for us." She parked in the eerily undisturbed darkness. "Carry my bag and follow me quickly in through the rear."

“Absolutely, my gorgeous epitome of authority.”

Big and black as well was that nylon gym bag. Metal jingled within. Still a sturdy shoulder strap made it manageable. Within a minute they’d slipped into the end unit and locked the door.

Tyler heaved the heavy bag to the foot of the king-size bed and saw Madam Peregrine turning upright the pair of glasses left on the dresser. Also waiting on the tray was a liter of tequila. She cracked it and poured them each a hefty belt.

“Toast me hopefully, my aspirant slave, then fortify yourself for the ordeal ahead.” Madam Peregrine nodded at his glass and grabbed up her own. “Don’t worry about any doctoring. At this point doping you would be dopey indeed.”

“I’m yours regardless. Never have I even glimpsed a woman so alluring, so vivacious, yet so imperiously intimidating. Ever since I saw you dancing with a whip I’ve craved your punitive enslavement. I will crave it to the grave no matter what it takes. Here’s to you, beautiful: my salutations, body and soul all in one hopeful offering. Consume and enjoy!”

“That I most certainly shall!” They tossed back their toast. Tyler shuddered and coughed like a kid again. Hell, he was only twenty-four. No matter. By the time he’d recovered Madam Peregrine was impeccably in character. Pulling on a long pair of tight black latex gloves, she suddenly slapped his cheek so hard that Tyler saw stars.

“Stand up straight and raise your insipid face! Are you my human property now or not?”

“Absolutely, Madam!”

“Then don’t twitch an inch unless you’re given permission! I don’t approve of these inappropriate clothes. Don’t make me strip you of anything else offensive even if incidentally.”

Madam Peregrine reached into her cleavage and produced a folding black straight razor. A prestidigitator’s flick bared a three-inch sweep of keenest surgical steel and before Tyler could catch his breath this was at his neck. Then not blood but buttons began flying, as one at a time his new goddess deftly sliced free all the fastenings holding closed that phony’s old clothing.

Even shoelaces were parted, (and an elastic waistband) until the man’s costume was falling right off him. Finally orders freed him further.

“Shake off the rest of those rags. Slough your old inhibited self as well. You need cleaning, and the meanest of demeaning before your evening of screaming exceeds your naïve dreaming.”

Tyler refused to consider the cost of his clothes, or what he might wear home. Adventures were about surmounting the unexpected. He straightened up naked and Madam Peregrine had another razor in her other hand. Actually a rechargeable electric trimmer, this buzzed like a vibrator as she switched it on shoved it into his grip.

“I want you baby-bare damn it! Everything growing anywhere but your forearms and eyebrows goes! Or I’ll use this blade to do it bone-dry and save your pubes ‘til last.”

Heavy body hair, like any other signifier of virility, had pretty much passed Tyler by. It took him far less time than it should have to be standing there stinging and doubly naked as an infant. Madam Peregrine was ready with two more glasses of tequila – and her own toast.

“I christen thee my masochistic, addictively lubricious sissy. Treasure the pleasures of sexual slavery as you do the pains of perpetual punishment. Your existence is now mine to do with as I decide.” Madam Peregrine downed her double shot. Then she poured the other over Tyler’s freshly shaved groin and thighs.

Even as he gasped at the fiery sting her rubber glove was rubbing that raw alcohol in all over, even massaging it into his balls, until only his throbbing stubby jutted up untouched. Screaming with need while the rest of his skin sang with agony, this urgency was so intense it

kept Tyler from really even considering all the portentous things being said. It was his first time being touched intimately by anybody...

"Does that feel better now, property?"

Of course it did. As the stinging faded it soothed the scraped flesh like aftershave.

"Thank you, Madam Peregrine."

"Fold yourself over my lap and we'll see to your other side."

"Any other time that would be heaven. But I'm all tacky with liquor. I'm unwilling to dirty you. And the scrape-sting suits my bottom better."

"Very well. Bend over the bed. And instead of the soothing soak and gloved-hand spanking, we'll jump right to wielding weapons. See how *that* stinging suits you."

Stung more by forfeiting the intimacy of nestling their middles crosswise, Tyler still hurried to assume the submissive position dictated. This was his dream come true, to enjoy punitive physical congress with his chosen vengeful goddess. Far stiffer than any spine he'd ever shown, his runt's stub strained nonstop and twitched insistently when pressed against the motel bed's cheap mattress. The sight of Madam Peregrine unzipping her bag to pull out a thick, perforated wooden paddle made it burn further. Ardent Tyler moaned with love and hope. Please let it be as cathartic as he needed! Let it be an apocalypse of sensation to burn away the far deeper pain the guiltless sin of his condition inflicted on his despairing spirit!

Well, it was a start toward that. Thirty whistling claps of that oak against his ass had him groaning beatifically and leaking sweet tears of agony. But it really only whetted Tyler's appetite. After what seemed a lifetime of anticipation the actuality of domination being upon him tasted too good to be true. He wanted more. How great it felt to sate his most insane cravings...

"Liked that, didn't you? Wanted it to continue? Well, we've got all your useful years left to better it. My conquests always end up so branded, tattooed and disfigured by scars it's tough to tell them apart. For the moment though other impositions take precedence. Stand up now. I want to see how my newest sissy takes to being properly embodied!"

Madam Peregrine gave the pitiful form before her a quick assessment before pulling open a dresser drawer. Kept stocked with a selection of cheap lingerie, this produced pastel blue nylon stockings in about the right size within seconds. She thrust these upon her stammering victim.

"Pull these on! Then get ready for girdling, girl. I like to keep my sissies cinched up super slender, and as desperate for breath and nourishment as sexual surrender."

Tyler's face reddened toward the shade of his paddled ass. Still he contested no order of hers, nor even the direst suggestion. Once he'd donned the itchy old stockings he even dutifully pushed his feet into the painfully cramped pair of spike-heeled purple pumps she found for him.

"Stand up and raise your arms. Grip onto that overhead bar. This is more of a corset really. But something tells me you'll look absurdly fetching in it. Fetching enough for me to want to tie you all up and fuck you silly. So come on, sissy. The sooner we imbue the true you, the sooner the pain and degradation can *really* resume."

Teetering on his tiptoes, wrapped in reinforced elastic fabric, Tyler sucked inward on command. (Get used to doing that!) As she yanked the row of buckles up his back tighter and tighter, he expelled his breath whenever told to as well, so that she could methodically cinch his already skinny midriff into the tiniest hourglass possible. Damn she had him corseted like Dita

Von Teese in the end! After hooking the attached garters to the tops of his stockings, Peg did gasping Tyler one better by pulling out a matching leather arm-binder.

“This is heavily momentous,” warned Madam Peregrine. “Once I’ve placed my first bonds upon you, you may never entirely escape such restraints again.”

Obediently her prey continued to turn up a vulnerable metaphorical underbelly.

“I’ll never be free of your allure regardless. Do as you choose with your chattel.”

Smugly Peg tucked and buckled those wimpy arms just as tightly into the binder, trapping them bowed severely back together so the elbows and forearms met and they were encased to the prayerful fingertips in a narrow triangle of inescapable leather. Leaving the absurdly incongruous genitals dangling openly (though obviously aroused throughout), she pinched a set of chain-linked steel-toothed clamps onto Tyler’s equally tiny (and erect) sissy-nipples. Then with limitless relish Madam Peregrine sat her blushing young gender-failure on the edge of the motel bed and went to work eradicating any last pretensions to manliness.

Beyond just using gobs of cosmetics to feminize his features Peg plucked his brows, laughing at the growing awareness of the permanence this implied in those doleful brown eyes. Once she’d fixed a sexy choker about his throat and found a wig that both fit and flattered him, Tyler looked downright delectable. So aroused yet uncertain, clueless and naïve, he was ripe for the plucking indeed. It was all Madam Peregrine could do to follow the usual progression of preening and further beatings before helping herself to that rare cherry.

“Stand! Get up and walk about!”

Peg pulled a five-foot bullwhip from her bag – perfect for the moderately close quarters. Her first slash with it almost toppled Tyler with two broken ankles.

“Only effeminate deportment from now on! Move like the slut you’re burning to become. Slink and sway enticingly for me.”

Blubbing and blushing, Tyler tried. Bound arms inhibiting his balance, it was all he could do to stay perched on those shoes at first, especially with his goddess whipping him every other second. By the time he got to mincing and gyrating unconvincingly about Peg was already losing patience again. One particularly angry whiplash right across his unprotected crotch made the sissy cry out and topple helplessly back onto the bed in the end. He even lifted his legs and tried to roll away from her toward the center.

Fine, little virgin. If that’s what you insist upon.

Madam Peregrine delivered another four or five furious flogs to the writhing, screeching little bondage bitch before casting the whip the way of the paddle. Then while Tyler sniveled for his extinct dignity she slithered quickly out of her skimpy mini-dress.

Nude but for gloves and jewels (and her own spike-heeled shoes), Peg delved in that bag again. This time she came up with her namesake. Sliding the contoured handle-half of that ingeniously designed double dildo inside her already wetly receptive vagina left the beautifully realistic ten-inch phallic-half curving aggressively up and outward. Goddamn, Madam!

Wriggling this big pegging appendage gave her the same compulsive thrill as always. Finally another fresh cherry to pluck! Turning all beautifully nude and zealously erect on the still-whimpering sissy-bitch sprawled awkwardly on the bed, Madam Peregrine crowed with celebration at seeing the terrified realization dawning in those mascara-smeared eyes.

“Now you know why my friends all call me Peg! Don’t I wield a splendid one? I confess an addiction to using it too. But why does pretty Tyler look so scandalized? Surely you should have assumed this is the sex life to which a foolish loser like you has been indubitably doomed. Could you possibly have entertained any other heresy?”

Well, yes, he had.

Until now Tyler had been expecting a lot of painful and humiliating playacting gradually leading up to a protracted ‘happy ending’. Wasn’t that the generally accepted progression?

If Madam Peregrine didn’t intend to mount and ride his bound body, surely she’d at least have some cunt-smothering in store, then some sort of milking or ruined masturbatory performance planned after all the beating, threatening and demeaning. That’s how it went in internet videos at least...

How naïve those dreams suddenly seemed, as they were dashed against the hard black reality even now being lubed up for him. Nor was this the lone bone-thrilling horror dawning.

As serious as she clearly was about anally raping him, Tyler belatedly awakened to the equally factual actuality of his blithely-sworn enslavement. Maybe what he’d taken to be but titillating theatrics had instead been inescapable damnations! Why, wrecking his clothes and plucking his brows was portentous enough. Giving him the Catholic priest treatment could only mean ‘Peg’ wasn’t worried about any reports he might lodge with outside authorities. Too quickly even more than the worst was confirmed. All it took was some weak-kneed pleading.

“Please don’t, you can’t, I withdraw all consent, safe word, safe word, safe word!”

“Don’t be an idiot, bitch. This runt of the litter puppy is the property of its mistress now. Its eternal being was openly offered and accepted. And its days of involuntary celibacy must be as upended as the remnants of its gender!”

Dropping the tube of lube Peg climbed eagerly onto the bed with him. Arm-bound Tyler tried to squirm away, frantic as a housewife facing an uprising of mice.

“I’ll kick and I’ll bite!”

“Then I’ll split you like a gymnast and tie your legs to a broomstick. And I’ll pull out your incisors with pliers right now, rather than have it done professionally in the morning. After all, a soft-gummed suck-hole’s essential for a career of servicing anonymous cocks around the clock. In the meantime, nothing looks hotter on a freshly made-up sissy-slut than a classic black eye. Consider it an erring submissive’s badge of broken token resistance.”

Tyler was still trying to process her second threat when Madam Peregrine made good on the third. Sheathed in gleaming black latex, her hard right fist rocketed in. Socking him right on the ocular socket, she stopped his frantic scrambling cold. Stunned Tyler collapsed back in limp-limbed head-clamor. And indeed he resisted no further as his undisputed new owner piled the bed pillows next to his waist and rolled his tightly corseted form over facedown atop them. When domineering hands wrenched his stocking-clad legs nearly as widely apart as that gymnasts’ split he could only press his still-ringing head against the musty covers and cry.

Next the hands were prying his bruised and abraded butt-cheeks just as wide. Clenching himself as closed as possible was a pitiful final defense but Tyler couldn’t help himself. His mistress’ admonishment was as firm yet surprisingly gentle as the initial pressure probing at him.

“You’re still being silly, little sissy. This will be the pinnacle of your existence, losing your incel self to Madam Peregrine. You’ll treasure the memory forever, pursuing an insatiable anal craving all the while. All you have to do is subsume the old you. Let the latent slut flower in its place. Own what you are now and wallow in what fitting fulfillments remain. A slave that totally hates its fate doesn’t make it to very late in the game. So loosen up and revel in your destiny of excessive sexual receptivity!”

Well, he couldn't hold a pucker forever. Still sobbing hopelessly on, unconvinced but suddenly scared of suffering retributive tearing, Tyler tried to coerce his cringing tissues into compliance. At last his timidly virginal passage managed to relax.

"That's right," his impatient rapist cooed encouragingly. "You're going to learn to love this, the supreme expression of sissy submission. Your big black cock-goddess promises."

Wider Peg pried him. Rudely inward she invaded, an oblong wrong-prong stretching and stuffing, stabbing and shoving, excitingly slippery yet traumatically unnatural beyond imagining. Tyler did as cliché bid and bit the coverlet to stifle his piggish squeals. The tears sheeting his flushed, blush-brushed cheeks felt scalding. Long and rigidly thick, bigger than that mooted broomstick that impaling penis felt, as if it would spit him right up the gut and come out his mouth before it stopped. Yet stop it finally did, with Madam Peregrine pressed cunt-to-bung against his bottom and that agonizing occupier so squashing his insides that Tyler was getting as hard as it again despite his exquisitely ashamed misery. Feeling those commanding hands shifting to grip his hips made the little bitch wince. Shivering he did whatever he could to ready himself for the ordeal beginning. What else was left but to try to obey the exhortations of his gorgeous indomitable goddess?

"Here we go, she-male slut. Feel how it hurts you so perfectly! Pain and degrading violating from your sexual betters can be sweeter than any pleasure foresworn forever!"

'Peg' to her friends began pegging him then, drilling rhythmically out and endlessly back in.

Punitively used by all those brutishly huge intrusions Tyler bawled like a baby again. Despite his best intentions a billion years of genetics protested – at least for an amazingly elastic eon. With his wails interrupted into stutters by those relentless thudding thrusts, and his already scanty gasps repeatedly pounded out of him by savagely stabbing impacts, agony and degradation not only gripped the bitch-puppy utterly but shook him like prey between their proverbial teeth. Only after an eternity of torturous transport (and over his most strenuous inner objections) did anything in Tyler's involuntary responses finally begin to belie all that residual masculine panic.

Even as he rubbed his straining stub on the piled pillows he caught himself cocking his pummeled buttocks upward. No doubt about it, his fetish for physical punishment was being stirred. In a way the rapid slap-and-stab battering was much like that too-brief paddling only...better? The penetration-pain was so much greater, more intimate and demeaning than just being beaten. Body and psyche, it reached so damagingly deeper! And as excruciated/humiliated as he felt, Tyler wasn't so swamped with self-involvement that he couldn't recognize the surpassing intensity of Madam Peregrine's own frantic passion. As fearsomely aroused as any goddess ruling any possible pantheon could be by the exalted rite of sissy-deflowering, she made it increasingly impossible to resist being sympathetically eclipsed.

Like it or not, they were having sex (of a sort) together. And this irresistible beauty was hugely enjoying every moment! Try not to burst with pride, even if practically hogtied!

The more excitedly she panted and hammered joyous anger at him, or moaned with sensation overload, the more it flattered and yes, even gratified him as her sexual receptacle. Realizing that at some point he'd stopped crying, and was instead greeting each particularly vicious dick-thrust with an appreciative grunt, Tyler tried to pretend he was just saving his breath. But when Peg went ahead and dropped bodily atop him, anchoring his smaller form in her naked embrace so she could *really* fuck some sense into him, the new sissy found himself swiftly driven beyond denial.

Her weight pressing him to the bed, his bowed torso and shoulders encased by her cradling, her hot breath steaming his ear even as her rear-spearer gained pace and power via gravity: so many increases in intimacy! Everything thrilling about coupling with such a superior female, a Supreme Being, became magnified when their bodies were melded together. If only his buckled-up arms didn't intervene!

By the time Tyler realized he was fantasizing about taking his buggering face to face it was way too late. He was already wallowing in an urgency of pained ashamed adoration and instinctively needy fealty toward his female deity. When her rhythm and cries began climbing unmistakably toward apotheosis, he faced the escalating pain with infinitely grateful savor. His fulfillment depended so utterly upon her own...

"Yeah! Yeah! Yeah! Yeah! Yeah!"

Madam Peregrine's ecstatic chant carried him along like chaff in the wind. Her urging spurred him to spurt in splurging concert.

"Told you...you'd love it...she-male...slut! Come on...empty yucky nuts...last ever chance...cocksucking...butt-sub!"

Off into incoherency scaled those shrieks, as that maniacal battery peaked.

Tyler needed no dire prophecies. Supplying such a sublimely triumphal climax to his divine mistress was too much validation as it was.

Primal reflexes fired the right synapses and into those elevating pillows the squealing sissy spewed his puling loser's goo. AAAAHH-on and on! Yet even after such a comprehensive emptying he still relished every excruciating stab Madam Peregrine's even more extravagantly wracking orgasm rammed into his forevermore addicted ass. Again and again and again: Yes my relentless mistress, continue! All too soon this brutish heaven would be but a treasured memory...

Peg fucked her newest slut until the preening she-male couldn't get enough. And after the sissy confessed his complicity by spastically ejaculating she spent the next several hours fucking his fresh dependency ineradicably in.

Pausing only for intermittent caning and lessons in sucking and swallowing her entire gullet-plunging prick, Madam Peregrine enjoyed her latest anal conquest in nearly every position his bondage permitted. Finally she honored him unbearably by 'making love' to the swoony submissive in the perversely inverted missionary configuration.

Spread supine beneath her, pinned and pegged to the bed and plied as much with eyes and breasts as kissing and copulating, Tyler wrapped his gartered legs about her waist and gazed unalloyed adoration up at his exotic fuck-goddess throughout the most violent of femdom congress. He even writhed and twitched and produced a few pearly beads of semen again at the mutually transcendent end. Vastly gratified at how ideally his 'turning' had turned out, Peg spoke honestly when she insisted the ridiculous sissy keep his hopes up in perpetuity.

"You have proved a perfect procurement, Tyler. You may have even earned the odd night on stage or even in my bed rather than having to live out your future exclusively in a small stall and slut-kennel. Charm me with the eagerness of your suck-service and we might repeat this liaison rather than just indulge in sadistic torture all the time. Now, would you like a nightcap before I take my property home? This one undoubtedly *will* be doctored!"

Sexually defeated Tyler only opened his suck-hole obediently.

Madam Peregrine openly mixed the sedative into the last inch of liquor in the bottle and poured it all down his already professionally receptive throat. While he gazed at her dazedly she shackled his ankles together, bent his legs back and linked the cuffs' connecting chain to a ring at the tip of that leather arm-binder.

Now hogtied and blinking back encroaching oblivion, her corseted kidnapping captive resisted only feebly as Peg unrolled another black nylon duffel bag, pulled it over Tyler's undersize body and zipped him snugly inside.

By the time she had her first bag repacked, movement in that second had stilled. Her newest recruit was sedate enough not only to travel unobtrusively to his waiting slave cage but to undergo all necessary modifications on the way. Smiling widely with accomplishment, Madam Peregrine slipped back into her dress. Then she began loading up to go.

When Tyler finally recovered consciousness, it was to find that a tiny, shiny, thimble-sized chastity device now completely enclosed his entire little midget's pizzle. Worse, that titanium cage had somehow become a permanent part of him, incorporating a complex double-piercing which utterly prevented its removal, short of unmanning or mutilation. Even erection would henceforth be arrested by that metal both stretching and compressing his sexiest flesh.

Apparently pitiless Peg had meant everything she'd said: Never again would he get to shoot his goo, act the man or even play with himself. He would also die without ever feeling his penis inside a vagina. And oh cruelest owner, she'd been equally honest about his mouth!

Top and bottom, all the front teeth had been taken out.

Of course as a low-value slave he'd never eat steak again anyways – or even chicken legs. The gauntness of the others nearby made that obvious. But it was equally obvious that his mouth was meant for far lively flesh from now on. As soon as he'd healed enough that infection wouldn't threaten, Tyler was taken from his cramped little cage not for hours of more whipping, branding, stretching and various other forms of torture but to be installed in his lifelong suck-service stall.

Costumed as Goldilocks (a fitting fairy tale character), rope-tied up all fetchingly helpless and spiked on Papa Bear's giant vibrating ursine spring-loaded beast-meat, he faced up to his new career of providing an endless suck-session of forced-homo blow-jobs.

Horribly nauseating as he found fellating the genitals of better men, sissy Tyler had no choice but to learn appropriate enthusiasm. Of course any shortage of care or effort would see him hit by a fist or shock-prod. But only through flawless devotion to her divine will might any ex-incel possibly earn a promotion to a more privileged position here, and eventually maybe even find a way back into his goddess' blessed pegging bed. Until then all Tyler could do was fantasize that it was Madam Peregrine's ebony erection he was constantly being pounded against – and hope that each next suck-hole fucker's come-shot might ease his bodily needs rather than just get pumped out hot and spunky so wastefully all over his infinitely degraded face. He had to recover whatever he could of all the fluids he lost drooling!

Impaled on Our Charged Petard

I'm trying to decide on an intimidating name to use, a classic master's handle for when we get our first guilty snot-slut down here. Any unnecessary anonymity aside, my actual name (Myron Littlejohn) is as unfortunate as everything else about me. Otherwise why would I even need to prepare a super-secure secret 'seduction' cell like this in order to get laid?

Soon none of that will matter however – not my demeaning name, my delicate skeletal structure and undevelopable physique, my rat-like facial features and crooked teeth, not even my inescapable social stigma. I'll finally get the sexual expression everyone else does, that all male primates' primal needs dictate. And I'll be able to take my due with every bit of the vicious cruelty and degrading domination those haughty rejecting bitches deserve!

After a lifetime of ridicule and humiliation, it's about to be payback time! After two decades of suffering and stewing in misery together, and eighteen months of planning and purchasing, renovating and properly stocking this remarkably spacious old storm cellar, my best friend Jeff and I are just now embarking upon our lifelong quest for vengeance!

Jeff is a fellow incel. Like me he's an ostracized virgin, too unappealing to succeed in today's rigged mating game. Then there's the matter of his hateful sister Jennifer, who very early on made it her life's mission to abuse and socially sabotage us both.

Living half a mile down the road from where I was raised by my maternal grandparents, I saw both Jones children every day at the bus stop from preschool on all through the endless horrors of rural Alabama public education. Yet that was just the start. With no other neighbors for playmates Jeff and I quickly bonded. And though she openly despised me, Jennifer obviously enjoyed having an extra pathetic specimen around to beat up and bully as well.

Constantly she lurked about, always looking for a weakness to exploit. Three years our senior and as strong and tough as we were skinny-wimpy, she could easily thrash us both at once and did so at the slightest cue. Particularly fond of giving cherry-bellies, titty-twisters and especially wedgies, she had me picking free the painfully wadded underpants (or bathing suit) she'd wedged so far up my sore raw ass crack so regularly that I walked bowlegged for nearly my entire childhood. Still the endless physical tormenting was the least of it, as was the unrelenting emotional domination. Jen had even worse weapons against us.

One day when we were still too little to know better, she caught us playing with my pecker.

It was all completely innocent, perfectly natural curiosity. It was hot and humid high summer, and the game was 'cowboys and Indians'. Jeff had tied the defeated war-chief up to a backyard tree for summary execution. For some reason this helpless captivity made my thing-a-ling tingle madly and actually stand upright. It stretched up so stiffly that with a little wriggling it slipped free of my saggy swimsuit. It felt so weird, so compellingly funny! It was even funnier the way it kept springing back upright each time Jeff tried to push it back down inside for me. Of course the fun ended abruptly when Jennifer descended screaming.

"Stop that at once you filthy little faggots! That's what the hell-bound homos do to each other! You're both going to burn forever now, you sick sissies!"

Of course neither of us have grown up to share any same-sex attraction, or we wouldn't need to kidnap women, would we? That never would've mattered to Jennifer however, who never let either of us forget that day or begin to live it down.

Within weeks (and forever afterward) she spread the story everywhere, so that her friends (and eventually everyone) could join her in constantly mocking and ostracizing us.

Falsely maligned as gay in addition to being wimpy and ugly, our schooling-slash-socialization was just as miserable as our classmates could make it. Can you really blame us for responding now with vengeance and hatred? Any hopes that things might change after graduation were rapidly dashed.

Away at college I was just as radioactive socially and sexually as at home. I couldn't even get picked up with the sleaziest of dating apps. Women just instinctively shun me, mindlessly pursuing muscular, empty-headed brutes who inevitably abuse, cheat on and discard them.

How can they be so snobbishly shallow? It was all so infuriating my only consolation became commiserating online with Jeff and others of similar bent, sharing our outrage and mutually elaborating the most baroque hate-fantasies. Often we'd debate about which of us had it worse: me on campus surrounded by sneeringly off-limits snatch or Jeff stuck living lonely at home, caring for his ailing mother while his terror of a sister was thankfully off deployed with the armed forces. Either way we stayed close in spirit, until finally circumstances conspired to allow the two of us this unbelievable opportunity to make all those sadistic fantasies a reality.

First my grandparents passed away within a week of each other, leaving me not only this big old country house and property but a yearly annuity enough to both cover taxes and even live off when combined with the settlement I received from losing my own parents in a furnace leak way back when I was three. Say goodbye to getting a job and college! Anyway, Jeff's mother, already crippled by a stroke and diabetic, was unnerved enough by their deaths to move to a nursing home. Jeff had his own house as well then, except for the brief occasions when Jen might return. Since these were unpredictable and she was still so insufferable we quickly agreed we'd use my larger place to set up our long-anticipated 'seduction cell'. Besides, this deep, easily concealed storm cellar was always going to prove perfect for such a private dungeon.

"Oh this is going to be so sweet!"

I can't help cackling with evil glee now that everything's finally ready.

Storm refuge? *I'm* going to be the tornado down here now, the act of god, the unleashed force of furious nature! Check it out: Tucked into the furthest corner is the five by four by three-foot wire pet kennel where we'll be keeping each current bitch caged whenever we're not taking our vengeance-pleasure. Because the rest of this soundproofed underground is naturally devoted entirely to that righteous infliction of male retribution.

Racks of whips, canes, razors, chains, and all manner of arcane restraints vie for perimeter space with crosses, gibbets, stocks and other body mounts. In the big single room's center however is the main rack/torture table with all its clamps, cranks, retracting chains and thin supporting planks. Accompanying electrical connections and mechanical contraptions are cleverly inventive enough to make the worst turn in a dentist's (or even obstetrics) chair seem like a blissful week at the beach. From that tiny confining kennel/cell to the triple-locked trapdoor to the basement above, we've created the perfect perverted predators' paradise down here. Now all we need is that first girl.

We even have the most tender teenage target chosen, the perfect little slut-bitch to begin suffering for the sins of all her snotty sisters. Using a bunch of phony pictures and credentials, Jeff has got her tricked into thinking he's a modeling agent. He's supposed to meet her tonight – only I expect his dorky appearance will be the least of her surprises once she gets a good spray of chloroform in that pretty, pouty face. I'll be driving, and as I choose a black headsman's mask to wear, I decide to call myself Master Lance whenever we're down here.

Not that my dick is anything like threatening, but that too will soon prove moot. Casting a last grinning glance at the motorized copper monster just waiting to be activated at the base of that table, I head up the stairs, leaving the heavy-core trapdoor open and unconcealed behind me. Let nothing delay the installation of our inaugural fuck-and-torture slave! By the time I reach the first floor utility room I'm whistling a jaunty tune despite my habitual unfitness and all those steps. It's what happens next that properly stops my breath.

Out from the corner steps a figure all in khaki. Only instead of the expected Jeff it's redheaded Jen! I barely have a chance to gasp before a sudden punch to the gut drives all the air explosively out of me. Then even as I'm folding over I'm met on the point on the descending chin with an expertly delivered uppercut. Any boxer (or soldier) knows that's the knockout button, and I'm unconscious before I'm flung back onto the floor.

Groggily I recover, wincing away from the shine of savagely bright lights.

Oh, they pain my aching brain! I try to raise a shielding hand, only to discover movement of almost any kind denied.

Squinting past the glare and nerve-blare (and the insidious drip mechanism Jeff came up with!) I see in the too-familiar ceiling mirror that I'm not only right back down in my just finished dungeon. I've also been stripped and clamped to my very own torturer's rack!

Suddenly the memory of an attacking Jennifer surges back into awareness, bringing a horrified groan of realization from me. This in turn summons that female demon in all of her always so fearsome presence.

"Awake incel? Excellent – I was about to see if a few well-placed shocks would bring you around. I've only got this last electrode still to attach. The rest I've already kind of figured out. I'm assuming this biggest one is for your misogynistic tongue?"

Immediately I'm aware of the needling teeth gnawing into my nipples – and biting me all over the head and shaft of my penis! Alligator clamps trailing insulated wires are pinched onto those most erogenous spots, while other rubber-coated contacts have been pasted directly to my testicles, as well as several other sensitive muscle and nerve junctions.

A spring-loaded jaw-spreader stretches my sore mouth painfully agape, leaving me powerless to prevent my lifelong nemesis from reaching in with that last clamp. Cruelly those steel serrations sink deep into the meat of my oral organ. Giggling at my squawk of distress, Jennifer leans in closer to gloat. Crazy, all I can think about in these extreme straits is how madly erect it used to make me every time she wrestled me helpless and brutally yanked my underpants so far up my barely-pubescent ass.

"How considerate of you to prepare us such a perfect punishment prison! You might have provided me with written instructions for some of this stuff, you know. But I expect I'll figure everything out as we go. So let's make our newest reunion properly electrifying, eh my extremely naughty neighbor? Then we'll see what other kinds of kinky fun we can enjoy!"

She's as vibrant as I've ever beheld her. Blue eyes gleam like gas flames in that heavily-freckled face. An army cap with her sergeant's insignia sits atop that close cropped carrot-orange hair, and I see that though she still wears fatigue shorts, socks and combat boots, Jen has removed her uniform blouse. A skimpy black sports bra emphasizes her buffed arms and shoulders while flattening her already tiny tits into just visibly protruding nipples.

Always strongly muscled and stocky, Jen would be even more boyishly butch but for her beautifully curvy hips and butt, and the lovely feminine shape of that hard, perpetually snarling face. Seeing the tears of terror, misery and perplexity at my predicament beginning to trickle from me, Jennifer's habitual sneer deepens.

"I always adored abusing you, sissy weakling loser that you've been since birth. And you loved it too, you miniature-dick wedgie-victim. Why else did it get your infant thing so stiff all the time? Why else would you always hurry home and jerk it off afterward? We both know you did. And why else would you have prepared such a wonderful clandestine dungeon for us? Did you somehow figure out I was moving back here for good now?"

Extreme terror can inspire rare clarity.

It occurs to me that Jen's said nothing about still-expected Jeff. Maybe she doesn't realize he's involved; maybe he can still show up and rescue me! But then switches are flicked, a dial is twisted and raw voltage sizzles into me from all my most responsive spots. All thought is effaced as I shudder violently with the greatest imaginable level of bodily pain. Dimly I hear Jennifer whooping with a lusty rush of triumph. Then that agony actually escalates as she twists the main dial ever higher before finally easing the current back to a continuous low simmer.

"Boy, am I going to have fun with this! I can play you like some kind of sissy instrument! But we'll just set them all to activate randomly for now, shall we? That way you'll never know where or when, how powerfully or for how long or in how many different places at once you'll be tased. Meanwhile I can't wait to see how you take to your introduction to receptive electro-sex. What kind of loser loses his virtue to an indiscriminate robot? Let's just get you a bit more attenuated for this. Just don't let me get carried away already. We have all night, and part of me wants to shorten these chains a few inches at time until we dislocate each limb and every last vertebra in your spine!" Radiating joyous sadism Jen attacks the main crank.

With my arms pulled straight above my head and my legs widely spread, the clamps on my wrists and ankles drag at me in an expanding triangle. The stress on my shoulder and hip sockets (not to mention backbone) tears another garbled scream from me. Still Jen stretches me further, until sweat pops from every pore and even the feeblest struggles just worsen the torment. Leaving me drawn tauter than a bowstring grinning Jen moves around between my legs. Whistling with appreciation she runs a finger down the immense shaft and flared, lifelike head of the gigantic, copper-clad shock-cock positioned there on its adjustable, piston-driven armature.

"I knew you were a faggy bondage pervert since I caught you corrupting my easily susceptible baby brother. And the way you moaned and squirmed and got harder every time I yank-packed your innocent ass-crack only confirmed it. Still I find it hard to believe even you could wallow in taking *this* outrageous thing daily. But let's just see..."

It doesn't matter how wildly I shake my head and squeal, weep and use my crazed gaze to plead to be freed. My cellar usurper is truly determined to do this to me!

Of course we made the cock so abominably large to *properly* punish our little snot-sluts' cunts. I never dreamed it would have fit inside my own skinny body, which has never even been penetrated by so much as a suppository.

Thankfully Jen has at least found the tube of specially conductive lube. Though certain to dreadfully worsen every new infusion of current, at least the way she's so liberally greasing that monstrous metallic phallus should make its insertion considerably less traumatic. Or so I can only hope, as Jennifer rubs more of that grease deep into my stretched-wide-open junction. Mistaking my pained cry at yet another concentrated barrage of nipple-and-genital shocks wracking my tenderest flesh, she taunts me again.

“Yeah, you *totally* get off on anal stimulation. Wedgies were just a tease for this natural-born bitch. How many times have you begged for my brother to bugger you? I’ll be doing that personally soon too of course. I’ve always rather wanted to. But this automatic zapping-contraption of yours just demands to be experimented with, just like all the other tools, toys, weapons and devices you’ve collected here. So let’s get on with it, bitch!”

A few simple adjustments and that humungous metal head is pressed flush against me.

Already carrying the low-level base voltage of every other clip and contact (no doubt just waiting to be randomly spiked in amplitude), that cold yet buzzing-hot touch shocks me into an immediate unintended pucker. Stretched wide as I am this doesn’t do more than make me grip and suck at that rudely intruding tip. And soon enough the spasm passes. My quivering anus relaxes. Jennifer turns a far smaller crank then. And with nowhere else to go that steel-hard helmet advances inexorably inward.

Did I think I’d been suffering before? Excruciation of the most insupportable sort is rapidly surpassing all that. And the exquisitely humiliating, agonizing impalement-pain has obviously only barely begun to escalate.

I don’t care what the preening breeders claim about childbirth. This must be a billion times worse, this truly most perverse of reversals. Vastly anatomically unnatural is the inversion of my expulsive capacity, the insane invasion and occupation of my rectal cavity. Indeed the further that outrageous penetration progresses the more it defies my belief in bodily possibilities. By the time its flared shape protrudes up through my distended abdomen (and with only the first hard third of the shaft buried!) I can no longer bear to watch that encroaching cock. I quit blinking away the tears, close my eyes against the glare and just keep shrieking non-stop whenever my tongue isn’t being shocked. None of that keeps me from hearing my captor’s derisory cheering.

“Yeah, squeal little piggy! Squeal goodbye to your sissy virginity! You’re going to become the most disgusting kind of slut without ever entering a cunt or even busting a nut! And just wait ‘til I provide you with a second hot cock to suck!”

I can’t even let myself think about that threat, and the way it so closely coincides with our original intentions. In fact I can’t think at all again as that piston begins to pump, plunging its metal bludgeon suddenly all the rest of the way up into my overstuffed colon – and then almost entirely out and back in again in a relentlessly accelerating rhythm. I can only howl and shudder, with every impact tremor tearing at my overstressed skeleton, muscles and tendons.

Of course once she’s got the shock-cock started (already it’s zapped me badly from so very deeply up inside) Jen gives that main crank another turn or two. Ah, save me Jeff, anyone! Between the increased tension and that gigantic motorized ass-ramming still gaining in rapidity (not to mention the rest of the constant electro-torture) I’m appalled that I’m able survive such abuse still aware and intact. Yet Jen isn’t near satisfied. Indeed she seems beside herself with glee with each finding and activating of an additional element to Jeff’s and my sadistic design.

“Look at this! These spinning flywheel whips are adjustable too! Six of them! Leather bootlaces, they look like. Where would you like them positioned? Which bits of you are most receptive to endless automated flogging?”

Belly, armpit, flank, the insides of each thigh and across my neck and clavicle are quickly subjected to the continuous lashing of leather flails. Moving with the blur of fan blades these whips begin to redden me instantly. Instinctively attempting to squirm away exacerbates the agony of my stretching, especially after Jen gives the crank another incremental turn or two before moving on to examine Jeff’s clever overhead drip mechanism.

Soon she has this randomly spattering my face and body with either icy cold or scalding drops of water. Once she's secured my head in its own adjustable clamp I can do nothing to avoid these at all, to say nothing of the glaring hot lights that Jen focuses closer right in on me. At last she checks that the monstrous shock-cock is now pounding into me at top speed, and sets it to inject a fresh spurting of that hot conductive lube into me with each thousandth thrust. With that bit of requisite kindness my neighbor inadvertently provides me the tiniest sliver of hope to go with my myriad forms of concurrent torture.

"Okay, I'd say we're well underway! So sorry about this so soon after we've just started, but I've got to leave you alone for a while now.

"I know the fun's just begun, but I need my own big erection if we're going to enjoy some more personal intercourse. Plus I have a few unavoidable retirement-related things to see to before we can settle into our first extended domination session.

"So be patient, bitch! Pervert-severe until I return and maybe I'll replace that tongue-shocker with something more rewarding for you to suck on!"

The stairs creak, the trapdoor slams and she's gone. I didn't hear any of the locks click though... Come on Jeff, where the hell are you? If ever I needed you it's now buddy of mine...

The ensuing hours erode like eons.

Plenty of chance to reflect, you'd guess. Like how could she possibly do this to me? How could any human being even *conceive* of hurting another so fiendishly? Of course as the designer of my own destiny you can call this justice if you must. The physical inflictions are horrific enough. Yet I never suspected the intensity of the mental element, the way desperation under such duress can affect the perceptions. When I manage to cogitate coherently at all I call this the Battling of the Addling Agonies.

Each simultaneous affliction fights to seize the greatest share of my awareness. The baking heat and blinding white glare of the tanning lamps, the erratically patterned scalding and freezing dripping-trickling, the incredible musculoskeletal tension (which increasingly inhibits my breathing) and those blurred bootlaces insistently whipping the same six places all vie for dominance all of the time.

Just as relentlessly unending and far more rampantly demanding is the mechanical prick-ram always brutally battering into my skinny body's horribly bored-wide, ultimately most vulnerable portal. The distended lips and tendons in my wedged-wide mandible can't begin to compare, nor can the steel teeth buried deep into all my most sensitive meat. Only the way the electricity surges into me so unpredictably (though way too often all at once and all at maximum to be just random) can really compete for the most maddening sensory attack and that only intermittently. At least the superhuman piston-driven prison rape proceeds with machine precision. Indeed the only way to reliably track the evening's geologically slow passage is by the periodic hot injection meant to greasily ease that manic metallic asshole-stabbing – while also amping up the accompanying current's savagery. Still any attempt to anchor onto reality by keeping track of robotic come-shots is futile. The longer I shudder under that gigantic shock-cock and all the multiple other assaults that Jeff and I so unconscionably concocted, the more sheer delirium has its disorienting way with me. I might as well be counting illusory sheep.

Oh, thank heavens, Jeff! Again and again in my extremis I picture him descending the stairs, only he's never really there. Closer and closer my partner approaches before always fading away just short of saving me. Sometimes it seems we hold whole conversations, all to no avail.

Plagued as much by these betraying phantoms as the claustrophobic implacability of my bondage, emotional anguish joins terror of the future to madden and torment me as horribly psychologically as the table's contraptions do bodily. Heaven help me, I even begin to pine for and hallucinate the return of my eternal bully. How long does cruel Jen intend to be gone, and what if something happens to prevent her from ever making it back?

Thus I suffer for a truly interminable, unendurable interval. I could no more estimate the time frame than if I'd gobbled an ounce of peyote. Nor am I quick to credit the reality of my 'BFF' Jeff when he finally *does* so belatedly arrive.

Nearly blinded by pupillary constriction, I'm abruptly aware of his unusually somber face looming up from the blurry beyond. Could he really be rescuing me at last? Did he sneak down here unobserved? Could I be so cluelessly deluded as to try and shout a warning to him upon suddenly recognizing deadly Jen too appearing just behind him? I confess to the idiotic impulse. Then I see my supposed savoir is dressed in only a simple, roughly-woven robe – and that he appears to have his hands somehow restrained behind him.

More than somber, Jeff looks positively grim. I can see him trying to remain expressionless as his big sister drags him by the arm right up close to our busily whipping, dripping, fucking and shocking stretching table. What's going on here? The undisputed substance of them is only confirmed for me when Jennifer re-adjusts a whip that has already flailed my side bloody. Yet hardly does the dread femme regard me. Instead she sternly instructs her meek little brother in a manner that's lost none of its efficacy since the playpen. I hardly have time to mourn the loss of my last illusory hope before I'm learning that horrors galore (and more) remain in store.

"Get a good taste of the fate you're escaping.

"Remember Jeffery, break the vows you've just taken, disobey me in any way, and you can take your inaugural turn on the table next. By the time you come off it I'll have an identical cage waiting for you right beside your butt-buddy's! Behave yourself until the monks come for you at dawn though and I'll consider forgiving your intended sins. You may even get that teeny weenie wet for the first and final time..."

To my eternal gratitude Jen casually flicks a few switches.

The shock-cock stops bludgeoning away at my agonized insides and withdraws. All electrocution halts and even the overhead drips quit. The lights are dimmed back. Still the whipping continues, but all flails are shifted to assail fresh stretches of flesh. Finally after a bit of beginner's fumbling Jen gets the extension mechanism to spread my arms apart so she can tip my tightly clamped head considerably back. Removing the tongue clip and jaw-spreader actually makes my heart swell absurdly with renewed gratitude toward my torturer – until Jen turns the very worst of our past back upon us.

"You I promised to begin pegging personally Myron, once your own robot had you good and broken in. Do you see the size of the bull-dyke's military-inspired strap-on vibrator I've devised with you in mind? And do you remember my offer of a second hot cock to suck on? I'm going to prove the truth about you two once and for all before you never see each other again!"

With a few brusque tugs Jennifer yanks open the front of Jeff's robe. Even as she's switching on and stroking her own enormous organ she exposes her 'baby' brother's runty stub. After the obligatory scorning laughter, she gives him a peremptory shove.

“Get over there. You know where. Right where you each planned to be while the other ran the electro-fucking machine. If Myron doesn’t have your gonads in his mouth by the time I’m lubed up and ready to rape him raw, the deal you made to escape the same fate is off!”

I can’t blame the way Jeff hurries over to me. If I could switch places by victimizing him I’d take it in an instant. Nor can I fault his hygiene. We both shaved and bathed for this momentous evening. My only complaint is that my good old BFF Jeff is already more than halfway erect as he straddles my clamped-helpless head.

What the hell? And when I close my mouth up tight and wince involuntarily he smacks me repeatedly, the violence quickly bringing him fully rigid.

The way he then forces himself upon me until it’s open up and accept that whole intruding scrotum or smother under his stinky asshole seems excessive too. He even makes the tiniest satisfied grunt when at last I surrender all dignity and begin to suck on that disgusting, cheek-bulging mouthful of nuts. Damn, dude, that just seems to validate all those sneering ‘queer’ smears. Of course Jennifer’s crowing so already.

“There you go, fag-boys! Enjoy the telltale teabag tease! Eventually I want to see you suck each other completely off, like you’ve always secretly dreamed. You, sissy boy on the bottom, the sooner I see you getting erect as well, the sooner those alligators stop chomping into your own timid little tidbit. As for you, Jeffery Jones, as soon as I begin banging this bitch full-bore, you start force-feeding his ugly, cocksucker’s face every limited inch, you hear me?”

And so the next thing I know a hotly vibrating fuck-bludgeon, marginally smaller than before but far more wickedly ridged, is driving viciously in, picking up right where that copper shock-monster just stopped. And then my best friend since the playpen, my super-trusted confidant in crime, is pitilessly pushing his unabashedly aroused erection deep into my mouth.

Jennifer’s victorious mirth bursts free exuberantly.

“That’s what I want to see! That repressed quest’s been tormenting you both ever since I stopped you before you got to it! Suck that nubbin now for all those years you missed, and for all the decades of celibacy ahead! Fellate your belated cock-master goodbye, little Myron. And say you love it to a lifetime of anal and oral rape!

“You’ll never be involuntarily celibate again, even if your own robot does the majority of the damaging rampage. Shouldn’t you learn to appreciate and prefer being personally pegged by your prisoner? Consider the matter while you learn how to properly swallow!”

I’m gagging and salivating badly here all right.

Even as rigid as he is, Jeff’s barely big enough to reach my uvula. Still the way his insistent glans nudges and rubs on this triggers as much physical rejection as genetic rebellion.

Every iota of me writhes with wild revulsion; it’s all I can do not to chomp off that choking intrusion and spit it out spouting. But then from just pressing flush against my tightly restrained face, way too eager Jeff suddenly begins pumping that pungent penis pitilessly into me.

Now it’s all I can do not to puke. Still for some reason I purse up a proper lip cushion and curl a cradle with my tongue, and as froth begins drizzling out of my upside-down mouth I have to slurp at this a bit or drown. To distract from these travails I take refuge as directed, and by the only available method. I try to block out what’s going on with my sloppy mouth and concentrate instead on all the ways it’s far better to be raped by my admittedly butch neighbor than by a gigantic copper electrocution cock.

My sexual superior's organ may vibrate angrily as it hammers demandingly into me. But it doesn't burn nonstop. Nor does it constantly jolt my colon with lightning bolts of voltage. It may be thick and ribbed with corrugations for its entire length. But that beats the even wider flare of a metal helmet-rim. And of course compared to copper the hard rubber covering Jen's organ of vengeance is almost sweetly yielding. Yet none of that says anything about the crucial nuances that distinguish how those formidable pricks are wielded.

What a difference I'm about to discover!

Mechanical speed and regularity make for a soulless experience, to say the least. Sadistically inspired animal passion on the other hand brings an emotional component that somehow changes everything. Even a derisory hate-raping represents a closer interpersonal connection than I've ever known, and a first chance for sexual expression at anyone's hand but my own.

Her least touch exalts. The clutch of her pitiless grip grows exhilarating; Jen's warrior strength is suddenly as exciting as her gasped exhortations, or the occasional encouraging smack on the flank. In place of Jeff's genitals I can smell her musk in memory. An overpowering surge of nostalgia flushes me all hot and tingly until I almost swoon with epiphany.

All those times being wrestled down and wedgie'd were literally child's play paving the way. Now the same kind of involuntary arousal galvanizes me; the forgotten victimization complex my dominator instilled over all those formative years reemerges with grown-up potency. And it seems that indeed a shameful craving for painful anal stimulation was also inculcated in me, at least whenever my old wedgie-bully is personally involved.

Despite the accumulative agony that she ecstatically hammers into me, the sexual subjugation involved invaluable validates the basest nature of our relationship. From gratitude at her mere return I feel a dog-like devotion begin to grow toward this omnipotent new owner and deliciously vicious bitch-mistress.

The more she so intimately gores me for her wanton enjoyment, the more I feel the need to please her even further. To do anything to degrade/ingratiate myself. And already I must be acting on this. Because not only have I somehow grown as ridiculously erect as her childhood abuse used to make me (and then some). Suddenly I realize I'm slavishly tonguing and sucking at the hot flesh fuck-prod still slipping so sloppily-swiftly through my now possessively gripping lips. My moans have also changed tone, as Jen is so quick to gloatingly note.

"You see! Look at the sissy suck on cock! Listen to little Myron moan as he takes home a double-dose of Jones bone! Well, I promised the clamps could come off. And Jeffrey, you promised to obey me in everything. Lean over forward now and use your teeth to free all those alligator fangs. Then *you* can play the fag, and return Lady Fellatio's favor!"

I can't see and for some reason Jeff doesn't talk. But it seems he must surely balk. Jen shifts a few whips out of the way and then pulls him by the bound arm to topple helplessly forward.

Both of us almost lose our breath as I take his entire weight. Only my throat-full of randy manhood stops my own explosive expulsion. And only a moment do we even have to gasp and groan, as gravity sweat-melts our inverted torsos together. Then by the sound of Jeff's choked sobs and the feel of his cuffed struggles I know the hands that have abandoned my hips have taken control of my old buddy's skull.

She must guide him on from that point or something. For at last a succession of freshly stinging agonies frees my penis to truly swell up and scream. We all know what's expected next, naturally. Jen compels my repelled friend to lick my stiffness soothingly all over for several minutes before performing the same sort of shameless oral sodomy we'd each expected to be getting from our prospective captive slut by about now.

Speaking of sodomy, once she's force-fed her brother the same rod-swallowing expertise as me, Jen uses that big bull-dyke's bludgeon of hers to reestablish our now-tripartite rhythm. And though the only sibling-touching involves big sister's powerful arms now anchoring those absolutely rampant impalements by simultaneously shoving baby brother's head roughly down again and again onto his wholly deserving friend's pulsating appendage, there is nevertheless a titillating hint of incest worsening the already galling perversion of all this. Still Jeff obeys her urging (and maybe his own urges) and willingly resumes brutally fucking back against my still generously receptive oral opening once he recovers the capability. Soon enough they're going at me in an instinctively syncopated family tandem

Stretched spread-eagled in excruciating distension, still taking a couple flailing whips, I gradually recede at that point in the evening into a kind of indeterminate servile transport. So horribly torturous were the hours before that this alternate sensation-gorging begins to transform into the most glorious orgy. Even the strain-pain of attenuation-bondage and the extremity of my forced-homo humiliation begin to turn me on. Rather than wonder further how Jennifer ever preempted our plans, or dare to imagine any sentient existence ahead, why not just learn to accept or even savor whatever meager reward each individual moment might bring forth? I was in no position to aim any higher after all.

And so amidst unfathomable abuse a paradoxically blissful oblivion descends. Because amidst all my combined agonies I'm also finally finding out how incredible it feels to have my erect penis inside someone else. To have that urgent organ suckled and serviced and then drilled rhythmically into a wet, warm orifice soon proves worth almost any amount of compensatory suffering – even if this involves another man, one who's long been closer than a brother. I confess I can only withstand the ecstasy for a relative eternity.

However long it takes for Jennifer to fuck her way to her first orgasm with such unworthy incels (an hour? two?), her inevitable escalation toward transcendence proves too contagious to refuse. Her increased speed and primal screams of release trigger me as surely as the force with which I'm being forced upon frantically slurping Jeffrey.

From my center through every distended extremity runs a premonitory tremor. Then out my hot spunk pumps, from my balls to my old buddy's belly in just a few supremely demeaning if inexpressibly precious seconds. I say that last particularly in light of what quickly follows.

As soon as her wracking throe passes, Jen stops forcing her brother's oral performance. She withdraws from my so badly ravaged cavity. Though he hasn't spurted into me in return, she helps her handcuffed brother back upright. He's whimpering, retching and only half-hard after his forced ingestion ordeal. Yet upon recovering he keeps pumping that repudiation into my still-insatiable sucking as directed.

"That's right baby brother. Fuck your playmate's ugly face until you return the spermy favor, even if takes all night. Starting tomorrow your vow of non-service-related chastity kicks permanently in. As for this other intended kidnapper, rapist and killer however, his lifetime sentence of impotence is upon him this very minute!"

Some kind of steel band is fitted about the base of my sticky flaccidity. Jagged teeth line the inside. I hear/feel an ominous click and know without being told that *my* eternal chastity isn't being trusted to any vow, but to some insidiously designed device. *Just* when I learn to love getting fucked, every future attempt to erect will bring only more horrible torture for me!

Jen's laughter is as educative as the lecture she delivers to her brother. My still continuously fucked fellator's face burns redder by the second.

"Look on that collar and count your blessings, little brother! It won't be nearly so bad, joining a severe religious order. These foreign monks still practice flagellation of course. And taking a vow of celibacy doesn't preclude you from servicing the organs of all your superiors on demand. It just means no one can ever service yours. Plus you can still masturbate, if you don't mind being caned whenever you're caught. Anyway, I think you'll find your vow of silence far harder to endure. You always did talk – and text – way too much.

"You little idiot, you never considered I might have guessed your password long ago? I've been monitoring your conversations all along. The only reason I didn't alert the FBI was because I didn't believe you were evil enough to actually carry out your sadistic schemes. And if it turned out that you were, I didn't want the family name besmirched – or for you to suffer insufficiently for such sinning. So I devised my own sentence for your shared perverted intentions. When you proved your guilt tonight I stepped in to administer it. Accept this justice and repent, both of you.

"Of course Myron must remain here forever, so his resources can be seized to finance my private supervising. Once I've sold our old place and you're safely locked up overseas I can move in here permanently, and take up torturing this sordid scheme's mastermind fulltime.

"Really, after all your ingenious industry, how could we let this splendid secret fuck-dungeon go to waste? So whenever life in the monastery seems too demanding Jeffery, just remember how your cocksucking partner is enduring to the end exactly what you intended for any number of innocent women! Only by my mercy and your obedience are you escaping the same. Also, since you're never going to see the deviant who got you into all this again, I'd advise you to ejaculate in his mouth and all over his face as many times as you can before they come for you at dawn. It's the last chance for penetrative sex you'll ever get!"

No longer half-limp, Jeff groans angrily as he begins driving ever more aggressively into me. Jen is moving the electro-cock back up and already contemplating what brand to first apply to my whipped-raw hide. Already we're overdue to turn the big crank another time or two. So how much longer could it possibly be until dawn, and I'm at last crammed into that cramped little pet cage for the first of the rest of my days?

Amanda's Mantra

I'm nude in the bathroom, completing my hurried hygiene – by myself for once, or so I stupidly assume. Pitifully skinny and abnormally short for a guy, I see a disquieting movement in the mirror behind me. So much for privacy. Say hello to my considerably older, much huger wife looming into view.

She's shed her clothing too – and ominously switched into a skimpy robe that accentuates her remarkably big-boned (and big-muscled) frame, and the even bigger curves that so gloriously round it all out.

There's no opportunity to do more than feel guilty. Powerful arms the size of my thighs envelop me from behind, crushing me into that surfeit of warm, womanly flesh/scent. Demandingly randy Mandy growls possessively down, moistening my helpless ear. The heat of her exhalation makes me shiver and go weak.

"All clean and empty, baby? How ideal! So glad I decided to stay in tonight. It's past time I got my jollies alone at home for once."

Big enough to palm my close-shorn cranium, one massive hand gropes my freshly-shaved groin. Fingers that can pulverize walnuts palpate the balls that bulge about the thick ring binding their base. Judiciously their claimant squeezes these ever-swelling testes, simultaneously thumb-rubbing the transparent cap almost completely encasing the ridiculously diminutive insult of my downright infantile endowment.

Significantly my giant wife shakes this blatantly shameful stigma, and the attached brass padlock *clicks* and *clacks* against that snug silicone chastity device, inescapably in place since our nuptial date. Brawny Mandy tugs the whole implacable contraption with maximal satisfaction, wrenching my gaunt abdomen all about and making my entire crotch throb with a familiarly miserable, absolutely maddeningly futile agony. When oh when will she *ever* condescend to employ that tiny key twinkling so tauntingly from her belly-button ring?

"Would you enjoy such precious fidelity, husband? Dare to care to try to satisfy me by yourself this time, so I don't have to openly cuckold you for once?"

"You know what I mean: leave you here writhing all tied up and pining, waiting and wondering who it is I might be fucking, or whether I'll be bringing them back with me to do right in front of you, maybe even share their throbbing rods and gooey spew? Should Mummy just stay home and fuck her sissy little hubby-baby instead?"

How would *you* respond, especially while having your locked-up cock constantly fondled?

"I'd love that more than anything, my beautifully brutish darling. Particularly if it meant I might get to use my own pitifully inexperienced equipment for once. Can't I *please* have my captive manliness freed, or maybe even my badly backed-up sacs emptied?"

My whiny plea turns into a gagging gasp of agony as 'Mummy' promptly pulps those bloated balls. Only the security of her whole-body-grapple keeps me from collapsing.

"How dare you even *ask* about that, you impudent, imprudent impotent!"

"Your vanishing 'manliness' is banished and vanquished, arrested and imprisoned in its infamous infancy. Never have I seen *anything* so contemptibly teensy! What have I told you to repeat over and over again since we first saw each other without any clothing?"

Blubbering babyishly as my face blazes shame, I deliver our marriage's most adamant mantra, using the singsong falsetto so cruelly trained into me:

"Baby's cock rocks Mummy's lock,
Yucky cuck's just lucky to suck!"

My wife's harsh snarl turns to an approving purr at this.

"That's right yucky-cuck, my lucky locked-cock sucker. You are who you are, who you've always been and who you'll always be. No pico-penis of that tiny-child size can ever be allowed any grown-up joys. Only punishing frustration and pain until it gives up and atrophies entirely away, shriveling back into an insignificant sissy-clit. So embrace your anatomically-determined destiny wholeheartedly!

"However, since I'm not currently putting horns on you, who knows what other wonders might soon ensue? Maybe this tiniest of undeveloped appendages will experience some seminal miracle too." She gives it one last rough tug or two. "In the meantime, let's get your sissy timidity into my bed. *Proper* cocks need satisfying hourly."

That should sound confounding, coming from such a lovely, lushly voluptuous knockout with such generous breasts, such hourglass hips and ass. Look at that thick shiny hair, those vibrant blue eyes and cute little dimples! What could such a quintessentially feminine archetype of the timeless mature fertility figure possibly have to boast about in the penis arena?

Way too much to accept easily. Imagine my staggered chagrin on that unforgettable honeymoon, when I learned that my ultra-controlling if gorgeous new wife-for-life was in fact a hugely hung hermaphrodite!

Apparently intersex people aren't just a media myth, or the result of surgical theurgy. It can actually happen naturally. Amanda claims she was born with both male and female genitals, this despite always otherwise presenting and identifying entirely as a super-sexy plus-size woman – albeit one an amazing six foot-four in height. And woe to silly naïve me, because there was little doubt from that first appalled seeing about which organ's use this thirty-three year-old behemoth preferred – the one so menacingly big it's truly absurd.

Now over eight months into this permanently codependent relationship, I know better than to raise even the gentlest protest. After all she's over a dozen years older, a dozen inches taller, twice my weight and utterly without compunction or restraint...

Released from that enveloping clench I hurry resigned (yet hatefully excited) to the at-least-currently-empty giant-size master bed. Trembling all over, I continue to count my blessings, somehow holding that sick mix of anticipatory terror/lust barely at bay.

At least Amanda isn't outrageously feminizing me first, with all that lingerie and makeup, ribbons and perfume and high-heeled shoes and everything, or using her bullying slaps and fists, her crops, canes or whips to revel in her sadistic sport of 'softening me up' beforehand.

Hopefully she won't be choking me so ruthlessly either – I don't see any of her favorite ligatures lying handy nearby. She's not even chaining me in place this time, much less breaking out all her clamps and cables, plugs and probes and other internal and external electrocution equipment. Tonight seems as consensual as it gets, for which I'm indeed exceedingly grateful. I've barely recovered from our last bout of orgiastic bdsm madness...

Upon crawling to the middle of that vast feather mattress I crouch kneeling, my heart hammering in my narrow, hairless chest. Every rib is tightly limned by extensively decorated

skin; scars old and new overlap the yellow and blue of innumerable bruises. There are even a few declamatory tattoos; brands are significantly elsewhere.

Tiny nipples stiff, I'm rippling with waves of gooseflesh. Despite the fear that slicks my palms, my mouth is not cottony but suddenly awash with want. Squirming around a knot of conflicted arousal I face up to Mandy's shadowy bulk as it moves in, eclipsing the bedroom, house and all the world beyond. Her robe opens and drops before she's even properly atop me. As always I catch my breath, paralyzed by intimidated incredulity.

That gorgeous face, that voluptuous waist; such incredibly heavenly milk-makers! Everything about her so heavily resplendent of the fecund feminine – except for that impossibly imposing, constantly confounding cock!

Apparently Amanda's testes never dropped; she has no scrotum. Sealed inside her abdomen, those hidden gonads generate so much influence they *must* have contributed to the development of such a rigidly prodigious penis.

Or hell, maybe it's just commensurate with the statuesque rest of her.

More than a good foot long when erect like this, Mummy's fantastic phallus is bigger around than my admittedly wimpy arm! And while the vaginal opening below is infertile and less than optimally responsive, there's nothing at all wrong with the look or function of that fleshy immensity. I've learned that truth too thoroughly by now! Still desperation drives me to try beguiling my unblushing bride one more time...

"I know you prefer for me to nurse first, to hungrily suckle at your Mummy-jugs. And for me to gurgle and squirm in your big cuddling hug like the baby you unfortunately can't bear. (And honestly, all that damn diapering, and leaving me tied up stinky-squishy for hours before my ritual cleaning, spanking and powdering – yucky indeed, Mummy!) But barren or not, why don't I make love to your wonderfully welcoming womanhood for once?"

"You know you always enjoy it, whenever you ride my face or even let me personally service that exquisite pussy, whether with my lips and tongue, my fingers, then all those vibrators, dildos and other toys... Remember when I wore the big strap-on that time? Or maybe we could even try for another kind of miracle, by actually using my virginal male vestige to *attempt* impregnation?"

Not unexpectedly, that huge hand swoops swiftly in and bitch-slaps me silly – hard enough so that I see an explosion of stars, but not so violently that I'm knocked over or off the bed and across the damn room. In response I throb more hotly yet, my cheek at least allowed to puff and swell right up. Thank heavens I haven't wrecked the mood for us. Mandy's voice remains indulgently amused.

"You are the most *persistent* little sissy!"

Her fingers twiddle the key at her navel, making me catch my breath again with insane hope before they leave it dangling there from its ring to begin stroking that lordly engorgement up even larger and harder. "Repent and repeat your mantra, infant-dick!"

This time the shame burns in that caged pain even worse than my enflamed face. I have to pause to swallow to keep from drooling when I open my all-too eager suck machine.

"Baby's cock rocks Mummy's lock,
Yucky cuck's just lucky to suck!"

"Are you my yucky, lucky cuck, sucker?"

"Yes Mummy. All four words refer unmistakably to me."

“And do you have the teensy wee-wee of an infant, a naughty, filthy little boy-baby?”

“Yes I do, Mummy. My tinky-winky is shrinkingly, unthinkably dinky.”

“Then quit trying to act like a goddamn man. It’s more pathetic by the second. You are something abysmally less. You are my itty-bitty baby-replacement, my living bondage-and-torture toy, my chore-and-body slave and my wimpy-impotent sissy-slut sexual receptacle. That is all you will ever be to me, except perhaps a boot-licker, human toilet and eventual accidental-or-not asphyxiation victim. And you treasure every bit of this redemption of your otherwise meritless existence. That’s why you signed over your entire fortune, and agreed to be submissively mated to me for all of eternity.

“Now shut up and suck your Mummy’s eager meat/need. Get me good and hard and wet and ready, slickened for friction and rigid for extended hours of brutal use. I’m deigning to have solitary sex with you, lucky-cuck sucker of my monstrous/miraculous johnson! Now stimulate me most obsequiously!”

Yet again I cope with the inevitable by counting my blessings.

At least it’s an erection I know and trust, and not the kind of anonymous flesh-bludgeon I’m so relentlessly subjected to most nights.

On the other hand, few of even her preferred bikers and bodybuilders can boast the size and stamina three hundred-pound Mandy commands. In any case I’m already over my expected rejection, and avidly up for the challenge at hand. Still I take a second to quickly pant/incant that mantra.

“Baby’s cock rocks Mummy’s lock,
Yucky cuck’s just lucky to suck!”

Protests and excuses now moot or useless, explicitly ordered into action, I let the shameless sissy frenzy overwhelm me then. If subservient sex is all I’m worth, let me (swallow) wallow in the worst I can endure!

Mandy had all my front teeth removed, since it was impossible to fit her monstrosity safely through them otherwise. So there’s no need or reason now to restrain my voracious engulfment. Though my jaws creak wide I fit that hot thickness inside, the slaver now spattering everywhere in my lust. Stuffed up I suck, oh I suck and suck and suck in every sense of the expression! The harder my own man-agony throbs, the more slavishly I try to satisfy the huge organ that truly rules me. Every grunt of enjoyment, even gasp of Mandy’s ecstasy as her plum rubs through my gums sends a thrill of self-esteem through me, something otherwise utterly absent from my experience. Each such validation-gasm propels me to service her with further fervor, until strings of spit swing from my chin with my bobbing attempts to take ever more of her in.

At last randy Mandy just grabs me. Huge hands palm my skull like a volleyball. Then my most urgent efforts become superfluous as she forces her way all the way inside. Oh, I can feel my esophagus stretching like one of her stockings as she thrusts one of those unbelievably meaty legs in up to the thigh. Of course it’s only her seemingly horse-sized boner occupying my upper body, but it’s a violation that takes quite some getting used to regardless.

Any overreaction can doom one to death by puking. Luckily by now I’ve mastered going submissively limp in her grasp, and just inertly allowing that huge, choking intrusion to plow violently in and out of me for however long it must before pumping out its defiling flood of come. In truth I’ve even come to love being ruthlessly gullet-plumbed thus, though it’s impossible to admit to myself before or afterward. Tonight my hermaphrodite wife only plunger-

fucks my esophagus long enough to bring her own feverish need up to ramming speed. Then she shoves me gasping flat on my back to the mattress.

“You can have the slut-load later. Lift and spread out for mounting, baby. Present your tenderest entry. Mummy has to use her hubby like a bitch-sow in heat now. So take my raping seed/need ever deeper and squeal with glee, my stuck young piggy. We both know this is the highlight of your life, even better than sucking my rampant erection off...”

Oh but it hurts so!

Lying supine with my heels above my ears, folded upward at the waist I feel miniscule indeed, dwarfed by the fearsome behemoth coming into me.

If not for all of the enemas, electro-plugs, inflatable inserts and even indiscriminant fists I must regularly submit to, this biggest of hard hot erections would be irreparably ripping apart my sphincter. (Personally I suspect my baby-pining Mummy is determined to at least loosen this to the point that I must be diapered full-time.) As it is, with only my drool for lube the savagery of the agony is just as huge, and I squeal indeed as she drives uncompromisingly all of the way inside me.

“Yeah baby, nothing like prying wide a tight young boy-cunt! Now let’s just see how extremely deeply we can drill into it!”

Experience says it depends on the position – though determination works fine for a while. In and out, slow and sedate then a rapidly rampant stab-hammering – how long does it go on, this endless cycling between spearing speeds? Who cares? Hours at least it seems. Eventually one huge hand encircles my scrawny neck, yet doesn’t truly choke me – yet.

Mandy just leans forward now as she fucks me, her weight compressing my windpipe ‘til I wheeze appeasingly. Otherwise she merely holds me immobile, pinned against the accelerating power-pounding of her prodigious prick and body. Panting down, ramming in and reaming me out, she exercises her marital rights with limitless vigor and infectiously smug delight.

“I tell you, married sex is still the best sex, especially with a properly appreciative partner! I can see us wallowing in this fifty years from now!”

Gorgeous as any goddess, hot as she is dominant, who could consider resisting her will? And as she has her splendidly omnipotent way with me, do I covertly yearn my hurting urgency upwards, perversely adoring this torturous ordeal, masochistically reveling in however incredibly long it continues to go on, as submissively thrilled by brutal bitch-boy-usage as Amanda constantly accuses me of being?

Well why the hell not?

What else is left for me in this genetically blighted life? My teensy-weensy pee-pee shrieking ceaselessly in its ultra-compacted agony, I take the only erotic outlet available to a sissy-slut yucky-cuck who’s just lucky to suck – and to occasionally get fabulously Mummy-fucked. I accept and even treasure whatever fleshy blessings happen to come my way. And once again, this loving congress is immeasurably better than having her hairy stinky bi-men rudely using my tied-up body for their sick fun or angry revenge...

Especially when my lusty wife finishes that first interminable missionary-sex session by falling forward atop me. Now’s the primal time! Clamping my throat in both huge hands Amanda chokes and fucks me furiously right to the brink of euphoric asphyxia.

Like when she ass-buries or titty-smothers me but so much better, this throttling violence fulfills my secret victimization-need with an exhilaration nearly intolerable in its intensity. Oh, rampantly hammering Mandy rams me right to the brink of extinction it feels like before finally pulling out, letting go and effortlessly flipping me over, onto my belly.

Actually I'm rolled gasping atop a large round bolster already covered by a towel. Then with my behind raised up high and my face pressing the bed we begin again, though now with a truly blessed method to this miraculous goddess' madness.

So expertly does my wife know our disparate bodies that she can manipulate me to practically any end. Now she carefully alters the angle with which she drives that giant boner inside, until it both presses and slides along the vulnerable bulb of my prostate.

Every vicious stab into my ass then not only reaches seriously deeper, and turns me on so much more horribly. Eventually that relentless pressure seems to literally squeeze the backed-up bloot of semen from me. Though no orgasm or ejaculation happens, at the height of my pegged-piggy delirium I can feel hot thick liquid seeping through the pee-hole in that damnably tight chastity device.

I know we'll find a puddle of loser's spew under me afterward too – the seminal miracle that Mandy prophesied, the emptying of my testes without need for that key. Hooray for me. Yet even in my state of deep erotic derangement I briefly want to weep. So keen is the loss I feel for my captive climactic capacity that a sliver of despair lacerates my transcendent spirit even in my moment of greatest reward. Divine Mandy rescues me however.

Sensing my emptying, she throws all subtleties aside in pursuit of her own extravagant gratification. And the deep-spearing abandon she pours into pounding me puts even her preceding extreme violence to shame. I have no leeway for emotional weakness here, and can only bite the coverlet and cling to grim endurance until I hear the telltale hitching of my wife's labored breathing.

Which will it be this time?

Pulling out again, to flip me back around and finish plunging down my gullet and mouth? A pungent injection straight to the craving belly, or a defiling if wasteful baptismal all over my worshipful face? Alas it seems neither treat is in store for me. Amanda merely means to pump her hermaphrodite come as deeply inside my accumulating ass-agony as her ravaging savagery can manage. No doubt she has the means at hand to keep me from leaking on the sheets...

Indeed. After hours of grueling sodomy and an orgasm feral in its ferocity Amanda drops gasping atop me. Crushed breathless I can only struggle to recover as well, until my enormous spouse at last pulls out. Even as she rises however comes the admonition I've been dreading.

"Don't you move from that towel, filthy baby. Just because Mummy doesn't have company doesn't mean you can soil her sheets – or keep her up all night with your fussing. Hold still for your diapering and then it's straight into the crib with you!"

Super-absorbent diapers, tight plastic continence panties seal me away for maybe days. The only way I can fit into the cramped bedside crib (usually my caged voyeur's vantage) is strictly hogtied, with all four limbs bound together all folded up behind me. Once I'm settled into my waterproof bedding, a gaily flower-patterned bonnet is pulled over my head. It can't be tied under my chin yet though...

"Open your mouth for your binky, baby."

The hot pink pacifier she pushes in is shaped like the head of a cock and big as the average ball-gag. Once this is buckled firmly in and the bonnet secured, Mummy pets my head dotingly as she pulls up a matching blanket.

"Tonight was exciting. I enjoyed your enjoyment. I'm going to give you a good full bottle of formula in the morning – laced with laxative if I have to. But I'm not changing or untying you until after you do a serious number two for me. So be an obedient little infant-dick until then!"

That could be a long time away, especially without any solid food. I'm probably going get the itchiest rash – punishment for using the toilet like a big boy tonight, all by myself.

Determined not to blubber and spread snot around too, I squirm painfully over onto my side. Damn, those ropes are extra-tight tonight! Through the bars of the crib I watch my glorious wife settle in for repose. Once she douses the lights (without another word or glance my way), I can only whimper a bit, suckle at my pacifier and try to pass the time by endlessly mentally reciting Amanda's Mantra, over and over again while I wait to fall asleep.

“Baby's cock rocks Mummy's lock,
Yucky cuck's just lucky to suck!”

Breathless Suspense

I've known Suzy Quinn since high school, though we'd never spoken. It wasn't until a few years after graduation that we began to run into each other regularly. By that time we were both bona fide members of the local pot connoisseurs' crowd.

After she realized I had premium sources, Suzy cultivated my acquaintance. We began to go in on deals together, socializing a bit incidentally. With the accelerant of a lot of good ganja we began to break through the barriers of class and social status that used to inhibit us. Swiftly we discovered similar political opinions as well as shared tastes in music, movies and literature. Eventually we became unlikely but mutually trusting friends, partying pals and purchasing partners. And so it might have stayed, if too-observant Suzy hadn't intercepted one too many of my admiring glances. Can you blame me for peeking?

Already a six-foot knockout with haughty cheekbones and thick red lips, Suzy's big cerulean eyes are as bright and piercing as her hair is raven black. And to the long legs, svelte belly and generous breasts I remember from school, my old classmate has added an intimidating amount of muscle, especially to her arms, shoulders and torso by daily weight training. When not partying we sometimes spot for each other on the adjustable bench that I bought trying to improve my own ninety-pound weakling physique, and needless to say, her strength and drive put mine to emasculating shame. I used to try not to ogle her too openly, but occasionally we'd be too high for propriety. Inevitably she caught me and called me on my crudity.

"Are my tits really that interesting?"

"Shit. I'm sorry, Suzy. Forgive me for being a pig. But since you ask, yes they are interesting. Staggeringly spectacular actually, just like the entirety of you."

"You're attracted to me, is that it? So if you want me, why don't you try asking, instead of quietly, covetously drooling over me?"

"Are you kidding? You're so out of my league I may as well have been banished from the sport. I just assumed I'd been automatically friend-zoned by you. Why let certain rejection worsen an already torturous inferiority complex?"

"I guess I can understand that. It's true that I didn't know (or at least care) who you were until a few months ago. But it's also true that you aren't the only person to feel sexually stymied around here. And sometimes gorgeous girls have been known to go for timid, skinny, wimpy-sissy types, under the right set of circumstances. Like if they can't fulfill a dangerously demanding fetish otherwise. Tell me, Andy: do you trust me?"

"Absolutely. You've been square-deal with me from the beginning. You never try to cheat, take advantage of my infatuation or otherwise screw me over."

"You also admire me and you desperately want my body."

"Honestly? I worship you and would give ten years of my life for just one night with you."

"That sounds like an ideal deal then. Because you turn me on too – but in a very particular way. You see, I have this uncontrollable kink I find almost impossible to properly satisfy. Lately I can only climax by imagining that I'm Wonder Woman, or some other crusading feminist superhero – or villain. I need to feel like I'm violently vanquishing a reprehensible male, one that represents your entire entitled sex by proxy. Either that or I just like to embody the rage of a

vicious misandrous serial killer. Some formerly innocent girl who's been cruelly raped and is driven to make *all* men pay for her unending pain. Have you ever heard of erotic asphyxia?"

Clammy hands needed rubbing on my pants.

"That's where you gradually cut off your air supply during sex or masturbation. It's supposed to enhance your orgasm substantially."

"Yes. I hear it's quite incredible – luckily for you. Because, to put it bluntly Andy, I want to choke you. I want to tie you up and dominate you, fuck you every way I can think of and then ruthlessly choke/fuck you some more until we both come our ever-loving brains out. So what do you say, sport? Submitting to this is about the only way a guy like you will ever make it with a sensational lady like me – short of paying through the butt-hole for it."

Maybe it was some kind of harbinger. My lips felt all clumsy and numb, stumbling over my stunned mumbling.

"It sounds fantastically gratifying actually. I already yearn to suffer under you. I...I dream of you abusively riding my face, and slapping me around for peeping at you while you're changing. This sounds more intense yet. But don't people sometimes die playing that way?"

"Only when they're careless and playing alone. But you trust your old classmate Suzy to look after you, don't you pot-partner?"

"Unconditionally, Suzy."

"So, is that a less-than mediocre boner I see jutting out the front of your clothing?"

"It's an exquisitely stiff one that's never been needier at least."

"Why are we delaying?"

"I'm waiting for you to issue orders. You said you wanted to dominate me. I am now your mawkishly fawning, pussy-smothered sex-slave."

"You're now my wimpy little ridiculous-dick strangle-fuck."

"Whatever you require, my amazingly athletic and alluring murder-mistress."

"Then get your fucking clothes off, bitch. And get on that narrow little loser's bed of yours. Where do you keep your belts?"

"Hanging in the closet."

"Just like I'll have you someday soon, all noosed up forever while you await my wicked pleasure. Okay, you heard me sissy. Strip!"

I wasn't lying when I said I dreamed of Suzy punishingly cunt-smothering me or catching me violating her privacy and making me suffer humiliating pain.

Okay, maybe I lied a little bit. I should have admitted that these were not unbidden dreams but the mad fantasies that gripped me every time I pulled my lonely, stunted little pud.

And why should I have visualized otherwise? I was so socially and sexually inferior to Suzy that my lust itself felt like an unforgivable affront.

How dare I aspire to defile such a goddess! To now suddenly be confronted with not just these fondest dreams' realization but further erotic possibilities that soared light-years beyond my pedestrian imagination had me simultaneously terrified and giddy – to say nothing of aroused as a wolverine in heat.

Even the prospect of risking/trusting my life to this brawny beauty's tender mercies had me shivering with a disbelieving thrill. Naked on the single twin bed in my roomy loft apartment, I

turned to see Suzy coming toward me carrying every belt I owned. And she too had stripped down to just the skimpiest bra and matching lace-trimmed panties.

A vibrant blue that really brought out those extraordinary eyes, this underwear accentuated the spectacular rest of her just as vividly. Veins marbled buffed arms and tits jiggled enticingly in their barely adequate harness. And just look at those curvy hips! Grinning at my awed appraisal my gorgeous murder-mistress issued her deadly orders kindly enough.

“Sit on your pillow, bitch. With the puny size of that prick we’re going to need all the elevation we can get.

“Maximum penetration, baby. Soon you’ll appreciate exactly what that entails. For now, lie back; put your legs together and your arms down by your sides. This first time we’ll leave you able to escape your bindings if you really feel it’s needed. Just until you’re more comfortable with being my utterly defenseless plaything.”

“Maybe being uncomfortable with it makes being your plaything more thrilling.”

“As you wish, bondage-bitch. Let’s see what we can do with these belts then.”

Two of them Suzy used to strap my legs securely together at just above the knees and ankles. The third, fourth, fifth and sixth cinched my arms even more tightly to my torso at the shoulders, ribs, belly and just below the hips. When she’d finished I lay ramrod straight, with my body elevated by maybe eight inches at the waist. As she’d indicated, enough determined struggling could have freed my hands and then the rest of me (not that she couldn’t punch me out in the process, or overpower me any day anyway). Yet who could dream of attempting something so foolhardy? This was dick-less sissy heaven! Still clutching lucky belt number seven, Suzy sprawled on the bed beside me and began to tease and torment me nearly to delirium. Never was there a more glorious form of foreplay!

Knowing how ticklish I am, she must have spent a good quarter of an hour making me wildly writhe and giggle until already I grew lightheaded from an inability to draw breath. Then came the pinching. Strong digits topped by sharp talons squeezed little bits of me viciously before pulling and twisting: my flanks, arms, belly, ears, cheeks and lips (interspersed with hard, face-stinging slaps) but especially my nipples. Using that doubled-over belt Suzy proceeded to whip me everywhere she could reach. She finished at last by beating my plaintively straining hard-on practically raw. And with that the *real* teasing and torturing got underway.

“Do you like this, slave?”

One gentle finger caressed my insistent extension, skating all over its abraded shaft before tickling the seeping tip. As my only other interaction had been a drunken one night stand that was over almost as soon as it began, Suzy’s was the first hand beyond my own to touch that ultra-sensitive flesh. Yet before I could gasp out my gratitude, the other hand was suddenly crushing and twisting my nuts!

“How about this?”

“Thank you, Mistress! I treasure both. Use me however you choose!”

“I *can* do that can’t I? You’re all helpless here.

“Besides, a loser like you can refuse a Supreme Being like me nothing. I own this failure of the phenotype by sheer right of superior desirability. I can use this otherwise useless flesh to sate my most deranged passions day and night all I like. Then when it inevitably fails me I can dispose of whatever’s left like compost. True?”

“Gospel, my Goddess!”

At last that squashing nut-crush eased to a mere threatening squeeze. “Well, then I’m going to have some fun with these gonads – and with this runty little crime against womanhood too. Do you know what happens to you if you spew on me, inconsiderate pig?”

“No.”

“And you truly don’t want to know. Just be assured I’m going get my choke-fucking fix regardless. So control your despicable male nature and behave.”

With that Suzy made obeying her infinitely more difficult by unhooking and dropping that overloaded bra. Smirking at my unabashed awe, she swung around to straddle my legs and confront my genitals directly. “Pleasure and pain both then,” she breathed. “In whatever amounts and sequences most titillate me...”

For a truly timeless while Suzy toyed with and stroked my quivering stiffness: rubbing it expertly around the root and rim, fondling it ever more inventively before gripping and pumping it in every direction of the compass, even repeatedly licking leaking sweetness from the pitted tip. Displaying those glorious tits hanging straight down in gravity-elongated udders, she slipped it into that deep-deep cleavage and slapped it back and forth (after way too much tantalizing) and even rubbed her big erect nipples all over my glans, tip-to-weepee soft tip. Alternately Suzy spent the same endless interlude bending, twisting, cruelly yanking, pinching, punching, whipping, scratching, nipping and gnawing on those same increasingly mangled yet avid genitalia.

However long this orgy of competing stimuli continued, when it did finally finish it was only to inaugurate the granting of that still profoundly affecting first fantasy. Just try to imagine my exhilarated trepidation when I saw Suzy sliding off those lacy little panties!

“That’s right, Andy. Before we fulfill my needs, we might as well grant your fondest dreams. At the same time you wet and warm me up for mounting, we can give you a taste of the domination-suffocation you’ve been craving. Ever eat anybody out before?”

“No ma’am.”

“Better learn fast. I demand inexhaustible expertise from my little tied-up crotch-sucker.”

With that my beautifully nude goddess swayed her sultry way up my body. All gleaming eyes, enticingly bobbing big breasts and long, long thighs Suzy straddled my humbled face. Lowering herself for my oral education, she used those dexterous digits to coax herself open.

“See it, bitch? That big pink bump? That would have become a cock if I’d developed as incorrectly as you. And it’s just as wonderfully responsive. See it getting bigger, darker and harder as blood floods in? So suck on my erection, sissy! Make me ejaculate in your face or I swear you’ll never leave this mattress alive.”

So saying, Suzy sat down on my mouth.

She fisted her hands in my hair, ready to rub herself as roughly off on me as necessary, to take over the initiative the instant I proved my expected inadequacy. And though her pungency was nearly as sickening as her homoerotic hinting, neither deterred me from immediate slavish obedience. Nearly frantic with unreasoning worship I began sucking and then tonguing before suck-suck-suckling again, my mistress’ first, nearly inaudible moans bringing such a breast-bursting celebration of self-worth to me that tears trickled back from the corners of my eyes.

To provide such a paragon with sexual pleasure inspired more pride than anything I’d ever accomplished in my entire life. The almost inconceivable honor of her honest arousal rewarded me more intensely than even all that cock-teasing and tormenting! I would have gone on madly servicing that clitoris right through the very end of everything even if Suzy had been truly

serious about fatally cunt-smothering me. As it was, it took me barely ten minutes to excite her to the point that her innate aggressiveness took over and my agency ceased to operate.

“Just stick your tongue up me now, bitch. Deep in as you can reach and keep it thrust up there. I’m going to have to fuck your sissy face before I try out your ludicrous excuse for a penis. We’ll see which organ gets the deepest.”

To say this ordeal blew away my most extreme ideation is an understatement.

Just to keep my teeth cushioned, my mouth open and that oral organ extended for so long would take more dreadfully sustained effort than I’d ever put into anything, work, play or weightlifting. To persist in this tribulation while crushed under a hundred sixty pounds of violently humping and grinding feminine erotic fury required far more character than I ever knew I possessed. Luckily for the both of us I found just as much motivational passion in being suffocated repeatedly to the brink of oblivion and back as vengefully shrieking Suzy did in riding me to the first climax I’d ever been blessed to provide.

All my wild struggling aside, not once did it occur to me to try to escape my belt-bondage. As far as dreams coming true, this experience was as challenging and gratifying as anyone could desire. And true to her promises, my old classmate took superlative care of me.

No matter how transported by vengeful irrationality she’d seemed, at the last instant Suzy always knew instinctively when to lean back or ease up sufficiently for her pubis to stop blocking my nostrils enough for me to snatch the barest wisp of air. Even as she honored me beyond any conceivable extreme by yanking my hair almost out of my scalp and flooding my face and open mouth with gushing hot woman-come, Suzy somehow made sure her last spewing shudders petered out in time for me to swallow before I drowned.

Panting like blown-out marathoners afterward, my mistress and I even shared a long wordless acknowledgment of symbiotic perfection as she cuddled up to me. At last she actually kissed my forehead while reaching down to test the resilience of my stupendously persistent (if still insultingly shrimpy) erection.

“I’d say that was pretty damn fantastic.

“Using your tongue for fucking and my cunt to suffocate made for quite an exciting way to begin an ultimately fatal relationship. But of course you still want to measure that tongue against using this piddling little tiddlywink. And I’ve got some seriously itchy neck-wringing fingers. Shall I ride this miniature sissy-clit and choke out my submissive bitch now?”

“What honor could possibly be greater?”

Seeing nude Suzy swing astride my tied-supine body was a sight sublime beyond divine.

From center-separated raven mane on down everything was symmetrical perfection: flexed legs, bunched butt, diaphragm-bisected belly, oversize ovoid breasts, powerful arms and those hulking strangler’s shoulders (and big triangular trapezius) all appeared mirrored by the line of that part, her patrician nose, deep cleavage, navel, clit and slit. Bared canines and inspired eyes shining, she settled that clit/slit atop my squashed-flat shaft and laughed with devilish triumph. Perched atop my elevated crotch Suzy wriggled her suzerainty.

“Oh this is so *awesome*!”

Strong fingers flexed suggestively then took to twisting my nipples again.

“I don’t mind how undersized you are, at least not this first time. I’m turned on not by your miniscule prick but by your slender, tender neck. It’s just too bad you’re not a virgin. But you are

a vulnerable little love-struck sissy-boy nonetheless. Would you like to be enjoyed by a rampaging rapist of a fuck-goddess now?"

"Please, Mistress!"

"How many years of your life did you say you'd trade?"

"As many as my owner pleases to take. This meat-machine belongs to you, my deity. Fuck it to destruction however and whenever you wish. Then accept my enslaved soul into your hellish femdom harem. It belongs to you for eternity too."

"That's so wise of you to recognize! Body and spirit, flesh and essence, you are naught but a plaything for your female Supreme Being. So say your prayers to me, my subjugated subject. I've been known to play so rough I break my fragile male toys."

A deft shift of her hips and suddenly I'd slipped inside! Oh heavenly blessing so stupendously beyond my merit! And how infinitely belittling my Supreme Being's smirk!

"Yes, I can see we'll have to try some other kinds of fucking soon. And in places more suited than any bedroom. That's assuming I keep this flesh for future use. As I said, I have been known to be unduly brutal, especially when that flesh goes and spews too soon. So save any ejaculation for the frantic end, or that just might be what you'll get, my friend."

Death threats duly issued, my murder-mistress finally began fucking me.

Slowly at first she undulated her torso, pumping her hips while bearing down on my well-propped-up butt. Rather than pogo as I'd expected, educative Suzy just kept rubbing-rocking me laterally so wonderfully clit-on-'clit' that I might have been a naïve virgin after all.

Seriously, that deeply inebriated, missionary-position, ten-seconds-and-a-squirt embarrassment with an equally lonely and inexperienced obese girl hardly qualified as intercourse compared to *this*. And as that regularly rocking, riding rhythm ramped upward, my mind-blown moans rose in concert with Suzy's smug crowing.

"Yes, it's everything you'd dare to imagine, coupling with such a goddess. And she has hardly even started!"

Relentlessly that hip-pumping pace accelerated. And having established that I was certainly enjoying the time of my life, my gorgeous new goddess at last allowed the vengeance obsession that so self-evidently possessed her to emerge and manifest itself.

From the keenness of savage gleaming in those piercing cerulean irises through the progression of the hands gripping my six-belted helplessness, everything about her urged me erotically forward toward the ordeal I'd agreed to not just endure but interminably, even terminally (possibly eternally) repeat. Imagine the acceleration in my already rampant heart-rate as Suzy quit using pulling on my twisted nipples to leverage that quickening hip rhythm in favor of leaning forward to brace the weight of her attack on splayed fingers and palms resting directly on my chest! Then even while roaming over me from flanks to shoulders with fervent caresses, those hands kept the pressure on my wimpy slimness climbing.

By the time they passed my clavicles, closing in for the pitiless choking approaching, my fearful whimpering and moaning was only further stoking us both. Already my breath hissed between us as long fingers linked at my nape and those big strong thumbs met and crossed just below the shelf of my jaw. Then even without squeezing that hip-lunging leaning began to increasingly indent my narrowing airway. And with that the choke-fucking challenge of a lifetime-and-beyond was underway.

Again, though I struggled desperately, it was with no true intention to escape. It just exited me to fight, as it obviously thrilled Suzy to have my feeble resistance to vanquish. Ruddy lush lips drew back in a snarl as she leaned forward more. Further inward squashed the flesh of my

vulnerable neck. Hearing my first wheezing begin my glorious fuck-goddess upped her pumping tempo even as her cinching fingers began to squeeze.

“That’s right weakling, fight me. Wimpy little no-dick sissy. Let me see those muddy brown eyes bug out. Did you know extreme fear truly does make the eyeballs bulge? They don’t just open wider, though that’s part of it. Intra-cranial pressure actually climbs, the expanding vitreous humor pushing the lenses and membranes partially out of their sockets. The same way being throttled like this does. So are you terrified of me yet, lonely little loser that no one would ever miss? Or are you just intolerably aroused by being victimized, by falling prey to an unrepentant gender warrior? All of the above, perhaps?”

Spittle leaked from numbing lips. My tongue felt clumsy and thick, too unwieldy for speech. Breath was unbearably scanty. Still I tried to gasp out my agreement. I failed, only managing to waste that last exhale. No matter. Suzy just choked me harder, fucking me ever more furiously. Shaking me like a ragdoll occasionally, her big breasts dangle-dancing fabulously about just above my dimming gaze, she even began shrieking accusations as her thumbs sank ever deeper and the pinhole I was trying to inhale through shrank ever further.

“Bastard! Pig! Filth! Betrayer! Rapist! Rapist! Rapist! How could you fucking do that to a child! Take this, you son a bitch! Strangle on your lies and die, die, DIE!”

With that the pinhole totally closed. I could no longer draw so much as an atom of oxygen. Badly-slapped face burning and bloated and throbbing in time with my wildly rocking hard-on, eyes and tongue truly protruding in my tracheal and aortal constriction, I felt the first seizure of actual mortal terror. With darkness further encroaching on my vision, pitiless Suzy’s raging face now seemed to be receding down an elongating tunnel – or maybe I was the one slipping away.

Galvanized by desperation I thrashed frantically – and pathetically ineffectively. Still my owner choked me harder, shaking me like a terrier with a rat. Cool spittle sprayed my flaming face as her shrieked accusations peaked; her fucking was so outrageously violent and relentless it was like being trapped strapped to some out-of-control exercise machine. Hell, the only reason I hadn’t already doomed myself by spewing too soon was that my mad panic *just* trumped amazed sensation and aroused exhilaration enough to hold ejaculation barely at bay.

Still those fingers tightened further, pressed down harder. It felt like my head might pop off, or simply explode. Slender chest hitching urgently, I at last lost all sense of myself and honestly tried to wrench my hands free – only to find Suzy’s legs planted immovably atop them. Fool, my ability to escape had been delusional all along. Nor was there any ‘safe’ word that would work while I was being violently throttled by a mindlessly screaming, pitilessly vengeful rapist/sadist. And with that realization my struggles began to ebb.

A wimpy weakling to the end, I subsided into involuntary shuddering as the blackness claimed the last of my vision. I even succumbed to a soaring sort of euphoria, which I’ve since heard reported by drowning victims as a symptom of nearly terminal oxygen deprivation. As it was happening I could only attribute this to my divine murder-mistress, her seemingly limitless virility filling me with the surety that I was about to ascend into the eternal service of her heavenly harem. In any case, I faced that ascension with joyous acceptance, submitting myself absolutely to the exhilarating omnipotence of my Supreme Being.

Transcendence could only ensue. Yet even had my pervert’s paradise claimed me indeed, my expectations could hardly have been so sensationally exceeded. At that penultimate instant, just as Suzy’s feral shrieking reached its climactic peaking, some last-ditch primal (or spinal) reflex was activated. Like a criminal dropped through the trap in a gallows, my legs tried to kick

and thrash. Of course belted-up like I was, this only made my body bridge and buck, providing additional impetus for the bronco-breaker mounted so unstoppably atop me.

Also like that hanged felon, I began ejaculating extravagantly.

Madly spastic contractions wracked me from the gonads on out, the strap-dampened shivers persisting right to the tips of my digits.

Holy owner above! Never, *ever* had I come even *close* to coming so convulsively!

So much surpassing physical pleasure atop the euphoria already elevating me combined so sublimely that at the time I was convinced that I'd indeed died. Such an intensity of super-sensory-excess could only be the eternal reward my love, trust, devotion and submissiveness had earned me. My last coherent jeer was as triumphal as my goddess' own ecstatic-orgasmic screams: Eat your heart out, Evangelical idiots, still all waiting on Armageddon...

When I suddenly gasped and hacked my way back to awareness (briefly wondering if I had sleep apnea or what) it was to find the unconditional possessor of my flesh adding fresh redness to my neck.

Lying beside and partially atop my still tightly-belted body, Suzy was further marking her property by sucking hard on me. Lips battened to the urgently pulsing skin just covering my jugular, she was applying a big obvious love-bite an inch below the ring of tender, swollen bruises left by her fingers and thumbs. Celebrating my revival by finishing her distinguishing identifier, Suzy briefly kissed a cheek still puffy and tingling from slapping and strangling.

"I'm so delighted I decided to keep you alive for a while. Because that too was a very satisfying initiation for us, even though the tongue won our depth test. We're *clearly* going to have to do something about the penetration situation. And while using my bare hands is *killer* thrilling, it's also too tiring to do all afternoon and evening. We're going to have to try some serious experimentation soon.

"In any case subject, you're definitely going to make a splendid addition to my sissy collection. So consider this big dark hickey the equivalent of an owner's brand or slave tattoo. It's less incriminating if they find you rotting in the nearest landfill or dangling from your hanger in my secret femdom closet. And it's certainly no bother to renew it each time I use you.

"It says this slender, tender wimpy-sissy-neck is *mine*, to constrict or obstruct at any time. Just like I can ride that tiny cock, or secure it with piercings or a permanent lock, or even cut it right off once it's indisputably proved its uselessness. So you'd better improve my coital enjoyment each time, my little choke-fuck toy!"

"I will fulfill you as extremely as my anatomy allows and your passions demand, my Supreme Being. Use your subject's skinny unmanly mortality as wantonly as you desire."

Oh it hurt to talk! Yet remembering the pull-pressure of that hot mouth clamped to my throat, plus a kiss or two on the cheek and I felt more warm and gooey and *valued* inside than ever in my entire previously pointless existence.

Those simple little gestures were all it took to seal my un-annealed fealty. Despite all Suzy's dire (but surely not serious) threats and however close I might have just come to death, I was not only suddenly worshipfully in forever-adoring love with my domineering partner. I couldn't *wait* to have ultra-submissive victim sex with her again.

Nor would I long have to wait, or even to heal up much. My new mind-body-heart-and-soul owner returned to my apartment to further enjoy her trusting little love-struck strangle-bitch the very next morning.

This time there was no need for circumlocution. We had shared eagerness and all day to enjoy our intent. And so the slow foreplay was drawn out so much more torturously than before. To begin with, as she'd said we eschewed my lonely little loser's bed.

Mistress' first experiment in providing improved penetration involved securing me sitting mostly upright in a simple armless, hard-backed wooden chair.

With just my ankles lashed to the bottoms of the front legs and my bound-together wrists tied to the rear of the seat behind me, Suzy's minimalist bondage had me more defenseless than before yet with much greater bodily mobility. Meanwhile that maple seat provided a far less compressible perch for her to climb astride and ride. That is, once we eventually reached that apogee of terror-lust-trust-risk-bliss. First my mistress took her time in opening a bag of one hundred brand new clothespins.

One by one she pinched these onto random bits of my skin – while concentrating on my most sensitive or erogenous spots. Earlobes, lips, nipples, foreskin...my miniscule prick alone soon somehow sported half a dozen, to say nothing of the thin skin sac of my scrotum. Only once I was thus painfully festooned all over did Suzy move on to performing an astounding striptease (and lap dance!) that would have seduced *any* straight man into joining her hellish harem. Already gladly so damned, I could only goggle and drool like a fool.

By the time she'd shed all apparel I was squirming more from frustrated lust than any other discomfort. When nude Suzy moved purposefully in on me though, it was the long black scarf she carried that aroused me as much as the promise of that fabulous body. Made from an expensive silk diaphanous enough to be pulled through the little ring she held up, it was nevertheless obviously sturdy enough to serve as the perfect garrote. Presently however my irresistible murder-mistress employed it more like a feather boa.

Suggestively accentuating all her gestures and gyrations, enhancing her dancing spectacularly, it made the ideal performer's prop while she teasingly eased her way ever nearer. And when she closed right in atop me, spinning the ends like titty-tassels, it was ideal for tickling and brushing me all over, for draping across my face or binding over my eyes and yanking my head closer while I was battered all about by her bracketing boobs. Eventually however this finely designed garment found its way to its intended place.

By the time that absolutely maddening lap dance was wrapped up, so was my owner's chosen choking throat.

Wound redundantly around so the overlapping ends trailed down my back, Suzy's slippery silk caressing my neck had me so submissively terrified and horny I was practically keening with an addict's self-destructive need. Of course we still had oodles of torturous foreplay to get through, culminating in the masochistically fantastic twisting off all those pins followed by my first true whipping with a long, limber green willow switch stripped of all its twigs. But when my adored dominatrix finally mounted me for her brutal use, that scarf truly proved as huge of an improvement for us as my new restraints, superior butt-propping and especially posture.

Sitting mostly upright while my mistress mounted and mauled me made merely lying supine feel as staid as the missionary position. Talk about lap dancing! Squashed right atop and all over my body, Suzy had her breath ruffling my hair and her breasts pressed in my face from the beginning. Such intimate proximity with feminine divinity thrilled me to giddiness; ever harder I throbbed upward as she again rocked me relentlessly to and fro inside her. Already I could tell

my reach was considerably deeper. Between the obduracy of that perch and my unprecedented excitement there was no doubt the penetration situation had markedly gotten better. Still it was when the choking began that the previous day's initiation was truly blown away.

With the ends of her scarf dangling down my back Suzy had only to embrace me and wrap those ends about her fists. The simple drag of gravity pulled on them then. And with no real stress on her fingers my magnificent murder-mistress could add to that tension with minimal effort for as long as she liked.

Calibrating easily when needed, she was able to maintain a constant, steadily increasing constriction of my neck. Even better, once the long, slow, gradually growing choke-fucking escalated into maniacally vengeful hate-raping again, that double-grip garrote provided far better leverage for powering her lunging, thrusting rhythm. And naturally as a ligature that stretch of strong silk strangled me far more efficiently than anybody's fingers. Best of all, without her powerful arms extended between us, my wickedly congested face remained buried in Suzy's battering, smothering cleavage.

Nipples hard enough to mar me scraped across bulging eyeballs, or teased the dryness of my protruding tongue. Then when we climaxed together at the desperately violent end, thanks to that brilliant bondage my bodily bucking beneath her punishing fucking was even more sustained and convulsive than before, when I was all belted-up in the middle of my bed. For all of those undeniably awesome improvements however, my old classmate still pronounced the penetration poorer than any glorious fuck-goddess like her deserved.

"That was a bit better, subject. But you're still way too tiny to get far enough inside me. Why don't we give this little sissy-clit one last chance before I get properly kinky and dominant on you? I've often wanted to use that weight bench for more than just working out together. We'll try it that way this afternoon. In the meantime you can use that marginally larger tongue of yours to clean out my sloppy pussy and bathe my smelly feet. I want you to consume our come cocktail and then get all the grit out from between each and every one of my boot-cramped toes. Then I want to whip your other side just as raw and torture your insulting genitals a lot more."

"That's what your victim is here for."

So the next time Suzy tied me to the steeply inclined weight bench. A simple belt was looped about my throat, pulled over the head of the bench and hung with a big dangling disc weight. Beyond stretching my noosed neck intolerably up, this slowly choked me all on its own, throughout all the already familiar foreplay until she could again leverage her furiously relentless fucking by yanking ever harder on the wide, flat leather strap closing off my airway.

Again Suzy choke-fucked me to a raging, ravaging, rape-revenging rampage. Again my firm, resilient perch, unprecedented tumescence and cleverest-yet bondage rewarded us with a fabulously spastic dual ejaculation just as I succumbed to willing oblivion for the third occasion in two days. And again I gasped back to awareness only to find my goddess' mouth latched on and sucking hard at the thin skin over my aorta – and her smirking superiority condemning me forever to penetration perdition.

"You really are fantastically gratifying to damage to the brink again and again my latest victim. But I'm afraid I'm wasting my time trying to enjoy a pathetic sissy-clit ride. You clearly need some femdom jewelry for something this puny. But don't worry, strangle-bitch. I know of far more fitting and rewarding ways to fuck and choke a submissive slut. *Next time we'll introduce you to new uses it'll truly behoove the eunuch loser to choose over foolish refusal – if you know what's good for your future, that is.*"

"Whatever you require of me," I offer gladly. "This body is your property."

“Wonderful! Then let’s get that miniscule insult to women properly collared.”

Suzy produced that little ring again. Rather than slip a scarf through it though she somehow fitted it around the base of my shriveled-up limpness. A tiny *click* sounded inordinately loud.

“That takes care of that!” My goddess’ gloating giggle sent shivers through me again.

“Uselessly puny penises need exclusively punitive treatment. Now you can be cruelly abused while pleasure remains forever elusive.”

It wasn’t until she began fondling me that I realized what she meant. The second my tiny sissy-clit attempted to swell, jagged teeth lining the interior of that ring bit in and agonizingly arrested the process. This ‘femdom jewelry’ was actually a chastity device!

“But...but...you’re going to take that thing off me sometimes, right?”

“I don’t know, subject. Are you going to introduce me to your primo weed connection any time soon?”

“Whenever you want me to, my goddess. I have no more secrets from you.”

“Good. As soon as you can set it up then. Arrange for the biggest deal you can. You’ll be financing it entirely this time, so use all your money and liquidate whatever other assets you have. You’ll be moving in with me afterwards, so you’ll never need solvency again. But of course first I’ll be solving our penetration problem for us. So fantasize about *that* whenever your collar feels too tight – or about how much it excites you to give over total control of your otherwise worthless life. Because you’re about to belong to me *completely*, bitch.”

If only I knew how totally that was true!

It took me over a week to arrange my doom. But finally my apartment was emptied of almost everything except for a mattress and pillows on the floor, a bunch of candles and the packaging we’d stripped off the enormous stash we’d just scored.

After I’d loaded this motherlode into the nondescript panel van Suzy was driving this time, I returned to the loft both eager and fit to be tied. We hadn’t seen each other since she locked up my cock, and oh my goodness, oh my goddess, I was going come so goddamn hard! Never had I gone more than a day or two without spewing loser-juice from my useless little tool. Even without asphyxia I ought to erupt like Vesuvius soon. All I needed was to be released, to be relieved of the reaving that afflicted my teensy penis at every least erotic feeling...

That sissy-clit began *really* swelling and screaming when I saw Suzy had changed for the occasion. Now wearing only an incredibly sexy body harness made of thin, crisscrossing black leather straps (these linked by twinkling steel rings), she was pulling a fat coil of stout cotton cordage from the large handbag she’d brought along. Still my pointless penis didn’t truly start savaging itself until its ultimate owner produced a slim, black-handled, thoroughly illegal switchblade. One click of a button and I was looking at eight inches of tempered steel stiletto, sharpened to the keenest of gleaming on both razor edges.

“Get unclothed and get over here, bondage-bitch. Stand at attention, legs a bit spread. Put your arms down straight, hands hanging naturally at your sides. Then don’t move a muscle or I’ll open you up from nuts to tits.”

“I will obey. Though you know, goddess of mine, you look so hot I could just die!”

“Soon you will do so, my sacrificial subject, my sex-slave-unto-destruction. But not until I get all the orgasmic enjoyment I’m due out of you. Believe me, you haven’t *ever* been fucked like you’re about to get fucked! After you experience what awaits you in your chosen eternity of

servitude, you might begin begging for me to hasten the afterlife with this knife. But why on earth should I waste you so? Isn't coital choking much slower and more rewarding for us both?"

Hackles prickled along my nape as I docilely submitted to being perhaps fatally incapacitated once again. As much as I trusted my busty, lusty beloved, this 'serial killer game' she liked to play was getting way too intense for comfort.

But then again, hadn't I been the one to say the discomfort only increased the thrill that first time Suzy tied me up? And since I was already committed to moving in (!) with this supremely desirable divinity, there was no sense weakening now. For whatever heaven or hell lay ahead, Goddess owned me as totally as she'd boasted. And oh how woefully I kept trying so agonizingly to swell up fully erect as she put me into diabolical bondage once again!

Using loop after crossed loop of that tough cotton cord, Suzy tied each wrist to the upper thigh right next to it, both ropes biting into my skin just a bit below my groin. I couldn't help noticing that Mistress left a considerable length trailing when she cut the cord after each final knot – no doubt so my ankles could later be bent back and added to those lashings. But whether my first superbly thrilling hogtying lay in wait or not, my gorgeous bondage-goddess only bothered to wrap another dozen tightly knotted loops around my skinny arms and delicate torso just below my tiny-nippled sissy-tits. Then stowing that switchblade Suzy began having her justified fun with the little victim.

For a while she amused herself with some old-fashioned schoolyard bullying.

Standing naked and defenseless and ordered not move or resist, I could only cower and endure as she spat spittle and insults in equal measure, punctuated by a lot of titty-twisting, lip-tweaking, ear-yanking, face-slapping, penis pinching and nut crushing. But at last that intimidatingly fit weightlifter used a brutal, totally unexpected punch to the pit of my wimpy stomach to collapse me winded onto that bare mattress. Grinning down at my frantic attempts to unlock my shocked diaphragm and inhale again, Suzy reached into that handbag.

"So today we celebrate and inaugurate the culminating phase of our wonderfully symbiotic union. We do so using the ultimate act of dominance between relationship partners – at least, besides my intended predation upon your body and soul I mean. But first we must enjoy the obligatory foreplay."

Out of that bag came her fist, clutched around the grip of a six-foot single-tail bullwhip.

Like that first time I was stretched out supine, my arms bound tightly to my sides while pillows elevated my waist. Only rather than be playfully strapped from the elbow with a doubled-over belt, I was whipped from a distance to trickling livid ribbons with a bona fide deadly weapon. After that Suzy used those romantic candles to drizzle streams of scalding molten wax all over those elaborately overlapping lacerations before getting down to the interminable nipple affliction, and the most sustained session of genital teasing and torturing ever. Since total tumescence remained unattainable and every iota of pleasuring only resulted in fresh excruciation for my culpable little sissy-clit, even having my succulent succubus actually licking and suckling on the puffy-sore mushroom cap of the glans had me gritting my teeth and streaming unceasing tears.

When was my owner *ever* going to unlock me? And whatever arcane permutation she had in mind for solving our penetration deficit (and what could possibly be more effective – not to mention brutally dominating – than her sadistically-inspired fem-top riding?), couldn't we just bring it on and *fuck* already?

Apparently not. After a quick intermission to smoke a fat spliff (and brand my nipples and clit with the glowing coal), my goddess picked up her whip again.

“Let’s roll you over and do the dorsal side now. Get your skinny butt-crack in the air and your sissy-clit buried in those propping-up pillows.”

More flesh-ripping whipping, more skin-searing dripping, a whole lot of cheek slapping, paddling and pinching ensued. Tortured nearly to delirium, it took me forever to blink my bleary eyes clear of tears once it seemed we had a longer-than-expected respite.

Why had my spurning crush quit hurting me? Was it finally time for her to free me, fuck me, and choke me into that volcanic ejaculation I was so desperately invested in?

Oh wait....oh my chosen holy goddess NO! This...this just couldn’t be her meaning! Please...please... No...not me...

Yet far more than Suzy’s chilling grin said I’d be lucky to get even one of those requests out of three. If, that is, you could possibly consider it ‘lucky’ to get brutally butt-fucked with a gigantic strap-on cock! The thick eleven inches of cylindrical black plastic now sprouting from my sexy goddess’ curvy crotch made me feel quite dubious indeed – to say nothing of suffering balls-crawling terror and hideously-emasculating sissy’s chagrin!

Laughing in madly challenging demand, Goddess Suzy loomed over me, caressing her menacing erection.

Seeing the realistic way that beautifully molded boner bobbed and responded made me realize it wasn’t clumsily strapped to her waist or mounted onto that body harness at all. Some inner third of it, firmly gripped by that wonderfully muscular cunt, must not only hold it in place but pleasure her proportionately with every thrust of her fucking.

Newton’s Third Law of Motion: Every action produces an equal and opposite reaction. How perceptive, and no doubt devastatingly effective! And how obvious now that so many of my hopes had been deludedly clueless! That black silk scarf slung about her bulky trapezius accentuating everything so impressively again, my goading owner crowed as she saw the repeated realizations hit home.

“I told you when this predation began I was going to fuck you every way I can. How could I neglect pegging my now permanently impotent prisoner? Didn’t I also tell you the workout bench and weighted throttle-belt represented the last chance your ridiculous sissy-clit would have to prove itself beautifully useful?

“I told you I’d lock it up or lop it off if it did not. And I told you there were other ways to choke a submissive slut, other sexual sufferings left to discover. So get ready to learn all about them, my smother-loving, always slavishly enthusiastic crotch-sucker. You need to lube your hot *domme’s* cock. And since we’re only going to employ *my* Supreme Being’s penis from now on, I need to train you to take every delicious inch of me when you settle in to suck, scour and swallow me down. So here comes a good old-fashioned face-fuck!”

Moving to the head of the mattress, Suzy knelt before me and used that silken garrote to lever my face up and back. Radically extending my neck by the pressure of a ligature hooked beneath my chin and jaw somehow opened my esophagus to unimpeded intrusion while at the same time narrowing the airway I could abruptly barely inhale through. Naturally perdition enveloped me for real then as my monstrously strong and horrifically hermaphroditic divinity rammed that enormous fuck-organ all the way inside me. Intimately my lips kissed her equally circular-stretched labia around the cocks so closely connecting us.

Suddenly suffocation was secondary to the violent spasming of my diaphragm, the attempt of my gagging, utterly stuffed gullet to turn my entire alimentary system inside out.

Already gushing drool everywhere, knowing puking might mean my messy death, I held grimly on somehow until Suzy's huge penis at last pulled back enough to spare me the briefest nasal sip. Then she was plunging pitilessly in and out of me. And so began my sink-or-swim education in timing my trying to breathe in a way that would somehow allow me to survive this most horrifyingly repulsive assault on my forfeit anatomy so far.

The only thing that could have made being face-fucked worse would have been if that erection was hot meaty genuine flesh: some repugnant club belonging to the most smugly hung gay stud or maybe the master of the world's grungiest subjugation dungeon. As it was, the only thing that kept me from suffocating or drowning on my own vomit was my goddess' eagerness to eradicate the rest of my sissy-virginity.

Once her plunging bludgeon had picked up a thick sleeve of mucous and viscous spit, Suzy interrupted raping my face.

She could resume after adding some interesting flavoring. From lifting up my chin she looped that scarf about my neck once. Then she tossed the trailing ends up my back toward my whip-welted, wax-splattered, conveniently elevated hindquarters. Then she moved around to have her fill of fucking them too.

"Here we go, bitch-boy. Welcome to your exclusive new sexual use.

"Nothing makes me hotter than bugging a hetero male. I guess you can say I'm compulsively driven. Riding some kicking and dying, dick-less little wimp is fun enough, I guess. To be completely honest about it now that it's irrelevant though, I really can't abide having anything male inside me bigger than your eager tongue anyways.

"You may have gathered that I had a very traumatic experience growing up. So despite all my disparagement, and protestations about poor penetration, your measly sissy-clit is actually the ideal size for me to ride. It's just that I've had enough of it already, especially when there are so many more out there just like it still to sample and collect. And as I said, aggressively wielding the sex-weapon myself has always excited me a million times more than even the most murderous of vaginal intercourse. And keeping my covetous property locked up in madly salivating, hopelessly impotent perpetuity satisfies my insatiable need for revenge on your despicable gender so much better.

"So no more pussy *ever*, subject, and no more weakling wanking. No more spewing your loser's goo or even pleurably erecting again. That Kali's teeth collar is made of titanium. It never even came with a key, and the only way it's coming off in the end is with my trophy-claiming switchblade. You must learn to live for *this* now, sissy! You'll be submitting to my rampant raping throughout all eternity!"

My legs were still untied.

I could have tried to lurch upright, kick away the knife, run for the elevator and the street below. I might have screamed for help, or at least in pleading or mad defiance. But my poor body was so bruised up and debilitated already. And bruiser Suzy was so unstoppably strong and irresistibly attractive! In the end my psyche was so ensorcelled by blind worshipful arousal that I couldn't even conceive of any such disobedient expedient.

So the game truly was being played for keeps... Still swooping huge lungs full of precious air in and out of my ravaged throat and abraded mouth, the only course I could see still open to me was to give up and begin sobbing wretchedly. And so the instinctively submissive bitch did.

At the same time I used the mocking freedom of my lower limbs only to spread them out as widely apart as I could manage.

An idiot I was, no question about it. Yet I wasn't dumb enough to think that resisting would result in anything but damage at this point.

The way cruel Suzy reveled in my weeping left no doubt she'd have no qualms whatsoever about subjugating and penetrating me as violently as necessary – and tearing me terribly in the process. She'd probably even prefer that alternative. Eleven inches huge and at least a good two through, lubed in only my own quickly drying drool, that vein-ribbed tool was going to be a terror to take in any case. Why make it any more difficult to accommodate?

With my thighs split wide I yearned my propped-up buttocks further upward as well. And without hesitation this invitation was gleefully taken – along with my sissy-virginity and the last of my willing complicity in whatever would henceforth happen to me.

I was truly an involuntary victim at last.

From sneaking a peek at carelessly revealed cleavage to fatally emasculated in little more than a week! How justice doth test us.

However affecting I might find such an experience in time, my initiation to retributive pegging was more torturous than I have the fortitude to relate. Let's just suggest that first insertion hurt worse, in worse ways, than all of that day's whipping, burning, nipple affliction and nut-crushing put together.

By the time Suzy was all the way inside, pegging me pitilessly to that pillow pile, my wrists were raw from twisting at those ropes and my voice hoarse from all the overdue screaming and pleading she was gleefully unheeding. Once my deviously deadly deity began pounding away properly however, getting all of her weight and hate into every jack-hammering stab, ashamed excruciation overwhelmed me so absolutely I could only bite down on the end of that minimalist bed and fight not to lose my sanity as entirely as my dignity – and any last remnants of my masculinity. And oh my holy owner, oh my real-life murder-mistress, that vengefully vindictive rape-payback of the entire coarser sex by proxy was just getting started.

More transported by anger and possessed by aggression than I could have ever credited, Suzy made sure to exacerbate the damage of her anal attack by haranguing me throughout. Endless aspersions on my manhood and self-worth had long since convinced me of the rectitude of my sexual subjection. More insidious were her constant orders coercing me toward an acceptance of what she decreed was always meant for me.

Learn to love being brutally buggered? Enjoy joining the sissy procession perpetually moving through her femdom closet into the hellish harem beyond? Pray to my garroting goddess that I awake from each successive choking either still intact or having happily graduated into that eternal sissy service she's promised me? How exceedingly masochistic would anybody have to be to succumb willingly to such a testing destiny? Suzy was so insistent though as she drilled simultaneously ever deeper into my tenderest inner flesh and instinctively submissive psyche!

Alas for us both perhaps, the excruciation was simply too huge. Though it seemed hours that she shrieked and speared so fearfully away at my deepest weaknesses, my intended progression into appreciation for such extreme pain and degradation was still in its infancy by the time my malicious murder-mistress let go of clutching my hips to take up the ends of that neck-wrapped slick silk scarf. After that the suffering scaled so exponentially upward that perhaps I lost my

senses after all. Recollection of emotions and events becomes unreliable when terror, trauma and stress escalate to such an extremity. All I can report for sure are the most important things.

It should go without saying that this strangulation occasion vastly surpassed all previous experiences in the levels of mortal terror and physical distress inflicted. That I couldn't gaze into her enveloping breasts or snarling blue-eyed repudiation was the least of it.

With Suzy hauling back on that garrote like the reins of a runaway racehorse, my outraged spinal column was even more wickedly extended than when she'd fucked my gaping gullet. Using that bicep-bulging leverage to power the ever-escalating savagery of her sodomy not only strangled me far more efficiently than even that heavily weighted belt. This vicious rhythmic yanking on my overstressed neck made her furious ragdoll shaking earlier appear tame. And of course most importantly, while all these tortures horribly worsened, all the prior enjoyments of coital choking had been replaced by the unbearable agonies of vengefully violent rectal violation.

No boob mashing and battering.

No face-to-face visual exchange.

No intimate bodily contact; no mounting and mauling and relentless lateral rocking of an exquisitely straining cock-spike. Nothing but that inhumanly accelerating ramming of an excruciatingly huge intrusion proving indisputably my deity's truly unfathomable capacity for cruelty. Though perhaps I *did* begin to gain somewhat more of an understanding of her motivations as the mad accusations my owner habitually shrieked at me took on horrifying specificity the longer and harder she choke-bugged me.

"How do like that giant-size cock? Huh? Hurts, doesn't it, dirty slut? Isn't that you always called me, Pastor Jim? Well, take every inch, you sick rapist betrayer of children's trust! I was barely nine! Nine! And how many times? Huh? How many fucking times did you do it to me all weeping and shrieking? Too many to fucking count, right? You perverted hypocrite filth, the only way I kept from killing myself every single day was by obsessively planning my revenge on you and all other men. So fuck *YOU* now slut! Fuck you up the ass until you die, die, *die!*"

My earlier victim-thrill had long since wilted. Now pity for my devourer further infected any last hint of arousal I might have been harboring. Like the shriveling prey of a feasting arachnid I was twitching quickly toward extinction. Still as Suzy rampaged orgasmically onward and I began my anoxic-euphoric slide toward welcoming oblivion, the greatest, most consequential change to our relationship came.

Whatever spinal reflex or neurological quirk generated that particularly intense erection as death threatened cared nothing for my unnatural collaring. I continued to swell uselessly (or tried to anyway) despite the resultant ever-worsening punishment inflicted. Nevertheless that jewelry did its job. At the frantically climactic ass-spearing ending I achieved no ejaculation whatsoever, much less a convulsively bucking one. Instead of that ecstatic release I shuddered solely with converging sources of what surely felt like fatally excruciating forces as my last awareness abandoned me. Still somehow I sensed my semen being joylessly squeezed from me, possibly due to the ungodly girth and power of that monstrosity so ruthlessly squashing my prostate. With that accusatory shrieking simultaneously scaling upward into what was unmistakably a wonderfully trauma-effacing catharsis, my pity at last drifted into a blissful abyss of forgiveness.

Suzy's victory over her inner torment justified my sacrifice enough that despite the loss of all she'd taken from me, I was still able to adoringly revere my divine murder-mistress as she so exceptionally throttled me out yet again. And hey, at least the bloating of my balls had been relieved, even if not very pleasurably...

So it was all an insidious seduction, a deliberately designed set-up.

I revived being hogtied. Once my ankles had been added to those existing wrist-to-thigh lashings, and my frantic respiration had recovered some semblance of its original rhythm, a big ball-gag was stuffed brusquely into my mouth. Soon the whole lower half of my face was sealed away behind a supple black leather mask that buckled tightly at my nape. Next my clever sexual predator began pulling a black zippered bag over the already badly-battered body she'd so effortlessly cozened out of me.

"Don't worry, my precious new prize. This is just to get you discreetly downstairs and out to the van with the rest of my wonderful haul for today. Once we're safely back at the secluded warehouse where I keep my contraband and hidden sissy-victim collection, I'll unload all that dope and then unpack you too, get you settled into your very own suspension cell. Remember that first time I put you in bondage, when I said I'd someday have you just like those belts, hanging quietly in my closet to await my wickedest whims? Today's the day, sissy-wimp!"

With that the zipper closed. And so I was soon disposed.

Kidnapped, spirited home (or rather to Suzy's secret serial killer's lair), I would never be free of incapacitating bondage again. Like the three now emaciated, sore-raddled, bone-broken and digit-missing, bruise-mottled and extensively neck-marked sissies that preceded me here (and haven't yet earned their passage to her eternal harem), I spend my time between Suzy's furiously abusive uses not only suspended from a steel-cable noose that slowly asphyxiates me. I'm also perpetually impaled on the gigantic metal erection that's the only thing keeping me even minimally supported – and somehow persistently alive. With my ankles constantly lashed to my upper thighs, my folded legs remain half a meter or more above the floor. But of course our poor torments don't stop with being perpetually poised between strangling and skewering. Remember my 'femdom jewelry'?

To the toothed collars corralling our cocks Suzy has added testicle fetters: steel shackles separating and enclosing each gonad so that they bulge out for easy squeezing. Welded links allow hooks or weights, leash snaps or chains to be conveniently connected. Likewise each sissy earlobe, nipple, septum and tongue has been penetrated and implanted with a big steel ring.

When not being used to lead a sissy about or enforce particularly contorted bondage postures, these rings are invariably hung with heavy lead fishing sinkers. Even our tongues, already swollen and protruding through huge, tendon-creaking ring-gags, are drawn way out to hang painfully down to their fullest extent. Since our owner has to leave us alone so often, whip-spinning flywheels are adjustably positioned where they can be randomly activated by a computer to see that we never go more than a manner of minutes without some part of us suffering superhumanly-rapid flagellation. Likewise that baseball bat-sized copper-covered cock-spike that keeps each of us laboriously wheezing but clinging to existence also always suddenly sizzles with excruciating infusions of electrical current. Try sleeping through *that* sometime! Still even this irregular rectal electrocution isn't the worst of our afflictions.

With our cuffed hands each shackled in front of us, right above the groin, the only way we can find to pass the time – all those silent, pitch-black hours or days between pegging and strangle sessions – is to fondle whatever genital remnants we can. Only this comes at such a terrible peril!

In addition to its erection-preventing chastity device, each permanently impotent sissy-clit has had a catheterization tube jammed into it. These are threaded up the urethra to tap the

bladder. Designed to carry away waste hygienically, each tube leads directly to a sealed reservoir. Goddess Suzy refuses to let the stink of spilled piss permeate her favorite place.

And so beyond pointlessly worsening one's perpetual pain and raging frustration comes the danger of dislodging that catheter. In fact the freckled ginger sissy hanging spiked to my immediate right has no fingers left on either hand.

Goddess removed them with bolt-cutters after he deliberately pulled that tube free one too many times. Then she used her switchblade to take his sissy-clit too, rather than add it to the jar of dozens already harvested postmortem, as she's promised those of that behave. Still who couldn't risk persisting? Who couldn't help but touch one's self while wishing for and fantasizing about the hurried return of their throttle-goddess, their beautifully stern murderess?

Cheater's Justice

"So the piercing is sealed completely?"

"Yes Sierra. I've done exactly as you demanded with my wedding ring. It's now a permanent feature of my penis. I've signed all the papers and freely agree to every future decree. I swear it all unconditionally. Will you please allow me back inside the house now? And do I have your solemn promise not to prosecute?"

Such a dismissive sniff!

"Of course not. Public prosecution remains entirely dependent on the genuineness of your repentance. First let me see how contritely you serve out this *private* sex offender's sentence.

"So to your first question the answer is yes, you will return to this house right now for that punishment to commence. And once in my custody you immediately concede all consent. You will not be allowed to demur, deny, depart or even die on me until I so decide. You'll be my convicted prisoner until I say otherwise."

"I understand your terms. I shall honor and obey you until death do we part, my darling. I will stand by all my vows, even those I've so blunderingly sundered. And let me thank you again from the pit of my besotted soul, Sierra, for allowing me this last-ditch chance for atonement." Jesus, my voice breaks and quavers into a teen's pleading wheedle. "Let me spend the rest of my days paying for my heinous betrayal of you. "

"That's the plan, little man! In fact, payback starts in under one hour."

Sierra's still-steaming seething reaches me easily over the cheap phone, the virulence of her venom barely lessened by the crackly connection. "If you haven't reported to my doorstep humbly empty-handed and divested of everything by then, it'll be divorce and prison for you, in that order. And I'll make certain you're everyone's first choice for a pretty little white boy bitch for as long as you're behind those bars. I have all the most damaging, downright damning testimony I'll ever need, all meticulously recorded and documented by that poor young girl."

Poor young girl – that's a bitter fucking laugh all right.

My sixteen year-old downfall may have been delectably nubile but she was about as innocent and vulnerable as Bathsheba on her rooftop. The fact that lushly energetic wild child Jennifer seduced me into both sexual and financial infidelity so quickly and effortlessly stands as testament enough to her guileful wiles regardless of how amorously unapproachable Sierra had grown since confirming her infertility (or my dearth of virility) over twenty months ago. In any case, make your excuses to the judge right? Then tell it to your gay-raping cellmates.

Still, even being incarcerated for credit fraud, statutory rape (plus some totally unjustified child porn charges for every hot selfie remarkably developed Jen had send me) paled as possible punishment beside being cut off, kicked out and losing any last vestige of the marriage I'd never really merited. Even as coldly distant as she'd become, and as ferociously vengeful as she clearly now is, I've never been able to shed my pathetic emotional/hormonal dependence upon this incomparable female icon. When confronted by her blatantly authoritative allure my worship and lust is just compulsory.

A single searing look from super-statuesque Sierra can make me weak in the knees, truly swoony. It can swell my heart to bursting or elevate it to racing instantaneously. It can turn my

admittedly piddling penis into an iron bar of hardness, dragged after her attraction like a superconducting magnet.

Since Jennifer ruined me by exposing our brief kinky fling, my priorities have undergone an overdue reordering. Desperation permits no hesitation.

If the price of remaining with my love-of-my-life wife is to sacrifice all future rights, to henceforth submit with utterly reflexive compliance to whatever private personal retribution that betrayed mate might devise for me in perpetuity, then I must consider myself blessed to be allowed to accept her required correction.

Having fulfilled every preliminary condition set, I hurry at once back to my former and now about-to-be permanent residence to begin serving out my designated open-ended sentence.

Trembling as much with a kind of sickly guilty arousal as fear of what my unforgivably slighted wife might have planned for the rest of my no-doubt blighted life, I have to stab at the doorbell three times before I can hit it and make it chime. My instinct proves prophetic. When the heavy oak is opened by Sierra herself I can't help but gasp and gawp at the outrageous dominatrix garb this already notorious harpy has donned.

A black latex cat suit clings to her like ink. Stiletto heels add another six inches to her already towering two meters; every rangy stretch of sinew, elegant curve and crevice is exquisitely sculpted. Right up to under her chin that obsidian sheath climbs, as if to deny the temptation of sensation to every possible bit of skin.

One gauntleted fist holds a blunt sort of baton, the other grips the handle of a cat o' nine tails, those tightly braided thongs trailing cruelly thin and long. With her similar waist-length locks bound up high in back and dramatic makeup somehow emphasizing the sharpness of her cheekbones and nose, no hint of anything except contempt breaks the forbidding planes of that unconsciously aristocratic face. Sneering down at my never-more-humiliating five foot-eight, my clearly far superior spouse shakes her head confounded.

"How did I ever marry such a living embarrassment?"

Unsure if this is rhetorical, I chance an honest response.

"Most guys are too intimidated by your height, your steroid-enhanced physique and the angry way you carry yourself – all the things that obsessively attract me. Where insecure idiots all melted away, I doggedly pursued you until you got impatient and settled for me – you wanted a sex life and kids so very badly."

"And you failed me so utterly at both."

It is the ultimate truth-shame. I can only hang my head at being so condignly condemned.

"Well get in here, then. As you can see, I've been researching the kind of kinky shit you and your little girlfriend were only experimenting with. She even inadvertently turned me on to an entire 'femdom' lifestyle dedicated to celebrating the 'wife-led relationship'. Since such a demanding dynamic seems so perfect for us after your inexcusable weakness, I hope you can enjoy the irony of where your infidelity has led you."

"At least we're together again."

As Sierra slams and locks the door behind me forever I proceed with my weaselly appeasement. "As long as I can belong to my beloved Brazilian Amazon, I will be the most exalted prisoner in existence. I swore infinite eternal submission to you and I'm here to give it."

"Good. Because I have zero use for a husband around here from now on. Consider that crap in the past. But a hopeless, helpless, justly suffering little torture-victim condemned for doubly-betraying me might prove the ideal *peon* I've always been needing. I've got so much furiously misandrous aggression to vent! So get naked, pig! You'll find all your other belongings have

been disposed of already. Never again will you own a shred of clothing or have a single possession to call yours – other than that wedding ring I so idiotically honored you with.”

As my clothes are wrenched off this twinkles from where it’s now endlessly embedded in the tender little head of my diminutive tidbit.

With that gold circle heated to gleaming, opened and threaded through my fresh piercing before being welded closed again, the flesh of my stabbed-through glans was then allowed to cauterize, fuse and seal itself to that flaming-hot metal as the two slowly cooled together. Now not even the most delicate surgery might part my manhood (meager as it as may be) from that gifted symbol of our eternal bonding. Only viciously irreparable mutilation remains an option.

Knowing I’ll be buried bearing her ring linked to my loser’s stigma actually fills me with a perverse kind of pride. As Sierra leans to inspect me, ensuring that I’ve followed her instructions precisely, I can’t help but lift that evidence ever-higher in a Lilliputian salute. Her sneer in response hurts far more acutely than that hot needle through the turtle-head did.

“Stop that nonsense at once, swine.”

“How can I? You know how insanely desirable I’ve always found you. I always will. You are an utterly unique icon of feminine power.”

“And I’ve always found you insultingly miniscule and utterly unable to restrain your spew. Never has this stunted ugly runt’s nub provided me with a single climax, much less come close to fertilizing me. Effortlessly my ova have repulsed every one of your weakling gametes.

“And honestly, all that innate unworthiness aside, could you possibly believe I would ever again allow this horribly culpable living insult to experience *any* pleasure whatsoever after spending time inside another being’s body?”

“I’m so extremely sorry, Sierra.”

“Stop that nonsense as well. I repudiate your apologies, pig. And among so many other expressions of intimacy that your sinning has sacrificed is any further use of my name or any other informal form of address. I am your owner now. You may call me that, ‘owner’ or maybe ‘mistress’ if you’d prefer to consider yourself some manner of pet or subhuman chattel.”

“May I use religious honorifics, my most adored and revered Goddess? Perhaps if I prove devout enough my spirit may enslave itself to your dominion as well. I could suffer an eternity of enduring your worst perversities then.”

“Fine, my soul-bound subject. Now, I believe you remember the way to the master suite? I think you’ll find that after I emptied out your old closet I had things remodeled considerably. So come along, convict. Before enjoying any afterlife, your cell in this earthly hell awaits – as does a cure for the monstrous impudence of that miniscule maggot-thing!”

The remodeling didn’t stop with the closet.

Our former bed has been replaced with a bigger-than-king-size circular one under a matching ceiling mirror; a hook and cable descend from a hidden winch in the very center. It’s as though Ms Frigid now intends to host nightly nympho orgies – perhaps beneath (or even around) a bound and suspended captive. Another new mirror covers the door to my old wardrobe, and I get a double surprise when Goddess prods me over and opens it wide.

That mirror is clear from the inside, so that a hidden voyeur might play the spy. Meanwhile the rest of that windowless space has been dedicated to celebrating unmitigated sadism.

Set up centrally with a straight gaze through that clandestine view is a complex obstetrics chair. Multiply adjustable and replete with buckling straps and clamps, this sits beneath high-powered lamps amidst various apparatus and surrounded by shelves crowded with seemingly infinite implements for the infliction of bodily affliction. Even the carpet has been stripped,

giving way to a tiled floor with a new wide-mouth drain gaping directly below the split seating supports. Most ominous of all though is the small trunk standing against the rear wall.

With a heavy rubber bondage suit hanging above complete with masked hood and breathing hoses, the lid of this is thrown back to show coils of shiny shackling chain along with moldable packing inserts and air tanks. The implications keep piling up until before I'm aware of it my feet are moving in reverse, trying to walk me back out of there and to anywhere else in the universe.

That's when Goddess *really* prods me.

Hit but brusquely by that blunt baton, I'm knocked instantly down not by kinetics but by the walloping jolt of electricity it delivers. Before I can do more than flop and shudder at her feet I'm whipped repeatedly. Afire with Latin passion, my owner shrieks her furious reprimand.

"You never resist me *ever*! You *obey*! You plunge into a vat of acid if I say!"

"Yes Goddess!"

Writhing and groveling, terrified and agonized, for some reason I'm also suddenly supercharged with that compulsory arousal. Being pitilessly victimized by my adored icon pushes buttons in me my brief dalliance with Jennifer barely hinted at. And the more horror her tirade evokes the harder my traitor manhood pulsates.

"If you can't be trusted not to creep around on me, you'll just have to spend your time not suspended or caged or otherwise engaged all wrapped up in smothering rubber and restraining chains and packed safely away into the smallest available space! That way I'll always know exactly where to find you. In the meantime, get your captive carcass in that childbearing chair. You'll be spending most of the rest of your miserable existence right there, learning to appreciate the kind of agonies we women traditionally endure for the sake of the species."

"I love you immoderately, gorgeous Goddess," I honestly blubber, struggling my clumsy way up and into that elaborate if rather minimally padded birthing seat.

Willingly I fit my still twitching limbs into the mobile supports provided and shiver with a sick exhilaration as they're swiftly clamped, belted and buckled in place. Further belts close over my hips and torso. Oh, I'm so goddamn randy! Who ever knew bondage could be such a turn-on? Even my head is secured with a belt across my brow, though luckily its support is currently tipped forward, away from the glaring lights and toward the continuing insult of my absurdly turgid genitals. Shaved as bare as ordered after Sierra's first aghast inspection on our wedding night, these are displayed as though laid out on an operating table. The similitude grows when the touch of a button and an electric hum causes my legs to further lift and spread and the chair itself to tilt and recline until I'm splayed further out like an amphibian pinned for vivisection. Another hum raises my waist up to a more comfortable working level and my Goddess pulls over a tray arranged with various tubes of goop and shiny metal tools, fetters, fittings and implements.

"Here we go!" Sierra gloats. "This should be every wife's right and delight. And it should be absolutely mandatory for all incels, premature ejaculators, compulsive masturbators, sub-two-inchers and any other loser born into inescapable manly inadequacy. Not to mention unfaithful mates. First a little grease to ease the cheating sleaze!"

Choosing among those tubes, Goddess shifts aside both a numbing cream and a powerful muscle balm before rubbing some slippery lotion all over my months-long backed-up balls and wildly urgent erection. Oh, such heavenly ecstasy! Of course this omnipotent knows exactly how to get me to demonstrate my inclusion in every single category just thus condemned.

Strong thumb and fingertips dig into the very roots of my organ, wagging that itty-bitty bone from the base. Without a single further touch, jerk, insert or any choice my hair-trigger fires, the intensity of fear-pleasure-thrill overwhelming me already. Yet so woefully well does

she know me that Goddess has learned to make my maddeningly unsatisfying wastefulness redound upon me.

Instantly she quits her pinch-digging, snatching those adept digits away.

Robbed of its expected (or even the slightest) stimuli, my confused nervous system seems to cross-wire. Though I shudder and thrash against the clamps and straps, my seminal glands empty not in a gloriously euphoric orgasmic gusher as ordinary. Rather there is a couple of weak pulses that barely propel anything followed by a prolonged draining drizzle.

Dictionary, meet your new definition of ‘anti-climactic’. Goddess crows her triumph.

“Perfect! Nothing like ruining a last ejaculation, is there?”

She’s holding an already visibly soiled pair of white lace panties to my meatus, catching every milky dribble. She uses these to wipe me clean and then stretches them across my face like a surgical mask, hooking the elastic over my ears, chin and nose, leaving just my eyes exposed.

“Here, breathe through these. I wore them for a week.”

Between that musky stench and all the slimy spunk smearing me I have to struggle not to vomit. But of course I’ve got far more distressing challenges than humiliation and revulsion at hand. It’s obvious my goddess has only begun to indulge her wickedest impulses.

From the table she picks up a titanium ring about the size found on a shower curtain rod. Over my penis and public bone this is placed. Then one at a time and aided by that lotion my balls are squeezed and slipped through too, at great squashing, nauseating cost. Finally that ring fits snugly about the junction of my crotch and junk. Grinning wickedly at my panting, sweating moaning as I struggle to keep my supper down, Goddess plucks up what looks like a shiny little metal cup. Only it’s honeycombed with circular openings.

About the size of a tailor’s thimble, this certainly couldn’t cover more than the first half of the first knuckle of an adult’s thumb. Thanks to my recent draining and subsequent nut-crushing however, it fits perfectly over my deeply retreated, shriveled back flaccid stub. Before I can begin to react to that chilling envelopment, built-in fittings interlock with both my embedded wedding ring and the titanium one just placed. A few ominous clicks later Sierra’s evil glee peals forth in more savagely vindictive laughing.

“Done! Never to erect or ever again come! No lock, no key, just an exquisitely insidious penis piercing! How do you like embracing impotence for your chosen eternity, my deceitful cheater with a teenager? Was her tight young cunt worth being the last one?”

This is where any rational man would beg to be released to flee – if that had any prayer of succeeding. I know far better. Accepting in despair that such a compounding of my crime would surely only worsen my allotted time, I stick to strict servility.

“No it absolutely wasn’t. At first I only spurted in my pants during her kissing and dry-humping. And as usual I spewed much too quickly the only two times she allowed me inside her body. That’s why she finally tied me all up, whipped my backside raw and took those pictures you saw. She left me to be found by you bound up naked that way but I managed to wriggle an escape. Still your will must be done, my deity. My guilt is recorded for all to see. Please take your murderously pleasurable revenge in punishing me.”

“I intend to, my eventual dismemberment victim! Now, just because this most nerve-rich tidbit of sex-flesh is forever trapped all scrunched up small doesn’t mean we can let it lose its sensitivity. That’s what all these little holes are for.

“The biggest one centered over your urethra must be left open of course, for probes and so we can keep a catheter tube threaded up all the way up you whenever you’re left bundled in the

trunk for an inordinate amount of unattended hours. But all these surrounding openings all over the glans are designed for the optional addition of these clever little metal ‘thorns’.”

Goddess inserts pointed titanium barbs into each hole. Immediately they dig painfully into the meat of my ultra-sensitive head. Driving them in further with an Allen wrench, she crows anew at my hissing and whimpering.

“Just wait ‘til I connect the electrical cable! Forget cheating with it; you’ll soon rue ever being born with this worse-than-useless organ. Right now I can’t be bothered with hooking up all those wires though, pinching on the alligator clamps and inserting probes and everything. We’ve been estranged for far too long, my only ever sexual partner. And I know how much you must’ve missed me, especially after your previous year and a half of bitching.

“Now, I know what you must be thinking. But just because your ludicrously unworthy little faggot-maggot is rightly locked down forever doesn’t mean this old married pair can’t rediscover their passion for fucking. After all,” my hulking, black-clad captor drawls, reaching toward the collection of paraphernalia on the wall, “What’s life in prison without painful daily anal raping?”

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Oh stupid dupe, you should have expected all of this!

Goddess has had weeks to come up with the very worst ways to repay a betraying mate. Certainly such blatant emasculations were always foreordained. Still it was almost easier seeing my orgasmic capacity (and all possible penile pleasure) taken permanently away than watching mountainous Sierra strap on a black silicone dildo, one fully proportional to her immense size and ravening sadistic malice.

After all, I can only be locked into impotence once. Clearly my fearsome Supreme Being means to spear my commandeered rear day and night without respite for the rest of my violently violated, deeply degraded life. And obviously that’s just for starters. Instantly the cleverness of her invention proves as endless as the devilishness of her intentions. Once that mammoth black phallus is immovably mounted on her Venus mound, Goddess guffaws as she slathers it with a glove-full of menthol-smelling goop.

“Oops! Grabbed the wrong tube! Good thing I chose a cock that fits completely outside my suit. I thought this was the scented sex lube. Looks like it’s the burning hot muscle balm that I was going to rub into your balls after I got done twisting, kicking, punching and pulping them for the following several hours. Oh dear. When treating stretched, pulled, overworked or even torn muscle tissue, does the rectal cavity even count? Or will friction-drilling this shit in just badly exacerbate the intolerably intimate agony of losing your sissy virginity? Considering our respective sizes, anything’s got to be better than taking me breaking you in boner-dry, or so you’d be inclined to believe at least. Let’s find out, shall we my new slut-male butt-bitch?”

Secured immovably, I can only writhe against my restraints, grit my teeth and clench up my fists, toes and those just-threatened butt muscles – that’s the limit of my possible resistance. So why should I violate my vow of submission at all?

Driven by the expediency of the shriven, my only hope here is that whatever pleasure the bottom partner widely derives from guy-on-guy riding somehow arises to expand my own horizons. Otherwise sharing my wife’s sexual expression will never again represent any kind of redemption. It will be terribly retributive torture and nothing more. So though it takes every iota of my dedicated devotion, I manage to relax that nether clench as Goddess Sierra moves

purposely into pegging position. Though she's realistically molded and big as the barrel of a baseball bat, I take a huge inhale through my skanky-pussy-spew mask and beg for her blessing.

"Please ream me ruthlessly, my monstrous cock-Goddess. Teach me what it means to be your subjugated subject. Make me take it in the anus until I learn to yearn for your worst, most perverted insertions."

"Patience, my shameless anal slave! You want me to shove my shock prod up there already? Or shall I just deflower you with this fiery truncheon from a futa-demon's dungeon?"

There's a question that can have one only politic answer.

"I want your big Brazilian boner, beautiful. I need to learn to worship it too if I'm to survive watching your unleashed libido finally thrive."

"Then welcome to sexual hell, ex-husband, where the pain and domination of rape are celebrated for their own sake. This is how we get it on as jailor and inmate!"

Shoving and gouging then lunging and pounding, it must take Goddess almost half an hour to get the entirety of that behemoth penis rammed up inside me. Or maybe it only seems that way; time has turned magically to taffy.

Every second represents an indescribable agony of stretching, surely worse than a thin-hipped woman's childbirth in reverse. And as for diving into that suggested vat of acid, such quick obliteration would be welcome about now. Every place those black gloves touch my body they leave burning smears of gel, while that bludgeoning boner itself might as well be a weapon of white-hot metal.

Between what is literally a chemical burn on tender interior tissues and the heat of friction from hammering such a huge intrusion through such a tightly squeezing space, that flaming impalement may as well be flaying me simultaneously. And of course the serious drilling is barely beginning. Once she has me loosened up enough to permit that entire big fire-spike to sear-spear in with only minimal resistance, Goddess laughs with manic mastery and sets herself to relish an eternity of beautifully punitive buggery.

"Here we go, damned soul. Here's my hot demonic cock for your lily-white hole. Imagine I have horns on my head, a forked tongue, an arrow-pointed whip-tail and flapping wings helping to empower my every thrust. Have we arrived at your ideal afterlife yet?"

"Never...stop...fucking...me!" I choke out dishonestly between sobs.

In truth, I've already tried thrashing futilely against my bonds.

As bravely as I may want to face my fate, Goddess' flaming invasion is just too devastating to take. I can only try to fake my appreciation as that acid-stabbing attack escalates. And she isn't even going all-out yet. As viciously-swiftly-savagely as she fucks me, my super-fit ex-spouse still has plenty of breath left with which to taunt me about all that yet lies ahead for that ultra-vulnerable portal.

"Yes, this chair gives us fantastic access. And beyond reviving our moribund sex life, think of all those other 'perverted insertions' you yearned for still in store: Buzzing vibrator plugs, electrified probes, football-sized inflatable balloons, enormous enemas of the most exotic concoction, not to mention lots of good old-fashion fisting. But you know what I'm particularly keen to try, once I decide I no longer really mind if you die? Live rodents.

"We'll jam an empty plastic tube up you, with peanut butter or cream cheese getting way up deep. Slip a fat gerbil or a nice big ravenous rat in there, let him follow his nose and once he gets busy feeding, why you just pull the tube out, trapping the furry bastard inside. Sounds exciting doesn't it? Better than Orwell's Room One-oh-one. Oh man, I'm going to come my *brains* out

just picturing you squirming and screaming hysterically for me as some maddened mammal fights and claws and struggles frantically about inside your ass!”

Now she’s fucking me with everything, copulating not just with a passion I’ve never dreamed of seeing but with an almost psychopathic savagery that makes me take her predictions extremely seriously. Ah, my conquering Goddess! When she eventually *does* start screaming in what is obviously an overwhelmingly powerful orgasm, her eyes and even entire face seem to blaze with a derangement as incendiary as that sodomizing skewer. Only when she staggers back panting, pulling completely free at last but surely leaving me burning down there indefinitely, does some semblance of rationality seem to slowly return to her. Timidly I try to turn my weeping into an appeal that might yet reach her.

“I didn’t...come back...for that. Not to die with a...rat up my ass.”

“Maybe not.” Unfortunately her first taste of orgasmic satisfaction from our relationship has only made Sierra more sadistically smug. “But that’s what’s going to happen.

“Don’t worry though. We’ll have years of fun working our way up to that. Years where you’ll serve as my stool-swallowing toilet, and get to watch and participate in all the outlandish orgies I have planned. Years of watching hot hired studs fuck me silly before they turn their dick-attentions on you. Years of suffering the worst physical and emotional tortures I can devise. In the end, my idiotically willing prisoner, you’ll be glad for that last too-frantic rat.

“Now then ex-spouse, shall we begin the promised hours of abusing your betraying balls?”

Better not to answer. Better to husband whatever energy one can before the horror descends afresh. Too late for anything now but endless, eviscerating regrets...

Sacred Family Secret

“You excited about tomorrow night?”

“Of course!” I gasp as Teri pumps my hours-hard erection between her breasts.

She’s so firm yet supple, and so gratuitously blooming compared to that sore importuning that I can barely concentrate on answering. Still wet from her incredibly adept oral attentions, my slippery little stiffness slides so swiftly through the press of all that taut young breast-flesh that I’m seconds from ejaculatory heaven. How *ever* did this vixen get so expert at this?

Teri and I are confirmed virgins, just-graduated high school sweethearts who have never been involved with anybody else ever. Nevertheless this devilish enchantress knows exactly how best to use her hands, lips, tongue and those spectacular tits to drive me absolutely bat-shit – and precisely when to back off at the penultimate instant. Now as I’m writhing wildly on the edge of more than the couch (straining insanely to finally spout) she capriciously slows down (yet again) to smile sweetly from where she kneels between my feet.

Rich and lustrous, her honey-blond hair is drawn up and back in a ribbon-tied ponytail. Blue eyes sparkling charmingly, she’s so beautifully fresh-faced and vivacious I can’t believe she’s actually agreed to spend the rest of her life with me. Still compressing and gently pumping on my unfortunately runty stub she coincidentally teases me verbally.

“What is it that excites you the most unbearably? Is it meeting my scary parent and joining our church and family? Setting out on an unprecedented adventure together? Finally seeing me in all of my glorious nudity? Or is it the part about us bonding eternally while mutually losing our overdue virtue?”

“All the above,” I mumble, not truly choosing, just crazed from so much endless edging.

“And you really don’t mind my Mama being there when we consummate our bonds? I know these religious requirements can seem silly to outsiders, but she insists on supervising, and after the way she adopted and raised me…”

“Overprotective, is she?”

“Downright domineering about certain subjects. I can’t believe I’ve kept you sheltered from her skeptical contempt for so long already.”

“I don’t mind my darling. To spend the entirety of eternity with a fantastically attractive bombshell like you, I’ll join any obscure family church you choose – even if it’s run by the mother-in-law from hell itself.

“When it comes to desirability you’re so far out of my league it’s egregious. I *should* have to endure a certain amount of spurning, until I’ve earned and learned how to yearn for the worst of your surging urges. Besides, after the bonding we’re headed for years of service overseas, yes?”

“Mmmm-hmmmm.”

I can’t tell if this is an affirmation or just a moan of appreciation.

Having banked such a blank check, Teri has gone down on me again, bobbing and sucking so industriously she soon has me right back at the quivering brink. And this time, finally, after so many hours of making out, of me obsessively plundering those wondrously succulent udders and Teri enjoying toying with my tiny yet indefatigable meat-need, the future wife and love of my life at last allows me to reach my seed-spewing peak. Even as she rubs my nuts and slurps so

furiously on my entire six centimeters of pulsating rigidity I'm lifting up my hips, bridging and bucking helplessly with the power of the sperm-spurts erupting from me.

Oh, she gets me to empty so extravagantly every damn time!

And if beautifully nubile Teri can stimulate me so extremely with just her fingers, thumbs and palms, cleavage, nipples and mouth, imagine the blessings she might dispense with her tight hot fount! *Think* about this dream female with such instinctual skills and insatiable appetites actually *fucking* me day and night for the rest of our sequestered lives...

~

So here we are! This is the place and the time has finally arrived for me to be sexually initiated into my new church and family!

With all my belongings either locked in long-term storage or packed in the back of my truck, with the last of my goodbyes and ties behind me I rumble up to the rather desolate, converted old church where Teri urged me to meet her. And damn if my favorite girl in the world isn't here first! What a perfectly priceless princess.

Sitting on the hood of her car in an otherwise empty lot, she immediately leaps up to greet me. The moment I'm out of my vehicle she's hugging and kissing me, alight with delight.

"Here at last! Oh, this is going to be such a fabulous blast! *Finally* we can let it all hang out; be completely nude and true to each other! Come and meet my mother. As founder of the church we call her Madre Marta, or just 'Mama'. She's been getting everything ready inside."

Teri takes my hand and hurries me across the deteriorating tarmac. It's just dusk and a swirl of bats flutters past. No doubt these are leaving the decrepit old bell tower looming so ominously above us for the night's bug hunt. This rundown end of town seems spookily deserted and I can't help but shiver uneasily. Then we're tromping up wooden stairs to a side door, which swings open to present the most striking – and indeed rather scary – matriarch glowering down at us.

Surely older but seemingly yet in her early thirties she's dressed in but a simple crimson shift, the gold-fringed hem of which falls to just past her hips. Toweringly tall, big-boned and barrel-bodied with gorilla arms, a more-than-matronly bosom, an only slightly ovoid belly but a truly bulbous bottom, there's a crazed glaze of mania overlaying her hazel gaze. Though merely handsome with its high lined brow, strong jaw and cheekbones within a framing mane of wavy raven hair, Madre Marta's intimidating visage is suffused with such suppressed aggression that its attractiveness is eerily enhanced by the kind of innate personal magnetism common to unhinged religious fanatics. Certainly her superior sneer seems to condemn me as the most despicable of infidels as her luscious young daughter steps up and presents me.

"*This* is the useless sissy you insist on?"

"Absolutely, Mama! This one is ideal for us."

"Pathetically slender and effeminate."

"Exactly – and perfectly predisposed to appreciate our family secret."

"The naïve cretin really has no idea?"

"Not the most innocent inkling. You know why. You know what you made me do to hide."

"I grudgingly accept your selection then. Bring it inside."

Without even bothering with an exchange of names – and before I can try to figure out what on Earth all *that* was about – 'Mama' recedes down a gloomy old hallway.

Teri pauses only to lock the door behind us before goosing me on along that creaking corridor after her. My mate-to-be's eagerness reminds me that the end of virginity lies just ahead.

Right away my own erotic anticipation returns full-force, banishing incipient misgivings. After all, Madre Marta might have rejected me...

Through a few mostly empty rooms, a wardrobe at the back of the old sacristy, a disguised door and then down a long steep staircase she leads us. It smells musty and I wonder if there are crypts down here or what – defunct diocese or not, this building has clearly been here for centuries. Finally the walls turn to recently patched, originally ill-fitted river rock and we pass through an arched, heavy ironwood door that boasts some serious bolts. As Teri again locks these behind us I see that a spacious, high-ceilinged old wine cellar or something has been converted into a rather unsettling combined living area and ceremonial suite.

Besides a giant fireplace and connected kitchen and bathroom, there are only a series of tall cabinets that line the ancient brick walls. Otherwise the sole furnishing is an enormous feather bed. Dozens of candles in a pair of chain-hung chandeliers provide the most romantic illumination, but I can't help noticing the life-size wooden cross built into the wall above the headboard has been retrofitted with actual padded shackles.

Never saw *that* in any church before. Didn't the Romans use nails? And the big, finely embroidered banner hanging opposite, next to the door behind us, sports the most paradoxical sort of symbol for its sigil. But then Teri's kissing me again, her voice febrile with thrill.

"I need to slip into the restroom a second, sissy. Make myself extra sexy for you. Mama in turn will get you delightfully ripe for me. Then together we'll let you in on a sacred family secret – and perform the most sensational yet exacting sacraments you can imagine!"

"I am *not* a sissy!" I protest yet again, stupidly disregarding everything else just said.

Teri only smiles slyly as always, giving me that look that says fool yourself, sure, but I'm not fooling her. Even flying blind she'd find my penis size undeniably tiny. Then she's gone, leaving me alone in her demented mother-mentor's clutches. This totemic figure reigns imperious in her contempt.

"Now then, besotted little bitch, strip! Let's see what outrages nature hath made."

Utterly bizarre as it is, something about this situation is suddenly humiliatingly exhilarating.

The innate force of authority with which Mama delivers her orders is simply irresistible. Who could ever rebel and how? Within a minute I'm cringing before her without a stitch on: narrow slumped shoulders, shallow, hairless chest, spindly limbs and pinky-finger penis sticking up all guilty-shrimpy. Inspecting every inch of my manifestly inferior form like I'm livestock on the block, Madre Marta smirks at this last universal proof of masculine inadequacy before circling to run an abrupt hand down the small of my back and the crack of my ass. Somehow I suppress my squirming as her biggest middle digit probes my spastically puckering exit.

"Nicely shaved up front, tight and tender behind, I see. Any difficulties with hemorrhoids, urinary infections or anything else we might have to worry about? No vermin or STDs?"

"Of course not! Never-never-never in this life or any other!"

"All right, worm. Surely you're your own germy vermin. No worries. Cross both arms behind your spine. Overlap them so each hand can touch its opposite elbow. I must always ensure that nothing can threaten my divine daughter. And you need to learn the instinctive submission to her required of worshippers in this particular church – not to mention demonstrate your equally obsequious obedience to me!"

"I understand, ma'am. This is your dominion – and you are in command. But there's nothing to fear from me. I adore the fair Teri so addictively I'd live off her leavings. I couldn't dream of hurting her. And now that we've met, I see where she gets it. The potency of your personality daunts and arouses me quite irrationally as well. So I hereby solemnly vow to do whatever you

both tell me to. I'll behave however I must to suffer lust's justice – and even eventually earn your motherly trust. Tell me what I need to do to be bonded eternally to you two.”

All during this naked avowal I'm passively allowing Madre Marta to encase my overlaid forearms in tight black strapping tape, practically incapacitating me.

I've heard about cults or even respectable religious orders that still practice flagellation as a way to purge personal impurities and further refine the spirit. Even if these ladies have ordeals as extreme as that planned for me, I remain more than game. I've read that the right mystique can elevate sex transcendently. Still as Mama cuts the tape with a fancy straight razor and seals her makeshift bondage sheathe my gaze goes again to that crimson banner overhead.

The exalted sigil centered seems some kind of contradiction .

There is the universal symbol for female, a circle with a dependent cross, rendered in gleaming gold. Meanwhile jutting up from the upper right of this is also the arrow that typically connotes male – only this arrow is unmistakably flesh-colored and erection-shaped. What exactly do these ladies consider so holy they've committed eternity to worshipping?

Before I can begin to wonder too much, my new religious leader and soon-to-be mother-in-law shoves me down to sit on the edge of that gigantic bed.

Her skimpy crimson shift shimmering in the candlelit dimness and clinging to her every majestic convexity, she turns to open the nearest cabinet before answering me. When I see the meticulously arranged trove of canes, whips and other disciplinary implements I can't help but gape dismay despite my recent resolve. Then Mama is cryptically continuing.

“Despicable sissy, to persist in our possession you must do far more than merely single-mindedly worship and obey those deemed your deities implicitly. Nor is it enough to embrace masochistic impotence as the purest expression of your infinite devotion. You must also be supremely appreciative of those unique features of ours that render your betters so superior to the boring old binary norm. Even more importantly though, you must always honor your promise never to hurt the person you are about to accept as your eternal godhead.

“Now I know I've just put you into inescapable bondage. And even were you not to be continuously restrained from now on, you are no match for a big brawny brute like me, even without this added advantage.” Mama gestures with the shock-prod baton she's just taken from its charger. “But there are far more unforgivable ways to wound someone than with frantically flailing fists or weak sissy kicks. I'm sure I don't need to remind you how beloved Teri was given up for adoption – cruelly rejected by her birth parents in the most traumatic fashion. Rest assured that you will *not* be allowed to likewise traumatize her with your blinkered binary bigotry. I've sworn to put a stop to any such nonsense pronto.”

With a last admonitory glare Madre Marta knocks on the cabinet wall with her baton. Clearly this is a prearranged signal, because with that the bathroom door crashes open. And ravishing Teri emerges attired like the most seductively delectable bride alive.

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What was all that 'binary' crap about anyhow? Too late to claim ignorance, but I don't know dick about computer languages. Nor do I care when I see what Teri's done to her hair, or with makeup and jewelry in such a short while. My Goddess, she's fucking gorgeous!

From sapphire pendant earrings that just match the glittering hue of her huge eyes to the intricately lacy lingerie she wears, she's never looked so feminine, so adult, so erotically alluring. Heart swelling to bursting with worship for this divinely desirable beauty who has so

inexplicably settled for little-dick loser me, I might weep with appreciation were I not so rampant with animal demand.

Reminded by that how I'm at last about to be allowed access to parts of her hitherto forbidden, I tear my gaze from Teri's beguiling smile and diaphanously draped, splendidly generous breasts. Such a svelte belly and wonderfully curvy hips – *HOLY FUCKING SHIT!!*

What kind of nightmare is this?

My incomparably endowed dream female has somehow come equipped with a dick! And I'm not talking about any stubby stunted runt's nubbin like mine, but a beautifully thick swinger's prick that reaches up nearly to her (?) navel in its all-too eager tumescence.

Nor is this any cleverly designed dildo or weird sort of prosthesis – the pitted tip glistens, the entire vein-wrapped shaft waggles with each sexy swing of those stripper's hips as gorgeous Teri closes in grinning.

How the fuck could this be happening? She's no bi-guy in disguise! Believe me, those breasts I've had both burying and abusing my face and boner are just as indisputably genuine as that porn star's cunt-bludgeon she's just begun to unselfconsciously stroke up even larger.

In my shock I forget everything and try to lurch up off the bed. Then I'm really in for a shock, for true to her word Mama hits me immediately with her stun-prod.

ZZZZZZAP!

At once I collapse to the rug, my entire neuromuscular system scrambled.

Jittering and jerking volitionlessly, I can only look up in terrorized chagrin. Madre Marta shakes that weapon like a scepter overhead as she delivers the most scorching shrieked sermon ever heard. This is all about so-called 'binary bigotry' and the plight of as many as one in every two thousand babies, all of whom are born with mixed or 'ambiguous' genitalia every year.

Apparently until recently most obstetricians just took their best guess (or flipped a friggin' coin) and made irreversible surgical alterations one way or the other. Naturally these proved ill-advised as often as not and fucked the poor child up for life. Teri however was allowed to develop entirely unaltered, and to aspire to her own uniquely beautiful and even sacred place in the universe.

A very rare natural hermaphrodite who's truly dually functional? Most religions spring from far less extraordinary origins. And as her adoptive mother has done, I too must learn to accept and cherish this miracle for herself, exactly as she exists. I will not be given the option to profane her further by refusal.

Sermon delivered, Mama yanks me up by the hair.

Leaving me slouched on the floor she wrestles me up against the foot of that huge bed. In fact she sprawls right across this, lying prone above me where she uses her huge arms (my wimpy ones remain taped uncomfortably behind me of course) to further secure me in a pitiless headlock. Before I can even regain full control of my voltage-jolted muscles my new wife and deity is already looming bold and beautiful above me.

Kneeling fully upright, straddling Teri's positioned her still-inexplicable prick only inches from my restrained face. Jutting from a slit in her sexy silk panties, this twitches to the rhythm of her impatience and looks huger than ever right up close.

How the *hell* did she ever hide this behemoth penis from me? The hand not currently jacking and guiding its brutishly thick length reaches out to stroke my downy-haired cheek (I couldn't grow a beard if it meant the gallows). Unbelievably my teenage sweetheart is pleading with me.

"Blessed sexual receptacle, I beg you to lust for me exactly as I am, to seriously revere and fear me as you would any goddess, of course, but also to accept the months of my necessary

deception and embrace this opportunity to abandon the bad attempt at binary manhood you never had a chance of managing anyway.

“As we now prepare to bond in loving copulation as goddess and subject, I offer you this opportunity to prove all your earlier professions of fealty true. And honestly darling, don’t you want to repay all my months of expert oral attentions? Not to mention the agony it cost me binding and hiding this holy appendage all of that time...”

“You truly have no idea, though I guarantee you soon will. Anyway, you owe me badly, baby. So open up and begin your attempted atonement by licking my lovely erection all over for me. Never forget that I am one of a kind however. Bite me after I enter you or ever threaten to and my guardian Madre instantly breaks your cervical vertebrae – only she’ll cripple rather than kill you. And after that your slow usage gets truly gruesome...”

Teri’s rubbing that hot, impossible monstrosity against my even hotter cheeks, smearing my streaming tears. Struggling will be beyond counterproductive. So what other option exists? Until I can somehow escape this benighted rape-cave, I can only try to play along, timidly behave as my depraved betrayers crave and try to limit the damage, both to my body and self-image, neither of which has ever felt as fragile. What were all those vows I so blithely spouted out?

Though it makes my gut churn and my scalp crawl with shame and revulsion, I choke back my acidic sobs of despair. I swallow once, twice, and again against the most reluctant lump. Then I most humbly open up to subserviently lick and suck on my first-ever big erect fuck-club.

~

It’s as satiny soft as it is stiff and warm.

From swiping my entire tongue all up and down, over and around that hefty-fleshy stretch I use the most taste-sensitive tip to trace that biggest pulsating vein the whole way up to the darkly engorged glans. Then licking all around the rim as she’s so often done to me I can’t help but feel a twinge of accomplishment at hearing Teri’s first unaffected moaning.

“Oooooooooooooooooooooooooohh!

“Oh I like that! Tickle the opening now. Really slather it sloppily about. Just the way I do to your insignificant little clit-thing. Good job. Now go ahead. Commit to it, sissy-bitch. You know you want to. Become the insanely voracious cocksucker you’ve always been destined to be. Open wide, thrust out that hungry tongue and accept the blessings of my sacred erection. Eat this needy she-meat, in reverence of me!”

The hand once lovingly cupping my cheek has fisted itself in my blonde locks. The arm clamped about my neck tightens as Mama growls renewed warning in my ear. My mouth is suddenly awash and the drool runs heedlessly off my tongue as I gape to accept my fate. Then hot and pungent that impossible she-penis pushes in. And revolted or not I form a seal and suck, suck with all my greedy teenaged being, while my captors cheer and gloriously euphoric Teri revels in unprecedented levels of pleasure.

“Oh, Mama how arousing! Oh, I have waited *forever* for such sensations! I knew your big soft lips would be ideal, and your latency barely buried. Go on, suck on me, ex-binary! Learn to love delivering this service, for you’ll be doing so day and night the rest of your degraded life.”

I almost choke on a sob at this prospect; *almost* lose control of my teeth.

Terror of the arm now yanking my head threateningly up and back, even beginning to restrict my breathing, galvanizes me. Though that headlock prevents me from any bobbing, I abandon any last manliness and strive with all my might to convey extreme obsequiousness in

my servicing. Suckling with an urgency reserved only for those big pebbly nipples of hers, I tongue-slasher the underside too until foam runs down my lower lip, chin and neck.

Goddess, she throbs so hotly, and the seepage she gives up is sweet!

Hearing Teri cry out softly still thrills me regardless of her perfidy, and with that I succumb to guilty willingness in a time as shamefully short as my own suddenly reawakening erection. Hearing my groans lose their tone of woe, my controlling new owner crows up a gloat.

“See, sissy? You were born to belong to this magnificent organ! Daughter, I believe you can begin thrusting up a rhythm. We have the rest of all time to find out how eager and adept this bitch’s voluntary performances can get. For now just train its gullet to accept your every deliciously prodigious inch.”

“As you suggest, my wonderful mother.”

That soft-hard head-bulb, all velvet over bone, plunges abruptly down my throat. In panic I lurch upward, only to be yanked commandingly back.

Though I’m retching helplessly I control my teeth somehow. Yet so great is my desperation that I’m grateful when the ladies haul my head even further backward, opening my esophagus to the maximum. Then with reverse peristalsis as the enemy it’s triumph or die as my new goddess-wife begins fucking my upper orifice with rampantly demanding wantonness.

How long do I gag unflagging as she pounds in and out of me? Long enough that when I finally learn to suppress this reflex, my relief is great enough to help my ladies’ praise quickly transform what had been a torturous horror to a worshipful service that is its own reward.

“There you go, cock-gobbler!”

“Just let it piston in and out of you now! Exist solely in this submissive bliss that is constantly swallowing your goddess’ pungently plunging penis. Look forward to decades of giving indiscriminate head as much as you do the deflowering-pounding just ahead.”

“Subjugated sissy-sex is the *only* kind of sex for tiny-supplied ex-binaries. Let being over-filled fulfill you in lieu of all the gratification your mistaken manhood never again can.”

Mistake or not, that ridiculous little cock feels hard as a rock. And as I imagine bobbing and slobbering, slurping and nursing and even taking the hot and slimy money shot that apparent afterthought burns worse than my shame-aflame face.

Even Teri interrupting her abusive pumping to thrust in to the limit, press up tight and grind her groin salaciously against my crushed lips (and engulfing gullet) sends thrills of humiliated victimhood through me. How could I be so unnervingly pervy? Yet I love it even more when that truly holy organ resumes pounding down inside me. When at last that nearly foot-long flesh-spike pulls all the way back and out, trailing silvery strings of slaver, I can only gasp and gape at the ladies’ deranged laughter. Then even at the height of my new slutty-sissy excitement I’m struck dumb by the extremity of my continuing naiveté.

“Great job, cocksucker! You got me so spitty-slippery we won’t be needing any other greasing for me to eradicate your ass-cherry. And even if you do end up bleeding, that’s rather expected to happen when you lose your virginity. So let’s get my delectable young subject up onto the marital bed. I can’t believe it’s finally time for us to consummate our eternal bonds!”

Even as realizations are shrieking inside, as revelatory horror and abhorrence have me shuddering and struggling mindlessly, that strangling headlock hauls me upward, dragging me back onto the expansive mattress. With my arms still taped together crosswise behind me I wind up lying arched uncomfortably over them, at least until Mama crams a couple of sizeable pillows under my head and shoulders. Any gratitude evaporates however when she next catches my legs and lifts them all the way above these last, doubling me invitingly up. Spreading my feet and

then trapping them under her arms, she again holds me helpless from above, her excited breath scorching the side of my face as she momentarily proclaims.

“Now my divine daughter, the time has arrived for you to lay claim to this first ever subjugated sex slave. Use your sacred erection of revenge to repudiate eons of binary bigotry. And bless this unbelievably lucky sissy with the experience to realize being bitch-bugged forever is far better than having no fornication whatsoever. Especially when belonging to such insatiable deities as we.”

~

Goddess Teri climbs beaming aboard the bed, shedding draping layers of lace. Oh, her erection is still bobbing and dipping, glistening and dripping; her bright blue gaze ablaze!

“Thank you Mama, for all you’ve done for me. Your foresight and kindness shall be repaid in spades. And you, my darling sissy, are finally about to ‘get laid’.

“Too bad it’s kind of the inverse of what you had planned for us for this night and the rest of our sequestered lives. But surely you can endure yourself what you had in mind for me. Otherwise where is all of your oft-avowed fealty?”

No threat to my neck or possible amount of willpower can keep me from suddenly struggling mightily.

Fealty? Where is my *reality*, where beautifully blossoming blushing brides don’t transform into hermaphroditic satyrs in the blink of an eye? All my meager strength and mad panic are wasted, alas. Mama doesn’t need her prod even, just her weight and patience are enough to restrain me, until at last I lapse into vanquished gasps. Subdued and shorn of delusion, I’m so the opposite of aroused now that my crawling balls feel all drawn up small, and my timid tidbit has so retreated that Teri is able to push it back inside me and pinch the pubis closed over it.

“Now you truly look ex-binary,” she breathes evilly down at me. “And it makes me more man-randy than a sissy like you could ever understand.

“I knew you’d be the ideal first for me. My introductory conquest. Now let us be bonded in holy eternal dominance: me ruling over you socially, emotionally, spiritually, physically but especially sexually for all of eternity. By the act of taking your bitch-virginity I ecstatically establish my timeless mastery: your persona, body and soul now all belong to me alone!”

I know better than to try and clench, and not just because that hand not painfully pinching in my pee-pee is now threateningly gripping my tingling testes.

That last frantic thrashing not only proved the futility of resisting. It exhausted all my resources. Already fatally subjugated, I can only whimper on, turn my flaming face away and broil with shame as my new goddess-mate makes my eternal new status unmistakable. First that big soft-but-stiff bulb I’ve just sucked so sluttily up squeezes itself into my tightest secret recess. Ugh-ouch! Then even as I’m keening my way into weeping that massive shaft follows.

AAAAAAHHHHHH, GODDESS! Yet even in my devastatingly emasculating agony I’m actually grateful they raped my face first – and not just because of the minimalist lube.

That existential battle to keep from drowning on my own vomit made for a far more unendurable danger than any gouging amount of deep anal pain.

The latter ordeal can generally be managed without fatal damage. Only silly pretensions of potency die in me as this gorgeously supreme female being proves far more virile. Smiling sadistically down she drives her uncompromising way inside, as reamingly deep as her hot fleshy appendage can reach.

Again Mama is crowing and intoning some cultish mumbo-jumbo, lending both ecclesiastical and motherly authority to my ritual deflowering. But I can only close my eyes, trying to deny why I again find being victimized so surprisingly obliging.

Heaven save me, I'm being anally raped!

The absolute worst thing that can happen to a man (a straight one anyway) is currently underway. Yet the bejeweled and made-up beauty and the spectacularly dangling tits of my attacker confuse everything.

This is the vixen I so addictively adore, not some scruffy ugly boor. And when she begins pumping her violent way in ever deeper the rhythmic increase in agony is weirdly welcome in its way: the perfect punishment for a slutty sissy unconscionably succumbing to the grunting, humbling fun of being massively invasively violated.

Mama does her part encouraging my perverting. As Teri beams superiorly down and drives in with constantly increasing confidence/dominance, her mother murmurs stirringly in my ear.

"Wounds you wonderfully, doesn't it? Could any pain be greater, more welcome, than your goddess' holy cock occupying your body? To supply this singular divinity with the many ecstasies inherent to her birthright constitutes an honor so beyond your measly merit that the agony should feel absolutely orgasmic to thee!

"And who cares what all your old acquaintances would say about the dickless sissy now living exclusively to suck on hot cock and get brutally sodomized? You'll never see those bigoted binaries again. And they're not the ones being kept in constant stressful bondage, being hung up crucified all the time and religiously whipped to ribbons regularly are they?

"Take what submissive thrills you can, slave. Enjoy what opportunities for intimacy remain. Why should sex always be a torture too, instead of a transcendent acceptance of heavenly aggression? Go on and take that sacred cock. Take it and love it and beg for it. There may come some cuckolded day not too far away when you pine for a reminder of the time you were the sole apple of your gorgeous owner's eye."

By now Teri truly is in full flower, bedewing me with drops of sweat and panting with unbridled passion as she stabs-stabs-stabs the entirety of her big boner home.

Leaning forward over me, she's long since quit pinching off my own little pee-pee, and this again stands emphatically upright, ample evidence of the sick victim's excitement these creatures have somehow instilled in me. Though I still harbor the determined intention to escape this church/dungeon, Mama is at least right about this: better to enjoy the limited intimacies on offer here than suffer nothing but the worst needlessly.

Besides, it's impossible to respond with calmness to a madly copulating goddess. As Teri's power, pace and cries relentlessly climb my own spitted-piglet squealing seems to change pitch to harmonize. Then locked in an exchange of mutually crazed gazes we ascend toward sensory heaven together, my agony and her ecstasy mingling and exhilarating us indistinguishably.

In-in-in-in, ow-ow-ow-ow, pound-pound-pound-pound! Goddess hammer-batters me against the mattress, the floor, the very ground, her gorgeous face snarling bestially down now. It's like she's intent on killing me with her erection-weapon after all. Bouncing big breasts a blur she shrieks as much from angry vindication and effort as ecstasy as she throws every iota of energy she possesses into her absolutely maddened first-ever fuck-frenzy.

Suffering this super-fast stabbing, this excruciatingly deep drilling, I suddenly surprise everyone by being the first one to come. Without anyone even touching my tiny stub it starts to shudder. Aroused beyond acknowledging, gripped by some fantastic masochistic transport, the submission-addicted sissy-victim must somehow insist on being explicitly complicit.

Indeed I'm so enraptured by the spectacle and effects of my divine deflowerer in action I'm barely aware of that spastic jetting wetting my belly. Nor do I take notice of Mama releasing my legs and moving away. I only know that moments later that serial speed-spearing goring me so deeply reaches its glorious apogee – and then is withdrawn so abruptly I can barely mourn its departure before something far worse almost instantly occurs.

Nor does it seem things are about to get any better, ever.

~

Even as my legs collapse back to the mattress, Goddess Teri is straddling my skinny chest again. Her flagrantly working erection is again inches from my face and the hand not back fisted in my hair is pumping away more frenetically than ever. Her cry of divine apotheosis turns into the most humiliating benediction as the hot wet splatters begin to hit.

“AAAAAAAHHH, Mama! By holy rite and right of the only known dually functional hermaphrodite, I hereby baptize this captive ex-binary into a lifetime of impotent sissy-slut service!”

Horridly bland yet salty-spunky, Teri's come is pumping all over me: chin, lips and septum; cheeks, nose, forehead; even stippling my eyelids and dribbling down through my brows, so much sleazy semen that it's like she's been saving it up for eighteen years by now.

Indeed I'm so busy blinking sticky ribbons out of my blurry vision that I can't properly see what it is Mama's doing to me as her Goddess-daughter at last laughs and sighs and climbs victoriously off my bound defilement. But I can certainly feel it when she pushes my again-shriveled stub back deep up inside me and uses forceps this time to pinch the surrounding skin closed. And you can bet your own desperately precious genitals I feel the inconceivable cruelty that comes next.

“Lowly sex slave and torture subject, your new goddess-wife has decreed that you must repay the kind of pain she endured all during your courtship when she was obliged to bind up and hide the truth about her sacred self. And since no chastity device can entirely guarantee the absolute impotence you eternally deserve in return, to prevent any binary backsliding we have decided that you must be simply stapled-up chaste.”

Before I can credit even the possibility of such a depraved idea being seriously conceived, the actuality has been achieved.

With truly indescribable excruciation, Madre Marta uses a surgical stapler to punch one, two, three, four sterile steel staples through the pinched skin of my pubis, sealing the super-sensitive glans and currently retracted shaft of my penis permanently inside my epidermis. At last she frees the forceps, leaving only that smallest aperture for me to pass urine through. Unlike a girl, I don't even have labia or an exposed bit of clit left to play with. Smiling smugly at my utterly aghast agony, Mama gives my balls the most portentous twisting.

“We'll definitely use the elastrator eventually too; make you into an old-time eunuch for true. But you may keep these binary offenses for the time being. They're ideally designed and condign for punishing, and for enforcing the most fiendish of bondage contortions.

“Nor would we want to deprive you of the endless pained frustration your obsolete urges generate, not for a couple of decades anyway. But I'm afraid that submissive sissies who don't deserve even their insufficient dicks have them taken away for good in this particular church. Did I say for good? Of course it's unquestionably for the best!”

Somehow a rumbling and rattling distract me from even this flabbergasting catastrophe. I guess I'll take any positive development possible by this point. But the sounds resound from Teri rolling over a giant black iron round (far too large to carry or drag above the ground) and stretching out the attached heavy shackling chain. Blasted way past aghast now, I don't even consider resisting as this is clamped implacably about my ankle. The padlock is the most complicated combination kind made; not even any key for me to steal.

Apparently I won't be going anywhere – ever again.

Talk about marriage being the old ball-and-chain! These ladies have made a literal truth out of the old cliché. Looking from one irresistibly attractive face to the other above me I see tons of indulgent affection and smug possessiveness – but nothing whatsoever of pity. Mama's gloating tone especially pours on the scorn.

"Yes, banish those heretical dreams of escape, slave. You will not be allowed to dishonor your vows. You are now the property of the Church of the Proudly Non-binary. If you ever exit this most reverent sanctum it will only be via temporary travel crate on your way to one of our other remote holdings. Once we've disposed of your worldly goods and put your truck through a chop shop, all trace of you will have been erased.

"Officially you'll have disappeared mysteriously overseas, while fervently doing missionary work. But of course your service to this church will be local, eternal and far more personal."

"Nor will it be limited to satisfying just your nubile wife, I'm afraid." Goddess Teri strokes back my tangled hair.

"The reason Mama stepped in and adopted me, and so wisely brought me up properly, is that she was born with the intersex stigma as well. And thanks to binary bigotry she's never known intimacy either. So sharing my secret sissy sex slave with her is the very least I can do by way of repayment. After all, she's been starved of partners twice as long as me, and is understandably exceedingly aggrieved by this.

"Anyway, that's why Mama prefers to hate-rape you. She'd demands to do you demeaningly from behind, so as not to see any enjoyment in your stupid insipid eyes." Teri yanks the pillows from under my shoulders, placing them instead piled by my side. "Let's get you rolled over so she can begin taking her own overdue decades of sexual revenge."

In a giggling-girl whirl I'm spun over prone, my badly agonized pubis crushed into hard-packed plush. Mama's erection rams inside. It feels a bit smaller than her daughters but her power is astounding as she yanks back on the bar of my arms and begins the most atrociously ferocious (and beautifully punitive) butt-rutting. Before I can decide if I want to cry, die, or (what the hell) eagerly lift up my oh-so viciously impaled backside, my glorious goddess-wife is back confronting my sweaty, flushed, still come-covered puss.

"Okay, sissy. Open up and cleanse me. Then suck me up good and ready again. This night, and our wonderful mutual new life, has barely *begun* to get exciting!"

Oh fuck no what's this – ouch! Oh no, no, my own imprisoned erection is idiotically trying to escape those staples! Ahhhhhhhh, ahhhhhhhhh, Goddess no, ow, ow, ahhhhhhh that fucking *huuuuuuuuuurts!* Stop-stop-stop-stop-stop-stop-now-now-now-ow-ow-ow !!!!!!!!!!!

Not gonna do it, sugar! Not ever in forever! And all the way up my gullet that soiled penis plunges. Yet still that futilely excruciating striving just continues to climb, driving me out of my masochistically conflicted mind. Clearly that supremely appropriate extreme excruciation will accompany my every least impulse toward arousal, now and forever, amen ...

Becoming Fluffy

The abrupt passing of my parents brought me back here. Some kind of gas leak. Now that they're interred and all relevant business settled, I've got my ticket back out this dreary town. Yet somehow I know I'm not going anywhere. Maybe not ever again, depending how tonight goes. Far more affecting memories than anything connected to my emotionally remote family have begun to surface, compelling all my attention. In truth I've fallen headlong into obsession.

All this stuff I've successfully repressed since grade school keeps flooding back. How anachronistically strict that private institution was. How religiously benighted their doctrine, especially regarding sex and gender. How scandalized (and disturbed) I was at finding the gym teacher's magazine, and how unfortunate my reaction.

Not only did it get the blameless guy fired, it unjustly cost my favorite educator of all time her own job. I don't know what happened to Mr. Rand after he dropped out of society, but captivating Miss Bullard had to take a pittance-paying position at the local public school. Her true talents wasted under the mollicoddling gaze of the state, never again would she physically discipline me or anybody else in front an entire rapt class...

I confess it's all those canings that have lately fixated me. Ensuing events led me to deliberately forget how shamefully exciting I always found them – and how constantly the glorious figure of Miss Bullard consequently dominated my dreams.

I was slow to get my always-measly growth. She was of mythic proportions: six-five even without her heels and super-voluptuous. Authoritative as she was gorgeous with her silver-chain half-moon glasses and waist-length titian hair all twisted severely up, twice my age and thrice my weight, she was far more than just an object of immature infatuation inspiring first nocturnal emissions and then self-invented onanism. My impressionable pubescence quickly came to regard Miss Bullard as almost monstrously totemic in her feminine erotic power.

Now I'm about to risk her influence again after nearly a dozen years of denial. And already I can feel that will-sapping compulsion returning, blind worship steadily overwhelming any last bastions of rationality. Trembling like any other virgin on a first date (oh but so much worse), I truly can't believe I'm doing this. Yet neither can I believe it's taken me this long to decide to try. As if inspired by the dichotomy, the past again leaps forward to intercede between me and my portentously unfolding destiny.

After over a decade's assiduous banishment, the memory of another (completely typical) eighth-grade encounter with the dominatrix of my teenage dreams suddenly seizes me with the same irresistibility of bosomy Miss Bullard grabbing me by the ear that particular winter day. Blotting out the remote farmhouse just half a mile ahead comes a swamping wave of flashback. The recalled images and emotions are so potent they make fists out of both my sweaty hands and toes – and throb throughout my being from anticipatory erection to lonely beholden soul. It's all I can do not to cry out loud as I surrender again to horny-guilty remembrance.

Oh my wondrously enormous goddess! How I adored you, lusted for you, and deliberately provoked your opprobrium! And oh I'm so horridly sorry for stupidly ruining you!

“That’s enough, Duffy! I’ve spoken to you before about doodling during reading time!”

Strong adult digits clamp onto my ear and haul me out of my chair. The usual secret sick glee wars with the immediate fear and shame surging up within me. Everyone is looking at us! Towed bent over to the front of the class, I don’t need that pincer grip on my pinna to compel me toward my punishment. My own craving for the ordeal imminent has my penis twitching even as my stumbling steps narrowly miss a trip.

Next to Miss Bullard’s desk and facing the blackboard is set up a polished oaken prie dieu. This minimalist bit of furniture has been taken from the confessional booth in the rear corner. When pleading for divine absolution, one gets down on the aptly named ‘kneeler’, a flat board platform about two feet by half that a half a foot above the floor. Atop the narrow upright front, rather like a lectern or music stand, is another flat board, this one angled to support a prayer book, bible or just the supplicant’s elbows or steepled hands. The whole thing stands just a bit above waist height.

“You know what to do by now, Gerald Duffy.” Miss Bullard gives my ear a final twist before releasing it. “I swear, I don’t think I’ve *ever* had a more a repeatedly disobedient miscreant in this classroom!”

Any confession is laughably unnecessary. Rather than kneel I circle that prie dieu so I’m facing my classmates. After bending tiptoed over that angled top so that it cuts uncomfortably into my gut, I stretch down as though trying to grasp my ankles. Here is where Miss Bullard’s unnoticed but essential modifications come into play. Two fist-sized holes have been cut into the oak kneeler, beneath which buckling loops of strap have been bolted to the unfinished underside. Once I push my hands through those holes, Miss Bullard secures them with those makeshift cuffs. This prevents me from withdrawing them or rising. My iconic goddess has just placed me in public bondage, like a sinning puritan condemned to the stocks.

Hot blood re-floods my shame-flushed face while my heavy breathing wheezes. Already mostly erect, my cock catches in my clothes as Miss Bullard brusquely yanks my pants and underwear all the way down to my socks.

Blocked from view of the class (if not my magnificently feminine deity), my naughty niggling springs back up fully, fiercely hard. With an exhibitionist gasp I crush it against that unyielding oak, sneaking a peek into rapturously deep cleavage before that heavenly body straightens back up and away. Listening to the titters and bated excitement of my two dozen or so classmates, all of them eagerly watching my humiliating submission, I fail to suppress an anticipatory moan of my own. Miss Bullard’s dry voice is contrastingly matter-of-fact.

“I think twenty should do for this fresh offense.

“As always, the guilty party will call out the strokes. Miss Mitchell, spit out that gum. You will be the one to keep a written count this time, so that Master Duffy remains honest. The rest of you, observe what happens to rule-breakers under my tutelage!”

Miss Bullard’s cane is classic rattan. Each impact on my naked ass wrenches a fresh cry from me. More than just keeping a weepy tally, each successive vocalization makes explicit for everyone the perverse enjoyment that accompanies every welcome increase in agony.

So much pubescent lust is expressed by my cries, my writhing and grinding of my erection against the oak that it clearly brings out a corresponding zeal in Miss Bullard. Aware of my deliberate instigation she beats me far harder than any other kid. And by the time she finishes her sparkling eyes, heaving bosom and the rosy flush to her normally porcelain complexion all betray the extent of her relish. Released to pull up my pants at last, I know she sees my raging boner, as does half the class...

~

Reality returns, the dread-impending present displacing the classroom past.

Quaint and quiet in the gloaming, the former farm just down the slope beckons, the isolated house and barn so outwardly banal yet containing the promise of a long-forgotten goddess.

The prospect of her proffered vengeance has me both shaking in my shoes and scraping on my zipper. I can't present myself in such presumption. I force the finish to my recollections as I walk down the last stretch of dead-end lane. Let the guilt chasten such impropriety out of me so I can greet Miss Bullard like a penitent gentleman – not the depraved child to whom she owes so much damage.

Of course asshole Mr. Rand has to shoulder his share of the blame. And for more than just criminal carelessness.

I might not have reacted so disastrously if not for his treatment of me. Another mesomorph, this one an icon of crew-cut chiseled musculature, the ex-Army Sergeant brought all the zeal of a drill instructor to our daily physical education classes. His contempt for weaklings focused constantly on the slender, uncoordinated runt unable to do a single pull-up, the ridiculed sissy with a penis like a shelled peanut whose backside was always striped with the stigma of his sins.

Terribly intimidated but too timid to resent my incessant persecution, I sought only to placate this far more unwelcome tormenting authority. Success in this was limited to being assigned demeaning menial tasks to complete while the rest of the class played rough contact sports obviously too brutal for my inclinations and build. Fittingly this humiliation proved the source of the eventual trouble.

One day after sorting through a few huge boxes of volleyballs, dodge-balls and such to weed out ruined ones, I was returning from depositing an armload of these in the dumpster. Passing Mr. Rand's office, I saw that not only was the door half-open but that he'd left a half-pack of confiscated cigarettes poking out of the litter in his wastebasket. With the fearsome giant off terrorizing the rest of the town-folk, I crept up the beanstalk, seeking to score a bit of contraband. One discovery led to another then, each more powerfully affecting if successively less pleasant.

Even as I was snatching up the smokes I noticed the door to a locker wasn't completely closed – or rather it was closed but not tightly enough for the lock to engage.

What else might there be to filch? Peeking inside revealed a small stack of magazines. The photo on the top cover – a handcuffed road crew convict kneeling and swallowing the immense erection of a husky guard wearing only mirror sunglasses and an officer's campaign hat while casually carrying a shotgun over one shoulder – hit me like a wallop shock.

Incredulity wasn't what caused my own instant boner however. Nor was it an attraction for either well-built model. I'd only ever been roused by girls and that wasn't the point. It was the overt subservience of the scene that struck me so powerfully. Stirred to the most perverse fascination I grabbed the magazine (Rump Romp was the name) and escaped to stash away both my stolen treasures. If only I could have controlled my gloating until I got home!

Or maybe it was my fascination I couldn't control. Either way I barely made it through an hour of class before maddening imaginings drove me to sneak that magazine out of my bag. Maybe part of me was further turned on by the dare, or the prospect of some possibly apothecic mega-caning upcoming if Miss Bullard caught me. Naively I never counted on the magazine being seen instead by an instantly shrieking scandalized classmate, or the community-wide uproar that ensued.

By the time the local Christians were done feeding teachers to the lions both Miss Bullard and Mr. Rand had been dismissed. The latter had become a pariah, while I was merely subjected to intensive scrutiny and counseling (read: rabid religious bullying) to make certain I hadn't been irredeemably corrupted into homosexuality or anything.

The entire episode traumatized me deeply. Between remorse over destroying my goddess and the guilt, fear and revulsion spawned by my instinctive, supposedly 'bi-curious' reaction to that magazine, I could barely live with myself. My only option was to repress all memory of not only the events themselves but of Miss Bullard too and any 'deviant' needs of my own.

By the time I'd escaped therapy and transferred to another class I was quite ready to never look back. And I never did, even though the shackling of my true, innate sexuality (submissively masochistic to the core) throughout high school and college condemned me to pathetic loneliness and unfulfilled virginity.

Of course it wasn't until this return to the scene of the crime that any understanding of these dynamics occurred to me. Once the floodgates of memory opened however there was no closing them. Though recall remains intermittent, the perverse compulsions that once ruled me have returned full-force. Indeed they're far more potent for their long suppression. Besides my remorse, my imperative to apologize and hopefully atone, a keenly nostalgic arousal run rampant finally drove me to defeat my customary timidity sufficiently to actually look my forgotten goddess up and give her a call. The ensuing exchange still reverberates.

"Hello?"

"Is this Miss Gloria Bullard?"

"Why do you want to know?"

"Because a dozen years ago I cost her a plum job. I irreparably ruined her career prospects, condemning her to undeserved mediocrity. And now I'm determined to atone for that. Wonderful Miss Bullard was a goddess to me and my sinning destroyed her."

A long pause caused acute anxiety for me. Then came the menacing recognition.

"You! You were the one!"

"Yes ma'am. I'm so hideously sorry to say that I was.

"I was the incorrigibly naughty boy behind your firing. And now my guilt tortures me unbearably. You were so beyond blameless. And I look back at you with such longing, love and lust, such worshipful-yet-fearful adoration... I also remember how you clearly relished punishing me for my deliberately recidivist misbehavior.

"I recall every caning you gave me with such erotic craving! Yet you never got to repay my most unforgivable betrayal. So I thought that as long as I'm back here in town, having just buried my last living relatives...well, I thought I'd take the opportunity to settle my own accounts. Miss Bullard, my once and eternal goddess, I want to formerly offer myself up to face your divine justice. I ruined your life once. Please become my omnipotent mistress and do whatever you choose with the remainder of mine. Even finish me if you wish. I owe you nothing less."

Another dread-filled hesitation passed, before I was met with understandable skepticism.

"You must be joking. Or you're trying to enmesh me in some new scandal."

"I swear I'm not!" I was so obviously honestly in earnest. "I have spoken to no one of you since that incident in grade school! I'm calling now from a local pay phone. I'll will come to you in secret and surrender myself body and soul, yours eternally for private ownership and just punishment. I worship you unreservedly and want to be with you forever, preferably suffering your righteous perpetual displeasure."

For the third time my goddess made me wait out an agonizing interval. Then finally:

“I’d never have expected such glib poetry. Or such an unbelievably easy victory. Very well, young supplicant. Can you find my home? It’s a bit remote.” She confided the obscure address. “Arrive here at dusk, untraceable and alone.”

Just like that, my hopefully blessed destiny was set.

So here I am at last, footsore perhaps after walking so many miles out of town but not tired at all. Instead I’m as exhilarated as I am horny and afraid. As promised, no one knows of my intent; I’m submitting myself *carte blanche*. Oh my monstrous goddess, how I adore thee in memory! Please still be so intimidatingly big and magnificent...

A sudden ferocious barking of hounds greets my approach.

Coming from the nearby barn this jars me from fervent dreams of hope. I see that all the windows are lit behind blinds tightly closed. Tremulous and more than half-tumescent yet, I pass a pair of parked sport-utility vehicles, cross a porch and press the buzzer by the front door. The moment this creaks open my jaw drops in unaffected awe.

~

Oh my most benevolent heavens!

Though surely nearly forty now Miss Bullard hasn’t lapsed into obesity or aged poorly in any way. She’s still powerfully fit, if a bit thicker through the trunk and limbs. That only makes her more appealing though; her nearly-two-full-meters looms huger than ever.

Similarly titillating, the lines of stern maturity the years have creased about her features only enhance her inherent aura of authority. Merely seeing her august loveliness again like this would easily be sufficient to make me want to humbly prostrate myself before it. The persona she’s chosen for this redemption-show though is what really weakens my knees. It leaves little doubt my gorgeous deity has appropriately vengeful intentions for me.

Though no aroma of horses warns from the barn, Miss Bullard has dressed as a breaker and trainer of such unruly chattel.

Spurs glitter above the shiny spike heels of steel-toed riding boots, the polished leather gleaming black against the tan of her close-fitting jodhpurs. Black too is the corset cinching her midriff below enormous breasts barely buttoned into the skimpiest of matching tan jackets. A stiff leather quirt dangles at her side and one gauntleted hand holds what looks like some kind of electric livestock prod. With her titian hair braided into a thick cable down her back she merely raises an expectant eyebrow at me. It’s enough to drop me groveling at her feet.

“Beautiful Miss Bullard, my freely chosen deity, allow me to thank you beyond mortal measure for claiming my fate. I wronged you unspeakably once. I want you to take that betrayal out on me until my miserably degraded end. Then I want my immortal soul to be dependent upon yours forever afterwards, so you can hold me in subsumed thrall until the cosmos falls.”

Though my gaze stays properly on the dirt beneath her feet (far more worthy than I can aspire to be), I hear my beloved’s sneer at this instinctive immediate obeisance.

“More pussy poetry! You’re still an impetuous little puppy, Gerald Duffy. Get inside then, idiot bitch-boy. Out of the blasted past you appear and volunteer to become the crowning capture in my kennel, the ultimate culmination to my predator’s preparatory collection. It’s just way too serendipitous to be true, isn’t it, boob?”

Not bothering to parse any of this for meaning, I crawl meekly over the threshold. The door slams emphatically behind me. Bolts are thrown, and my former autonomy is gone.

Apparently my very humanity is forfeit as well. The moment I blithely try to rise, Miss Bullard knocks me back down with a wallop shock from her livestock prod. While I shudder in incapacitated agony she shouts balefully at me.

“Down, dog! You have admitted to being a filthy, perverted puppy, yes?”

Somehow I nod through my helpless convulsing.

“Dogs go about on all fours, slinking around by the dirty ground. Now that you are my pet and property, you must never violate your innate station.

“If I have the powers of a goddess, *your* goddess, then I decree that you are no longer Gerald Duffy. That sinful creature has dissolved into the ether. *You* are a despicable little poodle puppy whose name is Fluffy, my latest caged punishment-mutt. Strip off those garments this instant. People that dress up their pets repel me. Give me your wallet and phone. Then present your neck to accept collaring.”

Struggling with unruly limbs I torturously comply. All the while excitement burns hotter than that current within. It seems none of my naïve imaginings could have hinted at the potential of this adventure. After nearly a dozen years of unbearable banality my almost-forgotten goddess has well and truly claimed me. Let whatever hellish heaven she represents descend! By the time I’m nude I’m rearing erect as well.

Miss Bullard stashes away my personal effects.

“Who have you told about this, bitch? Who might come looking for you?”

“No one, I swear it. I really did take supreme care to disappear in complete secrecy. I checked out and even bought that bus ticket, so it seems like I left town.”

“You know I’m going to torture every last bit of the truth out of you eventually.”

“I can’t wait for that, ma’am. But I will always swear the same. I’m irrevocably yours now.”

“Very well, poodle puppy Fluffy, my captive new cur. Kneel up here and hold still. The only time you’re allowed to be semi-upright like this, crouching with your front paws held up off the floor is when I give you the command to ‘beg’. Understand?”

“Absolutely, Miss Bullard.”

“I am Mistress Gloria here.”

“May I call you Mistress Glorious?”

“Yes, but only in your mind. You will no longer use English unless it is specifically indicated. Bark and yip and whine and mewl to communicate from on, bitch.”

My new owner produces a slender leather collar. Dyed a gaudy effeminate pink, this comes with its own voice-activated shock-box and buckle lock. Once this latter snaps closed about my throat, the former’s pointed contacts sit permanently poised like fangs against my aorta.

Livestock prod or not, electric agony of elective intensity awaits me at my mistress’ least whim and word. Next to this hangs a ring for tethering me, but Mistress Glorious chooses instead to droop a chromed-steel choke chain about my neck as well. This serves better as both leash and (wildly arousing) implicit mortal threat. Oh, I’m so goddamn erect!

“Open for your muzzle, untrustworthy puppy!”

Grinning in open gloating at my sacrificial rapture, my owner forces an upright steel ring between my front teeth, wedging my jaws open wide. Buckling the attached leather strap at my nape, Mistress Glorious takes up her training chain. Jerking me rudely into motion, she both chokes me and shocks me almost into faltering by calling out a collar code.

“Fluffy; level four; five seconds!”

It takes me another ten after those five have torturously passed to regain enough slack in the chain constricting my electrocuted neck to catch my breath. By then I've crawled/been dragged along into a hall heading toward the rear of this roomy old farmhouse.

"Come along poodle pup, or do you want to try for level five? Or ten? It goes up to a fatal one hundred you know!"

Knees already sore on the hard oak floorboards, I wheeze and scrabble faster. Constantly that chain threatens to throttle me. Eventually the oak changes to some kind of cheap faux-stone tiling designed to resemble marble and I dare to raise my gaze enough to peek around.

We've reached a master bedroom suite redecorated all glamour-done-cheap. There's a large fireplace crackling away with blazing birch logs, candles on the mantle. A particularly expansive open shower dominates the bathroom, before which lies floor-to-ceiling mirrored closet doors. There are sturdy armchairs, tall wooden cabinets and of course an enormous old four-poster bed. This last looks as sumptuous as the thick black bearskin snarling glassy-eyed before the hearth. A brief fantasy of being tied up there spread-eagled while my goddess imperiously rides me flits through my despicable mind.

Whether it's that glance or the sinful thought alone that earns my sanction doesn't matter. This time it's the prod that hits me again, collapsing me convulsing to the tile. Omniscient Mistress Glorious kicks me for good measure, her pointed, steel-capped toe drilling viciously into my kidney. I bark out a strangled sob and as the first tears of my repayment fall I hear her snarling derision. "Dogs are *not* allowed on the beds! Nor do bitches perform penetrative sex! Get those idiotic ideas right out of your head. Now, roll over and play dead! Show the Mistress your defenseless belly in the timeless ritual of submission, bitch!"

By the time I've complied she's opened one of those cabinets, exposing a huge trove of bondage gear. No way she could have accumulated all this stuff today. Clearly my schoolboy goddess has been a closet dominatrix all along. With swift familiarity she uses arcane pieces of gear to restrain-degrade-transform me further into the semblance of an effeminate pet.

Pink rubber mitts encase my balled-up fists. Straps wrap from snugged-under thumbs around each wrist, where locking buckles turn my former hands into fingerless forepaws. Each back leg is then bent completely flexed, with short, stout belts of matching pink-dyed leather binding them tightly that way heel-to-thigh. Clearly my already aching knees will have to henceforth serve forevermore as hind feet.

"Now, Fluffy, sit up and beg!"

Somehow I squirm around and upright with enough alacrity to avoid being electrocuted again. When I hold up my paws together, slaver from that 'muzzle' already slicking my chin, Mistress Glorious actually smiles smugly at me. Snapping together the locks at each wrist so that I'm effectively manacled, enjoying my humiliated-thrilled panting, she nods approvingly at my shoulder-length hair.

"Later we'll curl and style that into proper poodle ringlets. For now let's just give you a pair of floppy puppy ears. Then we'll see to your snout."

How my rigid hard-on throbs while Mistress Glorious combs out my hair!

With her own holy hands she parts it down the middle before creating jaunty pigtails that jut upward from each side to flop comically down over my real ears. Up from the rear and down that part then runs an elastic cord she first secures to the muzzle-buckle at my nape. Stretched out over my forehead, this ends in a blunt hooked fork. When Mistress Glorious fits this into my nostrils and adjusts the cord, it snubs my nose firmly back, more like a pug (or a pig's) snout than that of any poodle.

“This will suffice. Later maybe we’ll blacken it properly, install bondage rings in your septum and tongue, tattoo on some whiskers, pluck your eyebrows and such. Right now I’m too eager to test your potential, before truly making you mine in so many ineradicable ways... So first off young Fluffy, why don’t we put that slaver dripping off your sloppy chops to good use. Get down there and use your worthless tongue to clean my boots!”

~

Mistress Glorious reclines comfortably on the edge of the giant bed.

Kowtowed before her, I let the drool run from my already aching jaws onto the weather-treated leather. Vigorously I swipe it all around with my tongue, gagging a bit on the tastes of polish and water-repellant. Still my sycophantic mania is unfeigned.

Heart soaring at performing this quintessential ritual of abasement, penis pulsing in insistent erection, breath hissing through my snubbed-up snout, I lovingly scrub every stretch and stitch from knee-high tops to steel-capped toes. I spit-shine even sharp circular spurs and sexy stiletto spikes. And when my enormous owner finally shoves the dusty soles in my face, I don’t hesitate. Whining happily I literally lick up the ground she’s walked on, savoring its grit in my gums and all over my slathering tongue. Mistress laughs at my moaning, retching transport.

“Admirable, little bitch. Let’s see how you do cleaning the dog-shit off them after we’ve been out playing in the barn for a few hours. Still that’s enough at present. You pass the test.

“I’m convinced of the honesty of your ardor, the depth of your devotion. You truly have succumbed to the worship-compulsion we implanted in the younger you. So rather than simply torture you to a slow demise or feed you alive to my beasts immediately, I *will* keep you as property – at least until your hideously subjugated suffering no longer amuses or arouses us. So lucky you, Fluffy. That means you now get to be permanently marked as mine. Get over here by the fireplace. Either stay off the rug or be sure you don’t drool on it.”

Lurching awkwardly forward on my manacled fists and sore kneecaps, I have to risk it. Rather than go around I cut across the thick fur, its cushioning just as heavenly as expected. And I almost make it. The ropy runner of drool hanging off my lower lip pendulums alarmingly but doesn’t break and fall until I reach the very edge. Still there’s no denying that it splats into the fur there. Mistress Glorious’ outrage is justified and immediate.

“Bad dog! What did I just tell you? Fluffy, level twenty!”

As I writhe shuddering and trying to scream, a gloved hand shoves my head down and roughly rubs my face in the mess I’ve made. “Filthy disgusting mutt, don’t you dare to disobey your owner! End sanction!” The electricity stops savaging me. But by no means is my punishment done. “Now bitch, ‘present’! That is the command to get down on your elbows, put your face to the dirt and raise up your hindquarters. Present your penitent ass for sanction, as you yearned to do of yore! If you’ve missed being caned by your educator, this should sate your craving and more!”

I struggle into position, thrilled deliciously afresh.

At last, after so many empty years, my cherished goddess is again going to discipline me! Oh, everything I’ve sacrificed is going to be worth it!

My celebratory excitement skyrockets further at the sight of Mistress Glorious unbuttoning and removing her elegantly tapered jacket. Suddenly nude up top but for black gauntlets and a corset that both supports and presents that blatantly matronly largesse of breast-flesh (each bare tit as big as a bowling ball!), she both sneers and smirks at my goggling impertinence.

“Ogle me all you want, filthy mutt. You think I’d ever permit your impetuous puppy-slobbering all over my matchless mammaries? I just need more motile freedom than merely rolling up my sleeves before thrashing the living daylights out of an habitual miscreant like you. Don’t you even dream that I’ll ever forget how your pursuit of such punishment was what caused my unjust destruction. As you asked for earlier, I will take that original sin out on you daily too, until your finally exceedingly welcomed gruesome execution.”

The way my legs are belted completely flexed protects the tender undersides of my thighs. Too bad. That leaves the even more tender soles of my former feet, my upraised ass, flanks and back to absorb all the damage.

The whip Mistress Glorious has chosen is rather short, its single lash only six feet long. Yet she wields it with such inspired ferocity that each searing stroke rips open the skin, bringing tickling trickles down my sides. The pain is out of all proportion to those impactful childhood canings. Still it remains so insanely tasty!

Though I whine and yelp and yowl piteously I never even dream of screaming for mercy. This is the redemptive destiny so necessary to me. I don’t care if it dooms and damns me to the worst of early deaths. No other kind of life could suffice. My fervid love and lust for such a holy owner only grows as both of us exult in the kind of intensely intimate exchange of emotion and sensation that defines our symbiosis. When Mistress Glorious at last casts her lash aside I’m quivering on the edge of collapse. Still I remain plaintively erect underneath. Over my gasping and blubbing I hear her decree. But the sense of it doesn’t sink in until incandescent iron does as well, bringing a whole new coruscation of excruciation.

“I hereby declare you my eternal personal property! Let this identifier be applied so that all can know the puppy named Fluffy is irrevocably mine!”

The worst agony I’ve ever yet felt (even ahead of that whipping just past) is joined by the smell of scorched pork – or poodle.

The realization that my buttock is being branded strikes, immediately engendering both masochistic relish and a breast-bursting pride-joy at the honor being afforded me. To forever carry my owner’s indelible identifier is more than I could have dreamed condign. It ignites its own revitalizing fire inside, providing me the strength to stay minimally ambulatory as Mistress Glorious next drags me half-throttled on into that expansive bathroom.

“Let’s go, bitch. If I’m going enjoy a decade or so of brutally fatally using you, I’m not going to lose you to some stupid infection before I get complete gratification. I’ve got antibiotics I can put in your slops, like with the steroids and such I feed to my prized stud beasts. Prevention is so much better than any cure though. If you’re going to be living under the barn from now on, I’d better treat some of these injuries.”

I ought to be paying more attention to these hints. But not even the still-flaming pain of my welts and brand can distract me like the sight of Mistress Glorious now pulling off her gauntlets, her boots and even jodhpurs. To suddenly see my goddess unclothed but for her belly-crimping corset ought to cauterize my unworthy eyes! Oh, my fabulous Supreme Being! Yet once again she merely smirks at my astonished worship as she drags me into the large open shower.

“Soon you will see that sacred center much more up close and personal, puppy. For now just hold still while I rid you of germs, vermin and any remaining taint of former owners.”

Steaming liquid needles from a handheld sprayer scourge me all over. Rough scrubbing with an abrasive soap and sponge mittens takes off a layer of skin while aggravating the pain of my wounds unimaginably. Still the again-unbelievable honor of being personally bathed by my owner adds to my masochistic appreciation to keep me throbbing and bobbing fiercely hard.

And yes, she even cleanses those swelling genitals.

It's a wonder I don't ejaculate at her brusque touch, her rhythmic stroking. But then she shoves a sponge-covered thumb up my bum. Twisting and plumbing as she scrubs, this opens whole new worlds of sensory experience to me. I can't help but groan in shameless amazement at how perversely arousing such an intrusive violation can be...

Finally I'm rinsed off and toweled dry.

Again using her own blessed fingers (if now gloved with surgical rubber), Mistress Glorious rubs an antibacterial ointment into each of my long, overlapping open whip welts. She similarly treats and even bandages my three inch-wide brand. Finally with a satisfied slap to the other side of my can she directs me toward a large thick bath towel she's spread across the tile next to me.

"Roll over, Fluffy. Show me your vulnerable belly again. Get onto the towel with your head hanging off the end by that floor drain there."

Once I'm positioned as ordered, with my legs splayed wide and front paws drawn up, my boner juts its usual importunate salute. Again a heretical hope leaps up as Mistress Glorious moves to stand astride this. Might she actually...? But then she shifts her straddling stance step by step forward. Advancing until she towers like a colossus, my goddess at last squats to bring that sacred center to within a hand's span of my face. It's just as she promised! Delusions of cunnilingus have me limbering up my tongue. But of course the honor on offer is of another order altogether.

"Okay Fluffy. Now that you've been collared and branded, it's time for a subtler marking. This more primitive, territorial kind of identifier should be interpretable to any lowlife mutt."

Again the sense of this is slow to sink in. I'm too busy ogling agog again, studying every fold and flap, opening and joining of the vagina bare inches above my eyes. Not until the first golden drops form and fall do I realize my goddess is about to baptize me into her eternal service. Then she's sighing heavily and spraying like a hose, or maybe a donkey abandoned in a brewery. Clearly Mistress Glorious has saved up a painfully copious piss-surfeit for me to savor.

Determined to prove worthy, I don't begin to wince away. Even with that muzzle turning my mouth into a funnel, I hold steady and even lift my face up to greet its divine defilement.

Fresh hot excreta scours-scourges-pressure-washes my features, stinging my eyes, soaking my hair, running up my snubbed nose but mostly flooding in and down my gaping gullet. Urea, ammonia, salt and stench all vie for the most vile torment. Still I blissfully persist, reverently reveling in this latest debasement until that sizzling spray lapses into a stream that at last peters gradually off. Coughing and choking, retching and gasping for air, I nevertheless stretch to lick up any last drips. My tongue has barely touched that sacred center however when Mistress rears back upright and shrieks with righteous outrage.

"Fluffy, level thirty!"

The saline wetness soaking me conducts electricity most efficiently. I'm shuddering and wailing and close to involuntarily emptying my own bladder before the agony relents.

"End sanction. Bad dog! You never attempt to touch those above you without orders! Seriously, bitch, how could you *dare* dream of sharing any physical intimacy with me?"

Immediately I whine pleadingly, employing my imploring 'puppy dog eyes' for the first time. I can still hear the guilt-chrisms sanctifying me trickling down the drain under my head, feel it sloshing noxiously within and taste it fresh on my lips. Tiny as it admittedly is, my cock is so outrageously stiff! Mistress Glorious laughs scornfully.

“Forget about that pathetic peanut, or any of your no doubt inept pussy-lapping! You truly want sex, puppy-slut? Well that’s excellent. I have one more way of making you incontrovertibly mine. And this will be the most inescapable statement of mastery yet!”

~

At first I’m just stupefied.

Humungous Mistress Glorious (six and a half feet tall and goddess alone knows how many wondrously imposing pounds) towers majestically above me. With her shoulders squared and fists on her hips those watermelon tits spill quivering out of that overloaded corset. That’s not what captivates my gaze though. She has just finished fitting herself with a fucking *elephantine* phallus, one more than proportional considering her gargantuan grandeur-stature.

After sliding one half of a wickedly hooked double-dildo inside that divine vagina, she now flaunts a fearsomely enormous erection of her own. What is it, five times the size of mine? And the way it extrudes so seamlessly from her pubis makes my face flush and my heart race. Worse, a sudden swimmy-headedness heralds another immersive flashback.

Once again I’m trespassing in Mr. Rand’s locker. Enveloped by his adult-male musk I’m goggling at that lurid magazine front. I can’t look away from the manacled and meekly kneeling prisoner, the mirrored sunglasses and campaign hat, the guard with one long gun casually cocked over a shoulder, the other shoved ruthlessly down a ridiculously stuffed and drooling gullet...

Now I lie splayed out in explicit submission, looking up at my Mistress’ mammoth member with my already-awash oral orifice wedged gaily agape. Before I can decide whether to crave or dread the inevitable command to sit up and ‘beg’ however comes a far more horrifying order.

“Okay poodle, ‘present’!”

If it wasn’t wedged so wide my lower jaw would sag.

“You heard me, bitch. Offer up that virgin young rear! All canids have relations doggy-style. And as the lowest-status member of the pack you must allow mounting by any and all that rank higher than you – your goddess and eternal owner foremost of course.

“We’ve agreed this body-property is mine to do as I choose to: beat it, brand it, pee on it – or brutally ass-fuck it to destruction. So welcome to permanent terminal slut-service, my soon-to-be neutered little forced-femme poodle bitch!”

Oh, shit-sandwich-hellfire-fuck me!

For a quick split second I’m paralyzed by terrors, my mind all cringing chagrin. Then guts churning, face burning, my heart hammering at this un-dreamt-of man-damning, I hasten abruptly into position.

No more wetted-neck electricity for me please! And the memory of that foam-covered thumb twisting in my bum suddenly recurs in turn, promising *some* kind of compensation for utter emasculation at least. In fact that pathetic peanut is pulsating presumptuously again as my owner rubs something slippery into that just-scrubbed-up pucker. With excitement supplanting resignation already, I lower my head to rest on my cuffed forepaws, raise my tail up higher and silently give thanks for the towel under our knees, small comfort that its cushioning plush seems. That’s before comfort becomes an obsolete concept you see.

Mistress Glorious buries me in her shadow. Eclipsed, I shiver a chill, feeling reduced to a micro-mite. She lays hold of my waist, still as slender as that of the most delectably delicate adolescent. Then she commences the hellishly compelling compression, forcing her enormous organ into my luckily remarkably elastic little orifice.

“Here you go, puppy-slut. Fornicating with your educator! Is it everything you dreamed of back in class? Embrace this latest lesson more deeply than belief then, my chronically deficient miscreant. For you, submitting to such extremely demeaning penis-reaming will hereafter be as necessary and incessant as breathing!”

Ah goddess; oh the pain; oh it’s so fucking *great*!

It’s not of the staggering magnitude of being whipped or branded, you understand. I’m ashamed to say I mean the pain is fantastically masochistically gratifying in its flesh-stretching, hugely brutish intrusiveness. It is so exquisitely humiliating, so abominably dominating that it twists dials inside me that being caned in front of the entire class barely hinted existed. My soulful groaning is openly hopeless as I realize my dependence hence upon this ultimate bodily insult is indeed both immediate and infinite.

The lesson being imparted here is ineradicable already: I was created to be an omega-bitch, a submissive little mutt-slut bum-humped by the entire rabid pack!

This demeaning identity is definitively cemented in me then when Mistress Glorious begins more actively jabbing with those hourglass hips. Ruthlessly her hugely bulbous ass drives that agonizingly awesome oversized invader rhythmically in ever farther.

Oh, it’s so incredibly big and thick, rigid and ridged so realistically! Hammering ever harder into me, it’s oh-so wonderfully-woefully welcome! Before long I’m grunting bestially, then bitch-yipping appreciatively. By the time it’s deep-seeking to exceed its already unbelievably extreme reach, I’m bark-sobbing with uncontainable arousal, pain and ceaseless meek appeasement.

Ah, the intimately unmanning agony of rampant rampaging rectal ravishing! What could hurt orgasmically worse in a more perfectly perverse universe? Transported by excruciated degradation I relish every goring, coring, bung-boring bludgeoning plunge into my eagerly up-cocked bitch-dog haunches as Mistress’ ever more sadistic drilling-fulfillment accelerates into mad abandon. *Uh-uh-uh-uh-uh-uh-uh-uh-uh!*

How long does this incredibly revelatory marathon go on? This stab-pounding statement of absolute mastery that truly does claim me more eternally and inescapably than any branding or scent marking seems like it’ll never finish.

Not that I could bring myself to beg for my rightful mount to even slow down short of the most apocalyptic culmination. Yet Mistress Glorious’ appetites and stamina redundantly prove as oversized as her tits, prick, her bladder capacity and everything else about her – particularly her passion for revenge upon me. Though the frenzy of her exertion allows for no elaborate diction, she continuously spits out punctuating judgments as she rear-spears her way furiously toward the first of what must deservedly be an infinity of victorious orgasms.

“Foul... vile... sick... twisted ... perverted... runt... of a rutting mutt! Pansy... pussy of a penis-less... poodle... puppy! Piss-drinking... shit-licking... shameless... groveling... no-balls... weakling... litter-midget! Cringing cur... fit only for... furiously and ferociously... torturing and fucking... to a dreadfully defeated... disgustingly degraded... despicably grisly... dog’s death! Teach you to... betray and destroy... your clear superiors... you wet-behind-the-ears... snooping young... puppy-dunce! “

When her climax finally arrives it’s as obvious as it is anger-driven.

Mistress Glorious shrieks the most murderous curses and threats as she squirts wetness against me and pounds me pitilessly down flat and suffocatingly crushed to the toweled bathroom tile with the most viciously inspired hate-fuck-frenzy of all. Pulling out at last, she still snorts dissatisfaction amid her winded gasps.

“I need to get you restrained properly...belted onto one of our bitch-mounting benches. Then you can be more comfortably fucked standing up. And you can’t collapse all pansy-prone like that. I just couldn’t wait to take my initial dibs – not to mention your innocent sissy-cherry. Now, let’s get on with the rest of your puppification. We still have a long night – and the rest of your horribly foreshortened dog-years of life – of unimaginable payback to savor!”

Jesus, can she be serious? This night has proved plenty unimaginable already. And it’s not even moonrise outside. Still the next thing I know I’m sitting up ‘begging’ before that mirrored closet door while Mistress Glorious finishes transforming me into her idea of the ideal poodle puppy slut-slave lifetime-captive ass-bitch.

Using an electric curler to groom my hair into ringlets is just the beginning.

Soon my eyebrows have been plucked into sparse little arches – with the liner pencil used not only to re-create these and decorate my lids but to draw large fake whiskers across my heavily rouged cheeks. In addition to all the eye-shadow, pink lipstick and such, boot polish is used to blacken my entire snubbed-up nose. Finally I’m deemed fit for proper doggy-style sexual service, for a thrilling evening of being extensively introduced to the punitive new uses for my submissive subhuman-ness.

Though feminization has never been a particular fetish of mine, I take to this latest degradation as enthusiastically as every other. Soon I bring a coquettishly sexy swing to my hips as I crawl awkwardly after my owner’s newly rebooted steel heels, barely keeping slack in that choke chain. My sissy-excitement spikes further when I see she’s tugging me toward some kind of leather-upholstered wooden bondage horse – or bitch-mounting bench, as she called it. I need no urging to climb up onto this tilted plinth and ‘present’ while my limbs are locked into heavy shackles and a wide midriff belt across the small of my back secures me immovably in place.

Once again facing that floor-to-ceiling mirror, I’m panting like any overheated puppy at the spectacularly arousing sight of my former humanity so humiliatingly changed and restrained.

Oh, I can’t wait for my dominating cock-goddess to mount me again! I’ll get to watch every nuance of being brutally puppy-fucked this time! Such exhilarated anticipation grips me! Imagine my dismay when Mistress Glorious picks up that livestock prod. What need has she of coercion anymore? Then dismay flames into automatic panic as that reflected image of my bound-and-willing poodle-presenting is replaced with a sight right out of my most fast-banished nightmares.

The closet door has swung wide, revealing that its floor-to-ceiling mirror is transparent from the other side. Behind it stands a video camera on a tripod, with a chair set up for the perfect voyeur’s view. Worse, emerging like a monster-in-the-box is a brutishly burly jackbooted thug maybe twice my age! He’s wearing only a vintage SS cap and a body harness made of ring-linked black leather straps. The blatantly naked penis is huge, stud-sporting and tattooed, already stretched erect and swelling more threateningly by the second. Then the Army insignia inked on both powerful arms brings the hard-planed, vengefully snarling face into unavoidable focus.

Oh, my wretched history! Literally coming out of closet, after all these years of being purposefully forgotten, is my bullying old ogre of an ex-drill sergeant gym teacher. It’s that *Rump Romp* reader himself, Mr. Bradley Rand. Oh Mary-mother-above-rescue-us-no-no-no-no-no...

Mistress Glorious is laughing uproariously. My horror must reward her like nothing she's enjoyed before.

"I see you recall the other superior your naughty snooping ruined!

"You should appreciate the irony, Fluffy. Without your dual betrayal, your new Master Brad and I would never have more than said hi. Since then though we've become quite the team: occasional cohabitants and dedicated conspirators, predatory partners in perpetrating the most unimaginably satisfying acts of sexual savagery. And now at last we've claimed our ultimate intended victim! Get ready for your payback to get truly appropriate, puppy-slut!"

Oh fuck! All those bullying therapy sessions, the mysterious hypnosis they insisted upon, the following years of sexless repression – none of it must have worked. Ever since that locker-room discovery some disturbed part of me has always harbored this fatally fascinated craving. Still I can't yet admit such irresistible sickness to myself, not even as that cruel authority closes in on me, all bulk and muscle and jutting club of a hot-and-randy manhood.

I try to wince my muzzled face away when what I secretly want more than anything is to lavishly-slavishly lick-and-lap, open and engulf and slurp-suckle worshipfully until suddenly suffering esophageal stuffing to surpass what even that professional magazine model had managed to master. Self-deceptive slut-mutt! Instantly Mistress Glorious punishes my unforgivable reluctance with a jolt-jab from her livestock prod.

By the time my restrained body stops wrenching and shuddering, all pretense is exhausted as well. Mr. Rand has my head clamped in his deadly-strong Army-man's hands. He's aligning his silver-studded glans with the ring-gag. In humblest subservience I stretch out my tongue to greet this, wishing only for the muzzle to be slipped from my snout so I can follow (sloppily-slobbery swallow-wallow in) my maddest inclinations. Before I've more than begun to wet-caress that succulent plum though, my always-fated and permanent new penis-master brings all those hideously compelling impulses to their long-delayed culmination. With a single swift thrust, all that pulsing-hot alpha-male fuck-meat suddenly stuffs me, a more grossly choking torment than in any early-morning imagining. Over my frantic gagging I hear my deity laughing and clapping. Once he's balls-to-chin embedded, Master Brad grinds his shave-stubbled groin abrasively against me. His voice is a further painful grating as he lays down the laws of canine fellatio.

"You'll get to puppy-lap and lust-suck it soon enough. You'll get years to perfect your most obsequious pleasuring techniques on me. But first we need to pull out these front teeth. I'll have your unguarded gums as smooth and soft as your bottomless esophagus. Until then you'll wear the muzzle, my still-untrusted young mutt-slut.

"Meanwhile I'll be taking my own dibs, establishing my own, necessarily secondary ass-mastery. As Mistress Gloria has said, it's just too fortuitous to be true. After all these years of waiting, after painstakingly rigging the 'accident' triggering your return here, it's *finally* time to enjoy our way-too-long-delayed torturous orgy of revenge!"

With that Master Brad begins fucking my throat as brutally as Mistress just did my willing hindquarters. Already retching and enveloped again in an older-male miasma as repellant as it is swooningly nostalgic, revolted beyond bearing by the actuality of my 'bi-curiosity' finally getting its killer comeuppance, I'm weeping miserably even as I struggle to breathe.

Oh what a drastic challenge it's going to be learning to treasure this duty! How could water-boarding be any worse? Knowing there will be no choice evokes the first pang of despair over my self-accepted death sentence. Luckily Master Brad is only soaking himself for the moment. After a nevertheless seemingly endless succession of them, that steel-studded flesh truncheon stops its vengefully violent, pungently plunging thrusts. Hot silky skin over stone, it slips out

dripping, thickly sleeved in viscous spittle. I'm left gasping raggedly as my elder gay rapist circles around to enjoy my invitingly up-thrust nether end.

"Aren't you going to ejaculate all over Fluffy's puppy face?" Mistress Glorious has supplemented her prod with another whip, a cat o'nine tails flogger. "You've talked so much about doing it all these years. I want to see it happen."

"Later!"

Master's steel-studded tip is already wetly probing my still throbbing opening.

"I took two damn Viagra for this. I'm going to pound all the last dozen years' worth of payback into this runty puppy before I even think about blowing my load. And that'll just be in the first hour or so! This bitch has all the next decade at least to take hot spurting sperm in every sissy entry, and to wear it caked all over her face until I piss-hose it off. Right now I want a tight young fit to rip and some virginal virtue to finish murdering!"

For the second of only goddess alone knows how many eventual times, a huge hard protrusion forcibly enters-expands my rectal channel. Though a bit smaller, the heat of live flesh makes this invading appendage infinitely more difficult to accept. How to reconcile such excruciating ecstasy? My face flames so hotly with shame I'm surprised my streaming tears don't flash into steam. But by the time Master is stabbing savagely all the way in and out, mad fantasies have begun attacking me too.

I'm a teeny-timid twelve years young. Naked but for socks and sneakers I'm folded over a gigantic medicine ball. We're back in the gymnasium, and not only is the entire class watching as Mr. Rand righteously wreck-fucks my barely pubescent little sissy-innocence. All the girls in the school are here too. Crowded into the bleachers, windows and hallways, they all shriek derisive hilarity at me: chanting insults, pointing fingers, taking pictures and posting video...

When in reality Mistress Glorious begins flogging me, my fantasy incorporates this gladly. Not only do I imagine her publically whipping me in my new ass-fucked poodle-puppy persona but directing all the men and boys in the school to line up and fuck my toothless suck-hole as well. At last I get to use my lips, to kiss and nibble, purse and pull and vacuum-grip!

The principal, the janitor, bullies by the dozen: Numbers start going up on the scoreboard, where there are video close-ups galore. Soon I'm as face-plated and semen-belly-swelled as relentlessly butt-fucking Master Brad has commanded. And though no one has touched it yet (and I mean ever), my own incessantly straining little peanut suddenly spasms, damningly evacuating my own self-evidently substandard seed-sacs. Squirty-spurting-sob-sob-gasp!

After that I can only endure (revel in) every lash of nine new welts, and every abysmally humiliating stab of a cruel older man's horridly engorged sex organ agonizingly ram-reaming my eagerly upraised poodle-puppy's pooper ever deeper and looser...

~

Whether it's an hour or a decade is subjective dreck. Or maybe it's a trick of mind or time, psychology or physics to which only experts or mystics could attest. As a newly subhuman slut-mutt, this lower form of life found it almost impossible to look beyond each all-encompassing, permanently personally transmogrifying moment.

Each instant or eon of brutal homosexual use takes me further from my former self until the only thing I know is the desperate devotion to satisfying the demands of my divine Mistress and devilish Master, and the extremity of agony-glee this compulsion gifts me. By the time Mistress Glorious resumes hate-raping my violently violated, abysmally aching puppy-pussy so that bad

Master Brad can finally work his way up to ejaculating all over my shiny-black-snob-nosed face, there truly is no more Gerald Duffy.

The creature eagerly swallowing so much befouled penis followed by so many hot streamers of thick-sticky-trickling Master-semen has determined to remember nothing but being Fluffy. And why should she not? Gladly suffering Fluffy just *loves* to get fucked, to suck on endless raping erections and be punished for her many manifest shortcomings. She worships her holy Mistress and is terrified of her Master, and she wants only to please and obey (and urgently service) them both forever. That makes what interrupts the blessed eternity of each owner fucking and swapping either eager end together for much of that first night so difficult.

They keep insisting I remember things!

Relentlessly they interrogate me about every step of my journey, from receiving word of my parents' end to arriving footsore at my chosen goddess' door. Footsore! In torturing every bit of truth from me my owners proceed to de-claw my rear feet, pulling all ten toenails. Rather than move right on to my front paws (and jaws) though it seems they finally believe me. They are free to do as we all wish with me.

Another unknowable interval of being fucked from both ends, whipped and otherwise disciplined descends, only eventually leading up toward the most emasculating horrors yet. When the deepest trench of the night is all that remains outside, Mistress Glorious pulls her prodigious prick from my gory coring and decrees our next need.

"Wow, what a perfectly choreographed and enjoyed beginning! Certainly it was worth the work and wait. Now comes the best part however. Then we can get our new pet settled in her kennel. Tomorrow will be soon enough to extract those teeth, start the piercing, tattooing and all the particularly spirit-subduing omega-bitch-using."

"Everything is all set out back," grins Master Brad, still idly rubbing his big half-hard penis all over and against my messy wet cheeks, only briefly letting me meekly tongue-love and lust-lap its head and shaft so hungrily all over in turn. If Master agonizingly extracting my fangs means I'll finally actually get to suck on this (and those big bulging soldier balls as well!) then oh my goddess, please I can't wait for it...

"Let's get going then. Time to get Fluffy off her bench here, out of my house and out under the barn where she belongs!"

If crawling on fists and kneecaps was trying before, it's nearly impossible by now. My wimpy little redundantly double-fucked, whipped-to-ribbons body is so debilitated! Still it's struggle along or strangle as Mistress Glorious drags me by the choke chain. And with Master's combat boots kicking my condemned balls whenever I falter, the trip out of the house, across the only faintly starlit yard and into the barn is a torturous ordeal all its own. What 'best part yet' might await me inside?

Atavistic panic adds to my upset as a bedlam of vicious barking greets our arrival. Once the door is bolted behind us and the lights go on, I just have to raise my exhausted, still muzzled and snub-snouted, floppy-haired head. Then I can only try to deny the significance of what I see.

At the rear of the space is a row of four stalls. Large, clean, comfortable cages each house a dog – no toy poodles these but truly gigantic black mastiffs. Powerful, deep-chested brutes with satiny sable coats, each impeccably groomed male must outweigh me by fifty pounds easy. In the center of the barn, between us and the eagerly baying beasts, sits another 'bitch-mounting bench' – this one built lower to the ground. Ringbolts in the floor around it trail heavy tethering chains. Before I can be forced to admit the implications, Master Brad pulls aside a disguising carpet. Muscles rippling all over his mostly-bare body, he heaves open a hidden trap door in the

floor. On toward the rectangular hole and down the steep steps I'm dragged, into what must be a spacious old potato cellar – cleverly converted into a secret dungeon-kennel for one.

Arrayed around the walls are weapons, implements, tools and torture devices that reveal the contents of Mistress' bedroom cabinets as the relatively benign poseur's props they are. In the middle, beneath spotlights and a power winch sits a classic little doghouse complete with arched frontal entry and sharply pitched roof. Just big enough for me to curl up inside, the prickly straw bedding looks heavenly. I suppose that shows how far I've fallen – though not nearly far enough. It appears I still must earn such things as warmth, comfort and shelter.

“Sit up and beg, Fluffy!”

Mistress jabs me with her prod, now set just low enough to punish but not drastically incapacitate me. Once I've shuddered off the shock and raised my linked forepaws, she releases the lock between them. Right away Master pulls my forelegs back to handcuff my elbows together behind me, practically popping my unaccustomed shoulder sockets. As he hooks these cuffs to a chain from that overhead winch, I see Mistress snapping on the switches of some connected electrical equipment.

Behind the sudden grinding of that winch hauling me so stressfully into the air by my steel-shackled elbows I somehow notice a subtler hum. It comes from the huge copper cock that juts up from the center of that doghouse' roof peak. It looks like some kind of kinky lightening rod. Only this lightening is obviously supplied from the inside.

Master is maneuvering me over above this. Clearly my owners mean to leave me spiked for the rest of the night on some sort of electro-dildo. I can even see the gleam of conductive grease already glistening thickly all over it.

I can also see a lot of spring-coiled cables and alligator clamps plugged into the console conveniently built into the front of the roof. None of this suggests anything more than ordinarily horrific torture for the confirmed ass-slut masochist. When Mistress Glorious turns back to me however, the evilly vindictive gleam in her eyes forms a far more portentous warning than the unassuming implement gripped in her fist.

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No larger than a kitchen utensil used to scoop out fruit, this device must be specifically designed to harvest nuts instead.

As I dangle helplessly just above that gigantic lightening rod my owner reaches over and fits some sort of opening over my similarly dangling testicles. Helpfully I lift and spread my belt-flexed legs (still singing of the sting of my earlier declawing). Right snug up under to the very root of my scrotum this loop slips and slowly encloses. Of course Mistress' proximity makes my obsolete little penis twitch ridiculously. Smugly ignoring this, my glorious goddess graciously meets my gaze. Then with a single squeeze of a mighty arm, her terrible judgment cometh.

“Your seed is unworthy of the Earth. And you are unfit for studly squirts. You will die a neutered poodle!”

A great flashing agony rips through my entire groin. It feels like my balls have been either sliced or ripped right off. The trauma to my system makes me writhe and retch uncontrollably. Only dimly do I apprehend Mistress Glorious' gloating.

“That was an elastrator. It's just locked a tight rubber ring around you, the usual procedure for gelding livestock. After a few days without oxygen those biologic mistakes will blacken, rot away and eventually drop bloodlessly off. Never again will you spew any filthy puppy-spunk.”

Oh, my roaring groin!

Rather than begin to fade, the pain continues to escalate. Yet this is actually beneficial in a way. It distracts me from dwelling on the mournful, horrible enormity of my neutering. To never again speak, use my fingers or stand upright can't hold a candle to the eradication of my orgasmic capacity. But then with no pause for sentiment I'm suddenly coming down atop hotly burning copper, a distraction of a whole other magnitude. Harder than any previous corn-holing bone and alive with a constant low-level electrical charge, that 'lightening rod' of a cock stuffs me so horribly-gloriously up! It's like being fatally impaled on the ancient executioner's stake...

Roughly my owners rock and shove me about and down, forcing me ever further onto that blunt metallic skewer until its enormous twelve-inches of wicked thickness is fully embedded in my outrageously split lower body and most of my weight rests directly on its contoured head – or the doghouse roof. With its crotch-cutting peak-angle already gouging into my trunk's central separation (including my excruciated doomed gonads), at least the stress on my nearly-dislocated shoulders is less. Still that winch-chain stretches these unnaturally up and back, leaning my torso uncomfortably forward. Mistress reaches in and begins clamping alligator clips to my nipples.

Once their steel teeth bite deep into each erogenous little flesh-nexus, their stretched coil-cords spring back, creating a constant tearing, twisting tension. The same diabolical dynamic afflicts my vestigial little pansy-appendage once she's clamped another alligator onto its sensitive glans.

With all this pain pulling me forward, Master contrastingly is using my leash to haul my head radically back, stretching my neck in the opposite direction. Luckily caught on the shelf of my jaw, that tethering choke chain both restricts my breathing to a laborious wheeze and forces me to face forever upward, staring straight into those overhead spotlights.

Blinking against bleary tears, I abruptly feel that embedded lightening cock begin vibrating powerfully. At the same time the current animating it spikes so savagely upward!

Further shocks seem to incinerate my pinched-stretched-twisted nipples and peanut and I can't help releasing a muzzle-garbled scream at the pain's supreme keenness. Both of my owners celebrate, laughing with joyous malice.

"Random settings for all the dials!" crows Mistress Glorious. "That should keep our little pet occupied through the rest of her first night and daytime underground. Do you like your new subterranean accommodations, poodle puppy Fluffy? I can't believe you've finally moved in. We've been perfecting this place for a decade now with your end ultimately in mind."

They tell me all about it then. And despite the succession of ghastly torments already inflicted on me, it seems none can approach the ones still coming.

How do I possibly endure learning that I'm not this cellar's first occupant, and that my divine owners are actually pitiless serial killers? And that it was their resentment of my sins that inspired and drove them to this sadistic destruction of innocents?

Apparently this barn is nothing less than their shared secret predator's play-place, where my unjustly ruined former educators have spent the dozen years of our mutual exile enjoying a succession of kidnapped teenage boys, all while practicing for my hypnotically-guaranteed return. Bad Master Brad finishes describing how he fixed my parents' furnace to bring this about only to unleash entirely new species of appalled horror upon me.

"We're going to leave the stud-beasts free in the barn above you while we recover. They not only guard us against interfering interlopers. They will eat any attempted escapees alive. Believe me Fluffy, trained as they are, your newest gods and overlords are always as eager to maul, slay

and feast as to mount and rut. So be an obedient poodle puppy down here in your soundproofed little kennel and look forward to all that rutting on our return!”

Up the stairs my wickedly laughing owners go. The trapdoor closes.

It’s chilly down here, though so far I’ve hardly noticed. My brand still flames like it’s fresh. With my limbs unnaturally wrenched, bent and bound, my body jerking to endless random jolts of voltage, tears streaming from my bulging, glare-blind eyes; swelling tongue beginning to protrude and every breath a greater effort, my penis and nipples nearly twisty-ripped from me (but mere afterthoughts compared to the angle-digging agony in my crotch, fatally constricted scrotum and grossly overstuffed colon), I can’t even wiggle my tightly fisted fingers. The best I can do is scrunch closed those blinded eyes.

I work free-lance. All of my bills are paid automatically. No one will know where to even begin to look for me (even if so dubiously inclined) if or when I’m eventually considered to be officially missing. My destiny is inexorably set.

Of course this is nothing to be thinking about right now. But it’s better than the alternative. It’s better than imagining a short silky pelt over roughly crushing warmth, or the possessive clutch of clawed forepaws. How many times ‘til I finally die?

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